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GERMAN psychology has long been a byword for absurdity and perversity. But the psychology of the German reception of the peace terms is neither absurd nor perverse, but normal and human. The terms are not so severe as extremists on either side of the Atlantic may have desired them to be, but they are of stunning severity. Nor can the fact that the Germans have for several months had abundant notice of what was awaiting them be regarded as sufficient reason for expecting them to view the fateful decree with serenity or resignation. That is not human nature. The depression and sadness with which we await the blow that impends when all hope has been abandoned is no protection against the sense of the cruelty of fate that overcomes us when the blow has actually fallen. And in the case of the Germans there is much more than this. One element of hope had been with them from the moment they began their negotiations for an armistice to the day on which they received the terms. In making the Fourteen Points the basis of the peace they looked not

only to the specific content of those points, but to the influence which they expected Mr. Wilson and America to exercise in what they conceived to be the spirit of the President's utterances in general. Right or wrong, it would surely be a harsh judge who would censure them for indulging in this expectation. There are plenty of reasons for finding fault with German conduct since the armistice as well as before; but in the sudden access of rage and despair which they have shown on learning the hard truth, they have acted only as the people of any other nation would act in a like situation.

IN leaving Japan unconditional tenant of Kiaochow with much of the Shantung peninsula, the Peace Treaty goes far to diminish the authority of the Covenant of Nations. Kiaochow was one of the few clear cases before the Conference. The German lease was extorted from China on the pretext of compensation for the slaying of the German ambassador by the Boxers. Germany capitalized her affront outrageously, and, in a region where shaky titles abound, hers was morally and legally the worst. Japan drives out Germany and assumes her "rights." The Peace Conference acquiesces in the iniquity. The official press murmurs smoothly of the compromises inevitable in human affairs. Now Japan's occupancy of Shantung is not a compromise, but a flagrant breach of the letter and spirit of the Covenant. In consenting to it Mr. Wilson has cancelled one of the fairest pages in American diplomacy. The only apology made for the surrender is that otherwise Japan would not have joined the League of Nations. As it is, she joins having first shown that she declines to be bound by one of its constituent principles. An added chagrin to those who hoped most from the League is that the united wisdom of the present world has been less able to moderate Japan's aggressiveness than was John Hay single-handed.

IN comparison with Kiaochow the rival claims to Fiume were highly confusing, with much right on either side. It is perplexing then to find that the Conference, which had yielded readily where it should have stood firm, stood firm where it might well have compromised. A man who is stubborn where his case is weak and yielding where his

case is strong hardly inspires confidence. Something of this vacillation at the Conference may be ascribed to the inevitable weariness of the delegates. They have tried to do too much in too limited a time, and thereby they have sacrificed within the Conference the ordinary decencies of deliberate procedure, and without the Conference decision and judgment. The issue of Fiume, being involved in the treaty with Austria, is still open. It is to be hoped that the Conference will give weight to such considerations as these:

(1) Italy has virtually waived the treaty of London and is willing to have the entire Adriatic question reopened and settled on its merits.

(2) Mr. Wilson's major contention that Fiume is a necessary outlet for Jugo-Slavia is false. There are plenty of ports down the Eastern Adriatic needing only development and proper railroad facilities.

(3) In a matter of grave doubt it is absurd to give the benefit of that doubt to an ambiguous congeries of late foes and present friends such as is Jugo-Slavia. Italy as a real nation and unquestionably a friend is entitled to the benefit of such doubt.

(4) The Italian claim to Fiume is based on the fact that the Istrian peninsula is and should be treated as a geographical unit. To effect this Italy will make concessions elsewhere.

(5) Italian Irredentism is not solely imperialistic. It comprises loyalty to fellow Italians in political adversity; it has its idealistic side. Fiume is an Italian city racially.

As we go to press it seems as though the settlement would be about as we have suggested above. To save face Italy may be appointed temporarily as mandatory over the regions she is later to control. Mr. Wilson's excessively harsh and highly irregular handling of the Italian question is in unpleasing contrast to his silent acquiescence in the surrender over Kiaochow.

THE President's speech before the International Law Society in Paris furnishes some indications that Wilson the shrewd political leader has for the time being supplanted Wilson the idealist. In reminding his audience that people must not expect "immediate emancipation from the things that have hampered and oppressed them," and

especially in saying that "you cannot throw off the habits of society immediately," the President strikes a refreshing note of common sense. If he had not been preoccupied with a programme which should settle the whole world drama once and for all, he might have heard this same warning sounded in increasing volume even before he left for Europe on the first of his two visits. And it is not fanciful to attribute political intent to a certain collocation of ideas in a subsequent passage. In the course of his remarks on reconstruction he says: "The spirit of America responded without stint or limit and proved that it was ready to do that thing which I was privileged to call upon it to do." That our whole-hearted entrance into the war should thus be given the color of an American approval of the President's peace programme must strike any one as strange who remembers the outcome of the Congressional elections upon which Mr. Wilson in advance placed so much importance. The moral of all of which is that Wilson the idealist is fortunate in having as a counterpart Wilson the politician. The combination would be still more effective if the two moved forward side by side, an arrangement calculated to produce sound statesmanship. If, instead, they often are not within hailing distance of each other, that may be charged to single-track facilities.

THE Russian Soviet Bureau in New York is bitterly indignant over the contrast between what the Peace Conference has done about Russia and the promise held out to her by the sixth of President Wilson's fourteen points of a "welcome into the society of free nations, under institutions of her own choosing." Instead of such a welcome, says the Bureau, the Allies seem to have "one purpose only—to impose upon the Russian people institutions which are not of their own choosing." Whatever may be the plans or purposes of the Allies in regard to Russia, the one thing that seems quite certain in the situation is that the institutions under which the people of Soviet Russia are now living are not "of their own choosing." All the choosing has been done for them by a small fraction of the people, who seized power by force at a time of general upset and impotence and have held it by force ever since. The Soviet emissaries may either deny this or say that, though true, it has nothing to do with the case; but their indignation—and that of their American sympathizers—might possibly be mitigated by the consideration of two other circumstances. One is that there has thus far not been the slightest indication, on the part of the Allies, of a desire to interfere with any form of government which the Russian people

may establish by their free choice. The other is that no desire has been more flagrantly shown by the Bolshevik rulers, alike in words and in deeds, than that of upsetting the established government of every civilized country in the world. But to the Bolshevik mind it is a poor rule that works both ways.

IN the passage at arms between Mr. Peek and Secretary Glass, the Secretary of the Treasury has decidedly the best of it. The late Chairman of the Industrial Board of the Department of Commerce rakes the Administration fore and aft, and his statement is a spirited bit of writing. But it is anything but convincing, and it winds up with a series of accusations which sound particularly wild. Nothing could be neater than the way in which Mr. Peek's query, "Does the Administration plan for 1920 a platform of State Socialism which it now finds inconsistent with the results achieved by the Board?" is disposed of in the Secretary's reply. He makes no reference whatever to the charge or to State Socialism, but he quietly says:

The attempt made to fix minimum prices for the public seemed to me wholly indefensible and contrary to fundamental principles of economics, of public policy and of the law.

Surely the healthy restoration of industrial life and activity is not to be found in the perpetuation and exaggeration, months after the cessation of hostilities, of the artificial conditions which in war time were tolerated as necessary evils. The Treasury has consistently striven since Armistice Day for the removal of all governmental restraints, controls, and interferences.

No more wholesome utterance has come from Administration quarters in many a long day. If it can be regarded as representing a general policy, we may all breathe more freely on the subject not only of State Socialism, but of various insidious approaches to Socialism, than we have recently felt warranted in doing. But the real test will come in the Administration's dealings with the railroad situation.

AMONG a number of important social agencies that have been crippled by the failure of the last Congress to pass necessary appropriations, are the employment bureaus. We do not refer here to the Bureau for Returning Soldiers and Sailors, but to local agencies. These have faced a winter of uncertainty and discouragement which have rendered impossible the free, confident, and untrammelled discharge of their functions. Local agents have not known, from month to month, whether they could hang on till help came, or whether they must shut up shop and abandon an enterprise that met a crying need. State aid has tided some of the bureaus over, so that they have a chance of recovery if Congress can be persuaded to

grant stimulus at once. It is superfluous to point out the exceeding importance of these bureaus. The whole situation succeeding the armistice resolved itself into a need of reabsorption and redistribution of labor. Demobilization of war-industry alone threatened a condition of unemployment that could not but make for popular discomfort, complaint, and unrest. The local agents have acted as a buffer between discontented and even resentful men and willing but distraught employers; and their service in dropping oil upon local areas of friction and heat can not be overestimated. Their function has been, like that of the local draft-boards, of an unostentatious, but none the less vital character. That they should be freed from their present and undeserved *impasse* is a pressing national need; we hope that Congress will be alive to the necessity of immediately relieving them.

THE agency *par excellence* for Americanization is the public school. It is the formative years that produce the complex of ideas, ideal habitudes, and traditions which make the American. Said a shrewd Roman priest: "Give me the first six years of a child's life, and you others can have the rest." It is, therefore, in the highest degree necessary, if the "melting-pot" is to turn out a consistent and genuine product, that the public school shall be kept up to the highest possible level of excellence. But a school, like a home, is not a geographical location—a mere matter of latitude and longitude—nor yet is it the mass of inorganic matter which we fashion and pile up and call an "institution." It is an atmosphere. And, as the atmosphere of the home is generated by the guiding personalities in it, so is the atmosphere of the school generated by those who supervise and give instruction. If we want good schools, the *sine qua non* is good teachers. But the good teacher is a specialist or an artist comparable with the good doctor or preacher, and cannot be picked up at any street-corner. He must also possess character, in addition to technical equipment. He must have quality, and quality is something that must be paid for. The laborer of this order is certainly worthy of his hire. Yet the profession of teaching stands a chance of progressive impoverishment by reason of the inadequacy of its material rewards. The teacher may be willing, and generally is, to take the vow of poverty; but he will not continue always to take that of penury. He can not give out the virtue that is in him if he is never free from petty and sordid harassment. If we are anxious to Americanize—and there is nothing that we should be more intent on doing, in our own interest, if for no loftier reason—we must not be blind to this vital method, must

not neglect it in favor of methods of more immediate impact but of less fundamental and less comprehensive character.

A HIGH British authority recently expressed his deliberate conviction that of the social unrest now prevalent throughout the world, eighty per cent. must be ascribed to the fall in the purchasing power of money. However this may be in general, it is safe to say that the dissatisfaction which is taking shape in the formation of the Middle Classes Union in England is mainly due to this cause. When the money unit falls in value—and the fall which we have been experiencing in the last few years is beyond all precedent—the adjustment which in the course of time restores normal relations is nowhere so slow as in a large section of what may be called the middle classes. In the case of the wage-earner there is a painful interval, but on the whole the time of his suffering from the dislocation of prices is not apt to be very long. Salaries are far slower than wages to respond to the pressure; and incomes from interest-bearing investments do not respond at all. The government official, the college professor, the permanent employee of almost any firm or private corporation, has to pull through as best he can on his old salary, or a salary but little increased, while the prices of everything he needs for himself and his family have gone up to unheard-of heights. The hardship is truly a grievous one, and the wonder is that the complaining is not louder and more insistent than it is. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that the forces of adjustment, though slow-working in this domain, are yet constantly operative—that the grievance, however serious, is not of a permanent nature. Whether by any scheme of automatic adjustment, such as that proposed by Professor Irving Fisher, relief could be obtained without inviting troubles more serious than those it removes is one of the interesting questions of the day.

AS this goes to press the rival armies of two nations are still camped on the bleak Newfoundland shore waiting on wind and weather. The stage remains set for the greatest sporting event of modern times. As between American and English contenders, it would seem that the Americans had the better chance of achieving a more limited objective: our naval fliers are using three multiple-engined seaplanes of great power and carrying capacity, machines capable of landing on the water and riding out anything short of a real storm; and they will make no attempt at a continuous, non-stop flight, but will proceed from Newfoundland to the Azores and thence to Spain. The preparation of the

Americans has been scientific, deliberate, without hurry, and with a painstaking care for the elimination of avoidable error; they have gone about the great adventure in a businesslike way, and they stand a businesslike chance of being the first human beings to cross the Atlantic Ocean by air. The British, on the other hand, are striving for a greater and more elusive stake; with single-engined land planes of great speed they will try to jump the North Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland in one splendid mad rush; engine trouble means well-nigh certain disaster. Their venture is infinitely the more sporting, and measurably less likely to succeed. Should our naval men be lucky enough to get there first, there will still be plenty of glory for the intrepid Britishers if they can cap the American climax with an English non-stop flight; let us hope that this will be the outcome, and in the meantime let every Anglo-Saxon sportsman wish them Godspeed and sweet running engines—they deserve more and they can't cross the Atlantic with less.

THEY say that when Monk Eastman was examined for the draft the army surgeons found his body fairly covered with knife and gun-shot wounds. Each of these scars was a dishonorable one, representing not one, but many, lawless acts—for not even his best enemy in the New York Police Department but would admit that the famous gunman commonly gave better than he received. Now if you don't know offhand who Monk Eastman is, this is no time to sketch his picaresque career. It is enough to say that he was perhaps the most notorious gangster and all-round handy man with gun and knife that New York has ever known; bold, crafty, cruel, brave, unscrupulous and undisciplined. He served in State's prison, was discharged, caught up by the draft, sent to France and fought through the war. The other day he came back to America with his division, received his discharge from the army, and returned to private life—but not to the exercise of that citizenship which he had forfeited with his prison sentence. So he returned to private life, but with a couple of more wounds—honorable scars this time—received in battle, and with his company commander's rating of "Excellent" on his service-record, which is the highest rating a soldier may receive. He had in addition a decoration for valor, and letters from his platoon and regimental commanders which recited, among other things, that Private Eastman had shown himself to be self-controlled, unselfish, hard-working, brave and well-disciplined; that he had been a distinct credit to himself, to his regiment and to his country; and that his country ought to take cognizance of

these facts by restoring him to full citizenship. And the other day Governor Smith signed certain papers which officially place Private Eastman where unofficially and in fact he has been for these many months—among those who are pulling their weight in the boat. Queer, fine, big thing, this army of ours has been: we haven't seemed to need a Foreign Legion in which to bury our scamp fighters; scalawag and parson, banker and bootblack—but what's the use of moralizing? The facts have done that.

NOWHERE has the millennial circus more enthusiastic barkers than among the advertising purveyors of educational opportunity for the millions. Would you get what you want,—wealth, beauty, renown, health, friends? For five dollars I will send you an exact replica of Fortunatus's cap, easy to adjust; may be worn during sleep, thus necessitating no detention from your regular business. Would you become a convincing talker and talk your way into the presidency of your concern within the week? A postal brings one of Demosthenes' pebbles; placed beneath the tongue it will raise your salary to \$7,500 a year; cheaper and quicker than the now out-of-date Blarney Stone. Are you efficient? Self-reliance is the basis of efficiency. Mail this coupon and receive Emerson's course in self-reliance; the life-long application of the principles here laid down brought him an income of \$50,000 to \$70,000; you may do even better. Does your memory fail you? Follow the simple directions worked out by "Memory" Thompson (price five dollars) and remember the contents of every shop window you pass, the telephone number of every man you meet; you never can tell when this information may be useful. Thus the chorus; and a public, avid of self-improvement, pays its money and passes into the side-shows in sufficient numbers, apparently, to keep the cry merry and full. Our modern sophists will teach anything for a price. The royal road even is no longer sought; Socrates sits idly by, and gains the ear of not a single one of those who throng the democratic speedway. Ancient universities anxiously consider how they may transform themselves into sightseeing vehicles a little more sumptuously appointed and doing the circular tour of the new heaven and the new earth with even greater despatch than can be promised by the purveyors of correspondence courses. Such active bidding for an opportunity to afford light must arise from some genuine desire for it among large masses of men; but if the leaders themselves are dazzled into something like blindness, the awakening in the inevitable ditch will be rude indeed.

The Peace and the Future

ON the seventh of May, 1919, the curtain rose on the last act of the stupendous drama upon which for nearly five years the interest of a thousand million human beings had been absorbingly directed. The coincidence of the date with that of the startling crime which, four years before, had set fire to the smouldering indignation of America, did not pass without notice; but in the presence of an event so fraught with mighty consequences, and so weighted with grave problems, even the poetic justice which linked the spectacle of Germany bound and helpless with the defiant criminality of the Lusitania massacre could not claim more than a fleeting thought. But, vast and complex as is the mass of considerations which the publication of the terms of settlement brings forward, there are two aspects of it which, in the general mind, hold a dominant place. These are indicated in two phrases which, throughout the war, were constantly on men's lips and in their thoughts—"a peace of justice" and "a lasting peace." Whatever differences of opinion there may be among us, we have all agreed in fervently hoping for a peace that shall justify both these designations; and for us all the crucial question is whether the actual settlement fulfills this hope.

The justice of the settlement presents on its face little room for doubt or perplexity. Germany is to be utterly shorn of the power of military aggression; she must relinquish territory acquired by recent or remote conquest from France, from Denmark, from Poland, from China; she must forego her dreams of expansion in Africa; she will have to bear the burden of paying many billions of indemnity in reparation of the ruin she has wrought; she must accept, from the standpoint of a Great Power, the second of the alternatives which, as one of the leading spokesmen of her ambition put it, she deliberately confronted in undertaking the war—world-power or downfall. But there is to be no crushing indemnity such as Lloyd George talked about in his campaign speeches and as was demanded by many voices in France; there is to be no such economic boycott as was apparently planned by the famous Paris Conference of 1916; there is to be no dismemberment of Germany nor any interference with her internal organization. Her place as a Great Power she had used to the working of immeasurable calamity, of wrong beyond precedent, of evil surpassing the worst that the imagination of the civilized world had been able to conceive as possible; and she has lost her place as a Great Power. Surely this is not more than justice; and if it is less than justice, it is less only as the

meting out of justice must in all the affairs of mankind be kept in restraint by the dictates of humanity and good sense.

But there is another aspect of the question of justice which we can not altogether ignore. We can not expect the German mind to accept the view which, to the mind of the world at large, is established beyond dispute. And unfortunately there has been more than one declaration, from the highest sources, upon which the Germans can fall back as justification for dissent. The distinction between the German Government and the German people had been put forward with such solemnity and such emphasis as unquestionably to raise hopes which are now seen to be impossible of fulfillment. Sharply faced with the facts as they are, everyone sees that no practical application of the distinction can be made; the terms of peace are predicated, without disguise or palliation, upon the assumption that no form of government which Germany may at the moment have adopted, or may in the immediate future adopt, can be regarded as a guarantee against a resumption of designs of conquest. The peace bears no trace of the influence of the catchword coined by British statesmen that Germany must be "either powerless or free," or of the distinction so frequently reiterated by President Wilson between the terms upon which peace might be granted to the German Imperial Government on the one hand, and the German people on the other. It would be hard to name a single particular in which the demands made by the Allies and the United States upon Imperial Germany would have been more severe than those to which the emissaries of President Ebert and the Weimar Assembly are now asked to submit at Versailles. If the hope of a lasting peace rested on the acceptance by the Germans of the peace as a peace of justice, the outlook would be dark indeed.

Still darker would be the outlook if we were to regard as authoritative that utterance of President Wilson's which, before the entry of our own country into the war, attracted attention beyond any other. In his address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, he declared that the first condition of an enduring peace is "that it must be a peace without victory." And, proceeding to put his "own interpretation" upon this dictum, he said:

Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of

peace would rest not permanently but only as upon quicksand.

Surely if ever there was a "peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished," we are witnessing such a peace now. If, as the President thought two years ago, such a peace could not be "made to endure," the world's hope for freedom from the horrors of war would have to be dismissed. For Mr. Wilson in his address did not leave open even the refuge which the League of Nations holds out as an escape from this conclusion. "If the peace presently to be made is to endure," he said, "it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of mankind"; and he declared that the only kind of "peace for which such a guarantee can be secured" would be one that conformed to his doctrine of peace without victory.

It is not for the purpose of raking up dead ashes that we recall these episodes of what now seems almost a distant past. We have all traveled far in the eight and twenty fateful months since Mr. Wilson made that address. It boots little, perhaps, to insist that he was wrong; but it is not unprofitable to do justice to the element of truth which lay at the bottom of his impossible demand. We cannot admit that the League of Nations must fail because the peace with which it is interwoven flies squarely in the face of that demand; but we must remember that if it is to succeed it must do so in the face of that formidable difficulty which the President had declared to be insuperable. Not only the innumerable complexities of the specific problems with which in the nature of things the League will have to grapple, but the central fact of German humiliation and German resentment must be reckoned with in any estimate of the League's future. We may be thankful that extravagant conceptions of Germany's punishment have been ruled out, and that in the other features of the settlement imperialist desires have been kept down to the most moderate possible limits. We may feel profound satisfaction that the ideal of respect for the rights of nationalities, great and small, has been constantly held in view and that it has been respected as closely as the difficulties of the situation permitted. We may hope that in some essential respects even the humiliation to which Germany is now subjected may in the near future be materially mitigated; in particular, it is reasonable to expect that no very long time will pass before the disarmament of Germany is followed by a substantial approach toward disarmament among the other nations. But after all is said and done, it must be confessed that the League, fraught though it is with great possibilities for the lasting betterment of the state of the world, begins its career in

circumstances that no one can deny are charged with grave difficulty and doubt.

Yet after all this has been admitted, the formation of the League may justly be regarded as a great step toward the freeing of mankind from the incubus of war. That it will be accepted—and that it ought to be accepted, possibly with some reservation on the part of the United States which shall not weaken its essential character—there is little reason to doubt. It might have been made better if its structure had been determined in more tranquil and deliberative fashion after the necessary terms of immediate settlement had been fixed; but such as it is, it enlists the governments and the peoples of the world in an undertaking to work together for the prevention of war, and provides permanent machinery for the carrying out of that undertaking. That it falls far short of that solid barrier against war which “the organized major force of mankind” could conceivably provide, its staunchest friends can not deny; but neither can the most severe of its critics maintain that it is but a Hague Convention writ large. It is vastly more than that; whether it will function well or ill, it is at all events an organic entity, a thing that will function.

There is standing ground for the view, which some intelligent critics honestly entertain, that the League is more likely to give rise to wars than to prevent them; but to think this is to regard the League not as impotent but as carrying potentialities of evil. We are confident that the view is a mistaken one; not because the potentialities do not exist, but because we believe that the general sense of mankind will prevent them from developing. For many decades to come—after the unrest and turmoil of this time of transition have subsided—there will be an intense and universal anxiety that the appalling experiences of the past four years shall not be repeated; and whatever threatens the possibility of such repetition will be instantly condemned by the public sentiment of the world. How the League of Nations will work depends not so much on the mechanism of its organization as on the forces of national sentiment that act upon that mechanism; and if the forces that make for peace shall suffice to keep the League safe for a decade or two, it is not too much to hope that by that time it will have so developed its best potentialities, and so submerged those that are bad, as to become something like what the hopes of sanguine persons had pictured it as being from the outset. This may be but a chastened hope; but better cherish a cautious hope that is sound than invite the dangers that attend upon uncritical and illusory confidence.

Fiume, Kiaochow, and the Pledge to France

THE enemies of the League of Nations have some justification in declaring that it comes into the world lame, halt, and blind. And its friends can not deny that as regards the military protection of France the League has seemed weak; as regards doing justice to China in Shantung it has shown itself conveniently blind; while in the shifting settlement of the Italian claim to Fiume the League has displayed a halting attitude. In short, France believes the League too weak to protect her, and asks additional assurances from England and the United States; the League believes itself too weak either to do territorial justice to China as against Japan, or racial justice to Japan as against Australia and our Pacific slope; and the League has not yet developed wisdom enough to settle the Fiume question. Thus the League comes into the world with a heavy handicap in the contrast of promise and non-performances. The adjustments, which are relatively slight blemishes in the Treaty of Peace, considered as such, are serious departures from the principles of the Covenant, and tend to diminish confidence in it. What would have been hailed as a very good peace in its own right is a rather poor first exhibit for the League of Nations.

The Peace should have been made first. Its general moral and political character would have been sufficiently defined by the Fourteen Points. It would have been just about the peace we actually have, but it would have counted differently. Its positive merits would have won confidence for its negotiators. The Conferees of Versailles, in subsequently undertaking the more general task of a League of Nations, could have pointed to their record. What they had done well on the immediate and pressing issues would seem an earnest of better things under the general Covenant. Above all, the shortcomings of the Peace would have appeared less cruelly against the somewhat nebulous background of the Fourteen Points than against the explicit formularies of the Covenant of Nations. To a Covenant coming after the Treaty of Peace, the Treaty, if reasonably good, was a certain source of strength; coming out simultaneously, the Treaty plainly emphasizes certain weaknesses in the League.

The decision rather to base the Peace on the Covenant than let the Covenant grow out of the Peace, seems to rest partly on fear and partly on false logic. It was plainly feared that men's interest in the Covenant would not brook the delay incident to making peace. Here is the fallacy of the psychological moment

in its cruder form. It is assumed that if the energies of the world are not promptly enlisted in framing the Covenant, it will not be framed at all. People will “carry on” only for so long. The little truth in this notion implies a curious lack of faith in humanity. It is true that interest dwindles, but also true that if the world is capable of forgetting the ideal of peace within a few months of the armistice, or within a few years, then the world is also incapable of caring for any Covenant of Peace beyond a brief space. We take no such discouraged view of our fellow men. For centuries men have worked towards peace under all sorts of conditions; it has not been a spasmodic movement based on peculiar excitements or distresses, but a permanent and progressive tendency. We have no idea that the peculiar exaltations and lassitudes of the armistice were essential to the formation of a League of Nations. There are, on the contrary, many reasons for thinking it was the wrong time, and the wrong emotional conditions. With the background of successful peace negotiations, their hands in, and their minds reassured, the Conference could have proceeded serenely to the greater task, and public interest would not have failed them.

A graver mistake in choosing the order of business was the assumption that in any practical negotiation the conclusion can or should conform to the premises. Such conformity obtains only in a mathematical or scientific demonstration. In a matter of business, theoretical premises are only a point of departure, merely serving to start things going. When the conclusion is reached the premises are usually well forgotten. They have served their turn. The Fourteen Points and the Covenant are fundamentally only a basis for the conduct of international business. It is unhappy and maladroitness to accompany the promulgation of these new principles with the concrete evidence that they do not work. The right tactics was to make the settlement as well as possible, and somewhat in the light of the actual settlement build up the theoretical basis for deciding future issues. Any deductive approach to political problems, or, for that matter, to human problems generally, is hazardous. It impairs and cramps the delicate processes of common sense and necessary compromise, offering only logic where wisdom is wanted.

If the Covenant had been postponed and separated from the Peace Treaty, each would have been considered on its merits, and each would have helped the other. As things stand, the Covenant is a moral reproach to the Treaty, while the Treaty measurably impairs the pres-

tige of the Covenant. The managers of the League have not believed enough either in the people or in the League itself. They have taxed unnecessarily the good will of the world. Yet there is every reason to expect that the world will confirm the Covenant. It will do so rather

in spite of than because of the tactical activities of the promoters of the League. It will do so in the hope that future executors of the Covenant will show greater hopefulness, breadth, and lucidity than its creators appear to have commanded.

The Review

NO name could be more colorless than that which has been adopted as the title of this journal. Many names of infinitely more savor have been suggested for it; and to a number of these there was no intrinsic objection. In particular, there are two names, at once simple and significant, either of which would have been strictly appropriate. The paper might have been called either *The Liberal* or *The Conservative* without offense to the character which its editors hope to impress upon it. Between true liberalism and true conservatism there exists not only no incompatibility, but on the contrary a vital bond of connection. There is a loose-jointed liberalism which spurns the dear-bought fruits of the past, as there is an ossified conservatism which is incapable of seeing the inspiring possibilities of the future. But the true liberal views the future in the light of a genuine appreciation of the past, and the true conservative prizes the past without being blind to the demands of the present and the future.

To either of these names, however, there would have been the objection that, though correct intrinsically, it would have been liable, in the present state of the public mind, to obvious misconstruction. Indeed, it may almost be said that the primary endeavor of *THE REVIEW* will be to restore the words "liberal" and "conservative" to their rightful place in the minds of thinking people. The danger to the country from revolutionary agitations springing out of the great upheaval of the war may prove to be not a real menace but only a passing cloud; but there is a more subtle and more pervasive danger, of whose reality and whose gravity there can be no doubt whatever. This danger is embodied not so much in any movement, or even in the spread of any specific set of opinions, but in an attitude of mind. The tendency to ignore what is good and to magnify what is evil in existing institutions; the readiness to throw overboard any conviction or tradition, however fundamental, which seems to obstruct the immediate realization of some scheme of improvement: it is the rapid spread of these tendencies—not among the poor and ignorant, but among those who have enjoyed every advantage of culture and well-being—that is the most serious, as it is the most distinctive, feature of the

situation with which we are confronted.

And there can be no greater error than to ascribe this phenomenon to the war. Not only was it with us, and in great force, a number of years before the war, but it may be doubted whether it has in any essential respect been modified by the war. All that the war has done is to give it a larger mass of material to act upon, an unexpected opportunity to manifest itself in concrete ways which, in more settled times, did not easily present themselves. Minds, for example, that are not gravely disturbed by the programme of a Lenin or a Bela Kun are minds that were so "open" before Lenin or Bela Kun had been heard of that nothing which these prophets of a new day might propose would come as a real shock to them. That this is so—if one doubts it—a single consideration should suffice to show. The curious spectacle has been presented of intense hostility and abhorrence on the part of veteran socialists like Spargo and Russell to that which has been looked upon with philosophical serenity by the "open-minded" reformers who had been coquetting with socialism while never ranging themselves under its banner. The explanation of the paradox is not far to seek. The seasoned socialist has been fully aware, all along, that it was a grim business he was dealing with; he was willing to go thus far and no farther, because he realized how deep a break was involved in going even thus far. He was prepared to sacrifice so much of what human life and human civilization has hitherto been built upon, for the sake of what he conceived to be a higher civilization; and precisely because he knew what that sacrifice meant he shrank with a genuine and instinctive abhorrence from the more sweeping sacrifice which the Bolshevik programme demanded. But to the dilettante whose hospitality for socialist ideas was merely the result of a loss of grip upon the values of life as it is and has been, there was only a faint and intellectual difference between Lenin's Bolshevism and the more or less misty socialism upon which he had for years been bestowing his platonic affection. Bolshevism, like socialism, he said to himself, is probably not half so black as it is painted; and since a "bourgeois" civilization is not worth saving anyhow, who knows but

that Bolshevism may prove to be the best way to get rid of it?

With the menace that attaches to the prevalence of this state of mind in a large and influential element of our society, we shall long have to reckon. The chance of sweeping victories for the radical or revolutionary forces depends not only on the strength of those forces, but quite as much on the degree in which the forces that resist them are vitalized by a realizing sense of what is involved in the contest. The conservative too often permits the radical to put him in the position of supporting a vile thing, a thing to be defended only because what is proposed may be even worse. The heir of all the ages, he acts as though a hundred generations of human striving—of heroes and martyrs, of saints and sages, of builders and thinkers—had given him but a paltry inheritance. He leaves almost unchallenged the tacit assumption of the revolutionist that the imperfections of the existing order are the product of wickedness or folly, and that whatever is good in it is the spontaneous gift of nature. Material and spiritual advantages undreamed of in former ages, and the privilege of very few even in the recent past, are now the possession of multitudes; but instead of claiming them as the rich fruit of civilization, he permits the fact that they are not universal to pass as damning proof of hopeless failure. Because there are blots on the scutcheon, we are asked to throw away the shield; and some of us seem to think it a not unreasonable proposal.

Civilization, as we have thus far known it, rests upon certain fundamental institutions and ideas. The family, the nation, the institution of property, the idea of individual liberty and individual responsibility, the idea of liberal culture—these are some of the bases upon which everything that we regard as worthy and precious has been built up. There is not one of them that is without grave shortcomings; not one in which there is not room for improvement; not one upon which our views have not undergone notable change in generation after generation. But in their essentials, and in the place they hold in the life of the world, they have thus far remained unshaken. They are exposed to-day to more formidable and more many-sided attack than at any previous time in modern history. If the attack is to be withstood, the defenders must be animated by a genuine understanding of the value of that which they are seeking to save. If they are half ready to grant that the relation of husband and wife, of parents and children, is a little matter that might easily be replaced by some new device, they will have little chance against the silver-tongued "reformer" who depicts the ideal beauties

of free love. If they do not realize that the right of property is the chief nursery of sturdy character and manly self-assertion for the great mass of human beings, they will be able to set up but a feeble resistance to the moves of those who see in it nothing but an embodiment of sordid or predatory instincts. In a word, if we are not to be helpless in the face of heady innovation, we must remember that all that we have and are is the long result of time; and that though it may be desirable to prove all things, it is absolutely essential to hold fast that which is good.

What so many people fail to realize is that a man may be tough-minded without being hard-hearted. He may be keenly desirous to improve the lot of mankind, and yet refuse to accept that as an improvement which furnishes an immediate gain at the cost of permanent loss, which provides betterment on the surface but impairs the deep-lying springs of all betterment. The difference between the tough-minded man and the tender-minded man—to use William James's terms—manifests itself most sharply, perhaps, in the refusal of the former to be swept off his feet by catchwords. If, for instance, he has believed all his life that those who provide the capital play a vital and honorable part in the processes of production, he will not forget all he ever knew about the matter merely because incomes derived from investments have come to be currently referred to as unearned incomes. If he has entertained the conviction that the prizes of conspicuous success in competitive enterprise furnish a legitimate incitement to energy and ambition, and are thus part of the great apparatus of human productivity, the invention of a handy epithet of opprobrium will not lead him to assign to the criminal class every person upon whom it suits the mood of the moment to put the brand of "profiteer." But with this firmness of grip on the essential claims of existing institutions there can go, and there ought to go, an honest readiness to recognize their defects and an eager desire to remove them. In order to welcome and promote efforts to improve the conditions of labor, it is not necessary to begin with a sweeping condemnation of "capitalism." We may recognize that there are many channels through which altruism can be brought into business, without abandoning the belief that the desire to advance one's own fortunes has been, and probably will long continue to be, the mainspring of productive energy, the most prolific source of general prosperity. Attachment to the fundamentals of the existing order does not imply blind adherence to every feature of it which habit has made familiar. The true conservative, the true liberal, is he who instinctively feels this difference,

and intelligently acts upon it. If THE REVIEW can in some measure strengthen those who take this attitude and increase their number, it will have done some-

thing to promote the sound thought and right feeling which must in these critical times be the greatest reliance of the country.

The American Legion

DRAW four million men from every class and from every square mile of the United States; pound them intensively into being as an army; place upon all of them the ponderous but wholesome stamp of army discipline; let some of them fight together, and all of them work together with a common purpose, for a year or so; let them kick and cuss—in the manner of all true soldiers—at the civilian government which is mismanaging them; then send those four million back into every class and into every square mile whence they came and organize them into a quasi-military-civilian association dedicated to work for the well-being of their country—and what will be the outcome?

On the answer to this hangs the future of the newly formed American Legion.

The daily press has given much space to the details of this new organization, and has emphasized its obviously excellent features of democracy and wide representation. General officers and enlisted men rub elbows in the same district delegations and on the same committees, and those born to the purple of great American names will work hand in hand with corporals unknown beyond their own country villages. So far so good; but the real test of the American Legion will come when it first attempts to make its influence felt in our national life.

They are confronted by a great opportunity, are these young American fighting men who have come back filled with a new sense of responsibility for the welfare of their country: they have a great opportunity, and a still greater duty, in the leadership which is ready to their hands. They have four million war-toughened veterans to draw from—men whose unselfish work and sacrifice has bound them to their country in a degree that twenty years of fat-living, benefit-receiving home-citizenship alone could never have done.

And now it is as well—even at the risk of seeming to howl calamity before the fact—to point out the grave danger inherent in any association of war veterans, and shown in the history of most war-veteran movements in this country. No matter with what lofty ideals of public service they may start, the unscrupulous and the self-seeking soon appear to gain control, and the organization degenerates into a more or less powerful and more or less unscrupulous

political machine. Every editor, every candidate for office, and every politician knows and fears the deadly mawkish menace of "the old soldier vote"; a menace the more sinister in that it deliberately and cynically over-capitalizes the patriotic gratitude of the public towards its ex-soldiers, and prostitutes that gratitude to base political uses.

"But," say the leaders of the new movement, "no such situation can conceivably arise, for the American Legion is to be a non-political organization: We simply want to crystallize the spirit which made it possible to get into this war and fight it as we did, and we are not going to mix into politics." Of the good faith of these men there can be no question—they mean to keep out of politics, in the sense that they will not allow themselves to engage in political manipulation. But a vast association of soldiers embarked upon a non-military enterprise is, on its face at least, an anomaly. Aside from its avowedly secondary fraternal functions, the Legion can have little or no excuse for permanent existence, indeed it can not hope to serve the country according to the language of its constitution, unless it does really make its influence felt in the political and social life of the country. In this broader sense, the Legion will enter our political life, first, because they can't keep out, and second, because the country needs them there—needs the clean-thinking, all-American sanity of its citizen army. Let them go into politics, but keep away from partisanship as well as from self-seeking. Their activity must be confined to the great issues of our national being, their energies devoted to the preservation of the essentials of our national polity. The distinction between public activity based on these concepts of service and political meddling of the traditional kind is difficult to define by the written phase, but readily recognizable as each issue arises.

If America is in truth the melting-pot, then surely the apotheosis of the melting-pot—the crucible from which must emerge the essence of to-morrow's Americanism—is the army of to-day. The American Legion is the peace-born offspring of our citizen army; devoted to honest and unselfish national service it should accomplish much for the good of the country; suffered to become the medium of politicians and the football of parties, it had better never been organized.

The Soviet Fiction

THE political dilettanti have evolved a delightfully simple theory of the régime at Moscow. It runs something like this. The soviets constitute a form of democratic government derived from peasant institutions, in harmony with Russian political genius, and directly responsive to popular will. The Bolsheviks are a political party that has got control of the soviet machinery of government. They are extremists, honest to be sure, but attempting an impracticable economic programme. They may be displaced in the soviets by some other party, or they may adapt their programme to the demands of economic fact. Indeed, their American apologists would have us believe that they are now following the latter course and have so far abandoned their intransigent attitude that it is possible for other peoples to have relations with them. In any case, your Russian peasant loves his dear soviet and is ready to die in its defense, and any Russians who oppose it are reactionaries, counter-revolutionaries, imperialists, Black Hundreds, and every other vile thing in the radical vocabulary.

This glamorous theory of Russian politics has only one little defect—it is utterly false and has no foundation in fact. It rests on the fanciful interpretation by unsound minds of data furnished by a few ignorant and biased observers, who knew nothing of the Russian people, their life and history, and who were singularly susceptible to the revolutionary atmosphere in which they found themselves in Petrograd and Moscow.

The soviet, in the sense in which the word is now used, is not a natural Russian institution and it has no connection whatever with the *mir* or peasant commune, as alleged by Raymond Robins in the hodge-podge of misrepresentations that make up his oratorical fantasies. The word is good Russian and means "council." A board of directors is a *soviet*; the upper house under the old régime was called the *Gosudarstvenny Soviet*, or Council of the Empire.

As now used, the term had its origin in 1905. When the revolution of 1905 took place, one phase of it was the attempt of the workmen to seize power. For a short time they dominated Petrograd and Moscow. The power naturally fell into the hands of their labor union councils, or *soviets*. This gave the idea to Trotsky, who later pointed out in his writings that this afforded a handy instrument for imposing the dictatorship of the proletariat. It was natural, then, that when the revolution of March, 1917, took place, as the result of a rising of the workmen and soldiers of Petrograd, they should hark back to the precedent of 1905.

The Soviets of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies did not, however, at first consider themselves a governing body. They accepted the Provisional Government and looked upon themselves as charged with the duty of protecting the interests of the workmen and soldiers in that government. As the days went by and the Provisional Government showed itself incapable of meeting the situation, the power of the soviets grew. They at first contained a majority of Mensheviks. The Bolsheviks used the slogan, "All power to the Soviets," effectively, as well as the universal demand for a cessation of the war, and in November came into full control, and the soviets became the government organization of Russia. Meanwhile, the soviet organization had been extended to the towns and even to the villages, displacing the *zemstvos* and peasant institutions of self-government. Theoretically, it was supposed to be elective; practically, it was self-chosen and was made up of the worst elements of the local population, frequently including released criminals and thugs imported from other towns and provinces.

There is no space here to enter into a discussion of how the peasants were deluded by a programme of expropriating the land which Lenin and Trotsky put forth, or of how disillusion came only after these brutal tyrants had consolidated their military power. When it was too late, the peasants realized that they had been tricked, and since then they have struggled everywhere, sometimes successfully but more frequently in vain, to throw out the hated soviets and to restore their own democratic institutions of self-government. This is why Bolshevik authorities organized the so-called Committees of the Poor to seize the property of the well-to-do and industrious peasants. Last summer, in many instances the peasants sent delegations into the provincial towns in search of the local landed proprietors to beg them to return and take back their estates and help the peasants in their struggle against the soviet tyranny, of which they were now the unhappy victims.

To-day the Bolsheviks and the soviets are one and the same thing. The soviets could not last a single day without the support of the mercenary armies. The soviet government looks pretty on paper. It has a constitution that provides for the election of local and provincial soviets, for the All-Russian Soviet, for the Executive Committee. Presumably any Russian who works for his living, who hires no one, who has no connection with the church or with trade, and whose political views are approved by the Bolsheviks, may vote for the members of

these soviets. In practice, they are self-chosen and self-perpetuating.

The fact is that long ago all the Bolshevik leaders, with the possible exception of five or six fanatics, lost faith in the Bolshevik formula—if they ever had any. They now openly scoff at such deluded followers as take Bolshevism seriously. They are out for loot and plunder and to hold their power as long as they can and to find a safe refuge when their orgy is over. They are spending millions of their stolen money in propaganda abroad, propaganda that seeks, on the one hand, to stir up unrest and revolution, and, on the other, to convince the world that they are now becoming conservative and constructive, and may safely be taken into the family of nations. It is the plea of the cornered thief for immunity and for the retention of part of his loot on the promise to reform.

Another phase of the soviet legend deserves comment. There are those who seriously speak of the soviet system as an ideal form of democracy, while decrying Bolshevik excesses and extremes. They allege that the soviet means direct and immediate responsibility of government to the people. They prate much of some vague thing they call "industrial democracy." But the soviet idea not only is a death-blow to liberty and democracy, it spells irresponsible tyranny on the part of the ignorant and incompetent, and brings in its wake economic ruin and innumerable petty autocracies.

The result of soviet rule in Russia is clearly portrayed by the experience of a Russian who held a responsible position in the office of the Commissariat of War, and who has just escaped to Germany. After describing some of the ridiculous and tyrannical acts of the local soviets which caused great suffering, he says:

The idea of dictatorship, of persecuting the bourgeoisie and the educated classes, leads inevitably to irresponsibility on the part of the petty dictators who are now at the head of all the local soviets throughout the country. Every communist belonging to one of these local councils believes he is authorized to do anything, that he cannot be called to account for his acts, however arbitrary they may be. This feeling of irresponsibility, which grows and blossoms in the atmosphere of dictatorship, is ultimately the cause of all the horrors and cruelties that now prevail throughout Russia. The public never learns of these outrages, because the press is silenced . . . A measure is adopted first in the country districts or the smaller towns, and after it has become unendurable, the central authorities intervene and try to improve its administration. The misery and suffering that this independent action of the local authorities occasions is indicated by the fact that even the leaders of the communist party are now urging the local soviets to consult with the central authorities before taking measures which have not been introduced in other parts of the republic. However, this course of events was a necessary

result of the general theories of the communist party, which required that all political and economic powers should rest in the hands of the Workers' and Soldiers' soviets. Since the local soviets are thus entrusted with complete authority and have been forced to fight their enemies alone, unassisted by aid from without, they have gradually become little independent republics, having nothing in common except the fact that they are governed by communists.

After describing some of the horrors of which he was a witness, and which he attempted to relieve, he goes on to say:

Such cruelties can only grow in an atmosphere of terror which results from the proclamation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is an atmosphere of consciousness of complete irresponsibility. The

communist attitude of repudiating all democratic progress necessarily leads to the idea of a rule of force, and causes the Workers' and Soldiers' soviets irresistibly to adopt a policy of massacre, misery, and destruction such as now obtains in Russia. . . . Who pays any regard to law in a period of dictatorship? The people in the country say that the laws of Petrograd do not concern them. This is the legitimate result of the principle that all political power has been transferred to the Workers' and Soldiers' soviets.

(*Frankfurter Zeitung*, March 9.)

Yet this is the system which our bourgeois Bolsheviks think should be seriously considered as a possible substitute for the orderly processes of Anglo-Saxon democracy!

JEROME LANDFIELD

shedding tears over the ills of society and for purification of the individual by such tears. Coleridge, in 1797, in order to have an understanding of the new liberty, must be alone on a "sea-cliff's verge":

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

The leaders of the movement did not conceal their condescension towards the masses. The masses were to be uplifted, if at all, by the personal aspirations of the poetic souls who deplored their condition.

Consider the difference to-day. To the radical mind merit resides chiefly in the plain people. The snobbery of the old romanticism has become inverted. Hence the contempt for the aristocrat, as well as for the bourgeoisie and the middle of the road.

Like the older romanticism, the international socialism vaguely fostered by intellectuals is not an overnight growth; being but a new aspect of the older product. In America, the way was first prepared for it among intellectuals towards the beginning of the present century. Oddly enough, so solid a thinker as Miss Ida Tarbell gave it the initial impetus. In her inquiry into the methods of the Standard Oil Company are to be sought the beginnings of that great volume of exposure of corruption which brought hope especially to advocates of revolutionary changes. Our writers and dramatists joined in the search and their work has generally passed as realism. But it is easy now to see that where their purpose was more than sensationalism it was a highly romantic endeavor to reconstruct the world. How many heroines, contrary to the rules of *typical* human conduct, were forced into the mire in order that gilded youth might be scourged? How many politicians were shown to be utterly wicked in order that the hardships of the poor might be lessened, and how many capitalists wrought havoc that we might entertain a more sympathetic feeling for the humble working man! Yet how few girls and socialists and working men were drawn with weaknesses to which we might attach any blame? Well-meaning humanitarians, caught up by the pre-occupation of the hour, made intensive studies of social disorders, especially among the plain people, including the I. W. W., and found what they went forth to seek; namely, that in the great majority of cases selfishness and crime and suffering were to be laid at the door of the capitalist system. That no good came from this attitude of mind I do not undertake to say. But I am certain that it resulted in much mischief.

Thoughts on the New Worlders

CONSIDERING the high hopes which sprang from the French Revolution, it is not surprising that out of the present upheaval should come the thought of a New Jerusalem. Standpattism has received a body blow, for scarcely anyone expects or desires to return to precisely the ante-bellum conditions. Comfort and faith must be put into the hearts of plain people such as they never knew before, and definite lines for bettering social and economic conditions must be worked out and followed. On this all right-feeling persons are agreed. Reform there must be. The extent and nature of the reform desired is the significant thing. It serves as a good test to-day of a man's status as liberal or radical. Liberals may be described as those persons who, while desirous of no uncertain improvements, will be alarmed if the greater part of the old civilization is not retained in something like its present form. The radicals wish to see the greater part of the old civilization entirely made over or discarded. Or, put more roughly still, the radicals are committed to a new deal; the liberals are not.

To see the color of present-day radicalism, more particularly in this country, it is only necessary to follow the thought of certain intellectuals. They are the self-appointed spokesmen of the poorer classes, whose programmes, so far as these are at all definite, like that of the British Labor Party, have been taken fully into account. The radicals in question are actuated—they would not deny it—largely by sentiment. A great wrong must be righted. Assuming that this has been a capitalist war, they profess their readiness to overthrow the capitalist system root and branch. This might seem a strange contradiction in persons who, though acknowledging that Germany at least touched off the great conflagration, exerted themselves to make Germany's payment of damages as small

as possible! But the radicals' outlook is nothing if not international; and we suppose they would answer: individual nations mean nothing in our philosophy, and if the capitalist class in Germany brought on the war, why, capitalists the world over must share the responsibility and the losses.

Reduced to its simplest form, the point of departure of the intellectual radicals is this: the plain people must rule the world—a glowing sentiment, all the more potent because vaguely understood. Here, again, the difference between radical and liberal is largely one of degree. The liberal, too, admits that there must be a wider distribution of responsibility in politics and industry than that which has existed. But degree is everything sometimes: the democratic reaction from Czarism, when pushed still farther, passed into that autocracy known as Bolshevism. The radical in his enthusiasm has all along imagined that democracy capped by still more "democracy" must be a still finer thing. He is as intrepid in making appearances square with his premise concerning the plain people, as the Junker was in insisting that *Kultur* was the only panacea. In short, the radical, in a world full of new things, has become the new romanticist—a preacher whom it is hard to cope with, since in his present stage even *he* cannot quite put his finger on himself.

The French Revolution is supposed to offer the closest parallel in history to the overturn of the present. It, too, gave to the spirit of romanticism an enormous impulse. But there is this contrast to be noted. The revolutionary dreams which it prompted, as expressed by poets and romancers, the group that then exerted precisely the far-reaching influence which is now exerted by intellectual radicals, worked themselves out in individualistic channels. There were meetings *à deux*, or vigils *tout seul*, which furnished the opportunity for

This decade and more of systematic exposure, as it was aimed at those in places of authority, gave the greatest comfort to the radical's fixed idea; at length he could prove that the plain people were the elect. It mattered little to him that aspiring young writers, in the press, in books, and for the stage, were gathering statistics in much the same biased spirit in which the Kaiser card-catalogued the universe and found it amenable to his love of expansion and aggrandizement. The preconceived notion of a world in which capitalists were always wicked and the poor always virtuous agreed with the radical's deepest convictions and he did not trouble to check up the statistics.

Thus confirmed in his general outlook, the radical became possessed of a tremendous field for operations at the beginning of the war. International politics was simply domestic conditions writ large. All wars were started by capitalists. France and England would have remained at peace if they had considered the welfare of the plain people.

Naturally, the intellectual radical, being obsessed by so general a proposition as that the plain people must rule the world, made several strange friendships. As the champion of the under dog, he for a while fought the Kaiser's battles, since to his anti-capitalist mind, why should the Kaiser merit greater disesteem than the King of England! He was planning to be a friend of Kerensky and rebuked the Allies for not keeping him in power, and immediately thereafter proclaimed Lenin and Trotsky God-given agents destined to further the desired brotherhood of man. He has all along found it difficult to become incensed by the direct action of the I. W. W. Of late Boss Townley, of the Non-Partisan League, has been made a pillar of his society. Is not Townley's one aim in life to aid the plain farmer? Fashionable social-workers of great wealth are now eagerly welcomed to the fold. Clergymen and college professors answer the roll-call.

From such a personnel one might argue variously. One might conclude that persons of all classes had become genuinely moved by the plight of the down-trodden. And there is much to be said for this view. Among the great benefits of the war is a widespread altruism which must in large measure be perpetuated, and directed into practical channels. But the radical—not unnaturally, since in times of huge upheaval one can most easily glimpse the possibility of sweeping action—is not content with such a mild (and solid) ambition. Like the overzealous Lenin, he must turn the popular mood into a rush of feeling. He, himself, has no selfish motives, but is on that account all the more dangerous. He is the delighted victim

of the thrills set up by the rapid innovations of the times. Yet it is difficult to fix the tag of romanticist upon him. It was different with the old romanticists. They dealt in such luxuries as the inner life, twilight meadows, sunrise on a mountain, and blushing posies—all matters easy to pooh-pooh. The new worlder deals in such necessities as statistics, short working-days, easy divorce, and the overthrow of capital. Is it any wonder that he readily makes himself appear the genuine realist of the age?

If this romantic desire for radical innovation were the harmless toy it is to some of its less devout adherents, one might step aside while it worked itself out. But with many portions of the world hospitable to it and with several of our own political leaders blind to the mischief which it may produce, there must be organized opposition, or it will go too far. True liberals, who wish to see solid reforms pushed to execution, should be the first to appreciate the danger. For the new romanticism, if unchecked now, may result in one of two disasters. Either it may win the day; in which case the complexion of this country will be entirely changed. Or through its excesses, it may suffer utter rout, and thus create a violent reactionary movement which would stop progress for years.

The way in which liberals can best cope with all these good impulses run wild is by inquiring relentlessly into the meaning of the slogan, the plain people must rule the world. This will be found as a tacit assumption in most of the radicals' pronouncements, however dressed up they may be with political and economic analyses. If by it they mean a wider distribution of responsibility in politics and industry, the liberals, too, have this in their programme. Does industrial democracy signify state or international socialism? The liberals, while welcoming certain features growing out of the socialist principle, will fight for the rejection of that principle, in the belief that individualism, rightly controlled, is a tradition which this country will surrender at its peril. Is there to

be no aristocracy of brains? True, the liberal, himself, can not be entirely explicit on all heads. He does know that he will strive eternally to maintain that principle of individual self-reliance which has been the corner stone of free institutions in this country; he is certain that the rights of property are, to him, not merely arbitrary relics; that he is utterly opposed to wiping out marks of distinction which have resulted from real achievements, in whatever field of endeavor; and that with these and similar principles safeguarded, he is desirous to see progress along many lines. Here, at least, is a small body of doctrine by which he may be guided in moving towards reform. Can the new worlder show himself possessed of any such definite attachments?

The present era, which is already flooded with feeling, however nobly prompted, would greatly profit by a stiff dose of rational criticism. With the new worlder, reason has been largely supplanted by an instinctive reliance upon machinery. If he can raise funds and can set in motion committees, can hurry through legislation, he fancies that his revolutionary dreams will be realized in orderly fashion, without the need of first examining them in the strong light of reason: "The brotherhood of man"—let us hope that this overworked phrase may have substantial meaning when peaceful conditions return to earth. Along with "Democracy", "Liberty", and "American", it must be made to retain the blessings of its recent baptism of fire. Yet meaning can not be legislated to it. It must find definition ultimately in a supreme test, in which the reasonableness of present institutions, as compared with the reasonableness of the proposed reforms, should be the determining principle. And in this study of comparative values, let us not hastily infer that because selfishness and corruption have often dwelt in high places, therefore the perfectibility of man can be demonstrated by enthroning the proletariat.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Wandering between Two Eras

LITERARY as well as political historians are certain to fix upon 1918 as the end of an old era, the beginning of a new one; and with increasing assurance, as that date recedes into the past, they will distinguish and insist upon the differences between the buzzing blooming confusion that preceded it and the buzzing blooming confusion that followed it. They will give to the ante-bellum era a significant name and to the post-bellum era a significant

name; and by their names we shall know them; and from their names the way-faring man will be able to deduce the characteristics of the authors who lived in those eras, without the annoyance of having to read them. This will be a convenience to those who wish to find time for reading Plato or "Clarissa Harlowe."

Professor Cunliffe has recognized the existence of an ante-bellum era by publishing in the slow gray dawn of the new age a retrospective work which,

evading the responsibilities of a god-father, he calls "English Literature During the Last Half Century."* He selects for more or less extensive treatment these British worthies: Meredith, Hardy, Butler (by J. B. Fletcher), Stevenson, Gissing (by Leland Hall), Shaw, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Galsworthy and Bennett. In one chapter each he disposes of The Irish Movement, The New Poets, and The New Novelists. He professes to have written "to provide guidance for firsthand study—assistance in reading the authors themselves, not a substitute for it." As a first aid to the explorer, the book presents just what is needed: biographical sketches, summaries of novels and plays, critical excerpts, bibliographies, and a temper generally hospitable and temperately appreciative.

For readers, however, who have in some fashion gone through the literature of this half-century, and who are now ready to have it discussed and classified and shelved so that they may turn back to Plato and "Clarissa Harlowe" or press on to the New Poetry and the New Novel—for such readers Professor Cunliffe's treatment is likely to prove a bit disappointing. As an incitement to discussion it is almost too studiously unprovocative. "If the reader's own judgment," he says, "does not fall in with the criticisms here offered, it is hoped that no harm will be done, and no offence taken on either side." Now, that is not the temper in which one creates the idea of a new age! As the establisher of a literary epoch, Professor Cunliffe is over-wary of generalizations. He gives us a series of detached essays and notes on individual authors, which one must group and concatenate for oneself, if perchance one wants a vision of mass or professional movement, or is curious about the causes and connections of things, or hankers for a compact statement of the meaning of that interesting age on which the armistice has rung down the curtain.

In his introductory chapter he does sketch the social background of literature since 1867; or rather, we should say, he indicates some of the determining forces in it. But he leaves these forces in a good deal of a welter. "To sum up," he says, "the last half century was a period of extraordinarily rapid transition, political, social and intellectual." To be sure it was; every half century is that, if you look at it hard.

"The general sweep of thought," he continues, "was revolutionary; there was no political principle, no religious dogma, no social tradition, no moral convention that was not called in question. To some conservative minds it appeared merely as an era of destruction, but,

powerless to resist the flood of change, they remained baffled and confused amid the contending currents, which drove now in one direction, now in another, but ever onward. Future generations will doubtless discern more constructive achievement than is obvious to the contemporary spectator, who is himself but an atom in the whirl of conflicting tendencies." The present generation, he concludes, must build upon this whirl; and "though the march of progress was interrupted by the Great War, the first task of humanity, when peace is restored, will be to take up the task of reconstruction."

Here is much cheery talk of transition and progress "ever onward"; but as Teufelsdröckh would say, "Whence, O God, and whither?" Professor Cunliffe supplies hints for an answer which he hesitates to formulate. He hesitates, apparently because he is not certain that all will think the answer consistent with his description of contemporary change as "the march of progress." I myself, less concerned about consistency than about getting Professor Cunliffe's fifty years characterized and distinguished from the years before and after, suggest that we call the span from 1832 to 1867 The Era of Middle Class Society or The Age of Gentlemen, that from 1867 to 1918 The Era of Biological Considerations or The Age of Vital Forces, and the half century for the dawn of which the cocks are now crowing, The Proletarian Millennium or The Age of Economic Units. These epithets have at least the merit of indicating a whence and a whither. When I have shown how the three periods are reflected in their respective literatures, and how they are related to one another, and how, finally, they are related to the deep current which bears the affairs of men onward whether they will or no, then the gentle reader may return to his classics, assured that his house or his houseboat has been set in order; or he may propose an arrangement of his own.

As mirrored in literature and seen through the soft blue haze of time, that early Victorian interval which we have called The Age of Gentlemen lies before us enveloped in its own atmosphere, serene, changeless, finished, like a classical landscape, only a little damaged by the slashing of Mr. Wells and the Militant Suffragettes. What first catches the dreaming eye is the towers of the cathedral at Barchester, that Trollope built, embosomed high in lofty trees, neighbored by Bishop Proudie's palace and the comfortable dwellings of Archdeacon Grantly and Dean Arabin. Then at wide intervals in a countryside tufted with woodlands one makes out the seats of great county families like the Luftons and the Crawleys and the Austin Feverels and odd places like Crotchet Castle

and Gryll Grange. Piercing the greenery here and there, rise the ivory towers of the poets: in one of them Tennyson is writing with pearl-handled gold pen his "Idylls of the King," in another Arnold is meditating his "Tristram and Iseult"; in a third Swinburne is murmuring his "Atalanta in Calydon," and in still another Morris is chanting his "Earthly Paradise." These towers and castles are but the accents of the scene. For look! What populous towns and villages have emptied all their folk this pious morn to stream up by twos and threes to hear the Archdeacon's sermon? Colonel Newcome heads the line, followed by an endless procession of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, army officers, civil servants, journalists, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, and other representatives of that great class of *bourgeois gentilshommes* which began in 1832 significantly to displace the old aristocracy as the centre of English society. Some of these people have a long way to go before they overtake Colonel Newcome; but they all know where they are going, and they approve of the expedition.

The predominance of a respectable middle class was England's slowly matured response to the radical challenge of the French Revolution and to the contention that all men came to the social compact with equal rights in their hands, naked from the arms of nature. To the searching question put afresh in every age, What is man that he should inherit the earth? England replied, still cherishing fondly in her troubled heart the traditions of an ancient Christian chivalry: "Man is a creature of miscellaneous instincts and unpredictable conduct, as I have freely admitted by the mouth of Mr. Thackeray; but, as I have insisted also by the mouth of Mr. Tennyson, he has the aspirations of a Galahad, the ideals of an Arthur. Man is a being of dual personality; one side is as real as the other; if you would see him whole, you must take them both together. In his sentiments, if not always in his creed and conduct, he is a Christian, a patriot, and a gentleman. With that understanding, I admit him to my society; and I think that I can make a fairly human and creditable place of it." While that understanding endured, a considerable number of the inhabitants of England of course remained outside in mine and factory and unregarded corner, mute or clamoring for a revolution.

In the last fifty years the revolution took place. It created The Era of Biological Considerations. Professor Cunliffe dates its beginning at 1867, the year of the Second Reform Bill. But this is rather to overemphasize political influences, and to suggest that in our second period was accomplished merely an enlargement of the fold made

*New York: The Macmillan Company.

in 1832 for the society of middle class gentlemen. What we actually discover there is the destruction—not by the lower orders but by the intellectuals—of the bonds which held that earlier society together. The Era of Biological Considerations, for which Darwin and Huxley prepared the way, is not properly a society at all. Its characteristic business is not to establish man's relations in a human community but to establish his relations in the animal kingdom. This business generates a new type of literary imagination, a new notion of realism, a new criticism. Equipped with a fresh conception of man, the children of The Era of Biological Considerations re-examine the professed aspirations of The Age of Gentlemen and pronounce them hypocrisy. What the first age revered as ideals, the second denounces as shams. "Talk not to us," cry the Butlers, the Shaws, the Wells's, the Cannans, the Mackenzies of this veracious epoch, "talk not to us of the duality of human nature, of Tennyson's Arthur and the Victorian ideal; the grand Victorian type is Pecksniff. Man is neither a Christian, a patriot, nor a gentleman; he is a 'bad monkey.' And we have had him under the scalpel. We have seen him under the microscope. He is an agitated congeries of chemical and physical forces. He is a bit of passionate protoplasm. He is a vital force."

We are all, except the very young and the very old, acquainted with the resolute and measurably successful efforts made by writers of the last half century to prove that men are not destined to be Christians, patriots, or gentlemen. It was perhaps Samuel Butler who led off by demonstrating this truth in the case of Ernest Pontifex in "The Way of All Flesh," a novel which I thought rather dull, till I found all my intelligent contemporaries praising it to the skies as a "brilliant attack upon the institution of the family, especially the relations between parents and children." Thomas Hardy, singular in his sense of the tragic nature of his task, developed with sombre and genuine poetic power the thesis that man is a bit of passionate protoplasm plastic on the wheel of Chance, the whimsical Potter, blindly worshipped by the Age of Gentlemen as the Divine Providence. George Moore joined in with a series of novels presenting vital forces in full evening dress, yet not for a moment mistakable for ladies and gentlemen; and he has recently added what I am assured is a very brilliant travesty on the life of Jesus. G. B. Shaw contributed to the bright bonfire of shams the garments of clergymen, prize-fighters, duchesses, and chauffeurs whom he had stripped down to the naked reality of vital forces and set speechifying in a parlor; and in

recent years he has launched many a brilliant attack upon patriotism. Mr. Wells, eagerly reeking of the laboratory, has also specialized on heroes and heroines who are emancipated vital forces, and he has supplemented these representations by brilliant attacks upon humanistic education and other institutions designed to perpetuate The Age of Gentlemen. Mr. Galsworthy has scattered some brilliant aspersions on the institution of property; but, since the success of "The Dark Flower" has rather eclipsed his effusions on the Under Dog, he and his satellites tend to specialize on exhibitions of man as exquisitely palpitating protoplasm. I have just read, for example, in a current magazine his brilliant beginning of a new story about a London rector (of The Age of Gentlemen) and his palpitating cousin and daughter (of The Age of Vital Forces). The rector's cousin, having got rid of two husbands, is now the mistress of attractive Captain Fort. The daughter, having given herself to an officer departing for the war, "with the sole thought of making him hers forever," seems on the point of giving herself also to Captain Fort. While the Captain waits, says my author, he is "turning the leaves of an illustrated journal wherein society beauties, starving Serbians, actresses with pretty legs, prize dogs, sinking ships, royalties, shells bursting, and padres reading funeral services testified to the catholicity of the public taste but did not assuage his nerves."

One cannot compose the literature of this period into a picture of society; it doesn't compose. Like Captain Fort's journal, it presents us a bewildering medley of impressions. It is a picture of disorganization, of a human welter without top or bottom, such as one finds in the novels of Goncharov, Dostoevsky, and Artzybashev. The writers who express the prevailing spirit of the time represent society as breaking up under biological criticism into the social anarchy of a state of nature. The more vigorous poets have left the ivory towers to go a-vagabonding and ballad-singing down the highways of the earth; others palpitate like exquisite jelly-fish responding to physical stimuli in a protoplasmic prose, sometimes called free verse. Only the novelists are lyrical; and they are lyrical perforce in the general decadence of the dramatic imagination and the confusion of the social scene.

The exceptions—Meredith with his picture of a coherent prosperous intellectual—aristocracy, Bennett with his picture of a coherent prosperous canny bourgeoisie, Gissing with his picture of a miserable "ignobly decent" one—these exceptions must be regarded as survivors, retaining in a hostile environment the standards, the aspirations of a former age. Mr. Chesterton is so obvi-

ously Dickensian that Professor Cunliffe only once mentions him. De Morgan is not mentioned at all. The "ethicist" Stevenson with his knightly pose is of course still more out of his setting. As for Conrad and Kipling, neither of them is a painter of society. Conrad is the voice of the vast wistfulness of men who remember hearth and home and household gods but are exiles roaming in African wildernesses, sailing desolate seas, outcast on solitary islands, mixing with human derelicts and savages, defeated, forgotten. Kipling, on the other hand, is the celebrant of vital forces adventurous, successful, disciplined to the level of military and administrative efficiency, better for the barracks than the parlor, many pegs below the fine wits of Meredith's world, several pegs above the palpitating protoplasm of Mr. Galsworthy's, good for imperial adventure, good for deciding in a world-society that is lapsing into barbarism which forces are fittest to survive.

On this scene the Great War breaks—an interruption in the "march of progress," as Professor Cunliffe regards it? Surely not as an interruption but as the completion of the overmastering drift of the age towards a return to nature. It was precipitated by Germany, because she first among the nations worked up the results of her biological considerations into a clearly defined national policy. Checking the naturalistic reversion at Mr. Kipling's level rather than at Mr. Galsworthy's she sent to the battle line not exquisite protoplasm but efficient vital forces. As fast as we could, we all followed suit. And for four years human society in the greater part of the world gave place to a primitive physical conflict in an ingenious and sophisticated branch of the animal kingdom.

The war is over, and every pleasant person one meets talks hopefully of a new age. Those with the faintest idea of how it is to differ from its predecessor usually betray the vacancy of their imaginations by a facile use of the word "reconstruction." But no hopeful person wants to reconstruct The Age of Vital Forces; that has been too thoroughly discredited. What considerations are going to take the place of those biological reveries which so profoundly affected the imagination of the preceding generation? Patriotism is still a little under the cloud of "vitalistic" nationalism. Christianity is not the prime concern of the reuniting churches, but the minimum wage. There is nothing visibly pointing to an immediate restoration of The Age of Gentlemen. In recognition of certain signs of the times—notably those great bodies of men who have discovered a bond strong enough to hold them together and to make them feel alike, think alike, act alike, and make the Government "stand and deliver"—

I have ventured to call the coming period The Proletarian Millennium or The Age of Economic Units. In the new age, when the searching question is asked, What is man that he should inherit the earth? the response will be: "Man is a paid laborer. He is a wage-earner. Give the words what breadth and scope you like." I don't think these definitions quite satisfy every aspiration of the heart; but they are an immense improvement over those which were current in The Age of Biological Considerations. They lift man at once out of the animal kingdom; animals are not wage-earners. They place him in a society at least rudimentarily human. They suggest rough elementary forms of individual and social discipline for other ends than battle.

As we have had only six months of the Millennium, its literature is not yet abundant. The front pages of even the current magazines are still filled with the naturalistic work of the old school. But happily the advertising sections, always written by men of great talent who understand the latest condition of the heart of the people, contain many jewels of the new economic imagination. I select one which indicates pretty well the direction which the march of progress may be expected to take in the next fifty years under the new social leaders. It is headed "Free Proof That I Can Raise Your Pay." It recites a truly inspiring little tale about a young man who, when he consulted the advertiser, had nothing: "Today this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. *He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools.* He goes hunting, fishing, travelling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week."

I think that two automobiles might suffice, unless one can also afford a cook. But is there an impecunious Economic Unit that does not thrill responsively to literature like that? And in that thrill do we not discern "organic filaments" of a new order? Man is a worshipper of clothes—and woman, too, though at present she seems to prize them in inverse ratio to their quantity. Even in the shaggy "Bolshhevik" breast there lurks a furtive desire for a silk hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, and a slumbering but inextinguishable liking for the manners that go with the clothes, the sentiments that go with the manners, and the principles that support the sentiments. In this universal and ineradicable passion for clothes lies, at present, the reformer's chief hope of bringing the whole body of English society "into one harmonious and truly humane life," that far-off goal towards which the current sets beneath all the whirl of conflicting tendencies.

STUART P. SHERMAN

Correspondence

Strassburg and the "Marseillaise"

[Baron de Dietrich, who writes the following letter, is the great grandson of the Mayor of Strassburg at the time of the French Revolution, in whose drawing-room the author of the "Marseillaise" sang his famous patriotic air for the first time.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

There has just been formed at Paris a National "Marseillaise" Committee, with President Poincaré, M. Clemenceau, M. Antonin Dubost and M. Paul Deschanel, the last two Presidents, respectively, of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, as patrons. The aim of this committee is to erect at Strassburg, on the very square where stood until a few weeks ago a statue of Kaiser William I, a monument to commemorate the "Marseillaise" and its author.

It was on April 25—I am writing this letter on this same date 127 years later—in 1792 that Captain Rouget de l'Isle composed at Strassburg, my native city, our national air. Since then the song has had a glorious history, until now it has become the pæan of peace and war of all free peoples. This monument, therefore, must be beautiful and grand; and not only will all France, I feel sure, aid in the realization of our plan, but I know I am not wrong in adding that America, too, will wish to participate in our effort.

ALBERT DE DIETRICH,

President of the Committee

6 Place de la Bourse, Paris, April 25.

From an Expert in Publicity

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have been very much interested in the patient and steady work you have done to establish the weekly in which you are so much interested. You have a vision which has kept you at this work in spite of the many difficulties incident to starting any new venture of this kind. You have the spirit which I believe will mean the success of your work, because I think the object you have in mind is sound and important.

We are living in a period which calls on us to keep our minds alert. Subtle changes are creeping over our institutions. With wrong leadership a minority of the public will sometimes adjust itself to a point of view without a full public conviction as to the soundness of the proposed change. A bill is passed. And the legislature is blamed for its hasty action.

Very often we see in our politics the opposite extreme. The public makes up its mind to the necessity of a certain

course of action. It subtly spreads from mouth to mouth and from newspaper to newspaper until everyone wonders why the legislature has not translated into law the opinion of the majority. Finally the legislation comes and the legislature is blamed for its dilatory action.

Between the two extremes of legislation rushed through by a minority, and legislation haltingly put through in spite of a favorable majority, we have many varieties of laws, good and bad, all of them quite secondary in importance to the fundamental proposition of clear thinking on the part of leaders of opinion and the people generally.

If anything has been demonstrated by the war it certainly is the fact that leaders of opinion, who are familiar with the machinery of sound publicity, can win popular support for almost any sound measure. There is a great responsibility resting upon the public men of this country to-day to see to it that the publicity machinery of the nation, the most powerful single force in existence to-day, is not allowed to fall into incompetent hands, or worse still into the hands of the ignorant and avaricious.

In most of the weekly papers of the United States at the present time radicalism may be said to be the order of the day. This is only natural because radical movements are seething all over the world and people are rightly interested in those things which are most potent and vital at any given time. I personally have not the slightest sympathy with any group of people who are opposed to radicalism on principle, because much of the discussion which comes under the name of radicalism includes a great deal of liberalism that is very important for our people. One of the great safeguards of American politics has been our readiness to incorporate into the platforms of one or the other of our great national parties the best elements of the platforms of our radical parties. Thus the Democrats took most of the good points out of the progressive platform and there was nothing for the Progressives to do but to go out of business. So, if we as Republicans or Democrats take the best ideas that the Socialists have, we are taking the very best step towards preventing the socialists from becoming anarchists. The one guarantee of making the radical element of the Socialist party strong in America is to oppose it unthinkingly and give it that element of martyrdom which will rally millions to their standard.

The net of all this is that we need clear thinking on the conservative side of liberalism. We do not want any more stand-pat papers, but we do want papers that state the facts clearly and (what is equally important) interestingly, even though the facts do not indicate the necessity of revolutions in every branch

of our economic or social structure. Such an undertaking you have started, and I believe it merits the active support of all people who are interested in the steady progress and strengthening of our democracy. I believe such a paper under your management is capable of succeeding in a large way, and I hope you will have the success you deserve.

GUY EMERSON

New York, May 7

Poetry

WE have made provision to refresh our readers from time to time with a rill of poetical comment. To this end we shall traffic with all ages and climes. We shall endeavor to afford the best in all moods, lofty and light, and if we occasionally are willing to abide a laugh it is to be hoped that it will not be of the heedless kind. The world, indeed, may be in a way to perish quite as much from forgetting how to laugh soundly and reflectively as from failure to keep footing when it aims to scale the heights.

The following effusion on the new freedom purports to reach us from the land blessed with the rule of Bela Kun, for which mellifluous name we understand him lately to have exchanged that of Genghis Khan. Our leading revolutionists, it appears, like the lesser brethren of the craft, prefer to work under an alias. Not so, at whatever risk, ourselves.

These verses come to us without title; we venture tentatively to describe them as a sort of

Hungarian Rhapsody

WHEN all the world's a-tiptoe for a flight
Out of its age-long, thick, engulfing night
To glimpse the morning of the perfect day,
At last to follow Liberty's wild way,
And make of earth a fairer place than Heaven,
(*Citizens must be off the street by seven*)
Who would hold back? Who would not celebrate
In deep libations man's last happy state?
Come crown the cup, be-garlanded, be-rosed!
(*Committee's order: All the bars are closed*)
Well, never mind. There's stimulant enough
In the mere prospect; thrills are heady stuff.
Who could not greet millennium with a cheer
Without the added urgency of beer?
In such a mood the rural shades invite;
One tastes in solitude the full delight
Such as I've fixed my ardent hope and wish on.
(*None may leave town without express permission*)

Then come my love, upon this barricade,
The flag of Liberty aloft displayed,
Let us together welcome the bright years
With gushings of continual warm tears.
(You say you can't? My dear, I am surprised,

What's that! O pshaw! Absurd! not nationalized?)

As well go home, when all's tried home is best,

There one may take one's ease, and hang the rest.

There one may sit before a cheering fire,

Remake the world more near to heart's desire.

But what's this notice nailed upon the door?

(*This house allotted to deserving poor*)

On this machine gun in the pleasant park
I still pursue reflections, not yet dark.

Keep bravely on, I'll make it all come straight;

One may buy Heaven at too cheap a rate.

One cannot reach perfection at a jump,
A little leaven only in the lump.

What's this? An order? The Committee . . . So?

Compulsory employment? I must go.

HARRY AYRES

Book Reviews

The Cult of Self-Reliance

RICHARD COBDEN — THE INTERNATIONAL MAN. By J. A. Hobson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

COBDEN'S name has never been one to conjure with in this country. We have associated it with British gold for distribution on American election days and with *laissez faire*. To be sure, it is some years since our high-tariff politicians decided that there was no further campaign material in the absurd notion that a club of eminently respectable Englishmen was intent on bringing this country to economic ruin, and by the most questionable methods. Yet the fact that Cobden was possessed of qualities that should have endeared him long ago to Americans is far from being grasped on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Hobson's new work is doubly welcome; first, because it undertakes a task so well worth doing, and, secondly, because it executes it so admirably. It is nearly forty years since Lord Morley published his "Life of Richard Cobden," which is, and is likely ever to remain, one of the most finished performances in English biographical literature. But it was, as Lord Morley himself pointed out, a personal biography. Mr. Hobson's work is of a quite different order, its aim being to rescue the memory of Cob-

den from the narrow misinterpretations to which it has of late been subjected, to emphasize his international work, and to expound his political and economic philosophy.

It is a timely performance. In coming months and years the merits of free trade and protection are likely to be discussed with vehemence in two hemispheres, as those of "intervention" and "non-intervention," *per se*, are certain to be; and no one has ever had deeper convictions on these subjects, or convictions more honestly and laboriously gained by reading, business experience, travel, and international correspondence, than Richard Cobden. His name, more emphatically than any other, is representative of the "Manchester School," a term which of late years has come more than ever to mean, "hands off" in the efforts of the bourgeoisie to exploit industry to their own selfish advantage. "Self-interest" is to-day construed ignobly, whereas Cobden used it to signify what he considered best and most commendable in human nature. No one has courage enough now to do the slightest reverence to *laissez faire*, though many have begun to ask where intervention by government in industry is leading us.

Cobden has been charged, on the one hand, with a narrow and grovelling commercialism; on the other, with a vague cosmopolitan idealism. The first view shows Cobden and his Manchester School reducing the whole of politics, including the honor and the vital interests of his country, to terms of trade and money making, conducted under the single principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. Government was simply to stand aside and keep a ring within which this sordid struggle of the material interests of individuals, classes, and nations was to take place, on the assumption that its outcome would be the maximum of wealth and material prosperity. It was the interests of the manufacturers, as against the "landlord interests," and the interests of capital, as against labor, in the manufactures. Even cheap food, the prime motive for the repeal of the Corn Laws, was chiefly valued as the necessary means of keeping money, wages, and costs of production in the new manufacturing districts so low as to enable British cotton and other export goods to hold and to extend their world markets.

Even those who are aware that Cobden personally neglected a thriving business of his own and incurred heavy pecuniary sacrifices in following a political career, have often stigmatized him as dominated by the commercial interests and the aspirations of the new ambitious business class, the product of the industrial revolution which sought to displace

the aristocracy and to impose upon their country a definitely "business government." Others, or often the same men in a different mood, fastening on his enthusiasm for free commerce as the great pacific and harmonizing influence in international relations, the intrinsic logic and morality of which was destined at no distant time to banish the fear of war and to liberate the forces of human brotherhood, derided him as a dangerous visionary who ignored the lessons of history, and believed in the rapid establishment of a millennium, peace and prosperity for all the peoples of the world.

Now each of these opposing views, as Mr. Hobson points out, is a travesty of the truth, though taken together, they lead towards a recognition of the truth. Cobden did strongly believe that the prosperous middle class business men were the chief present instruments of political and social progress, and that the more power they had the better. Their prosperity was certain, by the operation of laws as moral as they were economic, to redound to the advantage of their fellowmen; of their own employees, the nation of which they were a part, and through the operation of free commerce and communications, of humanity at large. Capital had no separate interest from labor: the accumulation of savings for profitable employment increased the wage fund and improved the condition of labor. If the political and economic power and privileges of landlordism could be curbed, by removing taxes on food and making land more accessible to those who could use it, if all legal or other obstructions to the free movement, sale, and employment of capital and labor could be removed, the enlightened self-interest, primarily of the manufacturers and commercial men, would tend to a production and a distribution of wealth among the various classes of the community which would, by giving a solid basis of industry and material prosperity, afford a new leverage to all the forces of civilization.

Cobden was an enthusiast for principles and consequently an optimist. Nearly forty years ago Lord Morley said: "In his intrepid faith in the perfectibility of man and of society, Cobden is the only practical statesman that this country has ever possessed, who constantly breathes the fine spirit of that French School in which the name of Turgot is the most illustrious." Mr. Hobson shares this view. He says that the central principle of Cobden is that of the harmony of men, irrespective of political, racial, or linguistic barriers, by means of organized mutual aid. This is Lord Welby's estimate too. He writes: "He [Cobden] believed that the interests of the individual, the interests of the na-

tion, and the interests of all nations are identical: and that these several interests are all in entire and necessary concordance with the highest interests of morality. With this belief an economic truth acquired with him the dignity and vitality of a moral law, and instead of remaining a barren doctrine of the intellect, became a living force to move the hearts and consciences of men."

Cobden was, first and last, what Emile de Girardin called him, "an international man." The conception of a reign of law, which, on the one hand, related the physical and moral structure of man to his history and environment, on the other, built up an ordered scheme of human society, operating by free social intercourse, and dependent upon the co-operation of diverse tastes and capacities in various material surroundings, came as a captivating revelation to thoughtful men of the early nineteenth century. This free human co-operation, transcending the limits of nationality and race, was the positive force, intellectual and emotional, of which non-intervention was the negative condition.

Non-intervention with Cobden meant more than abstinence from aggressive or other unnecessary wars. It meant a reduction of foreign policy, in its governmental, diplomatic sense, to the smallest possible dimensions. Sound internationalism could not be brought about by arrangements between governments. Such relations were governed by motives and conducted by methods positively detrimental to the free pacific intercourse of individuals. The classes of government officials who conducted diplomacy, and the methods they employed, were poisoned by obsolete traditions of suspicion and hostility, the survivals of a world in which statecraft expressed the conflicting interests of rival dynasties and not the common benefits of the people. Cobden knew how perilous a foreign policy conducted by such men must be. So he concluded the less of it the better. If peoples are to get into sane, amicable, and mutually profitable relations with one another, that intercourse is best promoted by leaving it to them, with as little interference as possible, in the way of help or hindrance, by their respective governments.

Cobden and his friends would apply the principle of non-intervention to internal as well as to external affairs. Government was conceived as a bad thing in itself, always oppressive to individuals, frequently unjust, nearly always expensive and inefficient. A country had to bear government for its sins, as a provision against enemies outside and enemies within. Armaments and police were the essence of governments. The more rigorous logic of this *laissez-faire* thought and policy dictated an opposition to the entire body of factory laws and

other state regulations of industry, and to all public provision or enforcement of sanitation and education; those bound by it were honest in believing that unrestricted freedom of contract and of exchange would secure the greatest, surest, and most rapid growth of industrial prosperity, and that the natural play of competition under the pressure of self-interest would win for all classes their proper share. In 1836 Cobden said: "I know it has been found easier to please people by holding out flattering and delusive prospects of cheap benefits to be derived from Parliament rather than by urging them to a course of self-reliance; but while I will not be the sycophant of the great, I cannot become the parasite of the poor. . . . Again I say to them. 'Look not to Parliament; look only to yourselves.'"

After all, the most fitting title for Cobden would be "High Priest of the Cult of Self-Reliance." His mistake was in crediting human nature with larger powers than it has yet demonstrated. No one, however, can question the nobility of his aims, or deny that so far as his tariff policy is concerned he was a real benefactor of his country. He was possessed of the logical faculty above almost any Englishman that can be recalled, and is perhaps as strong a reminder as we could have that logic is not all of life. When everything is said of him, he remains one of the sanest and most vivifying personalities of the nineteenth century. He at least reminds us more forcibly than anyone else has done, that government exists for man and not man for government.

The American Family in Recent Fiction

ALL American writing of the past four years must have been, if not war-blasted or war-inspired, at least war-conscious. Whether by reaction from a painful neutrality or from subtler cause, our novelists have taken a new turning. Or should they be said to have now for the first time set foot firmly on an old path?—a path blazed by Hawthorne, cleared and widened by Howells and Cable, but somehow long inaccessible even to those disciples who sought it most earnestly? We may see now that they were too anxious, too self-conscious. They could not muster that glorious unaffected handling of the American scene, could not help playing a little to the potential British "gallery." They themselves were in a way part of that gallery, condemned to cultivate local color with one hand and to fend off provincialism with the other. Nobody must fancy they did not see the quaintness of Yankee or Hoosier or Wild-Western man-

ners! Or perhaps they went to the other extreme and flung at Americanism, as it were Twainishly, stressing the twang and the twinkle with a kind of defiance, hurling them at the world to make the best of, or be hanged. Self-conscious, at all events, even the best of our story-tellers remained in the tens as they had been in the nineties. Only under the shadow of war have they seemed to find themselves, quite suddenly and easily to "loosen up," and to begin speaking clearly and naturally of what as a nation we have been and now are. The development was not so abrupt as this sounds. Here and there, in the years before the war, certain novels like "Nathan Burke" and "Mr. Crewe's Career" and "The Squirrel Cage" had, each in its little corner, lifted its free note, not in vain. But the note had still a tentative ring. Now it may be heard round and sure on all sides, a true spontaneous utterance of our national life and character. Localism is its natural basis; fidelity to the appearances of place and time, and their interpretation in the light of a creative realism which focuses, with surprising unanimity, upon a study of the family rather than the individual.

This point of view is obviously not an American novelty, but a novelty in America. In continental fiction the family is almost helplessly the unit: the individual, it may be, a fragment to be physically broken off or flung off, but not to be detached in spirit or destiny from his closest kin. The "Books of the Small Souls" of the Dutch realist Couperus make up an extraordinary intensive study of the bondage of the family relation, and of any single generation's dependence on its nearest neighbors, before and after. That surprising "best-seller" of the hour, "The Four Horses of Apocalypse," is not least of all a family chronicle. Meanwhile the British novelist shows himself increasingly aware of the forces that link one generation to another. The tendency represents, one may surmise, a queer reaction of post-Victorian revolt. Official hater of the institution of family life, the "new novel" of England seems to be in the act of discovering that no single generation, not even the latest, can either demolish or properly represent the family in its larger unity. Even Mr. Wells, who willingly gives the past credit for nothing, appears of late to have barely eluded this fact. Mr. Bennett, of course, has always made much of it; and several of the "younger school," notably Hugh Walpole and Gilbert Cannan, have built largely upon it in their recent work. To us in America, to our best story-tellers of the past year or two, this larger conception, this imaginative realization of the procession of the generations, seems very recently to have come home with unique force. In their story of the American

family, through sheer fidelity to the immediate theme, they have approached an embodiment of the whole course of our national life during the past half-century.

Two things are especially noticeable about the series of novels which we find dealing with this conception. One is their spontaneous and unforced Americanism in mood and style as well as in subject-matter. We find in them nothing, or next to nothing, of the pseudo-Russian or near-Gallic savor which have been so marked in our various experiments towards realism, from Frank Norris to Theodore Dreiser, and which, even more markedly, give an alien tang to much recent British fiction. Such overseas influence as we note goes back of this continentalism to models but lately deprecated: to Thackeray more than to any other. But this, for the most part, is a matter of method rather than accent. The confidential manner is in the ascendant with us, for the time being, at least, and we may well be reconciled to the novelist's taking his cue from Thackeray in preference to the god of the short-story writers, "O. Henry." The other remarkable thing about the group of novels we have in mind is the great variety of their localism. We have had plenty of out-of-the-way exploiting by local colorists. These writers quite simply find themselves concerned with their own special microcosm: New York in Ernest Poole's "His Family"; Pennsylvania in Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys"; Bostonian New England in Daniel Chase's "Flood Tide"; Chicago in H. B. Fuller's "On the Stairs," and Henry Kitchell Webster's "An American Family"; Indiana in "The Magnificent Ambersons"; Kansas in William Allen White's "In the Heart of a Fool"; California in Mary Fisher's "The Treloars"; Ohio in "The Boardman Family" of Mary S. Watts.

All studies, these, of the American family of the old stock, of the "Anglo-Saxon" strain, as we seem condemned to label the special but complex blend which, however provably in a minority, has so unmistakably set our national type, for some time to come, at all events. The aging central figure of "His Family" is as typically American in his way as Silas Lapham; a city man built of country stuff, through whose eyes, as the years pass, we watch the transformation of the Manhattan of the seventies and eighties, still in essence a native town, to the cosmopolitan market-place of to-day. As for our Midland novels, these Corbetts and Boardmans and Ambersons are all kin. With this group our study concerns largely the rapid shifting of social strata in the Middle West during the past three generations. The very titles of Mr. Fuller's "On the Stairs" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" suggest

the process, but it is quite as dominantly the theme of "The Boardman Family," and of hardly minor importance in "An American Family" and "In the Heart of a Fool." Again and again in these narratives we behold the pioneer of fifty or sixty years ago entering shirt-sleeved into his promised land, ranging himself presently in accordance with the material rewards of his superior energy or ruthlessness, and establishing a social supremacy which, after holding its own for a generation, finds itself presently menaced or overthrown outright by fresh tides of energy, industrial and social, welling up from beneath or flowing in from the crowded East. The third generation finds no flattering interpreter among these chroniclers. The feeble æsthetic of "On the Stairs," the spineless elegant parasite of "The Boardman Family," the pompous snob of "The Magnificent Ambersons," each represent the early withering of an aristocracy hastily run up on a foundation of material "success." This social flux and displacement is seen to be bound up with new industrial, social, and political movements the consideration of which, and of their place in this new fiction, may well be reserved for further comment. Its main virtue, after all, is its fidelity in chronicle and portraiture, its unforced and fruitful impulse to present imaginatively, with the unit of the family as interpreter, the development of our national life and character since the Civil War. Of all these studies, "An American Family" is, on the whole, broadest in treatment and soundest in characterization; near it, surely, would be ranked "His Family," and that extraordinary study in heredity by way of an unfamiliar localism, "The Three Black Pennys."

H. W. BOYNTON

Swinburne's Letters

THE LETTERS OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Edited by Edmund Gosse and Thomas James Wise. Two volumes. New York: John Lane Company.

OWING to causes not divulged the publication of Swinburne's letters has been a thing of shreds and patches. In 1912 we had the "Letters from A. C. Swinburne to Sir Henry Taylor and Other Correspondents" (referred to in a note to the present work, but not otherwise known to the reviewer); then, in 1917, came "Algernon Charles Swinburne," being a volume of letters to his mother and other members of the family; and, a year later, Messrs. Hake and Compton-Rickett brought out a third collection of letters, chiefly to Rossetti, Edwin Harrison (Jowett's protégé), and Watts-Dunton, with an interesting biographical commentary by the editors. We name these earlier books, because,

with the exception of the footnote mentioned above, the editors of the work now under review would leave the reader to suppose that this, which they call "a first collection of the poet's letters," had no predecessors (see Introduction, pp. v, vi).

As a matter of fact, Swinburne's correspondence with his mother and sisters is quite the most entertaining of the volumes we have read. Here, for natural reasons, the more human side of the man is shown, especially in the brilliant, if rather hectic, accounts of his friendship with Mazzini and others, in striking descriptions of scenery, and vivid narrations of his fabulous exploits as a swimmer. Outside of this family circle Swinburne was a reluctant correspondent; the act of penmanship was physically painful to him (was this owing to the affliction of St. Vitus dance under which he suffered?), and his occasional letters are almost always wrung from him by some particular question or need. Scribbles of a very different stamp were indeed thrown off by him in his meteoric youth; but these, it would seem, are in part of so unsavory a character as to preclude general circulation.

We have other quarrels with Messrs. Gosse and Wise besides their curious editorial silence. After the excellent biography by Mr. Gosse we should not expect a narrative of Swinburne's life in the present work, although ordinarily a series of letters loses half its interest without some such connecting thread; but we have a right to demand something better than the haphazard sort of notes with which these volumes are actually furnished. A line or two of information is sadly needed in many places. And why, as a specimen of editorial carelessness, should we suddenly find on page 139 of the second volume this note: "Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-86), the American poet," when the first letter to Hayne appeared as far back as page 207 of the first volume (not p. 231, as given in the Index)?

But enough of the editors; the letters themselves are the important thing. The correspondence embraced in the new collection is confined almost exclusively to the narrow circle of Swinburne's co-workers in poetry and criticism, and runs incessantly on such questions of literary craftsmanship and publication as would naturally arise among such friends. There is surprisingly little about Swinburne's life outside of the "shop." Inevitably letters of this kind tend to become monotonous, if not trivial. But Swinburne had the gift of words, and often his "cataclysmal verbosity" relieves what otherwise, for the world at large, would be downright dullness. Those interested in the technicalities of authorship will find much to interest them in the poet's appeals to

Watts-Dunton for criticism of some minute point of versification in English, or to Mallarmé for decision on some delicate question of French usage. Swinburne's verse may suffer from a sort of breathless intrepidity, but one learns here, if one did not know it before, how attentive he was to the least niceties of sound and rhythm. In connection with this matter of rhythmical motion the reader may be interested in this bit of criticism taken from a letter to Rossetti not included in the present collection:

His [Morris's] Muse is like Homer's Trojan women; she drags her robes as she walks. I really think any Muse (when she is neither resting nor flying) ought to tighten her girdle, tuck up her skirts, and step out. It is better than Tennyson's short-winded and artificial concision—but there is such a thing as swift and spontaneous style. Top's [Morris's] is spontaneous and slow; and, especially, my ear hungers for more force and variety of sound in the verse.

"Swift and spontaneous" are evidently the epithets Swinburne would apply to his own style, and they are fit; we confess we had never thought of Morris's verse as slow, but on such a matter a dictum of Swinburne is final.

Apart from this shop-talk, of the narrower sort, these letters are filled with observations on the Elizabethan dramas which Bullen and others were then reprinting, and which Swinburne was criticizing in his remarkable series of essays. His enthusiasm here is in itself sublime, but his constant discovery of things "incomparable" becomes rather amusing, or rather boresome, to one familiar with the lower levels of that literature.

Philosophy as it is Taught

THE PRESENT CONFLICT OF IDEALS: A STUDY OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL BACKGROUND OF THE WORLD WAR. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

THESE lectures, delivered last year at the University of California, and now printed in a sizable volume, are really two books in one; the first being a study, by *topics*, of the various ideals now dividing the philosophical world, the second an attempt to distinguish and contrast the *national* ideals which are supposed to underlie the recent, or still existent, conflict in arms. The intention, manifestly, was to connect these two discussions logically, but in fact the nexus between them is not clearly worked out. However, considering the present price of books, no one will quarrel with the author's generosity.

The first section is avowedly a sequel to Mr. Perry's "Present Philosophical Tendencies," the difference being that, whereas in the earlier work he dealt

mainly with "technicalities and fundamentals," he now deals with their "moral, emotional, political, and religious implications." To this end he follows the same method of classifying the schools as naturalistic, idealistic, pragmatic, and realistic, by the last meaning the movement recently started and much heralded by the little group of metaphysical rebels of which he is himself a distinguished member. In arranging the minor schools and individuals under these comprehensive heads he shows at times a subtle sense of affinities, with results that at first blush may surprise but are really sound at heart; metaphysics, no less than politics, makes strange bed-fellows. This is notably the case in his treatment of Santayana and Bertrand Russell as naturalists, or rather averted naturalists, if we may coin a phrase suggested by the author's language. Thus he depicts Santayana as one who regards the realm of mechanical nature as the only reality, yet turns away his gaze with a kind of shuddering distaste from this hard world, and yearns for some "imaginative echo of things natural and moral," some iridescent bubble of religion that floats before the eye, entrancingly, but shatters into nothingness if touched by profane fingers. Though Santayana is truly aesthetic where Haeckel has only "the untutored crudeness of the tyro," and is sensitively averse where Haeckel is complacently observant, it is a sound intuition to group them together as trailers, so to speak, in the wake of naturalism. Of the German spokesman for the "religion of the astonished microscopist" Mr. Perry writes with gusto: "One is reminded of the Chicago man's apology to the Easterner: 'We haven't gone in for culture yet, but when we do we'll make it hum.' Well, toward the end of his book on the stockyards of nature, Professor Haeckel 'goes in' for religion, for what he calls 'our monistic religion.'"

This quotation may serve at once to illustrate the author's art of classification and the occasional vigor of his style. He has learned from his master, William James, the argumentative value of the homely realistic phrase, and employs it often with telling effect. It must be admitted, however, that these efforts to arrest attention, interrupting a style less uniformly brilliant than James's, sometimes produce the effect of patchwork, and sometimes mistake vulgarity for vivacity (a fault which James himself did not always avoid).

Between these averted naturalists and his own school of neo-realists Mr. Perry inserts the two major groups of idealists and pragmatists. As might be expected, he is particularly clear in exposing the impossibility of the position into which the adherents of idealism are finally drawn. We have not often seen the con-

traditions into which the "personal idealist" falls or the confusion between the degrees of reality and the degrees of value in which the "absolute idealist" is involved, more adequately exposed than in these chapters. In his effort to conceive God as the summation of all reality the absolute realist has never been able to free himself from this dilemma: either, like the Neo-Platonists, he is obliged to consider evil as a mere negation of being, or, like the Calvinist, he is driven to regard God as the source of evil. "As for an Absolute God in whom all evil is contained," Mr. Perry well says, "and by whose Will or Purpose all things must be explained, I feel strongly attracted to the view of Francis Bacon, who said: 'It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him. For the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.'"

In discussing pragmatism, Mr. Perry follows a more devious course. This is particularly true of his treatment of the "instrumentalism" of James and Dewey, the theory, that is, that nature is merely the instrument of man's thinking and that truth is to be judged by its success. In this form of pragmatism he sees a new justification of faith, "on the basis not of authority or intellectual proof, but of that same usefulness and fruitfulness which is also held to be the sole justification of science." Now it ought to be clear that this pragmatic attempt to reinstate religion will end in a pure romantic license to believe what one pleases. The will to believe asserts that it is better to believe, not because belief of the right sort will bring us into contact with objective spiritual facts, but because by the very act of belief certain emotions are "let loose." But in practice it is evident enough that one can get the veritable emotion only by an honest belief; it must follow, not precede belief; it cannot be pumped up by the desire to believe, or the will to believe, or belief that it is better to believe. Without the trust in an objective fact which imposes itself on the mind, religion degenerates into a sickly sentiment, and is likely to lead to sickly actions. This is not a proof of the substance of religious faith, but it is a rebuff to the whole range of sentimental religiosity of which James is the master source. An honest mind would prefer atheism.

The same criticism applies to the pragmatic attempt to find a basis for faith in the scientific observation of the behavior of men under religious excitement. "We have repeatedly referred to the fact," says Mr. Perry, "that the modern science of religion has emphasized the facts of religion." To which one might reply that "modern science" has demon-

strated the universality of religious emotions, but it has not emphasized the "facts," if by facts we understand the reality of God and immortality lying behind these emotions. The true outcome of the pragmatic dallying with religion is the philosophy of a Sorel and a kind of spiritual Bolshevism. That is to say, the will to believe, as James taught it, may reinforce the immoral and destructive emotions of the soul just as well as the moral and constructive, and in the end, if man's desire is the measure of all things, will so act. Mr. Perry quotes an apposite passage (p. 312) in which Santayana penetrates the hollowness of this effort to bolster up religious faith by an appeal to the value of religious emotions with no authority of divine law behind them.

The truth is, there is a deep-seated error in Mr. Perry's whole scheme, which comes to light only when he takes up his own school of neo-realism. However shrewd his minor classifications, his major four-fold division obscures the real bifurcation which marks the modern teaching of philosophy. In reality pragmatism and neo-realism are offshoots of naturalism, and should be grouped under naturalism as opposed to idealism. It is because pragmatism is a halfway house between avowed naturalism and neo-realism that Mr. Perry is tender to its inconsistencies. His account of neo-realism, for reasons of modesty perhaps, is so brief as scarcely to afford material for a full criticism; but few readers of his book, we think, will fail to draw just such damaging conclusions from the premises of neo-realism as Mr. Perry has drawn against the more open schools of naturalism. His obscure account of consciousness as at once implicated in material nature and different from it is an indication of his real position; and his rejection of Plato's ethical Ideas while retaining the mathematical Ideas is still more significant. Mr. Perry and his fellows have done yeomen's service in laying bare the bankruptcy of the various schools of philosophy which derive from Kant; the solvency of their own school, or even its material distinctiveness, they have yet to demonstrate.

Of the second book included in Mr. Perry's volume we have left ourselves no space to speak. It is not without keen aperçus into so-called national psychology, particularly in the chapters dealing with Germany; but as a whole it is not so original or so significant as what precedes. Though interesting it does not seem to us to add much to the sum of knowledge or to contribute much to a solution of the practical questions now confronting the world. His philosophical chapters, on the contrary, offer a valuable survey of the present tendencies of thought in our schools.

The Run of the Shelves

A GLANCE at the book-shelves reveals a world more than ordinarily full of a number of things, a spectacle to which one might venture to react with at least so much happiness as falls to the lot of kings in these days. The world stands at a crest, looking before and after, and extending its view, shall we say, from Kiaochow to Tacna and Arica. The war must be reduced to comprehensible proportions; a safe course for the immediate future must somehow be charted; the uttermost parts of the earth must be brought into the reckoning. It is small wonder, then, that the Spring's books rival the tulip-beds for riotous contrast.

With so much pressing upon its attention it is a fine compliment to the world to present it with a uniform and limited edition of the works of Leonard Merrick, issued by Dutton. The series opens prosperously with "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," a story of whimsical sentiment, introduced to us by a master in the same field, Sir J. M. Barrie. Later volumes will appear with forewords from similarly distinguished specialists. Mr. W. J. Locke, for example, will later introduce us afresh to the eternally crisp humors of Tricotrin and his friends of the Paris garrets, gathered under the title of "The Man Who Knew Women." Between Locke and Merrick it would be invidious, in this connection, to draw a detailed comparison, but in the matter of his American vogue Merrick has come sadly short of his due. Merrick took the trouble to learn how to write before he began publishing his books, and the appreciation of his quality on the part of other writers is testified to by the large number of them who are eager to combine in an effort to recommend him to a wider public. And the public will do well, while it is busied with setting a world to rights, to discover for itself that the laughter of Paris which is liberated from his pages has in its gayety and dryness a smack of immortality.

"The Hohenzollerns in America" published by John Lane Co., is an extravagant fancy which gives the name to Stephen Leacock's latest volume. It fellows with other "impossibilities," but none of them, not even "With the Bolsheviks in Berlin," is quite so delightful as this peep at the diary ostensibly kept by a faithful niece of the former German Emperor. Under the democratic name of Hohen, Uncle William and Uncle Henry accompanied by Cousin Willie and Cousin Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and joined by Cousin Karl, seek in America, not exactly a refuge but a new field for their talents. Cousin Willie, exhibiting the same passion for souvenirs to which the châteaux of France sadly testify, is before long exiled, as his not too grieving

father puts it, to the fortress of Sing Sing; Ferdinand discloses a remarkable ability in borrowing money and making his way in the clothing trade; Karl becomes a waiter, and the princess herself marries a sensible fellow named Peters who delivers ice and seems to be capable of making her quite happy. But it is the tragedy of William that is set forth at once amusingly and profoundly. Of all the fields of opportunity in America that for which the one-time Kaiser felt himself most eminently fit was—O ingenious Mr. Leacock, thus to point out that to which all men will at once delightedly assent!—the presidency of a university. With characteristically German foresight and thoroughness he had selected Harvard University in New York. When he found that the University in New York was called Columbia, he seemed to think it would do quite as well. Armed with his diplomas he presented himself at its offices and ordered the Trustees to be brought into his presence. Apparently he made the wrong sort of impression. He was sent home in a cab.

It would not be fair baldly to recapitulate the further misadventures of the fallen monarch, ending in a rehabilitation of his self-respect in the peddling of badges and buttons under the pleasing delusion that they were decorations *pour le mérite*. For to leave out the detail is to part company with both the humor and the pathos, and a just blending of the two is precisely what Mr. Leacock provides. Whom the gods destroy they have chosen, since the beginning of time, to make pathetically ridiculous, and in Mr. Leacock they have in this instance a most discerning chronicler of their grim playfulness.

The biological analogy has been made to do minute-man duty in support of war as a necessary condition of human existence. It can be made to serve, apparently with about equal success, as at least the ground of hope for a universal pacifism. Mr. Romain Rolland professes, in the *May Atlantic*, to have derived much comfort of this sort from his reading of Dr. August Forel's studies on ants. The ant, it appears, is not merely the type and symbol of industry; he is an intense nationalist and therefore, of course, sadly given to fighting. If by a little experiment, it proves possible to destroy his sense of nationality, then the prospect of doing the same for mankind is highly encouraging. The first important fact unearthed in the ant-hill is that newly hatched ants are not naturally combative. Just here, one might think analogy with the young of the human species shows signs of strain. With the ants, however, the fighting instinct puts in an appearance as soon as they are collected in large numbers. Two ants belonging to hostile nations and meeting far from home embrace in a fervor of

good feeling—not at all, they avoid each other and pass on. Confine two hostile groups in a restricted space and they will fight ferociously for a time and then make it up; distribute them again among their own kinds and they fall to fighting with renewed fury. So far, ants seem in some respects remarkably like folks. But observe this charming picture:

Forel places a number of ants of enemy species, *sanguinea* and *pratensis*, in a glass bowl together. After several days of war, followed by a sullen and suspicious armistice, he introduces among them a tiny, extremely hungry, new-born *pratensis*. It runs to those of its own species, asking for food. The *pratenses* repulse it. [Why? Why should its uncles and its cousins treat it thus flint-heartedly?] The innocent one then turns toward the enemies of its race, the *sanguineæ*, and according to the custom of the ants, licks the mouth of two of them. The two *sanguineæ* are so seized by this gesture, which upsets their instinct, that they disgorge the honey to the little enemy. From then on all is said, and forever. An offensive and defensive alliance is concluded between the little *pratenses* and the *sanguineæ*, against those of its race. And this alliance is irrevocable.

Thus shall a little *pratensis*, by a delicate gesture, reduce a whole world to contrite tears. There are still other marvels which we refrain from quoting. "Go to the ant" is very well; but was there not a sting in the tail of the proverb—"Consider her ways and be wise?"

War Posters

THE Great War was rather one of peoples than of governments. To steady, warn, and hearten the people was everywhere necessary. They had to be incited to give to good works, and to lend for war expenses; to offer their skill and strength in factories, and their valor and lives in the trenches. Regions to most of us vague, Poland, Armenia, had to be made vivid and appealing. Women had to be called to unusual trades and pursuits, as laborers on the land, or in munition works; as clerks in the Army and Navy departments. Alongside of the Government activities, such auxiliaries as the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army had to conduct vast campaigns both of recruiting personnel and of raising money. In all these multiform appeals to the loyalty and generosity of average people the picture poster played an extraordinary part. Never before has graphic art so definitely stirred and served the masses. The historian of the future will find in the war posters the most definite evidence of what moved men's minds during the Great War.

Fortunately there are many great collections of this art, among which those of the Library of Congress, of the Boston Public Library, of Princeton Uni-

versity, and of Clark University, are perhaps the most important. To explore in such a collection wakes many memories, and raises certain problems of art, of folk psychology, and of nationality. It is exemplary to find Germany using that ugly titanism with which she once celebrated her Imperial ambitions to impress her bewildered people with the horror of Bolshevism. These anti-Bolshevist posters now merely exploit for purposes of repulsion a kind of design which before the war was exploited for purposes of admiration. German art, whether intended to astound or appall, equally lacks style and measure.

On the other hand, nothing could better attest the fine balance of the French temperament than the French war posters. They are strangely quiet; ours shrieked in comparison. There is scarcely a scene of atrocity; perhaps the fact was too near and grim. So animated an apparition as A. Faivre's admirable charging poilu in "On les aura," is exceptional. Since there was no problem of enlistment in France, the posters were almost wholly for good works and for Government loans. Ordinarily the artist made no very overt appeal to emotion. He merely made visible certain facts which were supposed to be in themselves sufficiently appealing. If the appeal is for the Red Cross, Jonas simply shows you a first aid post. Everybody is attending to his business, a slightly wounded infantryman is loading his Lebel to go back to the firing line, another badly wounded on the stretcher awaits the bearers. Nobody pays any attention to you on the sidewalk, yet you have learned unforgettably what first aid implies to the invisible thin line in the trenches. It is the same with Steinlen's great poster "En Belgique les Belges ont Faim." The pitiful group of emaciated women and children ask no aid; they are simply there and very needy. Again Willette's argument for helping the soldier to come home on leave is simply a little peasant wife flying into the arms of her shabby hero husband—"Enfin Seuls" is the only text. The artist trusts the average person to supply the background of the sprawling promiscuity, the pitiless publicity of life in military service. There is almost never in a French poster anybody pointing, or smiling, or beckoning outside of the pictures. The appeal is mental and in a way only indirectly emotional. All this is partly due to the fact that emotion in France meant danger and had to be limited by reason and discipline. Moreover, no pictured emotion could well compete with that habitually in the French soul. Whatever the causes, hate, fear, and vulgarity are not in the French posters. They evince a national self-respect of an extraordinarily fine order.

The British and our own posters are

quite different, partly because our need was different. England conducted a colossal recruiting campaign, and we treated our relatively minor recruiting for the Regular Army, Marines, Tank Corps, and Navy as if it were colossal. A vast enlistment of labor was also necessary. The French poster generally called only for sympathy and alms; the British and American poster often called for a man's person and contingently for his life. On the whole, the artists chose to make the most direct appeal. Uncle Sam or the Sergeant Major points an authoritative finger which unmistakably indicates to the slacker his duty. There are dozens of such posters. No doubt they were effective, but I fear the motive had somewhat lost impressiveness through year-long association with the advertising of soft drinks. On the whole, England went very light on atrocities—though Brangwyn did fine designs of this order—and on fighting. To induce a British slacker to enlist it was enough to show him that he thereby was getting into good company. The simplicity of the British recruiting posters is significant. We have just a well-set-up soldier, or a bit of a drill. After all, where the east wind regularly spread the drumming of the guns of Flanders over the eastern counties, there was no need to emphasize the romance of battle nor the imminence of danger. England produced rather few posters of artistic merit. Notable among these are Spencer-Pryce's and the illustrator Raven-Hills's "Watchers of the Seas." For the national loans England made no especial pictorial effort, nor needed to do so. Her poster designers as a class were more overt and direct in their appeals than the French, but hardly more emotional. A principle of social good form and restraint seems to rule, as one of intellectual and artistic discipline did in France.

Our case in America was one of urgency, our needs manifold. Moreover, the actual fighting was far away and dim. Hence the designers of our war posters made the most various and energetic appeals. Because of our mixture of races it was more difficult than in France and England to find the common basis of morale. It was natural then that our artists should cover the case by seeking the maximum emotional appeal. Here there was possibly some abuse of the pointing or pleading figure. A poster, unlike most pictures, is seen not once but a hundred times. It must be as effective the last time as it was the first. The trouble with the peremptory poster is that its effect wears off. If it misses you the first time, it probably misses you entirely; you stiffen against its implied reproach. On the other hand, we produced some of the best and most

ingenious posters of the war. Nothing could seem more martially unavailable than the pretty girl of the magazine covers, yet, in Mr. Christy's hands her possible scorn became a potent argument for volunteering. Such posters as merely visualized the magnitude of our mechanical task—the shipyards of Joseph Pennell and of Jonas Lie—were in the French tradition, and most valuable. The Navy and the Marines had merely to continue their tried tradition of pictorial advertisement. They offered frankly the peril and the joy of combat. In the hands of Reisenberg and Reuterdahl the appeal went home.

Unlike a mere work of art, a poster must evoke will and cause action. From this point of view the war produced no better poster than W. A. Roger's stricken soldier with the legend "His Liberty Bond is Paid in Full." It is at once an intensification and a refinement of the French procedure. Hardly less effective, and in similar tradition, is Gerrit A. Beneker's poster for the Fifth Liberty Loan—"Sure We'll Finish the Job." It represents the American as he likes to imagine himself, good-naturedly resolute and generous. It was consonant with the ideality with which we undertook the war that we alone should call symbolism to our aid. Here the Red Cross poster "The Greatest Mother" was typical. Of finer artistic quality in this vein were the late Kenyon Cox's Columbia and Mr. Blashfield's charging Victory in "Carry On." Humor in the war poster was again largely confined to America. Here the "Devil Dogs" poster for the marines was perhaps the best. The note of cheer was appropriately struck in the posters for the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army. Surely the poster of the helmeted "Doughnut Girl" brought many a dollar to the most comforting of pots. Contrariwise the atrocities played a telling part in our posters. In that matter we had to be shaken out of an officially nourished indifference. Where we felt ourselves really champions of humanity was much less in future arrangements for peace than in making the black past impossible, whether in peace or in war. The artist who silhouetted a Hun leading off a little girl thoroughly understood the thinking of the average American soldier and sailor.

We still lack the material for Russia (which seems to have shown surprisingly little resourcefulness), for Italy, and for our Balkan allies. Germany showed her peculiar psychology in the notable series of poster portraits "Our War Chiefs." It was a kind of appeal that would hardly have counted in the unmilitary nations, who barely knew their generals, and who trusted more in their righteousness of the cause than in the professional skill of their war lords. And the effigies of the great German

generals had the defect of the German endeavor generally of implying and requiring prompt success in arms. The war posters of the Allies did their work equally in success and in adversity, whereas the Old German God and his earthly paladins became together a mockery as the German arms failed.

In general the poster artists rose handsomely to the greatest of opportunities, and played an essential part in winning the war. In the poster files of our libraries the future historian will find the most vivid evidence of the hopes, fears, ambitions, and ideals that searched men's souls during the War of Nations.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Barrie Plays in Print

IN THIS article I had intended to keep to the newly-printed plays,* including the older, but unaging, "Half Hours," without reference to plays I know only by sight or only by hearsay. But in New York at this moment it is hard to mention Barrie without a side-glance at "Dear Brutus" and the dexterous performance at the Empire to which all the actors impart finish, and to which Mr. William Gillette and Miss Helen Hayes add something beside which finish dwindles into coxcombray. The play, indeed, shows Barrie at his gravest, not his best. In these days of inverted sex, the husband is often a charge upon the wife; and if in "Dear Brutus" Barrie profits by an excellent thesis, the thesis may be said, in a way, to have Barrie upon its hands. I agree beforehand to its tart and tonic lesson; but when Barrie proceeds to expound it, I lend the faith which I should rightly borrow. In this play Puck has become senile, and archness didactic. Barrie has tried to be at the same time clever in everybody's way, pouting in his own way, and bitterly and ethically trenchant in the Hardy-esque or Dostoevsky way. No wonder he was overtaken.

The six volumes now before me will help to clarify the arts or spells by the aid of which Barrie has nested in the world's heart, has become, in a quite special sense, the chum of the public. That his mind is dramatic nobody, I think, will contest. Barrie (I call him Barrie, because the new title is as troublesome to the mouth as the new sword to the unhabituated legs) Barrie sees life *vis-à-vis*. He is at home in the clash, or, better, the click, of meeting and reacting personalities. It is equally clear that his drama is literary.

* QUALITY STREET.
WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.
THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.
ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE.
ECHOES OF THE WAR.
HALF HOURS.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Even in his novels he practised that unavowed or disavowed form of literature which is most congenial to drama, the literature which adds to speech, not ornament or intricacy, but only character, which bestows, not the tiara, but the halo. The dialogue in his plays can be lightly and pregnantly straightforward, and it can put winks and finger-ends into speech. Moreover, few men in our time who have mastered the theatre have felt its coercion so little. Even on the stage Barrie's trump card has not been dramaturgy but Barrie. He has bent to the public, no doubt, but his pliancy has taken all reluctance and all stiffness from his compliance.

The chief deduction from the worth of these plays is a waywardness which strays from its aim and declines from its standard. I grant plenty of range to sprightliness, to whimsicality, but even a pleasure-boat will serve pleasure all the better for having sobriety at the helm. The wag or the acrobat in Barrie is the enemy of the comedian. His inequalities confound us. The first, the truly Scotch, act of "What Every Woman Knows" abounds in truth and savor. The wrappage of exaggeration is large, but the point is that this wrappage, however large, is detachable, like a nut-husk, and the kernel is nutritive and saccharine. But the rest of the play is all noise and splutter, three bustling acts panting in the vain attempt to overtake the runaway truth and vigor of the first. The wifely astuteness which foresees that the husband's physical passion for another woman can be cured, before consummation, by intellectual disgust is an astuteness valid only in the theatre. In the disobliging world of fact, results are less easily controllable.

In "Quality Street" the same inconsequence is visible. The play opens with a demurely arch portrayal of high-bred spinsters taking its own lightness very gravely in the childlike dignity of a provincial town. In Act II the woman of thirty impersonates a girl in her teens, the resumption of girlhood by the heroine marking, naturally enough, the play's relapse into juvenility. This rift in the woman's being gives occasion to some highly dramatic altercation between the two halves of the parted ego. The lover, however, has the good taste to prefer the spinster to the giddypate, and the reader, with equal discernment, prefers the earlier and soberer acts. In the last act the play forgets its object, and trips off in the chase of puerilities.

"Alice Sit-By-The-Fire" would be recanted to its title if it did not exhale charm. The parents paying rival court to their own children after prolonged absence, and the mother momentarily worsted by the exultant father—this is precisely the material that everybody

likes and fears to like. The public is neither child nor man, but big boy—immature in its recoil from immaturity. Really loving simplicity and domesticity, it is eager to be led back to the hearth and the cradle by any one clever enough to impart to this proceeding the smartness of adventure. The first act of "Alice" is a joy. Equally bright, if less delicate, material is found in the staged young girl, turning life into a stage-play, and proceeding to rescue a flourishing victim from a guileless seducer. Much of this is little short of captivating, but the antic in Barrie is so powerful that he cannot keep travesty out of nature even when nature is expressly pitted against travesty. To Amy's melodrama Barrie opposes a farce which he has the temerity to call life. It is quite true that he can humanize farce; the only drawback is that when farce is humanized, it becomes subject to the restraints that fetter humanity. When the ape becomes a child, the grimace which yesterday was excusable or delectable has become an indiscretion and offense. "Alice Sit-By-The-Fire" is a play with grave faults, but we forgive grave faults to those we love.

Worst of all, because best of all, is the fourth full-length play on our list. The "Admirable Crichton" is almost a great play; it would be equally true to declare that it is almost vaudeville. The story recounts the casting-away of a peer's family on a desert island, its self-abasement before the superior manhood of its own servant, and its self-recovery and reconquest of that servant when the conventions rejoin and reclaim it on the deck of the rescuing English ship. Both transformations are profoundly natural, and their juxtaposition in opposition is magnificent. But Barrie, rising like Crichton in face of the fact, falls with Crichton's abjectness before puerilities and forms. The fun of aristocracy on its head can of course be fully realized only in an aristocracy which has kept its erectness inviolable up to the hour of overturn. Barrie, who sees so much, is baffled by the obvious. Half of his point is lost by allowing the aristocracy before shipwreck to turn somersaults in its own drawing-room. On the island we fare no better. Humanity—among the cocoanuts—reverts to ancestral grimaces. But the last act is reckless above all the others. The bitter and biting satire of the re-submergence of the realities by forms and ceremonies—a satire fit for the land of the Yahoos or the isle of the Penguins—is shoved aside for a farcical exhibit of aplomb and mendacity, for the display of cleverness in a word at a point where it was brainless to be clever. Barrie shows his immaturity, not in failing to handle his tools like a man, but in dropping his tools like a boy at the sight of playthings.

In the beautiful equality of proportion of the varied yet consecutive interests of its four acts, "Crichton" is an artistic wonder. But the form of its virtuosity proves, as I think, that Barrie is essentially a writer of one-act plays. He writes novels in panels like Daudet, and his longer plays, in a sense, disband into playlets. "Crichton" itself, the great exception, is less remarkable for centrality than for the equal brilliance of its diverse and related centres—the whole presenting a *tour de force* of which Maeterlinck, another one-act dramatist, furnished a still more brilliant example in his "Monna Vanna." The two best plays before me are one-act plays. "A Well-Remembered Voice" is a nearly perfect example of vibrancy and poignancy in emotional narrative couched in dramatic form, and the "Twelve-Pound Look" is more than that—is an instance of pure drama in which rancor itself could scarcely surprise a flaw. It is very noticeable that Barrie's great danger, the applying of fantasy in the treatment to realism in the datum, is avoided in both these pieces, in a "Well-Remembered Voice" by the extension of the fantasy to the theme, in the "Twelve-Pound Look" by the extension of the realism to the treatment.

The merits of the other one-act plays are more variable. In the "New Word" we have the old problem of the two sentimentalists (in this case father and son parting in war-time) struggling with the dialect of cynicism. They awaken sympathy, but they manœuvre too much. That Englishmen in the supposed case should *burst* the meshes of habit is imaginable enough; it is hard to imagine that they would *gnaw* through them. In "Barbara's Wedding" the pathos quavers a little. In "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" a woman feigns that she has a soldier son, the feint appears before her in flesh, blood, and khaki, and sonship in the orphan lad rushes to meet motherhood in the childless woman. The piece is hoydenish and saucy, sauciest perhaps in its demand for tears at the conclusion.

"The Will" in "Half Hours" is a strong and cruel play. In fifty-six pages it depicts the ravages of almost as many years in the lives of a married couple in whom a tender and generous youth hardens into an old age starving in its futile plenty and caught fast in the gripe of its own greed. "Rosalind" is the madcap and vertiginous tale of an actress in whom youth and age are exchangeable at pleasure, and "Pantaloon" is a dainty grotesque in which the springs in an old player's heart are affectionately touched.

The characters in the last two plays are largely actors, and the fact is a clew. Barrie's people of all sorts and grades tend to be masquers. The insides are wanting, wanting to the aristocrats who wear aristocracy like a livery, wanting

to the spinsters of "Quality Street", wanting even to the Scotch craftsmen in whom reality might have seemed so inexpugnable. There has been a replacement in the cradles; the people are all changelings; or, if you prefer, they are all gamesters, people in whom zeal for the game, the love of mettle passing by gay transition into the love of bluff, is the animus that vivifies conduct. This makes John Shand heroically call out "Gentlemen, the future Mrs. John Shand;" this prompts Crichton's sublime (or ignominious) "My lady" at the

close of Act III; this makes Roger refuse to say, and then consent to say, "Good-night, dear father"; this heartens Barrie to risk in "A Well-Remembered Voice" the supreme anomaly of the sportsmanlike ghost. Perhaps in this corelessness of the characters, at least of the grave characters, we draw near to the core of Barrie. But I have only six volumes at hand, and I leave the generality to confute or confirm itself when the completion of the series shall have widened its foundations.

O. W. FIRKINS

War Inflation

THE war has caused an enormous inflation of bank loans and currency, with a corresponding increase of wages and prices, and now that the business world faces about to resume normal trade and industry it is perplexed to know how to reckon with this situation. Are these prices and wages permanent, or, if not, how rapidly will they fall? To what extent are they related to the volume of credit currency in use, and what is the prospect for a reduction of the monetary circulation to pre-war proportions? Where is the gold standard in this situation?

A compilation recently made by the Swiss Central Bank shows that, excluding Russia, whose paper money issues are now utterly abnormal and not related to international affairs, outstanding issues of paper money had risen from a total of about \$7,000,000,000 at the end of 1913 to over \$30,000,000,000 at the close of 1918. Besides the expansion of credit in this form there is also a great expansion in the form of bank deposits, particularly in countries like Great Britain and the United States, where payments are commonly by checks. In the United States bank deposits increased from approximately \$18,500,000,000 in June, 1913, to \$30,000,000,000 in June, 1918, the latest date for which statements for all classes of banks are available. The deposit-and-check system performs practically the same function as the paper-money circulation.

It is debated whether high prices have been the cause or result of increased issues of currency. Evidently there is something to be said on both sides. Currency in itself is only a medium or facility; there must be an impulse to use it before it can be effective upon prices. The war created an insistent and almost unlimited demand upon productive capacity everywhere. Every employer became eager to increase his output, but after the slack was taken up and industrial expansion had reached the point where the entire available labor supply was employed, further efforts to enlarge

production took the form of a competitive struggle between employers for labor and materials. The available supply of credit had been increased by the addition to bank reserves of over a billion of dollars in gold by importation, and by the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act and amendments. With this new purchasing power at their command, employers, each for himself, went into the markets to struggle for the limited amount of labor and materials available. Rising costs did not deter them as long as prices upon their products could be increased correspondingly without checking the demand. With wages and prices forced up by these conditions, every business required more working capital, and increased amounts of currency were absorbed in circulation.

It is evident that after the point was reached where the output of one establishment could be increased only by reducing the output of another, this competition spent itself almost wholly in raising wages and prices. This is the result properly described as inflation. The Government finally found it necessary to interfere with the drawing off of labor from the industries in which it was especially interested, and by price regulation exerted an influence to stabilize the situation.

With the war ended and the governments out of the market, both as employers and as purchasers, the situation naturally relaxes. The forces that have made for inflation are gone, and the forces which make for a restoration of normal conditions come into play. Buyers and investors are looking for a fall of prices. Buying proceeds for immediate consumption only. Merchants want no larger stocks than are required to enable them to do business from day to day, and construction work is postponed. The fact that the same amount of money and credit is available does not sustain prices in view of the changes affecting production and consumption. It is a familiar fact that in dull times money accumulates in the banks. A bank-note

currency, such as our Federal Reserve notes, will undergo natural contraction and retirement when the impulse to trade is wanting. As the governments cease from borrowing and pay off their obligations, bank credit in the form of currency and deposits will shrink in volume. Bankers who went through the panic of 1907 will remember how the clearing house certificates, aggregating several hundred millions of dollars, disappeared apparently without effort. The same was true of the currency issued in 1914 under the Aldrich-Vreeland Act. Bankers who were anxious about the redemption of these issues were relieved to find that there was no formal redemption; the public paid them into the banks in the regular order of business and they were not reissued.

The deflation of loans, deposits and currency, however, will not carry conditions back to the pre-war status without bringing opposing influences into play which will have bearing upon prices. Bankers will welcome a degree of natural deflation. They would like to have more leeway in the loan accounts, and they would not want to extend credit upon purely private account as far as they have extended it under the backing of Government credit. A considerable reduction of loans therefore will be welcome, and in this country the ambition of most of the bankers is to get out of the Federal Reserve Banks as regular borrowers. There is no proper objection to using the Reserve Banks to take care of seasonal and temporary demands; that is what they are for, but their resources should be normally reserved for that purpose. But when the member banks are back doing business within their own resources and with a margin to spare, competition for good loans will be resumed. The desire for earnings will prompt bankers to keep loans up to the limit of the new reserves, and business will be encouraged to that end. Low interest rates, therefore, will be an influence against further deflation long before the volume of loans reaches the pre-war level.

Whatever may be the price fluctuations, during this period of unsettlement, when other factors than credit are dominant, the amount of gold in reserves and the offer of cheap bank credit will be dominant factors in finally determining the price level. Cheap money is a stimulus to enterprise. It first raises the price of outstanding securities, for there is a clear profit in borrowing money at 4 per cent. to buy a 5 per cent. bond; and then when existing securities rise in value, there is a direct inducement to create new ones by means of new enterprises. During a period of transition and uncertainty money will lie idle, but money will not be offered at low

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The Review

THE REVIEW had its origin in a prospectus issued February 1, 1918, by Fabian Franklin and Harold de Wolf Fuller. In brief, the object was to establish a weekly journal of general culture, devoted to the preservation of American ideals and American principles of government; a journal that should be animated by a spirit of progress, should welcome and promote needed projects of social improvement, but should insist on the preservation of those fundamentals which must be preserved if the nation is to remain a people of self-reliant freemen.

The need of such a journal, while clear enough then, was not so manifest as it has since become; and it was not until March, 1919, that the capital requisite to the establishment of the journal was, by gradual increments, obtained. This was subscribed in moderate sums by more than one hundred persons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco.

The subscription-agreement which was circulated for the purpose of obtaining this capital provided for the formation of a stock company with a capital of \$200,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$100 each. The agreement contained the following clause guaranteeing the independence of the Editors:

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RODMAN GILDER, *Business Manager*

Editors

FABIAN FRANKLIN

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

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rates indefinitely without takers. Gradually the public will become accustomed to any situation, accept it as normal, and go ahead with business. When that time comes, the amount of bank reserves and available credit will be effective upon prices because the desire to use them will be present.

The gold reserves of the whole world have been augmented during the war. In all countries the gold which was formerly in circulation has been gathered into the banks of issue, and the policy will be followed of retaining it there, using paper in circulation. Gold remains the standard of value; its production is checked by the increase of mining costs, which in the long run will be an influence for a lower price level, but that influence for the present is overcome by the economies in the use of gold. The banking community will accustom itself to doing business upon smaller reserves. The examples of India and the Philippines show how the gold standard may be maintained as a measure of value with comparatively little gold in circulation or in reserves.

Only a few countries have less gold in their reserves than before the war, and the United States, Japan, Argentina, Spain, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries have far more than they ever held before. Eventually there will be a natural redistribution, but present trade conditions indicate that the United States will have more before it has less. The necessity which will exist for foreign purchases in this country, the interest which is accruing upon the foreign indebtedness held here, and the liquidation of our foreign indebtedness to Europe, indicate that the balance of payments will be in our favor and that nothing but liberal investments by America abroad will prevent importations of gold. The natural reaction from this would be a higher price level here than abroad. Under past conditions this situation would create an adverse trade balance, resulting in gold exports, but in our creditor position it will not easily occur.

The state of domestic bank reserves of our foreign exchanges and monetary conditions the world over are favorable, therefore, to the establishment of a higher price level than existed before the war. Furthermore, the adjustment of wages and prices after any period of unsettlement is always influenced more or less by organized effort and will be more now than ever before. There is a world-wide effort to maintain present wages and even to advance them, in face of conditions which naturally indicate a decline. The shortage of food and high cost of living affords a strong argument against wage reduction, but it presents the danger that we may have, as they have in Europe, high nominal wages,

with much unemployment. Thus in the steel industry no reduction of wage rates has occurred, but with the mills running at little above one-half their capacity, a large reduction in actual wage-payments has occurred. Moreover, thousands of wage-earners are out of employment in the construction and other industries because of the high prices of iron and steel. It can not be considered that under these conditions wages are satisfactorily maintained.

These efforts to sustain and advance wage-rates and reduce working hours, to the extent that they increase the costs of production, tend to prevent a return to lower price levels, and are the strongest influences to this effect. The uncertainty and disorder in industry, which serves to discourage enterprise and reduce production, have the same effect. The transfer of industrial functions to the Government, so far as experience has shown, has a like effect. These influences arising from social conditions are more effective for the maintenance of high prices than monetary conditions, although, as we have seen, these are favorable to a higher level eventually than prevailed before the war.

The whole situation at the moment is regarded with misgiving, because it is in part artificial and in part supported by temporary conditions. The railways, despite the advances in their charges are running behind, and public utilities which have not had the privilege of increasing their charges are threatened with bankruptcy. Thousands of people belonging to the salaried class, or those whose employments are such that they have not been able to get their pay re-adjusted, are suffering injustice. Naturally, they are striving to get their pay up to the new level, but it will be a long time before a complete readjustment can be accomplished. Moreover, there is one class who never could be compensated for the losses they would suffer by having this inflation made permanent, and that is the class comprising creditors in fixed terms of money. The holders of bonds, mortgages, savings bank deposits, life insurance policies, pensions, etc., would endure a permanent shrinkage in the value of their holdings. On the other hand, powerful influences eventually will be enlisted in favor of a return towards the former level of values. When order is re-established in Europe agricultural production there will come back to the pre-war volume, and, with the encouragement that will be given to agriculture everywhere, the prices of foodstuffs, clothing materials, and other necessities may be expected to fall. Efforts to maintain fixed prices for these products never have been successful, and when the farmers are obliged to accept lower pay for feeding and clothing the workers in all the other industries,

they certainly will not be content to go on paying the transportation charges and prices for manufactures which it is now sought to stabilize upon the war level. Nor is it conceivable that the purchasing power of the farm population can decline without affecting employment and prosperity in the other industries. The test of the policy of attempting to reorganize industry permanently upon the new level will come then.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS

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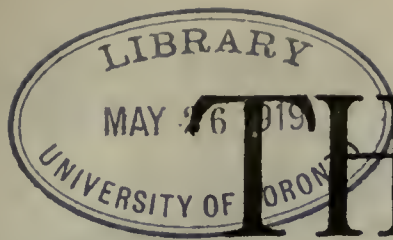
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THE REVIEW

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SENATOR LODGE'S statement, issued after the close of the first day's session of Congress, has been taken as an indication that there will be a bitter fight in the Senate against the acceptance of the League Covenant. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that the emphatic portion of his statement on this subject is contained in the expression of his own views; what he says about the attitude of "a majority of the Senate" is much more guarded. Senator Lodge is "satisfied that a majority of the Senate feel very strongly that the League, as now presented, must receive amendment, that in its present form, without any change, it is unacceptable and would not be accepted." When he goes on to declare that "the new form is distinctly worse than the old and more dangerous to the peace of the world and to American rights and interests," he is speaking only for himself. It is true that he is the leader of his party in the Senate; but there have been abundant indications that the party will by no means stand as a unit on this issue. If the Covenant is so bad as Mr. Lodge appears to regard it, and if this view should prevail in a large proportion

of the Senate's membership, there will certainly be a bitter fight, for no mere reservation appended to the acceptance of the Covenant as a whole could remove the difficulty. Yet it is in that direction that sober thought must look for a sound and helpful treatment of the question. Long before the issue can be sharply drawn, the country will have been heard from in many ways, and not until then can any estimate be formed of the probabilities either of party or of personal alignment in the Senate.

Another point touched upon by Mr. Lodge gives occasion for reflections of wider scope. Speaking of the treaty with Germany, he says that it is impossible to gather from the summary that has been sent out "what the terms imposed upon Germany in many respects are." Those of us who wish to be candid must admit that this is true not merely on account of any deficiencies there may be in the summary but because of the immense complexity of the terms themselves. It takes much deeper study than any that seems thus far to have been given to it to decide, even approximately, what the economic condition of Germany will be if the terms are enforced. That they are extremely severe it would be fatuous to deny; but on the other hand, those who rush into lamentations over the reduction of the German people to a state of slavery have yet to show that anything of the kind is involved in the conditions. The thing is largely a question of arithmetic, and very little in the way of a sincere and competent arithmetical estimate has as yet been forthcoming. Humiliation there doubtless is in the treaty, and there is grave economic hardship. But unless it be assumed that the German people, either through lack of spirit or through revolutionary disorganization, will be prevented from exerting the tremendous recuperative powers naturally inherent in such a people, it would take a close examination of the facts to justify the assertion that they are debarred from the possibility of renewed prosperity.

THE considerable success of the Anti-Bolshevist campaign in Murmansk is the best answer to the ill-judged outcry against the presence of our troops in Russia. No one has seemed to reflect on why they were there, or on how they could be got out. They were there as

a military measure, under the high command of the Allied armies. The purpose was to save war stores which were likely to go to Germany. The opposition of the Bolsheviki created a situation which had to be met. In all this we were simply doing our military duty by our allies. In honor we had no choice in the matter. Hence criticism of our sending a contingent is unfair. It was a necessary incident of our association with the Entente. It had no political color, was not expressly directed against the Bolsheviki but against Germany. Only those whose sympathy with the Russian dictatorship is supersensitive have any ground to complain, and their complaint again should be not against President Wilson but against the Allied high command. In view of what has actually occurred, the sound strategy of the move can scarcely be gainsaid. As our temporary occupation has lengthened, the Murmansk line has become a Russian line. The provisional government of the Archangel region has joined with the Siberian moderates, and a long step has been taken towards restoring self-government to tortured Russia. Luck—yes, but the kind of luck which generally follows the resolute performance of a plain duty. As to withdrawing our contingent instantaneously, it could neither have honorably been done, nor was it quite easy physically. There are minds which can remove a brigade from the Murmansk bogs as easily as the ivory peg is withdrawn from a hole on the cribbage board. Mere army staffs are incapable of these feats. It takes the imagination of a Henry Ford to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. The time will come when the United States will be glad to have played its modest part in the Archangel expedition.

ALTHOUGH the German settlement looks difficult for the moment, it really is simple as compared with the proposed partition of Austria. German Austria is reduced to her old geographical limits. There is nothing to fear from her except a possible union with Germany. To such an act of self-determination Europe must reconcile itself. It may not come. If it does, it should not be opposed. No permanent peace can be made on the basis of enforcing an artificial weakness in Central Europe. Our moral and physical guarantees must

be adequate to deal with a strong Germany. The more urgent danger comes from the treatment of Hungary in the Peace Treaty. Unlike Austria, Hungary is potentially strong and aggressive, and in her own mind aggrieved. The local restraint upon her is simply Jugo-Slavia and Greater Rumania. Hungary is cut off from the sea, and finds hundreds of thousands of Magyars scattered through the surrounding Slavs and Rumanians. Jugo-Slavia is likely to receive a consideration, due naturally to sympathy for Serbia, out of proportion to her power and racial unity. All this is coming about logically enough as a dictate of racial self-determination.

But it is clear that racial self-determination does not in itself promise either justice or peace. It gives no safeguards, for example, to the Moslems and Catholics of Bosnia and Herzegovina, nor to the commercial needs of Hungary. The treaty may merely have moved the Macedonian situation from the Balkans to Central Europe, as too radical treatment of an ulcer on the extremities may drive it into the vitals. Many will feel that in denying Hungary access to the Adriatic across Croatia, which in religion is affine to her, the principle of self-determination has been carried to an extreme. What is certain is that peace depends upon an effective political surveillance of Jugo-Slavia. She is a European nation only by adoption. Such is the patent weakness of the adjustment. The strength of the situation is the strong moral entente between France and Serbia. That it is powerful enough to dominate the really very desperate elements of Jugo-Slavia is rather a pious hope than a reasonable expectation. With the external controls of Russia, and Imperial Russia, removed, the Balkan situation is by no means simplified. It will afford a field for all the patience and insight that Geneva can command. To what extent the United States is willing to be involved in such problems is one of the serious questions of the time.

AT first sight the Chinese Consortium represents no more than a business man's application of a political theory—the bankers of America, England, France, and Japan vitalizing the open-door policy—pooling financial resources for the development of Chinese railroads and mines. There are great practical benefits which should flow to China and to the world from the arrangement; uniformity of management and standardization of equipment over the whole field, in place of competitive confusion as under the old system of development within separate spheres of influence, will almost certainly render the enterprise a financial success for the investors of the four nations interested, and an economic boon to the country

where it is launched. But the plan has deeper significance and far greater possibilities than those merely of material success. It is the first great experiment in developing the backward portions of the world by international coöperation instead of through the medium of competitive nations. A certain school of thought has long held that the most fruitful cause of war between nations is the economic friction engendered through over-competition, development of nationalistic aspirations within, and among, the so-called spheres of influence. One need not accept this doctrine unreservedly to agree at least that international friction will be lessened if there is more coöperation and less competition in any given sphere of world activity. A hundred-billion-dollar stock company of the world might not inconceivably prove a more powerful peace agency than international courts and fleets.

IT is gratifying indeed to discover a ray of sunshine in the otherwise cloudy record of the Post Office Department. The air mail route between New York and Washington has ended its first year with a book profit of twenty thousand-odd dollars, with a record of 128,000 miles flown and 193,000 pounds of mail delivered. The service was an experimental one, and the novelty of the air mail made it possible to charge almost any postage desired, so the financial balance one way or the other is of secondary importance in judging the success of the venture. What is important, and what is gratifying, is that the everyday commercial possibilities of the airplane as a means of rapid and dependable communication received a thoroughly successful tryout. The same six machines that started, finished out the year and are still in use and going strong. Our machines made as many as one hundred and seventy-nine flights without a forced landing. There were no crashes and no fatal accidents, and only one man was seriously hurt. These gasoline postmen of the air seem to have flown day in and day out in all sorts of weather, and to have adhered to schedule with the nonchalance of a bored letter-carrier. Stunt flying is necessary to train combat pilots, but commercial exploitation of the air will only come through careful, businesslike hack flying over prescribed routes.

WHETHER may be preparing to dance gleefully at the approaching funerals of John Barleycorn, the doctors are not among them. At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Medicine not one but viewed his official departure with apprehension, not one who failed, with all his faults, to do the "good familiar creature" some sort of

reverence. Who better than the physicians should know the ills that throng his train? Yet these same careful observers felt no conviction that drink's attendant ills would meekly consent, like widows of Hindustan, to share the grave of their late master. Fickle pensioners that they are, these evil ministers of the great devil may, in the doctor's opinion, enlist under new and more hostile banners to plague mankind with fresh virulence. Though the full measure be known of the harm done by the soon to be the late king, the extent of the ills he saves us from is yet to be discovered. It has yet to be proved that the thing that makes drunkards may not, if recourse to drink become impossible, make many of these unfortunates even more of a menace to themselves and to society. Again, how much the world will lose through the absence to themselves of the age-long social solvent, how much the poets will suffer through the lack of an occasional beaker full of the warm south, how much the philosophers will regret that goblet which passed from hand to hand among the three, while Socrates discoursed to the other two upon the kinship between comedy and tragedy, we do not know. The losses may be more than balanced by the gains, and great gains there undoubtedly will be; but the possible losses are large enough to claim real attention.

IN writing last week on the purposes and ideals of the American Legion, we took occasion to sound a warning against the danger of its becoming involved in political manipulation and self-seeking. Since that time, fuller accounts of the doings of the St. Louis caucus have come to hand; all of which indicate that the convention was dominated by an admirable temper of non-partisan nationalism, and an aggressive exclusion of self-interest. Several semi-pernicious resolutions proposed from the floor were vociferously howled down. The convention refused overwhelmingly to take a stand on prohibition; and it appears that after all no Presidential straw-ballot—official or otherwise—was ever taken, this rumor having its origin in the fact that a local newspaper smuggled a few ballots on to the floor, which were promptly suppressed and destroyed as soon as discovered from the platform. But the prettiest incident of all was when a certain resolution asking more pay for discharged soldiers was actually reported favorably from committee only to be thrown out neck and crop by a thundering negative voice-vote of the full convention. As one soldier-speaker put it, "we aren't here to get something out of the government, but to put something into it." Shades of the G. A. R.! What is this? An association of war veterans which isn't looking out for itself first

of all? Only time can tell; but in the meanwhile they have made a fine, clean get-away. It doesn't seem as if the country were precisely headed for the demnition bowwows when our "councils of soldiers and sailors" behave in this way, does it?

ONE great lesson already learned from the transatlantic attempts is that the seaplane is the only logical heavier-than-air vehicle for ocean flight. Had it not been for the ability of NC 1 and NC 3 to alight on the water and ride out a small gale, there would have been ten dead men floating around within a few hundred miles of the Azores instead of fifteen very live and very confident naval aviators at Ponta Delgada. Only fog, it is true, prevented all these craft from gaining their objectives: but if not fog next time, it will be storm, headwinds, loss of direction or engine trouble—any one of a number of causes to compel a descent; and a forced landing in mid-ocean means death, unless the machine can remain afloat to be rescued or can proceed on the surface to safety. Read, in the NC 4, achieved a sensational, epoch-making flight from land to land, earning the plaudits of the world. But second only to his exploit is that of Commander Towers; his astonishing feat of calmly taxiing in to his destination at Ponta Delgada after being fog-bound at sea for two days and virtually given up for lost, is a revelation of the seaworthiness of aircraft amid the most adverse conditions. In the still little-known element of the air, unlooked-for trouble and unanticipated forms of danger will for a long time to come be the rule rather than the exception. The highly successful flight, when all goes well, gives rise to a false optimism and teaches but little: and the highly unsuccessful flight, which attempts the well-nigh impossible, and ends in tragedy, teaches nothing at all of air navigation—though it stands to the eternal credit of the hot-blooded, iron-hearted courage of men who are willing to venture their lives on the short end of a glorious thousand to one bet.

IN the past week the Metropolitan Museum has been host to the College Art Association of America and to the American Federation of Fine Arts. The proceedings of both bodies were of more than usual interest. Both naturally discussed the living issue of war memorials. The smaller body of professors might reasonably claim that their trained students scattered throughout the country were the surest promise of beauty in the war monuments; whereas the Federation might point to its influence in many localities as yet untouched by the professors. On the whole matter of war memorials the Federation has been prompt

and adroit in making suggestions and offering advice. More than two hundred and fifty local committees on war memorials have applied for advice to the central office of the Federation at Washington and doubtless many more have consulted the various local committees. The relation of such bodies as the College Art Association and the American Federation to the Metropolitan Museum and its compeers is worth considering. For trained directors and curators the Museum must depend largely on the young graduates from the college art courses. The relation will be mutually advantageous. It will tend to give a practical and professional scope to studies that have been pursued somewhat at random, and it will provide young museum officials earlier and better trained than were most of their predecessors.

ANYONE who reflects upon the past months and years must be impressed with the economic and political virtues, not to mention those of personal character, revealed by the great exigency. He becomes prouder than before, not only of his own countrymen, but of the ordinary people of other nations. He thinks wistfully of what the world might be if the virtues elicited by the crisis could be retained as everyday qualities. Brooding over the events of the war-period, however, tends to a certain balance between desire for the perpetuation of some of its results and misgiving as to the persistence of certain compensating follies—compensating, in that their presence tends to reduce the whole picture to lower tones. The most typical of the war-VICES, if they may be so termed, has been extravagance. Higher wages have been spent in suddenly lifting the standard of living to a level from which descent will be attended with much discomfort and perhaps resentment against an inevitable retrenchment. The girl munition-worker has purchased two or three tailor-made suits, a fur coat, a luxurious outfit of silk stockings—an outfit that many a daughter of even the wealthy would not think of owning. The man has bought an automobile and is now used to his luxury, as is the human way, so that it appears to be a necessity, denial of which is a real hardship. Life becomes much more complex and the taste for the simpler satisfactions is on the wane. Perhaps it is hopeless to think of retaining the good and discarding the ill that have come to us through the war; but we should use every possible agency to accomplish just that. In particular the younger generation should be fortified, if possible, in school and elsewhere, to realize that it is not necessary, in order to lead a happy life, that one should have complex and costly satisfactions; but that personal and national

well-being are equally subserved by the practice of the simpler virtues of thrift and contentment.

THE "nationalization of women" ascribed to certain Bolshevik committees, whatever the facts may prove to be, gives occasion to remark that if there is to be an assault upon all forms of monopoly, that very strict type of monopoly, the monogamous family, can hardly hope to emerge scathless. As a matter of fact, any attack on property is likely to emerge in the guise of encroachment on marriage and the family. Few realize how intimately marriage and property have been interlocked from the beginning of their evolution; and that the latter has acted consistently, and still acts, as a sort of stabilizer for the former. The wife of status—the real wife as distinguished from the mere consort—was once the bought wife; and when women were purchased with a bride-price, they were proud of what they brought to their kinsmen and were endowed with honorable epithets indicative of the number of cattle or amount of other wealth realized through them. Later on in the evolution of the marriage institution, the status-wife was the one who brought dower to her husband; and her position was made the more stable thereby, for while her husband might meditate divorcing her, he receded from harboring the thought of divorcing, at the same time, the cattle that came with her. He was therefore more complaisant and forbearing, and the union was the more likely to endure.

In marriage there is involved the composition of the interests of many people, in addition to those of the protagonists; one of the chief of these interests is as to the disposition and inheritance of property. But only the children of the status-wife could regularly inherit, or continue the joint interests of the family. Also the whole community has an interest in the disposition of property; for if this matter is unregulated, lawlessness, confusion, and disorder easily supervene, with consequent menace to the well-being and integrity of the society at large. This correlation of marriage and property could be developed at length through its historical phases; but for the present purpose it is enough to note the interpenetration of the two institutions, which is so close that they have varied together, and have stood and fallen together. If property is to be nationalized or communalized, the appearance of the same process in the allied institution is not, at any rate, unthinkable. In any case, the further extremists go in this weird nationalization of women, the safer an Anglo-Saxon community, with its traditions of the sanctity of the family, is from the Bolshevik infection.

The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson

It was Mr. Wilson's achievement to give to this great yearning of the world's masses . . . a winning exposition and a moral unction which caught the imagination of peoples everywhere, riveted their attention upon him as the one man living who sounded their motives and voiced their aspirations, and made him their idol as well as their guide and friend. . . . He was the hope of democracy, and the fear of his enemies was the confidence of his friends. How Mr. Wilson has repaid the confidence which the peoples gave him, all the world now knows. The one-time idol of democracy stands to-day discredited and condemned.—*The Nation*, May 17.

However much the words of the Fourteen Points may be invoked to justify this treaty, one thing is so plain as to seem beyond argument. The world which will result from the document can by no stretch of language be made to agree with the picture which the President had in mind when he went to Paris, or when he spoke in the days of his glory of what was to be accomplished. . . . By the standards of which he himself was the most eloquent spokesman he has failed.—*The New Republic*, May 17.

IN President Wilson's first annual address to Congress, delivered on December 2, 1913, there occurs this passage:

I turn to a subject which I hope can be handled promptly and without serious controversy of any kind. I mean the method of selecting nominees for the Presidency of the United States. I feel confident that I do not misinterpret the wishes or the expectations of the country when I urge the prompt enactment of legislation which will provide for primary elections throughout the country at which the voters of the several parties may choose their nominees for the Presidency without the intervention of nominating conventions.

What possible relation, it will doubtless be asked, is there between this little proposal about the mechanism of Presidential nominations and the colossal phenomena of to-day? What bearing can it have on the bitter disappointment expressed by the *Nation* and the *New Republic* over the final outcome of Mr. Wilson's dealings with the great war and the problem of peace?

The connection is not fantastic. Let us try to forget for a moment that we are living in a time when nothing short of the remaking of the world is regarded as matter of real moment, when millions of deaths are dismissed with little more thought than were hundreds a few years ago, when money sums that do not run up into the billions seem hardly worth mentioning. In December, 1913, a proposal to introduce a vital change in the method of conducting our Presidential elections was a major, not a minor, proposal; and the difficulty of devising a workable method—not to speak of the doubt as to the change being in itself desirable—was perfectly evident to everybody who had given the subject even the most cursory serious thought.

But to Mr. Wilson the matter was absolutely simple; and not only as to the merits of the question in the abstract, but as to the certainty of these being universally recognized. He hoped the subject would be "handled promptly and without serious controversy of any kind," and he urged "the prompt enactment" of the necessary legislation. Neither Congress nor the country paid any attention to the recommendation, and if it had come up for discussion nothing is more certain than that the proposal would have been found to bristle with extraordinary difficulties.

The defect here illustrated is not a trifling or accidental one. It is characteristic of Mr. Wilson; and it is most serious. It has been exhibited in his treatment of a score of issues here at home. Carried into his dealings with the gigantic world-problem in whose solution he has undertaken to play the commanding part, it has been productive of consequences which the world is not yet in a position to estimate, but which, whatever other aspects they may present, give ample ground for the feeling expressed in the passages we have quoted from the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. Not once, but twenty times, Mr. Wilson has declared that the settlement to be made after the war must satisfy certain ideal conditions; not only that it ought to do so as nearly as possible, but that it must actually do so. He has pictured all the peoples of the world as imperiously demanding such a settlement, and he has prophesied the wrath to come upon the head of any statesman who failed to live up to the demand. Turn the pages of any collection of Mr. Wilson's speeches, and you come upon passages like that in which it is most solemnly declared that for the obtaining of a secure and lasting peace it is "necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it"; that that price includes "not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; that "national purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place"; that in "the counsels of plain men" everywhere, all this has become perfectly clear; and that "statesmen must follow the common thought or be broken."

These words were spoken little more than half a year ago; it is impossible to imagine them spoken to-day. But it ought to have been as easy last September as it is to-day to see that when the time for the settlement came it could not be of such character as to satisfy

all the "peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; in particular that any peace which satisfied France could not by any possibility satisfy Germany. When Mr. Wilson came to the peace table he was compelled to choose between the one and the other—supposing that he had not already seen the necessity and complied with it. And in many another less crucial matter he has been brought sharply face to face with the fact that "the common purpose of enlightened mankind" is extremely far from having made "national purposes" a thing of the past. Whether all this is as it should be or not, is aside from the point. Mr. Wilson was not in the pulpit, speaking of a New Jerusalem to be attained in some shining future; he was deliberately announcing a programme to be presently fulfilled, and to the fulfillment of which he pledged his own powers as the head of the greatest nation in the world. If it was an impossible programme, a programme which any clear and responsible thinker must have seen to be impossible, the good intentions by which Mr. Wilson's words were undeniably prompted afford little mitigation for his offense.

Mr. Wilson's half-playful characterization of himself as having a "single track mind" cuts deeper than he was aware. The single track that he uses at any given time is the track that leads, or seems to lead, to the immediate object of his desire. The defect which he constantly exhibits is not merely that of impatience with details; a man may be impatient of details and yet take due account of their existence. Nor, indeed, is the trouble usually one of the relation of details to generalities; the things to which Mr. Wilson finds it possible to be blind are often quite as large and significant as those to which he gives exclusive heed. Other famous statesmen have been perhaps as inconsistent as he, but none that we can think of has been inconsistent in the same way. An early warning of his possibilities in this direction was given when, after a brief visit to the Pacific Coast while he was Governor of New Jersey, he declared, without a word of further explanation, that what he had seen in Oregon convinced him that all that he had taught for twenty years about the initiative and referendum was foolishness. If what he had taught was based on a serious consideration of the inherent tendencies of the initiative and referendum, it was manifestly impossible that any experience Oregon had gone through could have sufficed to overthrow his conclusions. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of failure to think responsibly and adequately before making a decisive pronouncement is furnished by his sweeping demand for freedom of the seas in the second of the

Fourteen Points—the subsequent history of which makes comment superfluous.

That Mr. Wilson has stimulated, in multitudes of high-minded men and women, noble hopes and aspirations is undeniable. His sincerity in the expression of his own ideals we have no desire to question. But it does not follow that the net result has been good rather than bad. The practical evil of a mistaken course may far outweigh the good that is attained by the excitation of beautiful sentiments; and even that excitation itself may be unwholesome in the long run. It is pretty sure to be unwholesome if after its subsidence there is left a feeling of hollowness and illusion. During half a century the hearts

and minds of Americans have been uplifted and strengthened by the example of Abraham Lincoln as by no other. Through all that Lincoln said and did there runs a clear and high ideal; but declarations of ideal purpose are almost as scarce in his utterances as they are abundant in those of his latest successor. His eyes were kept steadily upon the limitations of possible achievement; his mind grappled unflinchingly with the difficulties that were inherent in his task. Let us hope that in confronting the sober realities with which the country is now called upon to deal Mr. Wilson may, after the chastening experiences of the past few months, come nearer to following that great example.

sharply divided, the circumstance that the Presidency is held by one party and the control of Congress by the other ought to operate as a check upon the diversion toward those issues of energy which should be applied to the best possible treatment of the great problems that are pressing upon us. Upon the tariff, for example, any legislation distinctly obnoxious from the Democratic standpoint would have to expect the Presidential veto, which the Republican margin in Congress is too small to override. But whether this reasonable and practical view of the situation will actually prevail depends on the breadth or the pettiness of the spirit of the party leaders; for, of course, the very fact that certain bills could not be enacted into law might be utilized as an opportunity for waving the party flag without assuming the responsibility of actual legislation. Let us hope at least that no great amount of the time of Congress will be expended in manoeuvres of this kind.

The New Congress

THE Congress which met in special session this week is confronted with problems unprecedented in magnitude and complexity. So fully is this recognized that the general expectation is that little or no interval will separate the present session from the regular session beginning next December. Partly on this account and partly because of the peculiar circumstances of the situation, the proceedings will, from the beginning, take on more or less of the character of a prelude to the Presidential campaign of next year. Accordingly, much as it might be desired that the urgent demands of the country's welfare, as well as the difficulties of the international crisis, should be met by united and non-partisan effort on the part of our national legislature, it is idle to expect that any such counsel of perfection will be followed; all that can be hoped, and this it is reasonable to hope, is that upon those questions which are not in their nature strongly affected with a party interest the work of the Congress shall manifest this high and patriotic spirit.

Among these questions are to be counted all that relate to the readjustment necessary for the obviation of impending economic evils, and for the removal of those which, as a consequence of the war, are already with us. There ought to be no difference between Republicans and Democrats, between Wilson men and anti-Wilson men, as to the eagerness of their desire to cure and to prevent unemployment; to provide opportunities for our returning soldiers to settle upon the land; to improve the apparatus of conciliation between labor and capital; to aid, at least by adequate investigation and information if not otherwise, toward the solution of the housing problem which the stoppage of building operations during the war and the extremely high prices of building materials have

made acute throughout the country. Upon these and similar questions an early and concentrated effort should be directed by Congress.

In the domain of ordinary governmental activity, there is at least one constructive measure which should command the same degree of harmony. We are fifty years behind time in our lack of a budget system, for throughout a period of somewhat that length its introduction has been urged by a succession of responsible statesmen. But the colossal expenditures of the war period have made plain to the general mind what formerly was acutely recognized only by persons specially interested in the subject. Expenditures, to be sure, will not continue on quite the gigantic scale which we have been witnessing during the past two years; but they will still be large beyond all previous precedent, and, in any case, the lesson has been learned. To lay out programmes for national expenditure which runs into the billions without coördinating its items, without concentration of responsibility, with no assurance that any given part will bear anything like its due relation to other parts or to the whole—this is so preposterously absurd that the proposal of a decent substitute ought to be tantamount to its adoption. The time is as ripe now for the creation of a budget system as it was six years ago for the creation of the Federal Reserve system; and, as compared with the latter, the budget proposal has the advantage of not being bound up with any conflict of great interests. The Federal Reserve bill, though it had a stormy time in its various remouldings, was at last accepted with a gratifying approach to unanimity; the same result, and with far less trouble and struggle, should be attained in the present session of Congress for a budget system.

As to issues on which the parties are

The railroad question belongs in a different category. No single issue in our domestic affairs compares with this one either in difficulty or in the momentousness of the consequences involved. Public sentiment will approve the return of the railroads to private management at as early a date as is practicable for a proper arrangement, with a heartiness beyond anything which a year ago seemed at all likely. It would be too much to say that government management has been so fully tested as to leave no room for doubt; but the presumption against it was powerful to begin with, and instead of being weakened has been enormously strengthened by experience. The pertinacity with which those who objected to our sliding unawares into government ownership insisted on the insertion of a definite time-limit in the railroad-control bill has been fully vindicated. Were the case otherwise, all that would be necessary for the indefinite continuance of the present régime would be the failure to pass any legislation, a thing which might easily be accomplished; as it is, the failure of legislation would mean merely a chaotic instead of an orderly return of the railroads to private ownership. Even so, the problem is difficult enough; but it ought not to be beyond the power of Congress to effect a good working solution.

It is upon the subject of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations that the highest test of the quality of Congress will occur. The debates in the Senate will doubtless be open. No greater opportunity has ever been presented to what used to be spoken of as the most august legislative assembly in the world. But it will not rise to that opportunity unless some man be found

big enough to set the note which must be struck if the discussion is to be in any degree worthy of the theme. It is not impossible for a man to subject the provisions of the treaty, or the contents of the League Covenant, to searching examination and yet keep himself free from the charge of being either a carping critic or a partisan advocate. Mr. Root's remarkable letter to Chairman Hays might well be turned to as a model of this kind of examination. From the point of view of party policy, no greater mistake could be made by the Republican leaders than that of factious opposition either to the treaty or to the league. They must show plainly that they desire to make the best of both; that if they can not give either one or the other ungrudging assent it is not for specious or interested reasons but on grounds that honest men must recognize as weighty. There must, on the other hand, be no attempt to stampede the Senate; discussion should be ample and fearless. But mere time-consuming debate, debate that makes no real contribution to understanding, would be as inexcusable as partisan or insincere opposition would be. If the Senate should rise to the height of the occasion, it will not only worthily perform a great duty but will inestimably raise its own standing before the country.

Exit Austria

OF the three empires that have crumbled in the world war only the Austrian Empire excites in its downfall anything like sympathy. The end of Czardom seems merely a personal tragedy. Our minds were prepared for Russian revolution. Again the German *Kaisertum* was too recent and spectacular to inspire sentimental regret. Its grandiosity was too self-conscious to seem quite real. Austria has sunk on the whole ignobly, a victim to such wiles as she herself invented, a sacrifice to her own incompetence; bankrupt in diplomacy and unheroic in war; yet no historically minded person will fail to pay to the deceased Austrian Empire a tribute of sentiment in which disapproval and sympathy blend paradoxically. Since the Peace of Westphalia, 1642, Austria had maintained a simulacrum of the Holy Roman Empire. Though her Emperor waived the empty title in 1806, the Austrian Empire remained, if in reduced caricature, a still recognizable representative of the world dominion of the Cæsars as of the visionary aspirations of the Hohenstaufens. For an imaginative person there is a certain pain in the dismemberment of Austria. So if the Coliseum fell into ruins, a world that by no means approves the gladiatorial games would none the less mourn.

The still potent spell of the Austrian Empire is the more worth studying that it rests on nothing more substantial than memory and a name. Austria did not even inherit honestly the Roman title and the Roman notion of universality. Ever since the peace of Westphalia, she has lived frugally on a glamour which she had bought or borrowed two centuries earlier. As the Middle Ages broke up and a kind of anarchy preluded coming nationalism, the name of Roman Emperor retained prestige; it had the intangible value of a trade-mark or commercial good will. It meant at least an ideal and a memory of order and unity amid distressing disorder and diversity. A few patient and scheming members of the Royal House of Hapsburg had the sense to perceive the value of the Roman label and the sagacity to pay the price for it. Thus the Austrian Empire rose in a very curious fabric of faith, fraud, and fatigue. Its assets were the unremitting, intelligent machinations of such Emperors as Frederick III, Maximilian, and Charles V; next the imperishable faith of mankind in the name of the Empire; finally the fatigue of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia worn out by the stern business of stemming the Moslem invaders.

About fifty years before Columbus discovered America, a lethargic and despicable but thoroughly intelligent monarch, Frederick of Hapsburg, made the discovery of Europe. Upon that discovery the Austrian Empire was to live for nearly five hundred years. Frederick saw in the matter of contesting claims, in the apparent confusion of statelets throughout Europe, a complicated instrument which a clever man might learn to play. In his lethargic fashion he learned to control the stops and pedals. Of diplomacy, which had been an unwelcome and occasional resource of his heroic rivals of Poland and Hungary, he made a constant study and occupation. Racial hatreds, national jealousies, ecclesiastical feuds, constituted his diapason. And the dominant of the harmonies which he contrived to wring from so unpromising a stave was the universality of avarice. He never let self-respect stand in the way of power. He assumed the crown of Charlemagne in 1452, and as he rode away from St. Peter's to meet his young bride at the Lateran, on the way he thriftily peddled in the open street a few noble titles, not to mention some hundreds of simple knighthoods.

From him the Austrian Empire received a color which it never lost. Power was to be gained by dynastic marriages, by capitalizing the weakness and prejudices of vassal states, by distribution of honors and patronage, by money bribes. The plan worked because it was based on a deep understanding of

human weakness. The Empire was built chiefly on negation, on keeping out of the dangerous and heroic realm of statesmanship while advancing unremittingly on the safe and certain level of politics and the lower diplomacy. To be sure, there were heroic interludes. Frederick's successor, the amiable and adroit Maximilian, not merely profited as honest broker for Middle Europe, but wheedled a personal military establishment out of his exhausted and loyal nominal empire. From this foundation Charles V spread the transient military glories of the Empire as far as Africa and the new Americas. The following Hapsburgs, rather through inertia than by deliberate choice, ceased to play at being Hohenstaufens, and gradually the impatient and unmanaging new nations of Northern and Western Europe clipped the Empire about the edges, till the Hapsburgs were left as tolerated trustees of the uncoveted and refractory states of Central Europe.

Even in this reduced condition the Empire retained its capacity for management, and withal an inexplicable prestige. Too slack to stem the latest of Turkish invasions, Sobieski and his Poles did the work. Frederick the Great soon did the dirty work of destroying Poland, and Austria, who had spent little in brains or blood, came off with the larger part of the spoils. Napoleon made a mockery of the tradition of Austrian military power, but Austria largely dictated the terms of the Holy Alliance after Napoleon had been overthrown. Austria was still to hold together for a century by practising her traditional politics. Where she must, as in dealing with Hungary, she yielded sufficiently to the new nationalism. She let Hungary pay for her independence, however, by assuming the odium of controlling the Southern Slavs. Geographically and racially the Empire remained a survival from the fifteenth century, and the old arts sufficed to maintain out of the jealousies of the Czech, Magyar, and Croat a troubled equilibrium for the Empire. It was an anachronism, but for internal purposes it worked.

Where Austria failed was in neglecting to develop a new Frederick III to rediscover the changed Europe. Her traditions had passed over to Bismarck who, however, knew how to capitalize not merely men's weaknesses but also their strength. Austria was readily outmanœuvred in the Schleswig-Holstein settlement of 1863, and as easily outfought in the brief inglorious war that ended with Sadowa. She no longer had a European policy. Italy beat her in diplomacy and in the field. In compensation Austria indulged expansionist visions really contrary to her interest. Germany treated her, as she herself had treated Hungary, as *agent provocateur*

for the Balkans. Austria never ran less true to form than in those anguished days after the assassination at Serajevo, when for an ideal of self-respect and dynastic vanity she permitted a European war. It was a romantic lapse into Hohenstaufenism which hastened the fall of the Hapsburgs. Austria has had the grace, after five hundred years of opportunism, of dying for the imponderables.

With Austria perished the ideal of domination by intrigue over clashing races. Her long and fairly successful experiment in empire had the merit of demonstrating to the uttermost limit just how much can be done by a rule based solely on ruse and shrewdness. In one sense the crumbling of Austria is a blow to internationalism everywhere. It is a blow, however, only to her particular type of internationalism. We have the great task of substituting a new and better sort. The testing ground of our new ideals will be the old Austrian Empire. It would be foolish to pretend that the prospect is bright. Self-determination is no panacea. It threatens once more the particularism that was the plague of the Middle Ages. Yet when Frederick III and Maximilian found a palliative for the anarchy of the dying Middle Ages in guile and bribes, shall we despair of finding a new bond of nations in the imponderables of justice and mutual understanding and positive common interest?

Reflections on Cooked Food

PEOPLE always look for the social revolution in the wrong place—in red flags, party platforms, Bolshevism, and world covenants—all transient and unfundamental phenomena. The other day we saw the real thing—the Social Revolution spinning rapidly up our street and stopping in front of a neighbor's house. The Social Revolution came in the shape of a Ford delivery car, delicately paneled with heliotrope and bearing the legend—Cooked Food. The Reds of the New Revolution turned out to be two Blacks, one of whom operated the car, while the other delivered my neighbor's dinner in a shining tin conveyor, heated from within. Meanwhile the ancient sun went down in the old order behind the heliotrope car.

At all times dinners have been taken out of the American home in a tin conveyor. The full dinner pail is legendary. What was revolutionary was the reversal of direction—the full dinner pail invading the home, and all that that implied. It implied, we assumed, that Mrs. Financial Expert had given up the long

fight to keep servants. It signifies, too, that Mrs. F. E. had reacted against a future of culinary servitude. It meant a shift in domestic legend and chronicle—the complete obscuration, for example, of the cookies that mother used to make. The children of the next generation would no longer indulge these saccharine phrases, but would impersonally recount to their children the merits of the heliotrope delivery car vs. the green, with all the relative advantages of *table d'hôte* and *à la carte*. These children would begin where we used to end. As this cheerful reflection took form, the Social Revolution, with what seemed an ostentatious rattling and bumping, backed, executed a quick turn and moved out of our street into the twilight.

What will be the career of the maidless and stoveless housewife of the future, the imagination refuses to define. One likes to think of energies released for self-improvement and civic activities, for fuller companionship in the household; and something of that there will be. It will mean also the end of certain individual delectations. To live on cooked food is one thing, to entertain on it is another. Shall the social feasting of the new era be merely exchange of the freight of some heliotrope car and of the contents of standardized glittering cans? Will some joy go out of feeding socially and being fed? The loss must be considered with the gain. Or may even every woman's cooked food be sufficiently diversified and glorified by every man's private stock illicitly husbanded since the going into effect of the eighteenth amendment? And when the private stock shall have been exhausted, as exhausted it some day must be, how shall we then retain the individual note in collective gourmandise? Or does the advent of the heliotrope van mark the end of old-time sociability?

So much is certain—that the gentlewoman of moderate means will soon have to choose between cooked food and boarding. Her old position as mistress in her own house, directing its work, is as obsolete as chivalry. She will either have to do its work herself, or get it done by outsiders who are in no sense her servants. The old-fashioned middle-class household becomes a receiving station for ready-cooked food and occasional service. This means a new set of folk-ways. The professor's wife and the small lawyer's will perhaps gain in time and tranquillity by substituting corporate for personal service. At least they may thereby continue to escape the domestic servitude which is the lot of most women. What cooked food and contract charring are doing is to make a new social cleavage. In fact the old line of demarcation between women was drawn by the presence or absence of the servant in the house. And in principle

it didn't greatly matter whether the servant in the house was one or twenty; the gentlewoman began where the cooking and dishwashing wife left off. There were plenty of exceptions to this rule—gentlewomen who for one reason or another did the household work—but the condition was admittedly exceptional and undesirable. Pedantically speaking, every woman who had and kept at least one servant was a kind of capitalist and aristocrat. As Bridget, Nora, Selma, and Rosika became first intermittent and then non-existent, the level of capitalism and aristocracy moved upwards, with all kinds of readjustments necessary in a class that wished to preserve its identity.

Cooked food is one of several social life-preservers necessary to be worn against an advancing tide of proletarianism. It marks the creation of a new class, which is too poor to keep servants and too proud or too wise to let its womenkind do the housework. But plainly the housewife who has surrendered the hope of keeping servants, and necessarily has assumed a considerable part of the housework, is living more like the laborer's wife than like the millionaire's. Her social orientation is reversed. Certainly the subscriber to cooked food, and if not he himself at least his children, will be more sharply conscious of the difference between his manner of life and that of his rich neighbor, while he may also realize a new solidarity with his humble neighbors. For the moment cooked food is the prop of the household—the gastronomic *via media* between the old style genteel home and some impending life in family barracks. After cooked food the deluge.

Such were the musings of one who was keeping up the struggle for an old-time home which should be aided but not maintained by the ministrations of the heliotrope van. Realizing the difficulty of the struggle, he envied the more stable estate of his neighbor whose *porte cochère* harbored the heliotrope van twice daily. Our neighbor was in the movement; where was he? At this point the Financial Expert appeared on his front lawn in a state of evident agitation. On questioning, he said that by way of dessert he had ordered *café parfait* for his immediate family, but had unhappily omitted to order one for the household assistant, who accordingly had given notice. Which goes to show that even cooked food will not work unless it is taken wholeheartedly and without mental reservations of any sort. In a prospect of cooked food the household assistant is out of the picture.

At this moment the Social Revolution again rattled round our corner and a neatly liveried black reclaimed the glittering can from which the Financial Expert's family had dined.

The Middle West and the Peace

THE Middle West has read the peace terms, as they have been cabled to us in an abstract, and has found them good. To be sure, there are individual differences of opinion. An old friend of mine who long has preached a gospel of sweetness and light took me aside the other day and in his uncertainty referred to the injunction to forgive our enemies even when they had multiplied their injuries unto seven times seven. But even he would not abate one jot the utter sinfulness of German bloodguilt. There are some differences of opinion, but these are inconsiderable and it may be said that with practical unanimity the portion of our country between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, where agriculture is the chief industry, where differences in race, creed, and wealth are by a perfectly rational process gradually being reduced to a minimum, welcomes the terms of peace as fixing a deserved penalty upon a member of international society that had placed its heel upon the law.

And this unanimity is what one would expect who has studied the Middle West. There is a curious pragmatic idealism here which is quite unknown in the industrial and more self-critical East and in the self-assured West. We went into the war on trust, for we then had not learned to look far beyond our own business and cornfields. We examined the cause for which we were fighting while we were exchanging our first blows with the enemy, and found that the cause was good. With quite unexpected unanimity we threw our whole souls into the conflict. The record of the spirit of the States between the Great Lakes and the Ohio, the Alleghanies and the Rockies, was not unlike that of the same region during the Civil War. The cheerful optimism with which they obeyed food injunctions, bought liberty bonds, fell in with the draft, was quite consistent with the spirit of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and even Iowa and Wisconsin in 1861.

The people of the Middle West were pragmatic idealists before the war. It was for this very reason that they were a little slow in seeing why they should enter upon a quarrel in which they had no obvious interest, especially after having been abundantly assured that war itself was the greatest of evils. They were pragmatic idealists during the war, for when convinced that their destiny was inseparably bound up in the issues of the war, and that the roots of the war lay in the old conflict against evil, they threw every ounce of their energy into the struggle. And they are now pragmatic idealists when the issues of the war have been finally decided, for

they insist that the terms of peace shall be such that there may be permitted no shuffling, no ambiguity, no compromise with evil. The Middle West is not speculating on whether there shall be or there shall not be wars in the future, in the abstract. They have a measure of hope in the League of Nations, for their pragmatism tempers their idealism. But they will have no potential dangers from a Germany that has not shown signs of repentance—the names of those who are still in power have unpleasant connotations. If there is any complaint with the peace terms, so far as regards Germany, if there is any criticism, it is on the ground that they are not drastic enough.

The real sentiment of the Middle West is not to be found in megalopolitan centres like Chicago, St. Louis, or even Cincinnati. For in these large industrial centres, there lives a people scarcely different from the inhabitants of Manhattan or New London. To run true to type a Middle Westerner should live in Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, or any of a thousand small cities. And it is from the editorials of the journals which these towns read that one should form one's judgment of what the Middle West is thinking.

I select at random four. All of these papers before the war were classed as pacifistic, one was even blatant in its refusal to see any cause which could drag us into a European conflict. All at one time supported the McLemore Resolution. On domestic questions they differed, but on the question of war or peace, in January and February, 1917, they spoke for peace. By the end of June, 1917, they, like their communities, had had their eyes opened. What they are now thinking let these editorials indicate:

This is no time to debate with Germany's representatives her responsibility for the war. The peace terms offered her fix the guilt so far as is necessary at this time. She was the chief offender in the distillation of the militarism and imperialism that poisoned the air of Europe for half a century, and now she must pay, pay. Her spokesmen seek to excuse her cruelty and vengefulness by saying that they were committed in the heat of struggle and defense of national existence, but people with consciences do not do that, as evidenced by the actions of our boys. The one task apparently necessary to-day is to make Germany impotent for future harm, as in that way lies the one present assurance of peace.

An arrangement, doubtless containing many defects but remarkable for its general excellence, has been agreed to.

All that remains is for the defeated nation to accept and the United States to ratify. Here it is decided whether the world war is to end in world order or in world chaos. It is hard to believe that any

people or any politicians could be capable of dashing the world hope now so near to fulfillment. During the next thirty or sixty days this is finally to be determined. They are to be momentous days.

The armistice was signed in November. That is just six months ago. The peace conference met in January. Its actual work covered but four months. In that period it has reshaped the politics of the world and wrought out a peace adjustment remarkable for its justice—stern justice but yet justice. No group of men in all history had faced so extensive a task. Yet the work is done in less time than it usually takes an American congress to enact a tariff law.

There are people, some of them Americans, who know they could have settled the whole business by the day after Christmas. Maybe they could. Perhaps these same could have created the universe in one day instead of taking six, as the Creator is reputed to have done. Evidently, men of such miraculous powers have never had the luck to be on peace commissions. Much less do they seem to have had places on the peace commissions of the past than upon the peace commission of the present.

The corruption of Nietzsche sown in Germany has been reaped in corruption . . . Nietzsche died in a madhouse. The country he corrupted is facing a similar fate.

It is the almost Biblical and prophetic strain of this last that gives a significant hint. There is a strange consanguinity between the average citizen of the Middle West and the Puritan of New England and the ancient Crusader. The uncompromising zest with which the good business man of Iowa or Kansas launches himself into some social or economic reform because he fancies that in his opponent he has discovered, not an economic problem, but a limb of Satan, is *mutatis mutandis* not unlike the spirit of the merchants of Marblehead who hanged the "pyrat" Quelch for the glory of God, while they quietly went about their dealings in the merchandise fetched home by others who were lucky enough to steer clear of the law; or of the Crusader who grimly battled on the plains of Ascalon to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and brought home in sincere thrift the wealth of the Orient to deck his homes and churches.

There are idealists in the Middle West, like the old Puritans, like the ancient children of Israel, who smote Amalek and Agag because they worshipped strange gods. Their creed is usually simple—the line between good and evil is always rather sharply drawn. They live close to the times of the early pioneers when, in the simple problem for existence, things that were untoward, whether Indians or the processes of nature, must be faced with a simple resoluteness which never admitted any wavering or shuffling. Things were good or bad—the hazy line which to many people marks the delimitations of good and evil was to them unknown. And their

children have inherited this same simple statement, and this same simple solution, of the problem.

So they have attacked the problem of the saloon, by stating it in such simple and bold terms as admit of but one answer. The fact that many disagree with them weighs not a whit in their sense of responsibility to themselves and to the country at large. For in many of these matters their appeal is to the conscience, whether it agrees with their judgment or not. Matters are either morally right or morally wrong; and it is rather the civic conscience than the private conscience by which they judge. Curiously enough, the Middle West has gone a long way in the matter of standardizing conscience. Perhaps that phrase, as much as any other, will describe the great Middle West. It has a fairly well standardized conscience; and according to its dictates, it idealizes and condemns. It dislikes eccentricity of any kind, for any departure from the normal may involve moral turpitude; it abhors vagaries which sin on the side of excess, because these as certainly display a potential laxity of moral standards.

Hence, the Middle West is no friend to compromise when a principle seems at stake. In so purely an economic matter as that of moving a State capitol or county courthouse from one town to another, the moral question was raised—the legislators or county officials in the one place would be under more moral influences than at the other. There can be no compromise with Sunday amusements, with prohibition. It is a question of right or wrong. There can be no middle ground.

But the Middle West is pragmatic as well in its philosophy. The eternal conflict of right and wrong does not keep it from seeing clearly its own interests, and it will contrive that the right which has been chosen shall justify itself by its fruits. The Middle West is rich, exceedingly rich; once it was so poor that people even doubted if it could ever be self-sustaining; and it has determined that it shall never see again the lean years when in a last hope it set up an idol of Silver and offered the incense of Populism. Now it has seen that it can feed a world and profit exceedingly in the undertaking. It is and has been generous, it has cast its bread upon the waters, even where submarines abounded; and it has seen to it that the venture should be returned and immediately, bearing much interest.

The same generous but canny philanthropism is seen in the way the Middle West has taken to prohibition. It rescues from the drunkard's grave, and it counts the dollars the community gains by barter in articles that make for decency; so much beer and whiskey diverted and metamorphosed into shoes,

stockings, and respectable dresses instead of gingham; and so many more hours and so many more persons saved for lucrative labor.

So, now that the peace terms to Germany have been finally dictated, to be accepted or rejected, the Middle West as a whole approves. It had come, slowly to be sure, to recognize Germany to be the common enemy of mankind. It had learned to speak respectfully, almost religiously, of our ideal of democracy—a thing which before had been taken for granted. Though we recognized the worth of our allies and displayed on every possible occasion their flags, there was no peculiar warmth of sentiment for the personal wrongs of France or Great Britain or Italy. These nations were too distant to be raised far above the level of the abstract. We ourselves had suffered too little to have the war brought home to our own firesides; and our sons and brothers who went forth, went forth, it seemed, on an adventure to whose deadly nature we had closed our eyes. It might almost seem as though we of these Middle States could have had no great interests in the Peace Conference, or in the measure of the punishment to be meted out to the offender. Some even prophesied that in our sentimental natures we might have large room for forgiveness of a defeated and reorganized and partly democratic enemy.

Had the people of these States of the Mississippi Valley been wholly idealists, they might have been tricked by the German revolution to wish the new Government easier terms. There are some softer natures who see monstrous wrongs bound up in any possible punishment, and who can not reconcile the spirit that could curse the false leaders of Jerusalem with the spirit that said to the repentant sinner, "Go in peace and sin no more." But these people of the prairies detect a difference between the sinner who has harmed only herself and the one who made Israel to sin. They see through the mask of the revolution and catch the lineaments of the chief offender. They have not seen the spirit that would bring forth fruits meet for repentance. And hence they will exact such punishment as will make a repetition of the crime impossible. It is the same people speaking now that applauded the act of justice in the matter of Panama Canal tolls and the remission of the Boxer indemnity.

In the same way, they are ready to support the League of Nations, or any alliance with good Powers against the potentially evil. They are not oversanguine, for they realize, what they did not realize a trifle over two years ago, the essential instability of all institutions; but they will welcome any act that tends to some order in a world which so recently was reeling over chaos. It will

go hard with any Middle Western Senator or Representative who deliberately attempts to make the way hard for the Treaty by spurning at the League.

They have certain reservations. Perhaps it is because the whole matter is not yet presented. They have a real fear that somehow, somewhere, there has been juggling in the matter of Japan. The moral justice which was urged so inflexibly upon Italy had an orthodox ring, though the point in dispute might be obscure; but why, to another question which appeared to have so many points in common, should the answer be so palpably according to another formula? This difficulty, which may turn out to be not so slight after all, has troubled the Middle West, as doubtless it has the whole country.

Finally, there is approval of the terms because there appears in them the promise of a continuation, on an ever larger scale, of good business. The chief business of peace, they argue, is prosperity, and in the reconstruction that is to follow upon the signing of the terms they see a still greater development of this country's resources. They will feed Germany with wheat at two-fifty a bushel while Germany regains her feet and repairs the ravages in Belgium and France.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Dance of Death

For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith,
It hath in it some pith.

Quod Skelton Laureatus.

Proheme

Wherein is set forth the nature and purpose of the poem called the Dance of Death.

This book oweth its form to a desire to set the things of to-day at a remove and view them, as it were, in a perspective, to which end they have been transported and set down in the afar-off time of the early sixteenth century, that we may see them the more plainly by reason of the distance. To help in this the author has employed some of the old words, though not many, that were in use in the days of the laureate Skelton and the Morality plays. The meter, too, may appear harsh and displeasing to some by reason of its irregularity, but so it was used in those days and may not inappropriately be used in these for the mocking or satyric sort of poetry that is here attempted; which if the reader will declaim it aloud and rapidly he shall not miss the effect intended, which is of a torrent now fretted and hindered by the rocks, now tumbling headlong, but always going forward with a kind of resistless and exultant energy.

The Dance of Death is pictured on the walls of many churchly buildings in France and England, Germany and Switzerland,

with verses beneath setting forth how Death summons in turn each and every sort of man, much as is described in Death's second speech in this poem. Such verses were written in English by Dan John Lydgate, monk of Bury, for the pictures in old St. Paul's of London. But the best pictures were made by Johannes Holbein and may be seen in many books to-day.

Mors

Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
I am Death!
I dance and all follow,
All come at my hollo.
My mary-bones clank,
My chaps they are lank,
And my eye-sockets hollow.
Oh, ho! O, ho!
Musty, rusty, fusty, dusty,
Charnal, gibbet, and chains!
Oh, ho!
Come, dance! come!
To the dub-a-dub-dub of my maniac drum!

Mors imperat regibus

Maximis

Minimis

Denique omnibus.

So, stands it thus?

In this field full of folk

Doth none fear my stroke

And tremble at my decree?

Will no one cry out,

Not one of this rout,

"*Timor mortis conturbat me?*"

Is the world grown so bold

As to flout me? Behold,

I will make ye to shudder at me as of old!

We shall see!

Quod Death.

Pope and kayser I wont to call,

King eke and cardinal.

My lord the abbot,

The monk in his habit,

The bride at the altar,

The thief in his halter,

The fool and the wise,

The beggar sans eyes,

The rich from his lands

And the child in his hands.

With my glass I pass,

With my drum I come.

With harp and pipe and symphonie

I make my merry minstrelsie.

But the world goes astray;

It is not ordered after the old way.

'Tis true, I am fed:

Man lies him down in his bed,

And lo, daily I am full.

But his thought of me is dull;

He does not gibber and squeak,

And always of Death speak.

He goes about his affairs

And little for Death cares.

He is fat and at ease

And hath learned himself to please.

I, who was once king,

Am now but a sorry thing.

Lo, I will rouse me,

I will carouse me

In a mighty slaughter.

I will wade in blood like water,

Till I am feared once more

And honored as in days of yore.

I will gain awe-stricken praise

As in former days.

I will find a way.

Quod Death.

Mors et Imperator

Death: Wilhelm!

Wilhelm: *Wer bist du?*

Death: *Todt!*

Wilhelm: *Es helfe mir Gott in meiner Noth!*

Für mich?

Death: *Nein, Wilhelm, noch nicht.*

Wilhelm: *Was willst du? Der Todt deutsch spricht!*

Death: *Ja, natürlich!* Thou knowest, if thou art wise,

That High Deutsch was the speech of Paradise.*

Lucifer, my good friend,

With it did gain his end

When he tempted thy mother Eve.

He always speaks it, and by your leave,

Merely out of whim,

I learned it of him.

Wilhelm: Ja, kultur is full old.

And if Nimrod had not been bold

To build Babel Tower,

Would not at this hour

Deutsch be the speech

Of all and each

In the wide world?

Death: Thou hast right.

But his tower was down hurl'd.

Wilhelm: Then that work of Nimrod I rue.

Death: He hath left something for thee to do.

Wilhelm: So?

Death: Rome, Wilhelm, was a tall town;

A kayser wore its crown,

(Cæsar and kayser in Latin be all one)

And he had a full fair place in the sun.

(Here are some few matters omitted for this present.)

Wilhelm: Nothing I suggest.

Others shall force me, that were best.

Unwillingly I shall be led,

Reluctant the path I shall tread.

I shall weep when I behold

The slaughter of young and of old.

I shall have pity on the ruined town;

Myself in tears shall I drown.

For women raped I shall not sleep.

Death: Ay, marry, I shall not weep.

Quod Death.

Wilhelm: Nor I, long. Short and sharp

That is the tune I harp.

Fear carries the day

In the good German way.

Of the good German sword they shall have a taste

*Seriously contended by a German professor of former days.

And the world will be all German or all waste.

Death: Will your Germans go through to the end, I wonder?

Wilhelm: What German would not face even thee for plunder?

Death: What else?

Wilhelm: I will hold a draught of salt water to the world's lips;

I will sink some of their tall ships.

Death: Good, I will sell the tickets myself!

Quod Death.

Wilhelm: Here for us both is honor and pelf.

Strike hands, bony claw and mailed fist!

So, Death and Might have kissed.

If we fail—

Death: I fail not;

Nor thou if thou quail not.

But if she prove too strong—

Wilhelm: Who?

Death: Fortune, who hurls kings headlong.

If, I say, she prove our match,

I have a trick, Wilhelm, will snatch

Victory from defeat.

Go we now, I and thou, and drink deep and full eat.

Quod Death.

Explicit pars prima

Incipit pars secunda

Fortuna

Fortune men me call.

I turn on my ball,

I am never still,

Doing God's will.

I am ever fair;

But let those aloft beware;

For when they are grown too great;

And like a god in their state,

Then I turn my wheel

And my might they feel.

The golden crown

Comes tumbling down;

Low in the dust

It beggeth a crust.

Lucifer I hurled from the skies

And Adam from Paradise.

Nimrod that built so high,

Not a stone on its fellow doth lie.

Samson and Hercules so strong

Withsaid not my power long.

Alexander the Great hath got

But six feet of earth to his lot.

Julius Cæsar the emperor

How hath he less or more?

I let them strut their brave hour,

Then is their sweet turned to sour.

Trust me a moment and I turn

Laughing my blind woers to scorn.

The wretched, too, I will lift up

And fill the measure of their cup.

Let them once taste the pride of rule,

And I will make them eke my fool.

I make a king of the clown

And then as blithely hurl him down.

At tyrants aim I, all and any,
Have they one head, have they many.

Cantus Fortunæ

Turning, turning, ever turning,
Turning, turning, late or soon;
I'll not stay for all thy yearning,
I'll not go for all thy spurning,
Nothing stable here discerning,
Here beneath the journeying moon.
Take thy hour, 'tis all I offer;
Do not hoard my gold in coffer;
Wait not for a fairer proffer.
Once I go there's no returning,
Once I come there's no sojourning;
At my will I grant my boon.
Whither go I? That I know not.
Comes the time when that I go not?
Read my riddle if thou can!
Get thee wisdom, get thee learning,
Get thee beauty of thine earning,
Only thus, ere his inurning,
Comes the answer unto man.

Mors et Imperator

Death: Wilhelm!
Wilhelm: Art thou at last come again?
To see thee I am full fain.
This same Fortune is a jade;
I had my hand laid
On her garment's hem, but she es-
cape made
Quite out of my reach,
And, "Lo, this will thee teach!"
She gave me a shrewd box on the ear.
Behold, I am here!
We have failed. In vain on thee did I
cry.
Death: Thou hast failed, not I.
I have supped full. Much thanks.
Wilhelm: I would none of thy pranks.
Thou hast a promise made
At the last to give me aid.
Death: Ay, once more I will thee be-
friend
Now at the end.
Thou shalt not die in thy bed
But at thine army's head.
That, Wilhelm, were fine
And worthy of thy noble line.
There together we shall make play
Will be remembered many a day.
Wilhelm: Nein, nein, nein, nein! not
yet!
Like a pig for dread I sweat.
Something we may yet save;
Death, thy help I crave.
My counsellors were fools everyone,
My generals have wofully misdome.
But for nothing I greatly care,
So, Death, thou wilt me spare.
Death: Well, Wilhelm, I will not take
thee yet;
From thee little credit could I get.
Thou would'st make both of us,
No doubt, at the last ridiculous.
I will swallow thee when
Thy turn comes amid the common ruck
of men.

I will swallow thee, sword and sheath;
A bit of grit between my teeth,
(Mayhap the spike of thy helm)
Faugh, that was Wilhelm!
Wilhelm: But, Death, thou hadst yet an-
other device.
Thou couldst change all in a trice.
Destroy me my foes
Who against me rose,
Who sought to overwhelm
My peace-loving realm.
Death: Ay, it had clean gone from my
head.
I am well nigh surfeited.
Still, I will put it in proof,
But it shall not be for thy behoof.
I shall have no need of thee.
Wilhelm: Not me? Then whither shall
I flee?
Death: Whither thee likes thou mayst
depart.
Thou hast worthily done thy part.
Get thee to Holland, Hell, or Spain,
What matters it? *Auf wiedersehen!*
Booh!
Who-o-o-oh!
Harrú!
Be off, ere my dart I cast.
Whither so fast?
Wilhelm: Anywhere! Holland! Safety!
I ask not much!
Death: Wilt learn, Wilhelm, to sing in
Low Dutch?
High, low,
Wilhelm must go,
And nobody cares if he never comes
back!
O, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Explicit pars secunda.
Incipit pars tertia.

Mors et Fortuna

Fortune: A, ha, ha, ha, ha!
I have seen them all.
But this was the sorriest fall
That ever a prince made.
I grow weary of my trade.
Death, what of thy new plan?
Death: I will speak with yon laboring
man.
Come, form all in a row,
And merrily on we shall go.
Heartily take breath
For the new Dance of Death
O, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Yoick, hallaloo!
Who'll begin it? Who?
Here, fellow, wouldst be king?
Quod Death.

Mors et Operarius

Laborer: What have I to do with such a
thing?
I work at my trade,
And for that I am well paid.
House and land I own;
My half-acre is ploughed and sown.
I have books to read
Or a show to see instead.

I have wine and beer
To make me cheer.
My children are in school.
I were worse than a fool
To wish to be king.
Death: Here's one skills not in our reck-
oning.
Here, thou other fellow, wouldst be
king?

Quod Death.

Secundus Operarius

Second Laborer: Ay, that were a fine
thing.
Now it is ill-done:
The knaves have the money, good fel-
lows none.
I shall have all the pretty wenchens;
We shall not sit on benches,
But lie soft in a fine house
And there carouse.
Seven loaves will I sell for a penny
And the rich shall not have any.
I will dethrone this old god Mammon;
Everything shall be in common,
Save what I reserve for myself.
He who hath aught on the shelf
Is rich;
He may lie in a ditch.
And he who can write his name
May do the same.
When I am king the world will be well
bestead.
But first there is a deal of blood to
be shed
And a long account to settle.
Death: This fellow hath some mettle.
Without reason he can rime,
Though it were mouldy in Jack Cade's
time.
But he is too rude,
His thought is crude.
Who'll begin the new Dance of Death?
Hearken to what this peasant saith.
Quod Death.

Rusticus

Peasant: Give me land, give me food!
More it is not good.
The strong rob me of all I get;
Too long a slave have I sweat.
I will do what I can:
I would no longer be a beast but a
man.
Would any show me the way
I might win to a better day;
Else I would it were all at end.
Death: Meseems he alone of all would
welcome me as a friend.
Yet is he most apt
If it so happed
That he were cunningly led.
Quod Death.

Bolchevicus

Bolshevik: I am a Red.
With consuming love of mankind I
burn;
For universal brotherhood I yearn

I would destroy the old earth
That a better may have birth,
Without nation, army, or fleet,
And all shall be fair and sweet.
Neither rich nor any poor,
Nor shall a man bar his door.
But those who withstand me I destroy.
Come, moujik, my bully boy,
Burn and spill
To your heart's fill;
Plunder and kill
As ye will.
'Tis a bitter pill
To purge the world of its old ill.
When these throes are o'erpast
There shall be born at last
A world of peace that knows not the
sword,
And I, even I, shall be its lord!
Death: Yoick! this grows to it.
Mark how he goes to it!
I have not been thus entertained
Since my friend Terror reigned
In the days of that dainty queen
My lady Guillotine.
But these things they manage even
better than France.
Gup, rogues, who's next in the Dance?
Quod Death.

Germanus

German: Here is my best chance.
They have broken my lance,
And I have forgiven them all;
A Democrat I myself call.
But if me they mock
And too hard they knock,
If my escape they block,
I will give them a shock
I will threaten to run amok.
I will pull down England and France
And the rest. I say, on with this
Dance!
Death: O ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! I laugh!
Old Wilhelm gave me half,
But this is the best,
His dear people will give me the rest!
Come, who'll help?
Yelp, ye dogs, yelp!
Quod Death.

Internationalist *

Internationalist: I am Internationalist
known;
I love all lands but my own.
My country is always wrong,
That is the burden of my song.
Ill said of others I hold to be lies.
I will not believe what is before my
eyes,
I will believe only what is in my heart.
Death: Here's one hath with me lot and
part.
Neither do I know
High nor low,
Nation nor creed,

*Here faileth the author's slender store
of Latin. The Roman tongue liketh not
vague and indefinite terms.

All will not surfeit my greed
For Adam's seed.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Humanitarian

Humanitarian: I am thrilled to my
heart's core!
What could one wish more?
A world remade!
I am blissfully almost afraid!
What matters a little damage by the
way
So the underdog have his day?
Whither we go none may say,
But our joyous feet are set in the
way.
Grant man's noble instinct free play
And the world will keep high holiday.
Death: Here's one needs no spur.
In me he beholds the great Leveller.
My way is plain and flat;
Death is the world's first Democrat.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Puella

Thoughtful Damsel: I am a gentle maid;
I will lend my aid.
I will scratch and I will bite
And always for the vote fight.
Kindly and much will I speak
Of the gentle Bolshevik.
Of my wealth will I give
That these beautiful thoughts may
thrive.
Death: Here's one will us grace.
Welcome to a high place.
Since Eve's days
I have admired many of thy pretty
ways.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Corrector Morum

Reformer: Loudly did they bewail
When I said there should be no more
cakes and ale.
Having set our hand to the plough
Who would turn back now?
One demon we have scotched;
To stop now were to leave the business
botched.
Many dragons are there left to fight
For the white-plumed knight.
The world is not worth an old shoe
Till it doth do all as I do.
Death: Here's one will help at a
witch's brew.
Not I alone take my pleasures oddly;
Small choice 'twixt me and some of
the godly.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Magister

Professor: Youth by me is led.
I stand all things on their head.
We laugh together at them
And I say, Ahem! ahem!
And the facts blink,
With a sly wink,
Till my pupils are quite sure they
think,
And learn to despise
Whom the world thought wise
And hold as naught
What the world thought.
Come, my children, all in a row,
Hippety skippety, over we go!
Death: Here's one comes not alone.
Much fruit from the seed he hath
sown.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Actorum Editor

Journalist: What I write to-day the
world thinks the next.
I have a care to keep it sadly per-
plexed.
I say that it not knows
Who are its real foes.
I say that we do worse
Than they whom we curse.
I say that it should hear all sides
Or ere it decides
And that the other side
Is not as black as it's cried.
Or else my venom I spew
And make a great to-do
'Gainst all who think not as I do.
I know not what I desire,
But I set the pot on the fire
And keep all in a stir
And a whirl
And a blur,
With a "To the Editor: Sir,"
In hope that something may come of it
That will be good—some of it.
Death: Here's one we'd do ill without.
Loud and well shall he tout
For this my folly rout,
For the Dance, ho! of Death
Well shall he spend his breath.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Dives

Profiteer: Well, why not join in?
Heads or tails, lose or win!
A short life and a merry,
One bite of the cherry.
Make hay with the sun,
Harvest's soon done.
Skim the cream as it rises,
Life's full of surprises.
Take the profits in cash,
Soon comes the crash,
And the profits are—well—huge;
After me come the deluge!
Death: Here's one of the best!

He dances with zest
And whips on the rest.
Welcome, right welcome to the Dance;
Thou wilt it much advance.
Quod Death.

Civis

Plain citizen: I know not why I am
here;
To me all is not clear.
Mayhap had I taken thought
I would not thus be caught.
But "Had-I-wist" is a poor phrase;
Best dance in these piping days.
It is noyous to think it out.
I will join the rout.

Mors

Death: That fills out the line.
Now are they all mine.
Come, louder music and more!
Is not this a merry dancing-floor?
With good intentions 'tis paved o'er.
Round about,
In and out,
Weave the measure, raise the shout;
Dance we now a merry bout.
Quod Death.

Goes it not well,
Sooth to tell?
Here are brave playfellows for you, I
vow!
Who art thou?
HATE!
Thou comest not late!
And thou?
GREED!
Good speed, good speed!
Thou?
ENVY!
Hie thee, hie!
Thou?
WRATH!
Work here thy scath!
Thou?
LUST!
Thou comest just!
Thou?
HUNGER!
Wax stronger!
Thou?
WAR!
More and more!
Thou?
IGNORANCE!
Dance! dance!
And I?
DEATH!
Quod Death.

Mors et Fortuna

Fortune: This is as merry a crew
Of Fools as ever I knew.
The Land of Cockayne they think to
have found,
But it is to Narragonia they are
bound.
However they speed
They must reckon with me at need.

'Twill be a merry fall
When down comes all.
Death: Gup, jades, dance,
Merrily prance
With a gay countenance
After thy master Death.
And hearken to what he saith:
"When finished is this work
I am both sexton and clerk;
Good women all and men,
In manus meas, et caetera. Amen!"
Quod Death.
Explicit chorea machabaeorum.
Cy finist la danse macabre.
Here hath ending the dance of death.
Sed nondum erit finis.
Numerus stultorum est infinitus.
By St. Mary Gypsey,
Quod scripsi, scripsi.
Quod Skelton laureatus.
HARRY AYRES

Correspondence

Progress Based Upon Reason

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:
Ever since seeing, some weeks ago, the preliminary notice of your proposed publication, I have been looking forward with impatience to its appearance. There never was so great a need for the kind of thing THE REVIEW proposes to undertake as now, for, with our whole social and economic order shaken to its very foundations, there has never been so broad and so fertile a field for the demagogue and the hawk of poisonous political nostrums.

One clear ringing voice urging progress based upon reason and the lessons of experience among the maunderings and shriekings of sentimental or venomous radicalism may reach many who otherwise might be caught up and carried along in the current of destruction. Your statement of purposes, together with the names of those chosen to carry them out, gives every promise that the shallow and specious reasonings of visionaries are to be met with the deep and sound teachings of men of vision.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOUGHTY, JR.,
Professor in Government,
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass., May 10

The Opportunity for Sane Journalism

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:
My occupation is that of a stenographer, and most of my associates are working women, ranging in occupations from chambermaids to bookkeepers. I have a good opportunity to know what they think by what they say. This is the class of people that is most in need

of wholesome, nourishing, and sustaining mental food.

For some years I have tried to impress upon public-spirited men and women of my acquaintance the great need of wholesome journalism; but the answer to my argument has usually been that people are given what they want. Even if that is true, which I doubt, it is just like saying that a large family of children should be continuously and everlastingly fed on pickles and candy, simply because that is what they want.

When people are fed—daily, weekly, and monthly—on a highly seasoned, adulterated mental diet, their minds become poisoned and the effect is serious indeed.

I am watching and waiting for the fulfillment of my long-cherished hope, namely, a sane, just, and logical journalism. The work of the Rockefeller medical research institution pales into almost insignificance when compared with the great good that could be accomplished by the wholesome nourishment of the mind. So much impressed am I by this fact that gladly would I give a tenth of my income the rest of my life to be applied toward the establishment of such a type of journalism, conducted upon just as sincere and energetic lines as those upon which our vast medical research institutions are conducted.

FRANCES COOK
Los Angeles, Cal., May 9

Universal Brotherhood

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:
I am sending you my subscription to THE REVIEW as a patriotic duty on this anniversary of Patriots' Day. With it go my devout wishes for success in a loyal service to our country.

Your reference to the universal brotherhood that will "somehow emerge" leads me to hope that you will sometime set forth the forgotten fact that Christianity in its representative churches has never taught universal brotherhood. It has taught the exact contrary—the brotherhood of the faithful who have renounced the ways of the sinful and devoted themselves to a better life. Its principle is aristocratic in that sense, and it will not do to saddle on Christianity the sickly conception of indiscriminate love for criminals, brutes of vicious instincts, and all the pathological crew of degenerates. Admission to citizenship, civil or religious, must be earned, and must be maintained by discipline, obedience to law, loyalty to the point of self-sacrifice. Democratic in that its appeal is to all, it must be aristocratic in its selection—its rule the rule of the best. At least that is the ideal, for it has an ideal.

A. H. MORTON
Williamstown, Mass., April 19

Book Reviews

Germany's Former Ascendency

BISMARCK. By C. Grant Robertson, M.A., C.V.O. (Makers of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Basil Williams.) New York: Henry Holt and Company.

BEFORE the war English and American writers never thoroughly understood Bismarck. They never grasped the full significance of the forces at work in his creation of an empire. Even after 1864 and 1866 they remained blind to his extraordinary achievements in that decade—the patient manipulation of the new Bundesrat, the remorseless assimilation of the annexed provinces by the Prussian civil service, the solid concrete of science, research, and political thought laid by the intellectuals of National Liberalism and by the flower of the professoriate. The apostle of sweetness and light, Matthew Arnold, though praising Germany, because like the Italian Renaissance it strove to combine the humanities with science, believed the French army in 1870 would smash the Prussian. Carlyle's "Frederick," which appeared between 1858 and 1865, was a noble and brilliant contribution to historical literature, but the connection between the Frederick portrayed by Carlyle and the Prussia of the Age of Bismarck was not grasped by the generation that read Carlyle. Aside from the brief volumes by Headlam and Munroe Smith, all the biographies of Bismarck in English are essentially mediocre and entirely negligible; and Headlam wrote too soon after 1890 to appreciate Bismarck's later influence, which indeed he treats but scantily; while Munroe Smith was content merely to sketch in the outline without painting in the background and color.

So there was a fair field of opportunity open to Mr. Grant Robertson. Brilliantly has he embraced it. To be sure, he takes it for granted that his reader knows something of German history. He accordingly allows himself, in interpreting Bismarck, a wealth of stimulating allusions, brilliant metaphors, and sudden jumps in chronology. For this reason it was with some misgivings that the reviewer assigned the early chapters to a class of khaki-clad college boys just returned from France. A few days later one of them stopped after the lecture to exclaim with genuine and unusual enthusiasm: "Robertson doesn't just hand out the old stuff about Metternich and the Carlsbad Decrees. He makes Bismarck a live wire and makes me realize the problems he had to face as a young man." That apparently was the verdict of the whole class from the sophomores,

who were shaken out of indifference, to the graduate students, who quarreled for possession of a single copy.

Bismarck surely played as big a part in nineteenth century politics as did Gladstone or Disraeli. Mr. Robertson might have felt justified in filling three volumes, as did M. Paul Matter in his admirable "Bismarck et son Temps." We are glad he refrained, for fewer people would have read such an opus. Yet that there is less thought or less research in his single volume than in the tomes of Morley or Monypenny we greatly doubt. For part of the solid value of Mr. Robertson's book lies in the very sane and acute, but condensed, conclusions and judgments with which it bristles and to which he has given years of study and thought. It was virtually completed before 1914, and is, therefore, free from the warping effects of the war. His general attitude is well expressed in his comment at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War: "We may both detest and admire the achievement of Germany, but it is only ignorance that fails to recognize the solidity of the work on which German ascendency was based, and the futility of impeaching it except by a superiority in toil, in concentrated purpose, and sacrifice" (p. 302).

Only in one matter of importance does the author need correction. He gropes somewhat uncertainly in regard to Bismarck's Eastern policy in the '80s, and is unaware of the very secret "reinsurance treaty" of 1881, the triple alliance against radicalism and democracy represented by the autocrats of the German, Russian, and Austrian Empires. Bismarck himself in the spitefulness of retirement at Friedrichsruhe hinted in 1896 at a reinsurance treaty of 1884. But the original treaty of 1881 remained entirely unsuspected until the publication of extracts from Sabourov's papers in the *Nineteenth Century* (Dec., 1917) and until the Bolshevik revelations from the Russian archives made possible Goriainov's able article "The End of the Alliance of the Emperors" in the *American Historical Review* (Jan., 1918). He shows in detail how the treaty of 1881 originated and how the headstrong young Kaiser failed to renew it when dropping the pilot in 1890. William II thus removed the corner stone on which Bismarck's system rested; he caused the thing which Bismarck had always sought to prevent: an alliance between Russia and France.

Mr. Robertson rightly regards Bismarck's own statements in the Reichstag and especially in his later "Gedanken und Erinnerungen" with the greatest caution. He doubts, for instance, the veracity of the Chancellor's assertion that the Prussian militarists alone were responsible for the retention of Metz after 1870—that he himself

would have been content with Alsace and a strip of "German" Lorraine. "The contemporary evidence points to a wholly different conclusion. Bismarck was just as remorseless as the most truculent militarist at Headquarters" (p. 188). Neither will Mr. Robertson accept Bismarck's later disclaimers of responsibility for the cruel and unwise legislation in the *Kulturkampf*: "A scapegoat had to be found, and Falk, the hero of the National Liberals and the Radicals, served the convenient purpose of exculpating the Chancellor and affronting the parties with which Bismarck broke between 1878 and 1879. . . . As for the May Laws and Falk, as Bismarck said to Augustenburg in 1864, 'We can always wring the necks of the chickens we have ourselves hatched'" (pp. 329, 336). Of his dominating personality in general he writes: "In 1871 men felt what Goethe said of Napoleon I, 'You cannot beat him, the man is too strong for you.' Personal intercourse with the man heightened the hypnotism that Bismarck exercised. His personal diplomacy was a marvellous mixture of brutality, arrogance, and geniality, of patrician grandeur aided by the tricks of the card-sharper. A stab in the back came as easily from his vindictive rancour, as the great stroke that achieved a long-matured ideal" (p. 342).

The Mad English

EMINENT VICTORIANS. By Lytton Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE true principles of portrait painting were laid down by Cromwell in his cautions to Lely; and these Mr. Strachey has adopted in his pen portraits of four Victorian celebrities, Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Arnold of Rugby, and Chinese Gordon. Some may think that he has exaggerated the warts and wrinkles until the true likeness is lost, and that the result is sheer caricature. Others will welcome them with Teufelsdröckh's *cri de coeur*, "Truth! though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy." Four complex, rich, but vaguely-known personalities are here dissected with the careful skill of a demonstrator in spiritual anatomy, with the astounding result that these three men and one woman seem not dead but alive, even undying, and incapable of death.

Beyond the writer's own interest in them, no reason can be assigned for grouping together such a diversity of creatures as a soldier, a head master, a woman reformer, and a Roman cardinal. Yet they have a common term. According to their light, they took Christianity literally and applied its principles to

their lives. All have a singular intensity of character, the driving power of great convictions. "Allah created the English mad." The madness of these English was essentially religious, working itself out in various ways. Gordon is, of course, the most striking example; the others differed in degree, not in kind.

Unrelieved brilliancy is the note of the method and the style. The authorities in each case have been thoroughly assimilated. The completed study existed, one would say, in the author's brain, before his pen had written a word. It is all of one piece, poured at one casting into the predestined mould. Great pains must have been spent in burnishing, but the labor of the file is nowhere evident. The writing is distinctly "of the centre," polished, witty, ironic, luminous. With faith in any shape the author can have little sympathy; the inexhaustible material of Christianity gives him also scope for the solemn or covert sneer. His attitude towards his subjects is scientifically aloof. He is blind to none of their failings; he will gloss over none of their weaknesses; he will see them steadily and see them whole. It is the attitude of a modern Puck cynically concerned with the various folly of mortal men.

Failings they had in plenty. Manning was ambitious and intriguing, with an eye always to the main chance. Florence Nightingale had a vixenish temper. Gordon was insubordinate and half mad; in the solitudes of the tropics he consoled himself with brandy, as well as with the Bible. Arnold was a snobbish, limited thinker. There are warts and wrinkles in every face Mr. Strachey draws, but the artist well knew that these give the likeness of life. The smooth, retouched, conventional pictures of the impeccable prelate, the saintly Lady with the Lamp, the inspiring preacher of righteousness, the Christian hero dead in the far Soudan give place to Rembrandt-like portraits of recognizable, faulty, remarkable human beings.

Sentimental, one imagines, is Mr. Strachey's extreme of condemnation; enthusiasm of any sort his pet aversion. Yet in each of his characters there is something that compels his reluctant admiration. Before the stage of their achievements he sits an interested spectator, once or twice betrayed into moderate kid-gloved applause. Manning in his last days, swaying the dock laborers as the wind sways the weeds, Florence Nightingale bringing some human order out of the unspeakable horrors of Scutari, Arnold in Rugby Chapel, Gordon dying like so many of his clan, sword in hand in the city he could not save stir the reader's pulses even if they left the author cold.

Much more than the lives of these four comes into the saga. There are

admirable thumbnail sketches of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Sir Evelyn Baring, John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, Wilfrid Ward, Sidney Herbert, Arthur Clough, Lord Panmure. Greater matters are exposed with perfect clearness—the political aspect of the Catholic university for Ireland, the general course of the Oxford Movement, the conflicting currents in the Government which first sent Gordon to Khartoum, decided to let him stay there or escape as best he could, and then determined, too late, to rescue him. No people are more unsparing critics of themselves than the English. It is another manifestation of the national "madness," as it appears to foreigners. When Mr. Strachey quotes Arthur Rimbaud to the effect that the British policy in the Soudan wrought worse ruin than the Egyptians or the Turks, that Gordon was an idiot, and Wolseley an ass, he nowhere suggests disagreement with the verdict. But calm acceptance of such criticism suggests infinite reserves of national strength. It is not a sign of national weakness.

Guidance, light, truth is what the world needs. All readers of this fascinating book will hope that Mr. Strachey will continue his work, and furnish forth a whole gallery of such historical portraits.

The Bull-Fight

BLOOD AND SAND. (*Sangre y Arena.*) By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie, with an Introduction by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

O LÉ los mozos valientes! Viva España!

At last the American reading public has a translation—and a very excellent one it is—of "Sangre y Arena." Published just ten years ago, its almost reckless courage in striking openly at the sacrosanct traditions of tauromachy in its native land at once commanded general attention at home and abroad, in almost every civilized country, indeed, save ours. Here it required the stimulus of actuality in the great war novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," to attract our attention to the extensive production of one who, a full decade ago, was classed with the best of that Spanish school of novelists who were doing for their country in letters what Sorolla and Zuloaga were doing on canvas. To be made free of the company of Galdós, Clarín, Pio Baroja, Padre Coloma, Valdés, Pardo-Bazán—not to recall Pereda and Valera who had died only shortly before—is a certificate of high merit. How high, it is regrettable that there has been so lit-

tle opportunity for American readers to know. When the study of Spanish with a view to selling adding-machines and cod liver oil in South America shall have thoroughly permeated our High School systems there may be a greater number of us who will want to turn not only to Cervantes but also to the group of which Blasco Ibañez is one.

"Blood and Sand" is a study in the psychology of the bull-fighter or, more exactly, of the bull-fight itself. True, we have considerable minute information in regard to the *corridos* from classic sources. In George Ticknor's "Life and Journal" may be found a very complete account, sent in 1818 to his parents in Boston, which was afterwards expanded into an article for the *North American Review* of July, 1825. Théophile Gautier in his "Voyage en Espagne," 1840, familiar through repeated translations, has given a characteristically vivid account of the national sport; who could forget the epic figure of *El picador Sevilla*—and of the dying horse! The realist Prosper Mérimée in his turn left a detailed recital as clear and cold as any of his tales, while more recently the late John Hay, in that delightful book, "Castilian Days," has given us a chapter which well deserves another reading. On the psychology of the bull-fight one may consult with satisfaction the fine essays of Georges Lecompte in his volume "Espagne" (Paris, 1896). And they are not all. But all these accounts give the view from without. And however much one's reason, ethics, and education may protest, one is nevertheless under the spell of one's author; swayed by his argument and description, one is apt to palliate what one can not personally deny. To Gautier "une course de taureaux est un des plus beaux spectacles que l'homme puisse imaginer," and so for the majority of foreign writers it has continued to be—picturesque, barbaric, strange as the dance of the Seises (the altar boys) before the high altar in the cathedral of Seville on Corpus Christi, probably the most brilliant and dramatic spectacle this world has still to offer. *Cosas de España!*

With some of the *toreros*, the *toreadors* of Spanish as she is spoke, books or chance visits to the arena have brought us some sort of acquaintance. Pepe-Illo, a tauromatistic man of letters as well as a proficient *espada*, the friend of the Duchess of Alba and of Goya who etched his death, died with his boots—or rather slippers—on in the last great battle with a bull as famous as himself. Then there was Martinche who awaited the bull's charge seated, with shackled feet, upon a chair. There was the celebrated lady picador, Cereguela, and the master Montes. Some of us still remember Bomba and Fuentes in the flesh, while more still may have seen the youth-

ful Bombita, the idol of the last generation. Yet all this, again, is from the spectators' gallery. "Blood and Sand," however, admits us, as it were, behind the scenes, or, in the vernacular, *entre bastidores*.

The story—a sort of pseudo-biography based, in part at least, upon the career of a certain Frascuelo—carries the popular *espada* Juan Gallardo from the heyday of his triumphs, when he "kills everything they throw out to him," "putting the bulls into his pocket," to the time when, weakened by wounds and dissipation, fear has gradually taken possession of his very soul—a fear as cold and ghastly as any ever conceived by Maupassant—making his arm unsteady and his will "to lean up against them" weak. But his professional pride, the *verguenza torera*, holds him to his work despite the jeering and cursing of the crowd. The bull's horn—thus he dies. The plot is almost negligible. The action moves rapidly in a series of great tableaux—a sort of "*torero's* progress, à la Goya. The *milieu*, abounding in magnificent descriptions, every detail true to the fact, is sumptuous enough to have satisfied even Gautier. Yet its truth needs to be defended against those who exclaim, "Exaggeration! caricature! *mentira!*" It is but too true. Not primarily for the faithful were excursions run annually from Paris and the north for the Holy Week celebrations at Seville.

The author's serious purpose appears in the interview between the successful and dissolute Gallardo and the bandit Plumitas.

"Everybody knows his own business, Señor Juan," Plumitas continued as if he guessed the matador's thoughts. "We both live by killing: you kill bulls and I kill men. The only difference is that you are rich and carry off the palms and beautiful women while I often rage with hunger. . . . I believe that we have come too late into this world. What things men of valor and enterprise like ourselves might have done in former days! You would not have been killing bulls, neither should I have been wandering over the country hunted like a wild beast. We might have been viceroys, archipampanos or something great across the seas. Have you ever heard of Pizarro, Señor Juan? . . . I repeat, we were born too late. The gates are closed upon poor men; the Spaniard does not know where to go or what to do. All the places where he might have spread have been appropriated by the English or other countries. I who might have been a king in America or elsewhere am proclaimed an outlaw, and they even call me a thief. You, who are a brave man, kill bulls and carry off the palms, still I know many who look upon the *torero's* profession as a low one."

Gallardo is to appear in his native town at the great performance of the year, *la corrida de la Resurrección*. He is knocked down and trampled by the bull and only saved from death by the devoted courage of his friend the bande-

rellero, *El Nacional*. It is a splendid passage. Consternation fills the land; newspapers get out special editions; guards are hurriedly placed about the Plaza to keep the crowd, anxious for news, from storming the infirmary. But he recovers, slowly. And as he lies upon his bed of suffering he listens to a long conversation on the history and ethics of tauromachy between his doctor, Ruiz, and *El Nacional*, who, despite the fact that he works mechanically at his job, scorns the calling and sees in it only another evidence of his country's degeneracy. This passage has been excised by the translator, perhaps at the command of the publishers. It is of prime importance, however, as showing exactly what Ibañez thinks of the bullfight. Not to give it is to refuse to listen to the author in his most earnest moments, when in return for the entertainment he offers he asks for a few minutes of serious thought from his public.

When it is all over and the *chulos* bear away the mangled body, untenanted by its despairing spirit, we hear the yelling of the crowd demanding that the sport go on. "It was the roaring of the wild beast, the true and only one." It helps, perhaps, in understanding the courage of Blasco Ibañez in thus attacking the cherished atrocity of his native land, to look at his almost heroic portrait by Sorolla in the Hispanic Museum. The book and the picture complement and explain each other.

Olé los hombres valientes! Viva España!

The Lot of American Wives

HIS WIFE'S JOB. By Grace Sartwell Mason. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

DIVERGING ROADS. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: The Century Company.

THE SEE-SAW. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

OUR women novelists continue to be very busy with the lot of American wives, especially the wives of the hustling young business men, the makers and spenders. Anne Henderson in "His Wife's Job" is presented frankly as a type: "All over the country there were hundreds, yes, thousands like her, wives of high-salaried young men who were neither of the overworked laboring class nor of the equally overworked moneyed world. They were born and spent all their days in the temperate zone of human endeavor. They went from a father's providing hand to a husband's protection, and the winds were tempered to them from the cradle to the grave." Sleek parasites, childless and carefully

"groomed" darlings of the matinée and the bridge-party: one would think they might have learned to see and despise themselves in the mirror of current fiction. Alas, the novelists and our own observation show them to be pretty numerous still. What shall they do to be saved? They have been told often enough. They must make themselves of some use in the world. As to the means, authorities differ. We have the old-fashioned counsel of writers like Kathleen Norris, who urge a return to nature, to motherhood and housewifery, and we have the fresher and somewhat shriller exhortations of story-tellers like Gertrude Atherton, who are all for "economic independence" and the lure of the job, both as something to do and by way of hint to the lord of the harem as to "where he gets off." A favorite solution of late has been the development of some sort of partnership in labor between the married pair. Miss Mason employs it in "His Wife's Job," the war proving a godsend, as with most recent stories, in the working-out of the plot. Anne is the silly pretty girl-wife, whose husband has married her with the avowed purpose of spoiling her and has made a thorough success of it. She spends as fast as he earns, so that when after seven years his chance comes to pass from salaried man to partner in a thriving business, the bit of capital necessary is lacking. This is unpleasant for Roger, and for once he allows it to be unpleasant for Anne. He spends a night "walking around his House of Life." It is in a sad mess; but what to do?—Ha! There is a war on, come to think of it. On with the war! With Roger comforting his soul at the front, Anne has her problem still to settle. According to the latest recipe, to be sure, she would follow Roger's example, don a Red Cross costume, and presently find Roger, not too gravely damaged, in a hospital somewhere "over there." Not so Anne: her escape is to be by way of another popular exit, "economic independence." That is the cause to which, being alone and bored, she is impelled to devote herself. After a fiasco as an amateur shop-keeper (an enterprise financed, not without precedent, by an elderly rake of a millionaire), she finds a humble place with her husband's former employers; "makes good" there, and becomes her husband's business partner in an important after-the-war enterprise. "His partner! She felt, as she walked along beside him, as if they had discovered the secret rhythm of the world, and were moving joyously in touch with it." They still have no children and no thoughts of them unless as potential intruders, one supposes, who might well interfere with that newer source of wedded rhythm, a business partnership.

There appear to be three "Diverging Roads" in the novel of that title, all of which beckon the Helen Davies of the tale. They may be called Pleasure, Shelter, and Independence. Helen is the sufficiently nice girl in the hopelessly humdrum small town—California happens to contain it, but any other of our States might, in so far as it concerns us. A decent, plodding lad of the town attracts her, in the name of his youth and sex. But she has no intention of waiting for his slow fortunes in her poor home. She aspires to a job, studies telegraphy, becomes a hotel operator in San Francisco, falls in with a gay vulgar crowd which offers her pleasure: meets and is carried off by a magnetic male, a promoter. They go through the marriage ceremony, but none the less her position is that of his mistress. After some years, he duly deserts her, whereupon she becomes, in fairly short order, a successful business woman. Meanwhile the plodding lover of her youth has moved upward; he is still faithful and, jaded by her effort and moved by real affection for him, she promises to be his wife. Here, according to the standards of the woman's magazine—a quaint fact for those who have begun to doubt the eternal feminine—the story should end. Home! Home and peace and children for the woman worn with passion and with toil. However, our author does not see it in that way. The third road is still open. Already to employ her energies, after her voluntary retirement from business, she has turned her hand to journalism and even "made good" at it, in a preliminary way. She joins a group of "newspaper girls" and other skirted bachelors of aggressive independence. We leave her embarking for the Far East, as a newspaper correspondent in war-time. Is she getting her cake at last? Or leaving it behind? She seems hardly to know. On the whole, she believes the plodding one has really loved not her, but the girl she used to be. He will find some one to fit that memory, with herself out of the way: "That's why it hurt me so!" she thought with sudden illumination. "Not because I wanted him, but because I wanted to be all that I had been, and to have all that I have missed and never will have. Marriage and home and children. No, I can't ever fit into it now. But—there's all the world, all the world outside, waiting for me!" Her thoughts turned forward to it.

Not for naught is the author of "The See-Saw" managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. She knows that nothing is so dear to the heart of the new woman (and her consort) as the old one; that however fashions may change, the Amelia Sedleys will never be strange and brilliant chances to be

be out of date; and that though there won in "the story-writing game," the one "sure bet" is the story based upon sweet woman suffering at the caprice of masterful man. Marcia Crossey is yet another modern Griselda who wins to her final reward by sheer meekness and waiting. Otherwise the Amelia analogy is better; for Harleth Crossey is little more than an Osborne Americanized and commercialized, while his Leila is a highly colored Becky of the tango period (and Marcia's absurd faithful Jennings is nothing if not a Dobbin). Harleth "goes the pace," a brilliant money-maker, a feverish hunter for pleasure, the type of man to be bored with a good and beautiful wife, and an easy dupe for the Leilas. Leila happens to be his step-mother, but a pair of divorces take care of all that. Harleth soon learns what a fool he has been and, fortunately for him, Leila is sufficiently a bad one to take herself off his hands presently, for the sake of a richer man. The rest is easy. All Harleth has to do is to find Marcia, to tell her that she is the only woman he has ever really loved, and to groan, "If you've changed—then there's nothing steady in the world." . . . "She could not deny him. What was there in the world without her, he had asked. And what was there in the world for her without him? . . . She leaned toward him and stretched out her hands to him, tenderly, loyally: 'I haven't changed,' she said. 'I haven't changed. I'm your wife—always.'" Let us not affect to laugh at this. Marcia is a real type and this is a true situation. The perennial tale is well if not subtly retold. Harleth is a stumbling-block to the male reader. Why does the woman novelist of choice take a cad for hero? Because she does not know a cad when she sees one, as we males allege? Or because all males *are* really cads, and only woman is man enough to admit it?

H. W. BOYNTON

An Object-Lesson for Socialists

BOLSHEVISM. By John Spargo. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. SPARGO'S account of Bolshevism is a useful book in these days. It has caused much commotion among our "little groups of serious thinkers" who have made "parlor Bolshevism" so popular a fad in New York this year. Mr. Spargo may justly claim to share with "Babushka" the distinction of excommunication from the company of truly "forward looking" and "socially minded" folk. "Babushka's" age may perhaps excuse her somewhat, but what excuse shall Mr. Spargo find?

It is a useful book because it contains

the facts concerning Bolshevik Russia stated in an orderly way and is reasonably well documented. It is doubly useful because it is written by a Socialist of the orthodox type and therefore will reach many and convince many who would not read such a book if it were written by a "bourgeois" person. It is a highly significant book in these times, for it shows how the wind blows and does it in a manner that leaves no room for doubt.

Mr. Spargo has shown in his writings on Socialism a very keen sense for the weak spots in the Socialist platform. He has been among the American group of writers the nearest to a "trimmer" that Socialist literature reveals. His "Marxian Socialism and Religion" is unique among Socialist books for its frantic attempts to reconcile the unreconcilable, and compromise contraries. This makes the more interesting his vigorous effort to detach Bolshevism from Socialism and to clear the skirts of the latter from the excesses of the former—also to rescue orthodox Socialism from the fate that he evidently apprehends for Bolshevism.

The argument is well arranged and Mr. Spargo has no difficulty in showing how completely Bolshevism is at war with "Democracy." But to one who has read Mr. Spargo's own books on Socialism and the books of other orthodox writers of the party it is easy to see that between the present condition of things in Russia and the principles of Marx there is very little *real* difference. The rule of the proletariat, as Lenin and Trotsky see it, is only necessary in order to establish the "classless" commonwealth. As soon as *all* the people are proletarian workers, all will vote, and then the community will be "democratic." Abolition of class, according to the Marxian creed, is an indispensable preliminary to the final stage of human society; while class persists, there is class struggle, and the famous Hegelian process is still short of its final synthesis—the coöperative Commonwealth. Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky are merely helping along the Hegelian process! One cannot avoid feeling that Mr. Spargo's concern over Bolshevism—apart, of course, from a natural and proper aversion on his part to its criminal excesses and cruelties—is that it is furnishing a very dangerous object-lesson as to Socialism itself and what we might expect Socialism to be in action or, at least, in getting into action!

However, as we have said, it is an interesting book and well worth while, quite apart from its esoteric significance, and we are glad to be able to recommend it to the public. The reactions that it is exciting among our long-haired *intelligenzia* are good testimony to its merits as a statement of facts.

The Run of the Shelves

IN a book by a college president, which undertakes among other things to sketch the outlines of the future American college, we can not forbear to linger over a little vignette describing past conditions which we are earnestly invited to abjure.

Thus, the early Middle Ages conceived education as ability to read and write the ancient languages, because this power gave to the clergy their exalted position above the masses, a tradition which has persisted in a measure until to-day.

Concerning so pretty a formula, so commodious a basis on which to found the educational structure of the future, it seems almost a pity to remark that it comes about as near the truth as some statement to the effect that the twentieth century American gentleman habitually wears a full suit of chain mail, both to protect himself against the arrows of the Indians and to exhibit his superiority to the proletariat, who are clothed only in leather jerkins. Any one to whom the Middle Ages is something more than a catchword for the dark backward and abysm of time may amuse himself with a picture of John of Salisbury, to name one of the most enlightened of thirteenth century clerics, solemnly spouting Sophocles to the gaping "lewd". The thing is grotesquely impossible. If for "ancient languages" our modern educational authority had said merely "Latin" he would have been measurably nearer the truth, for doubtless the mediæval preacher, when he could be got to preach, did sometimes saffron his discourse with tags of Latin to the edification of the vulgar. But the ordinary arts course in the mediæval university, and by no means all the real scholars were members of a university, did not consist of the unrelieved study of Latin texts directed toward the attainment of some superior sort of culture. The mediæval clerk learned enough colloquial Latin in the grammar school to enable him to move about in the cosmopolitan society of the university where Latin was of necessity the only common medium. Once at the university we may be sure he proceeded to "drop Latin" as a study and went hard at what he regarded his proper business, dialectic, medicine, law, more rarely theology. How to meet a drift toward the practical, the immediately remunerative, was as much a problem then as now.

In a recent series of thoughtful war essays, "Volleys from a Non-Combatant," Mr. William Roscoe Thayer has inserted two of his war lyrics, "France: 1916" and "Let Foch Decide." The practice of mixing prose and verse from

the same hand in a single volume seems natural and blameless. Why is it so rare? There is Boethius, doubtless, with his proses and metres, and there is Dante with his alternations in the "Vita Nuova." There are Elizabethan transitions where prose blossoms into poetry like Aaron's rod or poetry shrivels into prose like the withering fig-tree. But, in a broad view, verse and prose have held aloof from each other almost as distrustfully as artists and bourgeois. In complete editions of masters in both forms, we break chronology, even in these days when chronology is sacred, to save prose and verse from the embarrassment of propinquity.

But the notion that a volume from one hand should be wholly prose or wholly verse has no hold upon our reason at all proportional to its grip on our habits and feelings. Is the partition warranted? Would not poetry, in particular, gain by interspersing with prose? If, as people say, poems are concentrations, should not these concentrations be spaced and distributed rather than massed? Isn't Mr. Thayer sound in his departure?

Mr. George Pierce Baker, of Harvard University, has recently published a manual of "Dramatic Technique." The book will be reviewed later; for the moment it suggests a remark or two on the duplication of labor in manuals. A few years ago Mr. William Archer published an excellent treatise on "Play-Making." Let us suppose provisionally that Mr. Baker's book is quite as good as Mr. Archer's. Why two books? I am not blaming Mr. Baker in the least. Mr. Archer's priority can not invest him with any rights or impose upon Mr. Baker any obligations. I speak in the interest of the world which numbers both Mr. Archer and Mr. Baker among its servants. In civic and private life, when a job has been well done, we wait for time to undo it before we undertake to re-do it. A householder who has slated his roof does not re-slate it till time has proved the inefficiency or worn out the efficiency of the first labor.

The principle scarcely applies to sciences like physics or chemistry where the advance of knowledge outruns and disables the text-book. There can be no permanent chart of a shifting frontier. But dramatic technique belongs to a different class. It is a branch of rhetoric, and rhetoric is prevalently stationary. Although no science, in our own time, is more fickle and volatile in its text-books, in this point it possibly resembles the man, who, unable to rebuild his house like his neighbors, should repaint it every year to produce the appearance of novelty. Where is the need of two competent manuals of whist or chess or arithmetic or fencing or dramatic tech-

nique? There will be differences, of course, but differences must be subsidiary, since the teaching of a practical art rests on the assumption that practice is uniform and ascertainable.

Mr. Francis W. Kelsey, in a fresh edition of Cæsar's "Commentaries," refers aptly enough to the novel interest which the world-war confers upon that martial classic. Schoolboys once fought their way inch by inch through the barbed-wire entanglement of its involved and baffling syntax. Some of them have learned since what it meant to fight their way almost foot by foot on Cæsar's battlefields through difficulties which made the prowess of Rome seem almost as boyish as their own wrestlings with the Latin tongue. The contrasts, like the analogies, are striking. Cæsar fought like America against Germans, but he fought for empire, for militant and arrogant organization, the spirit which the modern Cæsar (or Kaiser) embodied no less clearly in the forms of his policy than in the syllables of his name. The difference lay in the fact that Cæsar was greater than his side or his part; the present Kaiser has been less.

Drama

Peninsular and Oriental— Benavente and Kalidasa

NEW YORK, the manifold, becomes a particle of Cathay in the presentation of Shakuntala at the Greenwich Village Theatre. I brought fresh if untrained eyes to its succinct auditorium, and found my pleasure in the warmth of its curtains a little cooled by the bleakness of its woodwork. At 8.40 two stage curtains went up, and from the solemn folds of a third, in which duns and purples met like asceticisms and carnalities in an Oriental cultus, the first hermit stepped forth to deliver the initial prayer in tones of unrivaled modulation. The story is enswathed with prologues almost as effectually as the stage with curtains. The stage-manager now appears in person in desultory converse with an actress-cantatrice—a device which Goethe, who reveled in "Shakuntala," may have distantly repeated in the Director-Poet prologue of his "Faust." From this point onward, spectacle, often if not always beautiful, dominates the play. The points that enrich the memory are the forest scene of Act I, the parable rather than the replica of a vine-hung Eastern wood, and the precipice or abyss of sky which supplies a vivid background to the court scenes of Act III. The word "spectacle" is too narrow for the truth. The ear is courted

by devious and dreamy melodies mostly off-stage, and even the nostril is proffered the blandishment of incense.

Meanwhile, the story, the drama, becomes, in this American representation at least, a sort of background to the picture. There are penalties and barter in these things. When picture, as in "Shakuntala," becomes half articulate, speech may become a decorative tracery or fresco. Tone usurps the place of words; the words, indeed, in the celerity of packed and eager utterance, were often hardly distinguishable. "Shakuntala" has been described in the advertisements as the "Romeo and Juliet" of the Hindoos. As read, it partly justifies this praise, but what we get in the Greenwich Theatre is not so much the fire of love as the beautiful, hand-painted screen which protects our vision from that fire. The story, at best, is slight. Shakuntala, informally wedded to King Dushyanta, sets out to seek her royal consort with the sign of their wedlock on her finger and its fruit in her womb. The monarch is all loyalty and bounty, but a vindictive priest-enchanter, whom some one has omitted to welcome, has blurred his eyesight and darkened his memory. Shakuntala has lost the ring which should dispel misunderstanding, and happiness is for the moment blocked; but a chain of circumstances, in which a fish with an appetite for rings, a breadwinner whose quest is fish, and two police officers whose prey is fishermen, are the agreeable, if somewhat improbable, links, restores memory to Dushyanta and honor to Shakuntala. The text of the play is not before me, but I should say from memory that the acting version rejects half of the original. So fearless an abridgment should straighten out a meandering plan, but excisions made in the interest of spectacle can not insure the solidarity of drama. Reduction may even bring out disparity, as an uncongenial trio is less at ease than an ill-assorted group of twelve or twenty persons. For example, the beautiful but absurdly misplaced dance of Miss Grace Cristie in the second scene of Act IV would be less glaringly irrelevant in a larger and more loosely comprehensive drama in which the jungle of episodes would as jungle partly justify itself.

The best acting is perhaps that of Mr. Geoffrey Stein in the part of the jester. Years ago, in reading "Shakuntala," I found the same surprise and joy in the discovery of racy humor in this voluptuous Hindoo idyl that I should have had in cutting an Indian palm and finding that it exuded the tars and pitches of our northern woods. The other night I felt the humor less in the text itself than in the richly tinted burlesque of Mr. Stein's expertly varied tones. Mr. Joseph Macaulay makes a very acceptable King Dushyanta, though he acts

the paragon too evidently, and his saccharine facial expression is repeated in the conserve of his speech. With Miss Beatrice Prentice as Shakuntala my contentment was not absolute. She crept and drooped and coiled and clung, as if she were acting, not a woman, but the *jasmin* to which she was so perseveringly compared. The other parts were competent; the actors are trained elocutionists. Their elocution is good, except where they have been overtrained, and their silences are masterly.

The "Bonds of Interest" purports to tell how a nominal servant, whose relation to his nominal master is partly that of Phormio to Antipho in Terence or of Iago to Roderigo in Shakespeare, secures a fortune and a beauty for this master by yoking the self-interest of other persons to his designs. But the fellow, like Iago, is as much jester and philosopher as rogue, and the roguery is so close to sport that neither Benavente nor Crispin (the servant) has tasked himself to make the tricks ingenious. Indeed, the poor Crispin is made a pauper even in brains by the acceptance of an alms from fortuity in the form of a previous acquaintance with the iniquities of Polichinelle. The insouciance of both author and trickster has its danger; the farce that becomes its own butt may become its own enemy.

Beneath all these levities is a serious idea, which may be roughly formulated thus: Knave and good fellow are not divisions of mankind, but compartments in every individual; or, if you please, a rogue lurks in every gentleman, as a gentleman hides in every rogue. Such a dictum is no doubt as demoralizing to rogues as it is sanative for gentlemen, but, taken broadly, its truth and modernity are hardly questionable; it is almost the flower of our age's insight. But Benavente has not dramatized his theme. The moral is not *stirred in*, to borrow a phrase from cookery, but forms a clot or curd of doctrine, apparent chiefly in two notable but intruded speeches, that of Silvia in the conclusion, and that of Crispin to Columbine in Act II. In these intrusions the play really culminates. The situation is peculiar; a play that culminates in its excrescences might almost as well culminate between the acts.

I have still a third quarrel with the conduct of the drama. Benavente tells us that his characters are puppets unearthed from the fading repertory of the grotesque "commedia dell'arte." Now a dramatist may stage puppets, if he likes, just as a painter may paint shadows. He may even stage puppets and realities in the same play, as a painter may include trees and shadows of trees in the same picture. But I disown the painter who so paints trees and shadows

that I can not tell where tree ends and shadow begins, and I reject the dramatist in whom the line between puppets and actualities is undiscernible. That is Benavente's fault. We are introduced to the half-world, the artistic demi-monde. The whole play is shifting and equivocal. The anomaly extends to Crispin himself, who figures sometimes as the most agile of the puppets, sometimes as showman.

I am bound perhaps to try to reconcile the unflinching and eager acceptance which this play finds among Spaniards and their kin with my own sense of its dramatic futility. The following may serve at least as makeshift. The Spaniards are divided between the romantic extravagance of their dreams or ideals and the cynicism of their perceptions. The contrast shows itself in other races; but in other races the two elements form an understanding; they sign a protocol, if not a peace. In the Spaniard the separation of these elements is complete; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza shout helplessly at each other from opposite sides of an indestructible and impenetrable wall. Now I do not think that Benavente broke down this partition; he merely hacked at it with an ax. But that partition has been for so many centuries a bewilderment and torment to the race that the sight of any effort to break it down is an inspiration and delight to every Spaniard.

The Theatre Guild in the Garrick Theatre gave a studious and shapely, if here and there somewhat overstressed, performance of the Benavente play. Mr. Augustine Duncan as Crispin owes his colleagues an apology for the oblivion in which they are swept by the vitality and resourcefulness of his portrayal. I think his playing better than his part, better by a wide margin than the play. Indeed the play is to him what Leander is to Crispin, a feeble thing transfused at moments with the glow of an imparted vigor. I thought at first that it was Mr. Duncan's office to give us gusto in horse-play, and I prepared myself to savor the gusto while I deprecated the horse-play. But as the drama went on and the calls upon Mr. Duncan became more varied, more delicate, and more exacting, I rejoiced increasingly in the versatility and perspicacity of his response. His Crispin finally became what for me, at least, Benavente's Crispin had never been, the embodiment of Nature herself, Nature *entremetteuse*, midwife, and stewardess, sly, jovial, audacious, unscrupulous, humoring man with toy idealism and gimcrack sentiment while guiding him steadily to those material issues on which her heart is set. Man's law may be other and higher; I am speaking now of Nature's.

This review would shirk a duty and miss a pleasure if it omitted a cordial

reference to the able if unequal work of Mr. Rollo Peters as designer of settings. The mushroom landscape of the first act pleased me less than the slightly cloying charm of the background in Act II, and far less than the noble interior scene of Act III, satisfying the eye like the rich sobriety of antique vellum.

O. W. FIRKINS

Jazz

THIS word, so compact in form, yet with a world of suggestion held within its four letters, has but recently been admitted to full membership in our language. The events of the last two years have given so great an introduction and impetus to the little symbol that it has won its way to almost universal recognition by the sheer force of its expressive quality. The special phenomenon which it so succinctly denotes is not new in the world, but new to us in the United States, and through us, to at least two of our great allies, Great Britain and France. I have just read in the *New York Times*, in a short article telling of the death of one of its most famous exponents, Lieutenant "Jimmy" Europe, that General Gouraud, according to rumor, would travel a hundred miles, risking a military defeat by his absence from headquarters, in order to hear Europe's "Jazz Band." A new phenomenon with an appeal so potent as to produce even this hearsay surely deserves analysis.

Just what is jazz? In striving to answer this query, I can not hope to imitate the admirable brevity of the word. Jazz is ordered and calculated noise. It is a compound of qualities, both rhythmic and melodic. It seeks, and with absolute success be it said, to sweep from our minds all simultaneous consideration of other things, and to focus our attention upon its own mad, whirling, involved self. Herein lies a large part of its compelling force and appeal. It may well be that General Gouraud could find the hideous load of responsibility lightened, perhaps even put aside for the moment, as he listened to Europe's jazzing, and that he felt his pulse responding to the virile rhythm, and his emotions joining in the rush of the humorous care-free mood. Certain it is that our doughboys, fresh from the trenches, with days and weeks of grim endeavor and physical strain behind them, turned to the jazz furnished by their bands and found in it relaxation and solace and cheer which enabled them to forget what was past and to abandon themselves wholeheartedly to the joyous hilarity of the present moment.

There is not the slightest doubt that in this maelstrom of rhythm there

abides a powerful tonic effect. Through the medium of the physical, it reaches and influences the psychological attitude. I have been convinced of the truth of this fact by personal experience, undergone not once but many times. Exhibit A, in my own case, might perhaps be my Victrola's rendering of the record of Joseph Smith's Orchestra, playing the "Havanola" fox-trot. While naturally of an optimistic temperament, I am not immune to the raids of mental and physical exhaustion. Scores of times I have been reanimated by the "Havanola," even when I seemed to be going down for the third time. Now, compared to a jazz band, my disk is as a violet to a sunflower. Its effect is, however, out of all proportion to its size.

The component elements of jazz are rhythm, melody, and a certain modicum of contrapuntal inner voices. But the greatest of these is rhythm. The right jazz band starts out to "get you" and leaves nothing to chance. It is fairly well established that only an oyster can resist the appeal of syncopated rhythm when it is performed with masterful abandon—abandon which absolutely controls dynamic gradations and vital accents.

The howitzers of the jazz band's artillery are stationed in the "traps." Under this heading we find all the instruments of percussion, such as the big drum, the snare drum, cymbals, triangle, wooden blocks played upon with drumsticks, xylophone, cowbells, rattles, whistles for the production of various weird noises, and a host of other implements, often the personal conceptions of individual players of the traps. The trombones may represent field guns, while the clarinets, oboes, saxophones, alto horns, and cornets furnish the rapid-fire batteries. The range being point-blank, it is easy to see why the effect of the "drum-fire" is complete!

The melody will always be borne by sufficient instruments to ensure its "getting over." Then, in the inner voices of the band, will take place a combination of effects which adds enormously to the total drive of the number. Here are certain of the contrapuntal features which are mentioned above. They consist of a variety of hilarious effects, produced by trombones or saxophones, attained by a curious sliding from note to note. This creates an extremely comical result. This characteristic and droll portamento has become so well known and so popular that it has achieved a specific name—"blues," a humorously apt designation. A striking contrast is made by the mournful sighing of the trombones in the midst of the joyous riot of the rest of the band. Sharp rhythmic ejaculations arise from out the welter of sound, and over the whole tumult the traps-player spreads

his array of dazzling accents, brought forth with absolute virtuosity from his motley army of noise producers. It almost seems, at times, like a case of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." But it is not so, and there is definite purpose and ordered means in it all.

I feel that I need, perhaps, to justify my statement that jazz is not new in the world. In the summer of 1914, I was visiting at Céligny, on the shore of Lake Geneva, with Ernest Schelling. On the night of the 31st of July, a Chinese festival was held at Morges, at Mr. Paderewski's château, in honor of his birthday. Mr. Schelling and I had arranged all the music for the Fête of the Dragon. He had four records of native Siamese orchestras taken in Siam by the European Victor Talking Machine Company, as I recollect. When I first heard them played, I was astounded, for there in this Siamese music, in spite of the strange Oriental idioms, from an Occidental's harmonic standpoint, was the very essence of—jazz! The music was like nothing that my ears had ever heard, and uncouth to the point of absolute unintelligibility. But there were the insistent rhythm, the demoniac energy, the fantastic riot of accents from the drums and other percussion instruments, and a humorous mood which made me laugh long and loud. It seemed humorous to me. I have often wondered what that mood really was—in Siamese. There is no room for doubt when we hear our own jazz! Wholehearted, boisterous, rough, but the very soul of kindly good humor and care-free merriment.

HOWARD BROCKWAY

Books Received

- Cerf, B. *Alsace-Lorraine since 1870*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Democracy To-day. Edited by C. Gauss. *Late English Classics*. Scott, Foresman.
 Field, W. T. *Reading from English and American Literature*. Ginn.
 Fitzpatrick, E. A. *Experts in City Government*. Appleton. \$2.25 net.
 Harris, Garrard. *The Redemption of the Disabled*. Appleton. \$2.00 net.
 Kolbe, P. R. *The Colleges in War Time and After*. Appleton. \$2.00.
 Stevenson, R. L. *An Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey*. Edited by James Cloyd Bowman. Allyn & Bacon.
 The Short Story. *Introduction and Notes* by W. P. Atkinson. Allyn & Bacon.
 Thurber, Samuel, Jr. *Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice"*. The Academy Classics. Allyn & Bacon.
 Watkins, D. E., and Williams, R. E. *The Forum of Democracy*. Allyn & Bacon.
 West, A. F. *The War and Education*. Princeton University Press. \$1.00.
 Woodburn, J. A., and Moran, T. F. *The Citizen and the Republic*. Longmans, Green. \$1.50.
 World War Issues and Ideals. Edited by M. E. Speare and W. B. Norris. Ginn. \$1.40.

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SENATOR BORAH demands that the League of Nations be made a party issue. As he states it, the demand is a perfectly honest one. It has no taint of mere manoeuvring for party advantage. But whether the demand is a sound one is an entirely different question. Mr. Borah scores a point when he declares that whatever be the case as to the Republicans, the Democrats—despite a few special exceptions—are taking their stand for the League as a party and not merely as individuals. But there is no resemblance between the two cases. The Democratic party naturally follows its leader, who is the head of the Government and whose whole policy it would have to repudiate if it did not stand by him on this issue. Among the Republican leaders, on the other hand, every shade of opinion on the League is represented, from enthusiastic approval to absolute condemnation. Obviously, the party can not rightly take a stand against the League until its merits have been thoroughly threshed out. When that process has been completed, Senator Borah's demand that opposition to the League be made a party principle may conceivably be justified. To take that stand at the present moment would

be wrong, for it would be a rash and hasty decision on a question of the highest possible moment; and it would be as impolitic as it would be wrong, for it would be interpreted by the country as an alignment dictated not by deliberate conviction, but by the mere desire to oppose the course for which the President and his party are responsible.

IT is a dark picture of Europe which Mr. Vanderlip draws on his return from an extensive tour of several months, every moment of which, we may be sure, was energetically utilized. One shrinks from accepting the picture even from such a source, so far does it go beyond our familiar thoughts on the subject, grave as these have been. Mr. Vanderlip lays stress not on the black ruin of the devastated regions, but on the disorganization of industry everywhere. This disorganization we have none of us been unaware of; it was an inevitable outcome of the war. What is brought out by Mr. Vanderlip—and we venture to hope that his view is somewhat beyond the reality—is the tremendous difficulties that intervene between the disorganization and its possible cure. Be that as it may, his recommendation as to the part which it is at once the duty and the privilege of our own country to play in the situation is put none too strongly, and we trust will be effectively heeded. The one instrumentality by which the process of recovery for diseased Europe can be promoted upon a scale somewhat commensurate with the need is the supply of credit for the resumption of business enterprise. Humanity and self-interest alike demand that we do our utmost in this direction. If the great financial leaders of the country place themselves singlemindedly in the position outlined by Mr. Vanderlip, they have it in their power to influence not only the policies, but—what is even more important—the spirit behind the policies, of American business and the American Government. And our country may once more supply, out of its unparalleled resources, what is necessary to save the world from imminent peril.

IN a dispatch by Karl H. von Wiegand, the staff correspondent of the *Sun* at Berlin, we read:

The report that new documentary evidence has been found in Vienna, throwing a more favorable light on the action of Beth-

mann-Hollweg and Von Jagow with respect to Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, proves to have been without foundation.

If anybody is surprised at this intelligence the nature of his mental constitution would be an interesting subject for study. All the evidence, documentary and other, necessary for conclusive judgment on this subject was in hand in August, 1914. There are some questions in which a minute study of details is essential to the formation of a just conclusion; there are others upon which the essential elements, accessible and known from the beginning, present a case that justifies a feeling of moral certainty. Never was there a clearer instance of this than was furnished by the character of the Austrian ultimatum and the subsequent passages between the European governments which culminated in the great war and were set forth in the first British White Book. Skepticism in the face of this evidence was not the mark of a scrupulous but of a weak mind. No other explanation than the deliberate desire of Germany to bring on the war was possible in August, 1914, and if the passage of time may be said to have confirmed the conclusion it is only in the sense that nothing has happened to disturb it. Additional evidence may have been a satisfaction to get, but has been really superfluous. In America, in particular, nobody whose opinion is worth counting has at any time been neutral in thought as to the immediate responsibility for the war, whatever differences there may have been in regard to the remoter causes.

AN oddity of the peace negotiations is the suggestion to set up the Sick Man of the East at Constantinople as chief of Islam. Details are lacking. Apparently the Sultan is to exercise spiritual jurisdiction at Stamboul as the Pope does at Rome. The plan comes from England as a concession to Moslem feeling in India. We can hardly believe the proposal will be seriously entertained at Versailles. It is of the essence of the peace settlement that Islam, whether as power or religious idea, belongs, and properly has belonged always, not in Europe but in Asia. To yield to sentimentality at Constantinople as it yielded to power at Kiaochow would be sad evidence of moral staleness at Versailles. But we probably have to do with a variety of the discussion exaggerated by

journalists too long starved of sensations.

THE President has been blamed in some quarters as evading responsibility concerning the enforcement of the provisions of the war-time prohibition act which take effect July first. In the elegant language of the day, he is accused of "passing the buck." There is no justice whatever in the charge, for the act provides that prohibition shall be effective from July 1, 1919, "until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States." No one can pretend that the "termination of demobilization" has taken place, and a proclamation of the President to that effect would be the proclamation of a falsehood. It is not the President but Congress that is lacking in courage, and how notoriously Congress has failed to display that quality in all its dealings with the prohibition question is too generally understood to require any comment. In view of the impending régime of national prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment, interest in the whole matter is of a secondary character; yet if Congress wished to be honest it would recognize that whatever justification for its alleged purpose there may have been in the war-time prohibition act when it was passed exists no longer, and would act accordingly.

THERE is one and only one way to relieve the housing situation in New York, and that is by increasing the supply of housing. So long as there is a shortage, no attempt to reduce rents can be effective on a large scale. If there are people ready and anxious to get accommodations at a given price, landlords as a rule will get that price. Moreover, in so far as any prohibition of "profiteering" might actually be effective, it would tend to remove such stimulus as does exist for new building. In spite of high rents the cost of new construction makes the outlook for profit precarious, and it is for this reason that more building does not take place. There is, however, one direction in which relief is practicable, and in that direction a hopeful beginning has been made. If a sufficient amount of capital is offered for the purpose by persons actuated chiefly by public spirit and ready to take small profit, or none if necessary, a great addition to the housing capacity of New York can be made. There is no assignable limit to what can be done in this way. An interesting development is the response of the City and Suburban Homes Company—whose dividends are limited to five per cent—to the plea of Governor Smith's reconstruction Com-

mission for the prompt construction of homes. This company, which was founded by the late E. R. L. Gould, is starting a stock-selling campaign which ought to attract widespread attention. And there ought to be other enterprises of the same general nature. In these days of enormous contributions for public objects there is no reason why investments in such undertakings should not run high up into the millions.

IT was to be expected that the War should rectify some of our national traditions by correcting certain of our long-established major premises. For decades the name "England" has been a sort of political catchword or "symbol"; it has often been enough to damn a policy to whisper, with some degree of plausibility, the suggestion that "England" was behind it. School texts have in general taken their fall out of the British, and irresponsible talkers have been prating of wars and rumors of wars. But now the British are our allies and friends, and we are snuggling up to them in complacent amity. And now, at length, also, the school texts begin to reflect our more dispassionate attitude. Mr. C. H. Ward has re-edited Burke's "Conciliation," with an introduction that lays stress upon the responsibility of the German king, George III, for many of the unpleasantnesses of the Revolutionary period that were formerly charged forthwith to "England." The author makes a very plausible case, backed by trustworthy authorities. Whether or not his positions may be accepted *in toto*, his treatment is refreshingly free from the old hackneyed charges, many of which historians have long known to be untrue. Naturally this new angle of approach is a product of its age, and we may very likely come to be as unjust to our late enemies as we have been to the British; but, at all events, the pendulum is at present, judged by Mr. Ward's performance, swinging nearer to the arc of truth than for many decades past.

IN the conduct of a war, governments make so many unavoidable big mistakes, that it almost seems as if the irritating little mistakes might be omitted by way of compensation. One of the worst of these irritating little mistakes is the present system of service chevrons in the army. As things now stand, every officer and enlisted man wears on his left sleeve a chevron for every six months of service since we entered the war. So far so good; but now comes the discrimination which has made all the trouble; for there are two kinds of chevrons—gold for overseas, and silver for home service. Right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable, the gold overseas chevron is regarded as an invariable badge of honor,

while the silver home-service chevron has come to be looked upon as a more or less ignoble advertisement of the fact that a man was out of luck. This is very bad and very unfair. There were many thousands of officers and men in the United States eating their hearts out for a chance to get overseas, and there were many thousands in France in the Service of Supply, in Depot Divisions and in other non-combatant jobs: and the officers and men in those jobs were exposed to no greater hardship or danger than their brothers at home. Yet the man who held down a desk job in Paris or Tours, and lived on the war equivalent of the fat of the land, wears gold chevrons, while the man who fought influenza in a pest-rotten camp at home is forced further to advertise his ill-fortune by displaying the hated silver stripes. To make the fact of crossing the Atlantic—which was the safest place in Europe or America last summer—a basis of distinction, is quite silly and wholly artificial. There is no objection to making distinctions for different kinds of service, but such distinctions should be based on the character of service, and not on the place where the service was rendered. The whole scheme ought to be changed before the army is entirely mustered out. There should be one kind of service stripe for each six months of service, irrespective of where that service was rendered. There should be another kind of stripe for those who were in action; and a third kind for those who were wounded. Those were the only really different stages of a soldier's career; he served, or he served and fought, or he served and fought and was wounded. They are sound distinctions, and they are based not on geography but on the degree of danger to which a soldier was exposed.

IF ever two men deserved well of Fate, it is Hawker and Grieve; for once Fate recognizes the obligation before it is too late, and hands them back to an astonished and delighted world. By all the laws of aviation and of chance, these splendid fools were dead men ten days ago. The chances against their reaching Ireland were a hundred to one, and a thousand to one against their rescue if they failed to reach Ireland. But they seized the one chance in a thousand, cheated death, confounded the wise-ones, landed in England—and have spent the rest of their time dodging crowds and explaining that a Rolls-Royce engine will run though it is red hot. The mechanic rises superior to the hero; Hawker shows less human satisfaction at his escape than professional disgust at a drop of solder in a feed-pipe. He has proved an uncanny ability to harness luck to technique in a formidable combination that would make us chary of betting against him on his next

venture, no matter how great the apparent odds. America, momentarily oblivious of her own transatlantic achievement, vies with England in doing honor to an Englishman and an Australian.

MOST of the news which one reads in the papers about airplanes has to do with accidents or sensational flights; flying has become so humdrum that air-men can break into print only through the catastrophe route or by attempting the hitherto impossible. With the dangerous side of air navigation so constantly emphasized, it comes as a surprise to learn how relatively safe ordinary every-day flying has been made. Airplane insurance is actually being written, and the experts tell us that in a year or so it will be as easy and as cheap to insure your plane as it now is to insure your car. The chief factor in this reduction of danger is the increased stability and airworthiness of the machines themselves. A few years ago about sixty per cent of the accidents were due to defects in workmanship, design or material; to-day that percentage has been cut down to three, and the personal equation—beginners' inexperience chiefly—accounts for the largest number of accidents. Flying will never be made fool-proof, any more than driving a racing car, navigating a vessel, or riding a steeplechase can be made safe; but the mechanical means of flying—the machines themselves—will gradually be made as dependable and fool-proof as any human contrivance can be that is designed to operate two or three miles up in the air.

WHEN the great machine known as the A. E. F. began to take stock a few days after the armistice, one of the first things they decided upon was the organization of a comprehensive programme of sport among the officers and enlisted personnel. "If the men can't fight any longer," said G. H. Q., "they must be allowed to work off their fighting edge in competitive sport." And forthwith began a series of elimination contests in every company and regiment—football, baseball, basketball, boxing, wrestling, golf, track-athletics, tennis—almost every known form of outdoor sport was instituted, culminating in a series of final tournaments and carnivals at Paris and Nice. G. H. Q. was right: the best way to keep an army out of mischief when there is no fighting to do, is to turn its surplus energies towards sport; and the same thing is true, though in lesser degree, of a country. Now that the big shindy is over, America, with healthy Anglo-Saxon instinct, returns to sport. Professional baseball in full swing again, college crews and nines on every river and diamond, and the cinder track again feeling the touch of

the tight-gloved foot: country clubs with full memberships and waiting lists, grounds committees busy and happy—and the good old "Divots must be replaced" rule in full force just as before the war!

Apparently the only form of pre-war sport which has not got under way again is yacht-racing; and the reasons for this omission are just as commendable to the spirit of the country as are the reasons for the return to other sports—for some of the great yacht clubs have decided that big boat racing is too elaborate and too costly a game to inaugurate during the period of reconstruction. Yes, it is a healthy sign when a country turns instinctively to sport, for it indicates a people with steam enough to fight, and with sanity enough to let off that steam in peace time. We used to hear a good deal about the biological necessity of war—this was before the Treitschke-von Bernhardt school of thought was somewhat definitely discredited by Marshal Foch November 11th last—but there is an element of verity in the idea: war (in the military sense) is not necessary, but strife—competition—in some form or other, is essential to virile life. The success of the American as an individual, and of America as a nation, is based on the spirit of competition. When our T. B. M. relaxes and picks up his bag of clubs, he merely substitutes the physical competition of the game for the intellectual competition of his office—but he never loses the spiritual stimulus of competition. That is where he has it over his father, and that is where America of to-day has it over the America of a generation ago when sport was not universal.

THE new revenue act imposes a tax of ten per cent upon "sculpture, paintings, statuary, art porcelains, and bronzes" sold by any person other than the artist. Such tax is collected by the seller, who makes monthly reports of sales. At first blush nothing could be simpler than such a luxury tax. When it comes to actual application difficulties thicken, and we already have a considerable body of interpretative regulations. "Art porcelains," for example, seem easy of definition as "vitrified or semi-vitrified ware." On the other hand, "that which is commonly or commercially known as porcelain" (Art. 14) is rather matter of opinion than of fact. Let us suppose the dealer has on his shelves three jars each worth a thousand dollars. One is a vase from the Sèvres factory; that unquestionably is porcelain. The second is a piece of old Chinese stoneware. Is or isn't it semi-vitrified? is or isn't it "commonly and commercially known as porcelain"? Delicate questions. The third is a fine old piece of Italian majolica.

It plainly isn't porcelain but, technically, pottery. Unless it is "commonly and commercially" called porcelain, it escapes the tax. But hold, it may be sculpture. Article 11 tells us that whatever is "cut or carved by hand" out of any material for purposes of decoration is sculpture, especially "vases, flower jars or holders, jardinières, brackets, fountains, sundials," etc. Apparently the majolica jar, which certainly was hand-made, pays the tax for sculpture. Or is an object turned on the potter's wheel "cut or carved by hand"? We need more interpretation.

Under the act a painting is taxable but a drawing is not. That seems clear. But is the line really easy to draw? We have side by side a painting by Rembrandt and his brush sketch for it in sepia; both are very valuable. The painting is taxed. The drawing—Article 13 comes to the rescue—"the term drawings as used in this article shall include only pictures, images, likenesses, scenes, designs, or sketches produced *by means of lines.*" Are those broad brush strokes in the Rembrandt sketch lines or masses? A ticklish matter to decide offhand. But the monthly report must be made under heavy penalties. On the other hand, a pastel seems to be unconditionally a drawing, hence free from tax. But is a drawing touched with pastel a pastel or not? These are not quibbles but serious problems for every dealer in works of art and naturally for every collector. We bring them forward to show the confusion that results from badly conceived tax laws. A crude desire to tax luxuries leads to a sort of impersonation of objects of art as enemies of the state. Art porcelain is as odious as a fancy waistcoat or what is commonly and commercially so called. Only trouble comes from such a conception of taxation. How much simpler and more decent the Italian plan of taxing the art dealer on his gross returns, leaving the subtler discriminations of his stock where they belong; with himself and his patrons.

THE REVIEW

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Protests, German and Other

THE reply of the allied and associated Powers to Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's note protesting against the harshness of the peace terms is vigorous and effective. Some of the statements in that note are shown to be extravagant, and some illogical; and in regard to those which are correct in themselves it is sternly pointed out that if the things complained of are hard, they are no harder than in view of the facts they naturally must be. The logical fallacy that is exposed is that of confusing loss of territory with deprivation of the products derived from that territory. The note represented the population of Germany as threatened with something like starvation because of the transfer of large areas of wheat and potato land to Polish jurisdiction; but "there is nothing in the peace treaty," says the reply, "to prevent the continued production of those commodities in the areas in question, or their importation into Germany," and for a period of three years the treaty even provides that such importation shall be free of duty. A similar remark is made in regard to iron ore and zinc. The case of coal is somewhat different and more complicated. Here the German note exaggerates the hardship to be suffered by actual deprivation of coal-supplies from the transferred districts, in that it overlooks the practicability of greatly augmenting the supply from the non-transferred districts, which was rapidly increasing before the war; but apart from this the Germans are reminded that whatever hardship they may suffer in this regard is only the just and necessary consequence of the savagery with which they deliberately obliterated the entire coal-mining industry in Northern France. As for the four million tons of shipping of which the treaty demands the transfer, this is less than one-third of the tonnage of the world's merchant shipping criminally destroyed by the Germans during the war.

But the protest of von Brockdorff-Rantzau is mild in comparison with that made by those who had looked forward to a treaty which should usher in a new era of international good-will, and make war forever impossible through the sheer absence of causes of strife. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but there has never been any ground for expecting it. Granting that there is some basis for the claim that the terms embodied in the armistice have not been scrupulously fulfilled—that the Fourteen Points have in some respects suffered a strained interpretation, in others actual violation—the difference between what has been done and what would have been entirely justified under

the armistice terms is of no vital consequence as regards the appeasement of Germany. Alsace-Lorraine and Poland had to be given up; and full reparation for injury to civilians and their property had to be provided. "Restitution, reparation and guarantees"—this has been, from the beginning, the demand of the nations against which Germany launched her war of frightfulness; and if this was to be provided, something like the terms now imposed upon her was bound to come. But anything even distantly approaching these terms would expose the treaty to just such damnation as it is now receiving at the hands of those who had hoped for a settlement that would leave Germany unburdened with a heavy load of responsibility for her unparalleled devastations. If reparation was to be real, it must be enormous; and its effective imposition could be accomplished only by a combination of large levies in kind and of a considerable measure of administrative control during the period covered by the payments, whether in kind or in money.

The protest of the idealists, it must be clearly understood, is different in essence, and not merely in degree, from those being issued by the representatives of the German government. Von Brockdorff-Rantzau complains of specific features which might conceivably be altered while leaving the general character of the settlement unaffected. The spokesmen of the idealists do indeed dwell on the harsher features of the settlement, but this is merely by way of emphasizing their profound and irremovable hostility to the character of the treaty as a whole. The *New Republic* in its issue for May 24 gives eloquent and voluminous expression to the idealists' protest. But it is clear that no modification of the terms of peace which would leave practical provision for reparation, restitution and guarantees would in any material degree lessen the intensity of that protest. "The treaty proposes the exploitation of the German people," says the *New Republic*, and "an international organization whose chief object it is to profit by the exploitation of a subject people can survive only through the exploitation and deception of its own workers." Let us pass by the grotesque exaggeration of the assertion that the exploitation of the German people is the "chief object of the international organization" which is being effected; the point we wish to enforce is that any conceivable softening of the terms which still held in view their avowed object of just and reasonable reparation would remain exposed to precisely the same condemnation. Any peace that measurably satisfied the peoples

that have suffered devastation and agony at the hands of the Germans would be denounced as "defying the community of interest and the feeling of brotherhood which unites the socially alert workers of all the European peoples," as "a treaty of peace which renders peace impossible"—in a word, as being that sum of all villainies which the *New Republic* regards the pending treaty as embodying.

Of the sincerity of the *New Republic* in thus giving vent to its feelings there can be no possible doubt. Somewhat less clear is the question of the action which it would advise as an outcome of those feelings. Less clear, because although positive action is in one or two passages plainly recommended, the note of the whole is rather that of moral protest than of outright rejection. It appears to be with some degree of timidity that such rejection is proposed, since it is barely mentioned instead of being, as might naturally be expected, insisted upon. Yet we find one article closing with the words: "This above all others is the time and the occasion to repudiate the idea of peace at any price, to reject immediate peace at the price of permanent moral and economic warfare." It will be interesting to see whether our contemporary, in the course of the crucial weeks about to come, will squarely assume the responsibility of urging the country "to reject immediate peace." Whether it does so or not, the natural effect of its utterances will be to promote any effort that may be made in that direction. Its position clearly is that it would be far better for the world to smash the whole result of the six months' deliberations and negotiations at Paris than to have the war end with a peace which it regards as at once monstrously wicked and utterly incapable of enduring.

But we see no sign of any attempt to face the question of what would actually happen if the peace were rejected—what France would do, what Germany would do, what would take place in Russia, by what means any new settlement might possibly be effected, what would be the condition of all the peoples of the world while the attempt to remake the treaty was in process. That is the kind of thing which the idealists habitually shirk; that is the kind of thing to which they closed their eyes throughout the war when they were constantly clamoring for an exact statement of the terms upon which the Allies would make peace. They discussed every possible element of the issue except the one which was at the heart of the whole situation. Many things were doubtful; one thing was certain. It was certain that any discussion of the terms of peace which went into exact particulars would develop serious divergences between the various countries engaged in fighting Germany.

It was certain that these divergences would weaken the strength of the Allies; it was quite possible that that weakening would be fatal. Whether it resulted in any overt division between the Allies or not, it was sure vastly to augment the danger, which existed in every democratic country, of the weakening of morale by the encouragement of dissenting and discontented elements. In the meanwhile Germany, with its autocratic and militaristic organization, would have prosecuted the war with unimpaired efficiency. Men whose minds were centered not upon abstractions, but upon the consequences actually to be expected from any given line of action, saw that to attempt to do more than had already been done in the way of definition would be to invite not only the possibility but the probability of a military victory for Germany; but those who in season and out of season advocated such definition seem to have felt no obligation to take account of this obvious and overshadowing danger.

One and only one possible justification could be pleaded for the ignoring of that danger. If it was more desirable that Germany should win the war than that the Allies should win it without distinctly pinning themselves to the exact terms of peace, then, and only then, the objection to the clamor for definition would fall to the ground. It is needless to say that this justification was never pleaded. To charge the idealists with pro-Germanism would be a cheap accusation; we are far from wishing to make it. Their fault lay deeper. They were not pro-Germans; they did not wish Germany to win. But they were so lacking in intellectual responsibility that they never faced the question which to sound-minded men was the one question that transcended all others. Because they wished a certain thing to happen, and thought doubtless that all good men and women wished the same, they felt themselves justified in insisting that it should happen. What would come of that insistence if it were actually heeded, what effect it would have upon the course of the war, they either did not consider, or they considered it in the light of an utterly imaginary computation of the forces at work. Their mistake, while infinitely more respectable, and in degree incomparably smaller, was in kind the same as that which inspired the fatu-

ous expedition of Henry Ford and the enthusiasts who with him tried to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." The Ford escapade was from the beginning rendered innocuous by its manifest absurdity. The clamor for terms, because it was infinitely more rational, constituted throughout the war a serious danger. But it, too, was rendered innocuous by the verdict which practical common sense persistently passed upon it.

The present outcry against the settlement has for its background something which should serve as a warning of the danger of unthinking sentimentalism. A thousand times we were told, while the war was still in progress, that unless at its close the world would be found completely regenerated, the war would have been fought in vain. Not only must there no longer be jealousies or enmities between nations, but within the nations there must be a sudden idealization of all the conditions of life. To have said that we must strive for these things, to have resolved to strive earnestly for them, would have been harmless; but a falsehood is seldom harmless. The war was fought because it had to be fought, because the world was menaced by a thing of which the triumph would have been unendurable to freemen—destructive not of hopes of a millennium to come, but of what had been won for freedom and humanity in generations of progress. To make this fatal result impossible was the object of the war; if more could be accomplished by all means let more be accomplished, but this must be accomplished at all hazards. To a sense of triumph, of rejoicing over our rescue from unspeakable evil, over the vindication of right against wrong, the world is entitled as some solace for its stupendous sacrifices. That can not be if we fix our minds on objects which, besides being unattainable, were not in fact those that drove nation after nation into the struggle against the German peril. This in itself would be a serious loss; but it becomes a source of grave danger if, leaving the domain of sentimentality, it obtrudes itself into that of practical action. If the disappointment of visionary hopes is to be made an obstacle to the only peace attainable, the world will be paying a monstrous price for what might otherwise be dismissed as a harmless bit of emotional indulgence.

rule. Yet there are some points which, if they do not settle the question, may at least serve as guides in its settlement.

In the first place it should be clearly recognized that the question at issue—the discussion of controversial subjects in politics, economics, or morals in the public schools—whether by the pupils themselves or by the direct instruction of the teacher, is wholly different from two other questions with which it is apt to be confounded. The general right of free speech is not involved; for the question is not whether a person shall have the right to say what he thinks but whether the public school is the place for him to say it. And that special and highly important prerogative of the teacher to which the name of "academic freedom" has been attached, is likewise not involved; for the teacher in the public schools, unlike the university professor, is not appointed as a scholar having special authority in a particular domain, nor is he addressing students intensively pursuing studies in that domain. There are many reasons why the professor's freedom of teaching should be guarded with jealous care; and not the least important of those reasons is that unless this be done the very foundation of confidence in the judgments he expresses must be undermined. Of this relation between the teacher and the controversial themes that he may have to touch upon, or between the teacher and his hearers, there is no trace in the public school; and not even the most extreme advocates of unrestricted freedom in the schools profess any desire that the teacher should play the part which in a university professor is not only permissible but requisite.

What we have to deal with, then, is neither the maintenance of fundamental rights nor the upholding of high standards of teaching. The question is, what are the limits within which discussion in the public schools should be confined? That there are some limits almost everybody, we fancy, will admit. It is true that an official pamphlet of the Teachers' Union of New York announces that "modern psychology teaches that books in themselves can not be objectionable; . . . as the saying goes 'to the pure all is pure.'" Yet it is safe to say that some books could be named which no member of that Union would find it desirable to place in the hands of children—not even that interesting specimen of the modern teacher who in a printed pamphlet recommended for boys' reading a book of Dreiser's bearing as its sub-title "The Hidden Springs of Sex and Desire." But as soon as you grant that there are any limits at all, the question of what limits should be observed becomes a matter of good sense and responsible judgment. Is it wise to raise questions which can by no possibility be

Free Discussion in the Schools

THE relation of the public school system to the burning questions of the day has recently become an acute issue in New York and in Washington. As usual in all such cases, controversy rages not only over the principles involved but over almost every allegation of fact that

has been made on either side. The determination of the exact facts must, for the present at least, be left to those whose duty it is to investigate them; and even as to principles no sober thinker can profess to be able to lay down any simple and comprehensive

adequately treated, upon which the pupil has neither the knowledge, the experience, nor the maturity of mind to think with effect, and with which there is no reason to suppose that the teacher himself is especially qualified to deal? Into the general mass of what all are agreed is necessary to the intellectual equipment of the child is it desirable to inject a foreign substance too small in content to add anything valuable, and yet of such nature as to be capable of breeding a great deal of trouble? Surely to these questions sensible men can make but one answer.

That the subject whose intrusion has given rise to the clashes between teachers and school boards is of the character described is equally evident; and the same is true of subjects far less charged with the passions of the day than is that of Bolshevism or the Bolshevist régime in Russia. If it be regarded as incumbent on the schools to provide a children's forum for the debating of "the controversial questions which naturally arise" in classes in current events, then, to be sure, the merits of the Bolshevist theory and the facts of Bolshevist practice must unquestionably be brought up for discussion at this time; but so must the question of single tax or of free silver when that is in the limelight. But neither on Bolshevism, nor on free silver, nor on the single tax, can the pupil do any thinking of his own except in the most superficial way; and to demand of the teacher that he be both competent and neutral is to demand an impossibility. It is true that, without being neutral, he might be impartial in his exposition and his criticisms; but this, while not so utterly impossible as the requirement of neutrality, assumes the possession of qualities far beyond those to be expected in any large body of men or women. In exceptional instances a little good may come of the thing; but even then only a little, because, granting that the teacher is all that can be imagined, there remains the enormous discrepancy between the profound difficulties of the subject and the limited capacities of the child.

The wise course, the only sensible course, is to avoid all subjects of this kind—a kind which it is difficult, perhaps, to define but which it is necessary to recognize. A cowardly course, our radical friends will say; and it would be idle to quote, for them, so old-fashioned a maxim as that discretion is the better part of valor. If to be open-minded is the one aim of life, and the pursuit of that aim is the indefeasible demand of education from the earliest age, then they are right in throwing down all bars and taking all consequences. But apparently they, too, have a certain amount of discretion. For we have not observed that any of them demand for the chil-

dren more than the barest modicum of their just dues. Surely if it is a natural right of the children to be put into a position to judge of the questions that are shaking the world, much more is necessary for the satisfaction of that right than the answering of a question or two which chance may bring before them. The mere assertion of the abstract rights of the children may be very interesting to our little groups of serious thinkers, but it does not do much for the children themselves. If our radical friends had the courage of their convictions they would insist that the children have a solid loaf of "new thought" instead of being put off with a few stray crumbs.

Court-Martial Reform

THERE is a sharp and perfectly honest difference of opinion in army circles as to the need of reforming the court-martial system. Col. Wigmore, with, we imagine, a strong majority of the regular officers, believes the code is good, but has been badly administered. Col. Ansell, with a considerable following among the reserve officers, believes the code is thoroughly bad and should be radically revised. In this view he has won the weighty support of Senator Chamberlain, who has sponsored a bill introducing the novelty that enlisted men may sit on court-martial boards. We have a modification of the jury system filtering into military laws. This bill, which is drawn by Col. Ansell, carries the weight of his indignation against gross miscarriages of justice. As head of the Army Clemency Board, he has seen remission, complete or partial, of nine-tenths of the sentences reviewed, in all nearly 3,000 cases. Sentences averaging seven years and six months of imprisonment have been reduced by the Clemency Board to an average of one year and eight months. Such facts speak their own story, and it is with the weight of complete knowledge of a shocking situation that the Ansell-Chamberlain bill comes before Congress.

The abuse of court-martial powers has been so glaring that there is danger of treating the situation hurriedly. It is really not quite easy to locate the fault. That it lies with the court-martial system itself is by no means to be taken for granted. Let us recall that the code of court martial was very carefully overhauled as recently as 1917. The revision retained the principles which had held for over a century, and which had generally worked for justice and discipline. It is worth noting, too, that the Navy Code is virtually identical with that of the Army, and it has worked admirably during the war. Nobody is reducing the Navy sentences by eighty per cent,

and nobody is suggesting that the peccant "gob" ordinarily got less than justice from his officers sitting as court-martial. Again the action of the Army Clemency Board is not to be viewed mathematically. It doesn't follow because a deserter's sentence may be rightfully reduced to two years in time of peace that he was wrongfully sentenced to seven years in time of war. There have been grievous miscarriages of justice in the Army, but the case is not so black as it looks on the face of the records of the Clemency Board.

The fact seems to be that a good code was badly administered by anxious and inexperienced officers. For the humblest private the present code provides the amplest safeguards. But these depend on a commander who knows when a court-martial is necessary, and on a judge advocate and counsel who know the laws of evidence. Let us suppose that all the police justices and judges of the criminal courts in New York were suddenly replaced by laymen, while the lawyers were substituted by engineers and bank clerks. Suppose this improvised judicial organization had to cope with an epidemic of crime. What would happen? Precisely what happened in the Army. Thousands of ordinary police court cases would go to the criminal courts, defendants would be browbeaten, juries would be improperly charged, and the general confusion and excitement would express itself in maximum sentences. This is just about what happened in the Army.

A worried and inexperienced captain draws court-martial charges for insubordination, having duly consulted first his nerves and next his manual. The case is one that an experienced company commander would settle in the company. But the new officer has a dozen such cases in sight and fears his authority is crumbling. He has probably threatened the offender with court martial. To fail to sustain the captain is awkward. Meantime Private McCarthy, Einstein, or Brioschi fully expresses his opinion of his captain and of the court-martial code in the company street. New specifications are added to the old "In that Private X did," etc. What was at most a case for summary court martial with its strictly limited sentences—a police-court case—has become matter for the highest military court, a general court martial. The G. C. M. itself is run in a slovenly fashion by young officers who have been wrestling with the manual. A green judge advocate with well-meaning ignorance overbears and irritates the prisoner, who makes a deplorable impression on a nervous court. The case is clearly one of the gravest army offence, insubordination. Since it is war time the power of the G. C. M. is unlimited. Private X gets seven years at hard labor in military penitentiary with a pros-

pective dishonorable discharge. This is about the picture that a discerning mind will draw of the actual happenings.

It is clear that about ten times too many General Courts Martial were ordered in the Army. Under normal conditions, an enlisted man rarely comes before this highest tribunal. Even of the most serious offences the great majority never get beyond special court martial, with sentences strictly limited. The great run of exceptional offences are normally handled by summary court martial, consisting of a single officer with powers approximating those of a police judge. Ordinary breaches of discipline should be settled within the company. A capable officer very rarely needs to have recourse to court martial of any sort. He knows how to handle even the worst men. Such knowledge can be got only through experience, and can not be got in a hurry. The lamentable working of the Army court-martial system was merely a feature of our general unpreparedness. Whoever was responsible for neglecting to put our military house in order in the early years of the great war is quite directly answerable for the court-martial mess.

The defect was not of methods but of men. The same code that worked miserably in the Army worked satisfactorily in the Navy. The Navy had a smaller percentage of raw officers, a greater initial advantage in the morale of the enlisted force, and an easier situation because it comprised no conscripts. Relatively few General Courts Martial were ordered, and their verdicts, by and large, will stand. With the same persons executing it, the proposed new code would work just as badly as the code of 1917. Indeed it would presumably work far worse. The delays interposed for the protection of the enlisted man would affect the exemplary swiftness of military punishment most disastrously, while not affording much real safeguard to the enlisted man. If he ultimately falls into the hands of an inexperienced counsel, of a judge advocate ignorant of his duties and limitations, and a court equally unacquainted with the code and with the common sense of Army discipline, then that private is in his own language "out of luck." It won't much help matters for him that he comes more gradually to his ill luck, and that he finally is judged by his peers.

An equally serious defect of the Chamberlain bill is that the idea of judgment by one's peers is wholly subversive of real military discipline. The relation of officer to private is, in the nature of the case, paternal; no really democratic relation between the two is conceivable. A good officer is a reëmbodiment of the patriarch of old,—commander, counselor, judge. No army morale is possible except in the confidence that the officer in

or out of court martial means to do justice to the private and generally does it. To include privates on the boards of General Courts Martial would impair the authority of all officers and go far to undermine discipline.

We can only conclude that Col. Ansell, whose ability and good faith in this matter are beyond cavil, has never seen the present court-martial system in orderly execution by a proper personnel. His notion that the court-martial code can be made "fool proof" is more hopeful than convincing. Normally no officer who has not had years of personal command should be ordered to sit on a court martial. This is the prime essential, but it can't be written into any code. Chagrin at the unhappy working of the Army courts will be tempered for veteran officers by wonder and delight that the situation is no worse. What actually happened, we believe, would have happened under whatever system. The remedy is not new codes, but more experienced officers.

Homer on an S. P.

IT was evening mess on Scout Patrol I X. The captain and the junior watch officer were facing each other across an unsteady table, while Paul, the Greek mess-boy, balanced cautiously near the companion way. There was a broken sea running with dashes of November drizzle, as the little ship wallowed up and down her patrol station off Sandy Hook. The captain was rubicund, genial, and about fifty. Tropical fever had early taken his top hair. The newest ensign was of similar port and age. His top hair had yielded more gradually to studies in comparative literature. For forty years the captain had dealt with all manner of men and craft in all climes, and for nearly as long the ensign had dealt with books. It was one of those unusual and profitable associations which the "Trick Navy" furnished in abundance. By contrast with the nastiness outside, the talk had worked over to the smiling Mediterranean. The ensign had inquired as to the feasibility of amateur yachting in the Ionian and Aegean seas. "There was nothing to it," said the captain. "There were plenty of fine harbors, for example, Ithaca." "Where Ulysses lived," ventured the ensign. "Odysseus," corrected the captain.

Concerning Odysseus the captain had heard from a Greek foremasthand, at Ithaca, and particularly concerning his tragic death. "I always supposed that was uncertain," said the former delver in comparative literature. "It was this way," said the captain, "Odysseus was long wandering on the sea, when at last his son—('Telemachus,' prompted the

ensign)—Yes, Telemachus began hunting for him through the Levant. At length Telemachus reached Egypt, where there was civil war in which he took sides. In a great battle he drew his bow against the bravest chief in the enemy ranks, who was clad in golden armor. The arrow pierced the golden armor from front to back, and when Telemachus raised the helmet he saw the face of his father." The mess boy's eyes brightened as the tale was told, and the ensign asked, "Paul, was it so Odysseus died?" Paul, in the captain's presence, was respectfully non-committal. There were other stories, he intimated. Had he heard anything like this? and the ensign told the familiar stern story of Dante and Tennyson—how Ulysses chafed at the dulness of Ithaca, set sail with his old shipmates for a marvellous mountain in the unknown south, and perished in the mad adventure. Yes, Paul had heard it at school.

He knew also of another hero named Achilléus. Encouraged by the captain, Paul took up the Homeric theme, in a mixture of excellent school English and New Yorkese: "Achilléus was very brave, but must die young, so his mother sent him to live with some 'goils' who were daughters of a king. Then the Greeks were going to fight Troy. They knew Achilléus was brave, and wanted him, so they sent a peddler, a very sly man, to find Achilléus among the goils. First the peddler he showed shirtwaists and ribbons in a box. The goils jumped at the box; but Achilléus, he paid no attention. Then the peddler opened another box. In it there was a gun, with ammunition. Achilléus he grabbed it. So they knew it was he and took him to Troy, where he was killed. The sly peddler was Odysseus."

It was time for the junior watch officer to take the bridge. As he slipped into his slicker, it occurred to him that his books were much more alive than he had supposed. The story of Odysseus' death which the captain had from a Greek foremasthand at Ithaca, was the same that Guido delle Colonne, judge of Messina, had picked up somewhere about the year 1280 and put into his famous History of the Destruction of Troy. Where Dante got the rival story of the mad dash for the South Pole, is uncertain. At least the splendid tale was alive, not as comparative literature, but among Greek schoolboys and volunteer mess attendants. Through the whole conference had run a thin but unmistakable strain of old Homer himself. As the junior watch officer hauled himself up the companion way to face two more hours of blinding drizzle and menacing fog horns, it cheered him to reflect that after all the classics are less dead than they are reputed to be.

Omsk and Washington

HAD there been a political seismograph in Washington, it would have recorded some noteworthy rumblings in Siberia the week before last; possibly they were recorded and filed for reference. In any case the public press has taken little notice of them.

On May 17, the Associated Press telegraphed that Mr. Ivan Sukin, Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, had requested Major-General Graves, the American commander in Siberia, not to send any troops further into the interior, and indicated that the object of the request was to avoid jeopardizing the existing friendly relations with America, which, in view of the American Government's undefined stand on Bolshevism, might otherwise be threatened.

In the words of Minister Sukin, "The attitude of the Washington Government is being used by certain political groups to create disorder among the Russian people and thus weaken the Government. Up to this time the results of such efforts have been confined to the Far East and constitute an entirely local situation, which, much as we deplore it, we can not help. We did not wish the contagion to spread nearer the seat of the Government and therefore made the request. It ought to be said once more that every Russian is concerning himself with the question of the attitude of Americans towards Bolshevism, and it is the democratic element of the people here that is opposed to the troops advancing further."

And then Minister Sukin added a somewhat cryptic remark to the effect that a certain government was seeking to convince the Russians that Great Britain and the United States were so under the influence of Bolshevism that the wisest course for the Omsk Government would be to ally itself with an imperialistic nation, "which stands rock-like against Bolshevism." He further declared that his Government was not influenced by this, in view of the continued assurances of sympathy and support from France and Great Britain.

It is quite possible that Minister Sukin was not quoted quite correctly, and the word "imperialistic," in the scarcely veiled reference to Japan, is evidently a misquotation or a mistranslation, but the purport of the announcement is unmistakable. Mr. Sukin is an able and clever man and does not use his words lightly. The correspondent states that the request was made in the most friendly terms, but the fact that such a request was made indicates the confidence which the Omsk Government feels in its own stability, and it also reflects the strong feeling of the mass of Russians who are behind it.

There is no doubt that the feeling against America among Russians has developed rapidly and that the traditional Russian-American friendship is gravely threatened. It is not a matter to be regarded carelessly, for its bearing both upon the mutual economic relations of the two countries and upon international relations generally can scarcely be overestimated. The first instinctive feeling is that Russia is a long way off and how Russians feel towards us matters little. The second reaction is that the Russians are to blame. But is this true? Is it not wise to hold up the mirror and see if the fault does not lie largely on our side?

We have had no Russian policy, or, if we have had one, no one has been able to discover it. Last summer we made a gesture as if to send to Russia an economic mission. Hosts of Americans sought to be appointed on it, but no one ever was. We wafted many kind words across to Russia. The treatment accorded to Russia was to be the acid test. Heaven save us from that test! We said that we "would stand by Russia," and we are still standing.

Finally we were shamed into action. The Czechoslovaks were carrying on one of the most gallant struggles of the war, fighting against our German enemies and resisting the treacherous attempt of the German-inspired and German-directed Bolsheviks to exterminate them, after they had been solemnly guaranteed safe transport across Siberia. Fifteen thousand had succeeded in reaching Vladivostok, but armed German and Hungarian prisoners-of-war held the line from Irkutsk to the Manchurian frontier, and the remaining forty thousand were cut off. Then we sent some nine thousand troops to Vladivostok to guard the rear of the Czechoslovaks! As if to shame our dilatory efforts, the Czechoslovaks, by their heroic efforts saved themselves.

But they did more than this. They gave the terrorized population of Siberia the opportunity to throw off the hated Bolshevik yoke and to make patriotic plans for the recovery and restoration of their country. The difficulties were enormous. Out of local provisional governments was evolved a central authority, which after many vicissitudes took the form of the present Omsk Government. For a time they held the line of the Volga against the German-led forces. A little timely aid, even of rifles, clothing, and medical supplies, would have saved the situation there, but we stood in the way. At least a million lives would have been spared and untold suffering averted. But instead of giving assistance where it was so much needed

we let our enemies, Lenin and Trotsky, work their will on our loyal allies without interference.

Meanwhile, our American troops remained snugly in Vladivostok, and Russians, seeing that all the work and all the danger were reserved for the worn-out Czechoslovaks and a handful of British and French, were forced to the conclusion that our only object in sending troops was to guard the great stores at Vladivostok, in which we had a financial interest. Also, we seemed several times on the point of recognizing the Soviet Government, an attitude which hampered the efforts of the patriots at Omsk to bring order out of chaos. Had we definitely set out to harass Russia, we could not have pursued a more consistent course. To cap the climax the Prinkipo Conference was proposed, apparently at the suggestion of George D. Herron. This was an insult that no loyal Russian will soon forget or forgive.

When we finally sent troops to Vladivostok, it was only after protracted negotiations with the Japanese. To the onlooker, and especially to the Russian onlooker, it was very evident that we distrusted the Japanese and that, whether this distrust was justified or not, we played the diplomatic game in a way which could only injure the Russians without benefiting ourselves. As Japan was not interested in seeing a strong government set up in Siberia, at least not until she should have acquired economic control over the region east of Lake Baikal, she made use of her occupation of the railroad and of the bands of Semenov and Kalmykov to hamper the efforts of the government at Omsk. Still it struggled on, hoping against hope that the eyes of the Allies and America would be opened before the cause was lost.

In the meanwhile, one of the leading men of Russia, a powerful personality, had escaped from Bolshevik Russia by way of Baku and Persia. He was the bearer of a reasoned project from four great generals of Russia, true patriots, devoted to their native land. Foch, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, all approved the programme, subject to the acceptance of President Wilson. It was simple and practical, and did not involve the sending of a single soldier to Russia. But he was unable to see the President. So he went on to Siberia and let the authorities at Omsk know that they had nothing to expect from America, and that their only hope in their extremity was to make the best terms they could with Japan, and pay the price. We do not know what the price was, but no Russian begrudges it. Immediately the road was opened and supplies began to go through. Semenov and Kalmykov were called off, and Admiral Kolchak was free to undertake his western campaign,

which has progressed so brilliantly.

But all this has resulted in an intense feeling of bitterness towards America. After having led the Russians to expect much, we abandoned them. They felt that as allies they were entitled to sympathy and assistance in their efforts to restore Russia, and they saw us flirting with the alien Bolsheviks, who were coöperating with the Germans in reducing their beloved country to ruin and chaos. To-day they have surmounted many of their greatest obstacles and their way lies clear before them. They feel their strength and they know that nothing can stop Russia from again becoming a great nation, perhaps the most powerful in Europe. They treasure up nothing against Japan, even though the bargain was a hard one, for Japan never professed any lofty altruistic sentiments towards them. But from America they expected much, and were sorely disappointed.

It is high time that we adopted a definite policy towards Russia, based upon the plain facts of the situation. We can not afford to lose the friendship of the Russian people, nor is it wise to leave them xenophobe, or in the hands of Germans. A start has been made by Senator King, who introduced a resolution calling for the recognition of the Omsk Government. If this is followed by a generous participation of American capital and brains in the tasks of Russian reconstruction, a participation mutually advantageous, we may be able to save intact the threatened bond of Russian-American friendship.

JEROME LANDFIELD

An Executive Budget

PEOPLE in this country are not generally aware of the confusion that results, on the one hand, from too much separation of executive and legislative functions under our Constitution, and, on the other hand, from too little recognition of this separation by Congress. For example, nearly every appropriation bill specifies to the last detail where and how the work shall be done, and the money expended; sites for new buildings, to take one instance, being selected by the dictates of some Congressman or Senator who has been able to bring political pressure to bear. The design and materials to be used, the number and salary of clerks and assistants are usually specified in the bill. In other words, the executive department, whose officers have studied the problem and who are responsible for making the necessary contracts and for seeing that the work is properly done, are so restricted by the terms of the appropriation bills that all initiative and incentive to save is deadened.

Retrenchment is possible by first ascertaining from accurate estimates the amount of the annual revenues and expenditures. The responsibility for obtaining such estimates rests solely on the officer exercising executive power—the President. But to raise and spend some three billion dollars a year should require a large amount of careful, precise calculation. The President personally can not attend to it. He must therefore delegate the work. This raises the first question for consideration—to whom shall he delegate the work of preparing annual, accurate estimates of the revenue and expenditures of the Government?

The bulk of our national expenditures goes to pay for the light, heat, repairs, clerical help, salaries and incidentals connected with administering the regular current business of the Government. These matters are purely administrative in nature, and have nothing in them that is inherently political. All the rest of our national expenditures, such as appropriations for maintaining the army, building of vessels for the navy, the maintenance of labor exchanges, or the purchase of wheat from the farmers, involve political issues. In the first instance, it is the function of the President, under the Constitution, to define the political policy involved in such expenditures. The task of incorporating such expenditures in the Budget, however, calls for no political affiliation. The President should, therefore, delegate the work of preparing the annual estimates, and all deficiency and supplementary estimates, to a permanent, non-partisan staff, or board, of able and courageous men.

Retrenchment is based first on knowledge of the facts: knowledge of the facts can come only through proper system; and the first step in such system is the creation by Congress of a Budget Staff, or board, to enable the President to fulfill his Constitutional obligations.

The next step in a scientific Budget System requires a changed conception of the functions of Congress in regard to financial matters, and the adoption of the necessary changes in its rules of procedure. Congress has no authority under the Constitution to exercise executive power. If the President presents a consolidated Budget of the financial operations for the next fiscal year, Congress should consider it as a whole. If properly prepared, every item of revenue and expenditure will have been carefully considered, and each inserted in relation to the document as a whole. For Congress properly to fulfill its functions as critic, it must ultimately consider the President's Budget as a whole. Whether the various committees first consider the portion of the Budget in which they are particularly interested, or whether the

Budget be considered by one or two committees, in place of the fourteen now in the House and the fifteen in the Senate, is of little moment so long as the whole Budget is before Congress at the time revenue and appropriation bills are voted upon.

The practice in Congress of initiating appropriation bills, without reference to the plans and desires of the administration, is practically a usurpation of the executive power of the President. Congress must say Yea or Nay to what the administration has suggested in the Budget as the governmental policy; but no money bill should be introduced until after the Budget has been passed, and then only as a single and definite item. In no other way can the people know whether the responsibility for extravagance is chargeable to the President or to Congress.

What then are the functions of Congress in financial matters? They are, first, to determine the question whether Congress finds itself in agreement with the public policy expressed in the items contained in the Budget. Congress should then satisfy itself on the propriety and necessity of the details contained in the estimates. It should then weigh the reports of its committees on the Budget with the Budget itself, and after such deliberation pass the revenue and appropriation bills. If the Budget omits anything Congress considers necessary, the matter should be taken up with the proper executive department. If the President will not insert such an item in a supplementary Budget, Congress should vote on the question in the form of a single bill.

After the revenue and appropriation bills are passed, the third step in a Budget System, and one of the most important, is yet to be made. Congress must follow the expenditures of public money by the Administration. There are eleven committees on expenditures now in the House, one for each of the main departments. These committees, at present, do practically nothing, save in a case of open departmental scandal. They should either be consolidated, or the committees on accounts and on audit should be strengthened, so that Congress may have a comprehensive annual statement showing how the Administration has expended the money that has been granted.

Nothing less than these three steps in a complete Budget System can bring about retrenchment or economy in our national Government. Possibly the three steps will not be taken at one time. But some day, when there has been more reflection upon diminishing incomes and increasing taxes, Congress will adopt them and will thus instal sound financial methods.

JOHN T. PRATT

Walt Whitman

WALT Whitman, born in 1819, dying in 1892, might be said to have glided, almost sidled, through life but for two marked events that gave feature and color to his days. One of these was his service for twenty months as volunteer nurse in Washington during the last half of the Civil War. The other was the publication, in 1855, of "Leaves of Grass," to the horror of one class, the mirth of a second, and the rapture of a third—a book of which it may be summarily declared that neither horror, mirth, nor rapture is the clue to the unravelling of its perplexities. For the rest, Whitman's life was unbraced, but not unbridled, shifting rather than shiftless, always poor, somewhat idle, fearless yet pacific, slipshod but respectable, avid of contacts, but averse to ties, shelving responsibility, eschewing marriage. His cleanliness was Dutch; his soberness was Quaker-like.

In ethics, take him in the mass, he was—ordinary. He was not a very good man. He was not a bad man. He was kindly and unscrupulous. His vanity was restive and imperious, and he could stoop to meanness in its service. The pleasantest things in him, with a single exception, were not high. One very likable trait was an aptitude for quiet and effortless pleasure, a plant-like gift for the leisurely extraction of the syrups out of familiar and neighborly things, features of landscape, labors and sports, animals, and common men and women. He liked his kind as other men like dogs and horses. Their savor and nearness was refreshing to him. Affections of this sort are naturally comprehensive, and the comprehensive is the indiscriminate. Whitman stroked the race. He liked anybody, with stress on the "any" and stress on the "body." In his 508 pages of verse hardly a proper name occurs, except two or three of firmamental compass like Washington and Lincoln. Altogether the only best thing in him, and the only spiritual trait that he possessed, was an exalted moral courage answering to a high mental independence. In that particular he touched greatness.

Whitman's vogue among English notabilities, of which his American fame was partly the rebound, had roots in the expectations which Englishmen had formed of our country. They had been disappointed in America. They had looked to America for sensations, and America had responded with proprieties. This defeat of expectation arose, as I think, out of a rather foolish and needless confusion between America as *land* and America as *people*. To suppose that an old people in a new land would produce a literature moulded on its oceans and mountain-chains was about as sensi-

ble as to imagine that a pigeon which had moved into an empty hawk's nest would lay hawk's eggs. Rational or not, the expectation was there, and Whitman, rather perhaps as the pledge and symptom of its fulfillment than as the fulfillment itself, became the object of admiring interest to men like Dowden, Stevenson, and Symonds.

The poet in Whitman naturally first attracts us, and the first point of interest in the poetry is its extraordinary vehicle. After a recent and prolonged exposure to its seductions, I avow myself unsexed. To me it is a vehicle without springs. I admit its possession of runners, but runners are quite as prone to grate on sand as to glide on snow, and a tendency to run into sand impresses me as a main characteristic of the Whitman sledge. Here is a chance line, the first line my eye fell on in opening the book: "The real or fancied indifference of some man or woman I love." The reader can quote better lines, and so can I. I can quote good lines. "Deep in the forest, in the piney woods, turpentine and tar dropping from the incisions in the trees." The trouble is that we have no securities; we have none, because Whitman has none. I think his vehicle bears no comparison in grace or sensitiveness with the unrhymed verse of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer or of Miss Hilda Doolittle, or with the polyphonic prose of Miss Amy Lowell's "Can Grande's Castle." No doubt he blazed a trail, but that trail has not yet led us to the Sierras or the Rockies.

I face with perfect tranquillity the many solecisms of Whitman; they are, so to speak, in the pact. Grammar in Whitman would have been meretricious. I find it harder to excuse the use of "trottoirs" for "sidewalks" or "libertad" for "liberty." I do not think a man who says "duds" for clothes should say "élèves" for "pupils." That is not in the pact. It is difficult to respect a man to whom the admiration of the people who consume these elegancies was valuable. But let us not hasten to condemn; Whitman can not be measured by particulars.

Was Whitman, finally, a poet? To this let me give at once the partial reply that his possession of what may be called the poetic throb is undeniable. He is a poet when he speaks of the "slumbering and liquid trees," of the "tender and growing Night," of a "gray, discouraged sky," of the "crooked, inviting fingers" of the sea, of "lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west," of "words loosed to the eddies of the wind."

These phrases are unmistakably poetic. Are they the cry of untutored nature?

John Burroughs, for whom Whitman is superhuman, remarks that "in his poetry he seems as untouched by our modern sophistications and the over-refinements of modern culture as any of the Biblical writers." I open the text at random, and my eye is caught by the phrase, "far-swooping elbowed Earth." Now the authors of Genesis and Matthew do not talk about the "far-swooping elbowed Earth." That is a studious, even a studied, phrase. The famous and deservedly famous "I loaf and invite my Soul" is another example of this far-sought and adeptly found combination. The "barbaric yawp" is very fine, but the born yawper would never have defined himself with so imaginative and felicitous an exactness. So far as mere language goes, Whitman may blunder like a backwoodsman, but he succeeds like a virtuoso.

Whitman, being uncritical, could not tell his successes from his blunders, and as he has the diabolic gift of destroying the faculty of criticism in all who approach him, admirers and enemies alike, he is indiscriminately praised. The "vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue" has been lauded to the empyrean, but I confess that to "vitreous pours" my mind is watertight. Even in his veritable sublimities he is slipshod, as in the moving line, "Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen," where a ferryman, in his narrow and self-repeating course, is a most inapt symbol for the limitless scope and unbroken continuity of a cycle.

In my examples of poetical quality I have quoted only phrases. Speaking broadly, there is nothing else to quote. Poetry in Whitman is granular, not to say atomic. He was a carpenter by ancestry and intermittent practice, but I doubt if history can show another man of letters so destitute of joinery in the literary sense. He can not dramatize; he can hardly narrate. He can put the right touches in, but he can not keep the wrong touches out; he builds and unbuilds in the same breath. I shall be reminded of "My Captain," but "My Captain," which is so unlike Whitman's other poems that its beauty is almost an indictment of the rest, is rather picture than narrative, and is seamed with flaws forgivable only to its true tenderness and high solemnity. When we reach the word "object" in the last stanza, "From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won," the poem seems only just saved from the fate of its hero, that of downfall in victory. "Drum-Taps" consists of taps—mere taps.

This point for me is crucial. Whitman felt like a poet. But the mere deposition of feeling will not make poems. Poems are fabrics; the poet is a fashioner or maker. Verse is not the out-

come of mere spontaneities any more than of mere restraints; it is the outcome of the equipoise between restraints and spontaneities. It is a mistake to suppose that delicate and refined effects, like invalids, require care, whereas bold and rough effects, like athletes, may be left to the exercise of their pleasure. Football men, in fact, *are* watched like invalids in the period of training; and bold and rough effects must be guarded by care and vigilance from the intrusion of alien and thwarting forces. Whitman could not sustain himself, maintain the pace, even in ruggedness or insolence.

One last remark may close this topic. Whitman loved words, gloated on them, fondled them in the very act of utterance. Nevertheless, he aspired to write, in some unfathomed way, not words, but objects. In genuine writing the object should walk into the reader's mind. The view has its kernel of truth, but Whitman hardly penetrated to the kernel. He sought to impart to words the robustness of things by delivering them like things in crates or panniers. Piles of words, he hoped, might produce the effect of piles of objects. I need hardly comment on the success of the undertaking.

Summing up results in the dictum that Whitman was poetic, but not a poet, I pass now to a brief survey of his message. His teachings may be presented under three heads: the equations, the optimisms, and the selfhoods. The equations run about as follows:

One man is as good as another. "In all people I see myself—none more, and not one a barley corn less."

Woman is as good as man.

The Now is as good as anything in the Future or the Past.

The lower forms of existence are as good as the higher forms. The grain of sand is as perfect as the egg of the wren.

The body is as good as the soul. "I have said that the Soul is not more than the body, and I have said that the body is not more than the Soul."

("Soul" capitalized, "body" not, in the affirmation of equality.)

One part of the body is as good as another. This belief has pungent sequels.

Man is as good as God. "Nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is."

The bad is as good as the good. I quote word for word: "What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad is just as perfect."

Satan is as good as God. This is incidental, but explicit. In "Chanting the Square Deific," Satan is added to the triune God of Christianity, making the Trinity quadrangular. The experiment of reforming the criminal by adding him

to the police force is tried for the first time in orthodox theology.

After all this, why not rescind inequality from the bottom up, and proclaim difference to be imaginary? I feel that Whitman benefits mankind in these allegations no less and no more than King George V would benefit England if he raised all his subjects to the peerage. The point of view from which dicta of this sort are—let us not say demonstrable—but even imaginable is purely speculative. Are the bad and good alike? From the top of Everest or Cheops, possibly yes. At the base of Everest or Cheops, no. Did Whitman find one cook or one physician or one critic as good as another?

The optimisms are fewer than the equations, but even more important. I quote: "There is no imperfection in male or female, or in the earth, or in the present—and can be none in the future." Again: "Each moment, and whatever happens, thrills me with joy." Again: "Every inch of space is a miracle." He tells us that everything is foreseen and foreordained to good ends. He is secure of immortality. "No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death."

On this doctrine comment must be brief. Optimism is respectable in proportion to the extent of sorrow and evil for which it has found harborage and warrant in its estimate of man and life. To the reasoner the optimism of the blood is as worthless as the pessimism of the nerves. Neither the pessimism of seventy-five nor the optimism of seventeen proves much. I might value the laugh of a child as a fact, even as a symptom, but I should not respect it as a critique of the universe. Whitman's optimisms, which are mostly early, before he had learned as nurse and invalid the full poignancies of anguish, seem to me the prolongation or repercussion of the laugh of the child.

Last of all come the selfhoods. The self is divine, its impulses are holy, and the rankness of those impulses, being merely the excess and projection of its quality, is delightful like the rankness of the scent of tropical flowers. Roughness, fleshliness, turbulence, insolence, disdain—these are nothing but the sportiveness and agility of its virtue.

I can sum up the Credo of Whitman in a sentence—perfection with selfhood as its basis, and equality as the guarantor of its distribution through time, space, humanity, and the unfolding evolutionary types. His historical position may be put thus: Emerson gave us the optimisms and the self-reliances, with a part at least of the equations; only in Emerson they had the sky for a background: Whitman put earth for sky. The self in Emerson reverences and aspires; the self in Whitman embraces,

enjoys, extols, its present actuality.

The success of this gospel, after its first hardships, was very great; it suited the time. The equations thrived in a democratic period; the optimisms sunned themselves in the removal of religious fears and the hope of evolutionary progress; the selfhoods came out to bask in the relaxing tension of the moral and the social law. Its appeal, especially in its support of instinct, was strongest to the most advanced and delicate minds; the apostle of the plain, untutored man recruited his following from the intellectual noblesse. There was reason in the paradox. Civilization, in one sense, is trestle-work, and, like trestle-work, is relatively fragile. In a self-conscious age the masters of arts and letters have often perhaps the feelings of a man hanging a picture on tiptoe on the uppermost step of a reeling step-ladder. A burly fellow, shaking the ladder derisively from the safety of his station on the floor, might be envied by a picture-hanger with a love of stability and a sense of humor.

Gravitation is finally master even of picture-hangers, and literature and philosophy and religion are largely subject to the primal instincts. But literature and philosophy and most of all religion are scant in the acknowledgment of this subjection, because they feel the power to be excessive and dangerous, and they will not increase the danger by adding homage to obedience. Hence the discomfort of suppression; hence the eagerness for avowal. After enforced silence, to say that we want what we want, or even to hear it said for us by a braver mouth becomes the most sensible of comforts. Whitman did not confute the argument for silence; he simply spoke. An age morally and mentally overtaken drew a long breath. That breath was Whitman. What does a good workman do who has drawn a long breath? He expels the air and resumes his labor.

Whitman stands for a mode of life. A man may serve a state of life or being in three ways. He may body it forth; that is, he may simply *be* it, like a child or a bird. He may *draw* it like an artist. He may *uphold* it like a teacher. The trouble with Whitman is that he has done no one of these things sharply. The art-method is excluded from the outset; there is practically no objective portraiture in Whitman. Exposition might have been timely. If Whitman could have re-appraised self and sex, giving them new places and higher ratings in the equipoise of a system which could be just and generous to rival values, the service to his time would have been large. But the words, "system" and "equipoise," in relation to Whitman, are diverting.

There remains the third and final option. Does Whitman personify, does

he embody, the instincts he upholds? That very word, "upholds," is a partial answer to the question. Every child, every animal, is a truer incarnation of Whitmanism than Whitman himself, because it is less self-conscious. The *conscious* reliance on instinct is the reverse of instinctive. Egotism is artless, but not the cult of egotism. Part of Whitman's relation to the instincts may be summed up in the phrase that the instincts are his clients. He can not make a plea, but he holds a brief. The final outcome is the most curious and non-descript mixture of dictum and dithyramb, lyricism and dogmatism, proclamation and exclamation, manifesto and rhapsody. Either nature or wisdom might have served us. Nature is sound, if partial; wisdom is catholic, if austere. But between nature and wisdom, what camp, what halting-place? There is the plight, the infirmity, of Whitman; he is more than natural, and less than wise.

O. W. FIRKINS

Correspondence

"The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson"

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

Your admirable article, in the issue of May 24, on "The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson" leads me to say that further intensive study of the President's doctrines is, I think, desirable. The writer is inclined to think that some of his leading doctrines must encourage political disintegration. I pass the inviting inquiry as to whether his views on the relations of labor and capital do not tend to undermine the present social order and our whole industrial system. The points of Wilson's doctrine which I have in mind are briefly self-determinism and internationalism.

The right of peoples to self-determination, stated abstractly and without qualifications, is un-American and tends directly to the splitting up of existing political units, throughout the world. In the American Revolution, the doctrine that governments derived their just powers from consent of the governed, was limited by the circumstances of the time so as to mean that the British Parliament might not justly tax the Colonies, which were denied right of representation in the Parliament. Before and during the Civil War self-determination took the form in the State where Woodrow Wilson was born, and throughout the South, of States rights or State sovereignty. The victory of the North destroyed the dogma in America.

In Russia Lenin and Trotsky, prob-

ably at the instigation of Germany, adopted the doctrine in its broadest form with the result that Russia crumbled into fragments almost overnight. President Wilson, expressing definite sympathies with the Russian point of view, also adopted it, apparently for two reasons. He wanted, at first, to arrange a peace without victory, by encouraging Germany to look for peace without loss of territory, except Alsace and Lorraine, and to restrain the desires of the Allies for conquest. He also used the doctrine as a war weapon against Austria-Hungary, with such success that no sooner was the armistice signed than the country split up into fragments. Unhappily the disintegrating effect of self-determinism did not stop here. It spread to Korea, India, and Egypt, where it caused civil war, and to Ireland where it threatens war. Who can be sure that this fire has reached all combustible materials? What are the limits which can be set to this splitting-up process, and when will it stop?

If the President's advocacy of self-determinism tends to weaken existing political units, by encouraging particularist and separationist movements, his internationalism, as set forth in the League of Nations constitution, does the same thing in a different way. At first sight, Article X, with its political and territorial guarantees, appears likely to stabilize present arrangements, although at the expense of involving America in disputes all over the world. As a matter of fact, the Covenant appears to me to have a disintegrating and revolutionary effect. If American citizens in some foreign country should be subjected to political outrage, or American property be destroyed or confiscated, through the acts or omissions of a foreign government, our recourse would be an application to the council at Geneva. So, too, if we desired, after agreeing to a limitation of armament, to increase it, for the purpose even of maintaining domestic order, when a general strike threatened our security, or when Bolshevism, dangerously organized, appeared in America, our only recourse would be an appeal to the league council. In either of these cases, we should be obliged to secure a unanimous vote in order to have our petition granted. Now, it is not inconceivable that at least one vote might be cast against us. Japan or Italy might for the time being be cherishing a grievance against us. Brazil might feel a dread of our advance towards the south, if the dispute were with Mexico, or some Central or South American country. But an even greater danger would be the pressure which the British Labor Party, the French or Italian Socialists, acting upon the suggestion of American I. W. W., might bring to bear upon the governments of their respective

countries to oppose the increase of our army for the preservation of domestic order. The League Covenant, therefore, places a powerful instrument in the hands of European Bolsheviks and Socialists, to interfere in our internal affairs and weaken the authority of our national Government. It also gives the power of blackmail to any member state who might wish us ill, bringing discredit and inevitable loss of power and prestige upon a government which had voluntarily abdicated some of its powers for the protection of the life and property of its citizens in foreign countries.

Thus President Wilson's self-determinism and internationalism are both directed towards the weakening of our Government. That this is not unjust is shown by his recent speech in Paris, where he said that in a sense national law is played out. National law is national authority, nothing more and nothing less. To say that national authority is in a sense played out, and that the relations between states will be of more importance in the future than internal national development is a clear proclamation in favor of weakening our national Government. If this be true, a tolerant attitude towards the League of Nations, in its present form, is inconsistent with the policy which declares war on Bolshevism.

AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON

Indianapolis, Ind., May 24

If Prohibition, Why Not Socialism?

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

Men are coming to forbid themselves all use of the foremost bodily intoxicant, alcohol. The wine that maketh glad the heart of man seems a beneficent invention; but its use proves fearfully maleficent to the many. Let us have done with it, say the Prohibitionists. Much hardship ensues. Can men well support the wear and tear of life without this ancient means of easing it? The question is not asked by the Teetotalers, men in the Frankenstein mood. Finally hopeless of controlling the invention Drink, they are resolved to destroy it.

For millennia many of the best minds have doubted man's ability to control a greater invention, the universal mental intoxicant wealth. The institution of private property seems beneficent; but its use proves fearfully maleficent to the many. Let us have done with it, say the Socialists. Much hardship would ensue. Can Production be active and well-ordered without it? The new Teetotalers do not ask the question. Finally hopeless of controlling the money power, they are resolved to destroy it. *De-lendae sunt divitiae.*

Will the Have-nots, the economic Dregs, win against the Haves, the economic Wets? Their victory would accomplish the most far-reaching overturn in human conditions since civilization began. Chaos would come, say all the wise. But if Chaos is not to come, a New Order must.

Socialism is the arbitration of Exchange. For the immemorial duel of buyer and seller, it substitutes decision by the public as referee. The common voice is to determine what every man is to get by his industry and what he is to give for what he gets. Expropriation is to end Extortion. Exit the Trader; exit "buying for sheep and selling for deer." Enter the Government farm and mine and ship and factory and store.

But duelling and decision by a referee are not the only ways of settling disputes. Agreement between the parties is the third way and the best way, leaving all just men masters in their own concerns. Between Drunkenness and Abstinence stands Temperance. In time the world will learn how to use alcohol. So between Extortion and Expropriation stands Fair Dealing. Will the world in time learn how to use money?

A dream, say the Socialists, as the Teetotalers have said before them and won by saying it. Like the passion for alcohol, the love of money can not be mastered and must be starved to death.

Is this true? If true, the love of money assuredly will be starved to death. The new and greater Prohibition wins.

Neither is true. Abstinence and Expropriation are but rude remedies for Drunkenness and Extortion. The goals of civilization are Temperance and Fair Dealing. Like Teetotalism, Socialism is a counsel of despair. But the New Order will be built on hope.

BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN

Boston, Mass., May 23

The Danger of Present-Day Radicalism

To the EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

How gladly I subscribe! Especially in the last six months, I have become very apprehensive. The colleges and even the high schools have in their teaching force, men and women who, with the highest ideals, are undermining the foundations of this Government. Indiana University allows the Bolshevik New York *Nation* to be used as a textbook in some English classes. I have no doubt its dangerous doctrines are couched in its usual excellent English but what can a university be thinking of to permit such insidious propaganda among its younger college students?

MRS. LUCIUS B. SWIFT

Indianapolis, Ind., May 23

Book Reviews

Self-Determination and Sovereignty

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE NEW STATE: GROUP ORGANIZATION THE SOLUTION OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT. By M. P. Follett. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

THE fountains of the social and political deep have been stirred by the Great War. Everywhere the foundations of authority, industrial as well as political, are questioned. In the international field the right of self-determination is proclaimed as the complement of the doctrine of the consent of the governed in the constitutional field. In the domain of labor the workmen are asserting an inherent and natural right themselves to control, not only the distribution of their products, but the manner in which and the persons by whom industrial establishments are to be operated. This last demand, which is more loudly voiced in Europe and Great Britain than it is in America, marks a definite break with the older schools of socialism, which have contented themselves with the ideal of a régime under which the instruments of production should be owned and operated and their products distributed by a democratically controlled state.

In itself, this questioning of existing industrial and political institutions and methods can not reasonably be objected to. If, as at present operated, they effect a just and efficient distribution of economic and political power, only good can result from having the fact made clear. If they do not, it is all the more proper that this should be determined, in order that the needed reforms may be indicated and entered upon. Yet there is danger, when questions such as these become the subject of general discussion, that ignorance and prejudice will usurp the place of intelligent and unbiased judgment. It is most important that current social and political theorizing should be continually examined in order to determine whether false premises are assumed or essential distinctions disregarded. This furnishes the justification for the paragraphs which follow, in which it is sought to point out the respects in which false or confused reasoning is employed in dealing with the so-called "right of self-determination" and with the nature of political sovereignty.

Self-Determination. Here the error consists in the ascription of an absolute ethical character to a doctrine which contains a large ingredient of pure ex-

pediency or utilitarianism. It is asserted that if a given group of individuals can show that it possesses a distinct unity, especially if it can make good its claim to a racial or ethnic homogeneity, its members have an absolute right to determine what shall be their political relations to other groups—whether they shall set up for themselves an independent government or consent to remain under the sovereignty of another state, and, if so, upon what terms.

It is clear that this doctrine, if pushed to its logical limits, is destructive of all political authority. For, in itself, no greater sacredness can be claimed for nationality than can be claimed for any other physical or psychical factor that serves to bind individuals into distinct groups. If it is held that the doctrine of self-determination states an absolute ethical principle, the way is logically opened to any number of individuals, however small (who deem themselves united by a "consciousness of kind"), to assert the right to set up an independent political household. The fallacy is precisely the one that is committed when it is asserted that the doctrine of the consent of the governed implies that no person may be rightfully constrained by a political authority to which he has not given his individual consent.

The doctrine of the consent of the governed does, indeed, imply the absolute ethical principle that all governments should seek exclusively the welfare of the governed, and that only upon this ground can their existence be justified. It also implies the ethical principle that no person should be denied the enjoyment of either public or private rights upon arbitrary grounds. Further than this the doctrine does not go. These primary ethical conditions having been met, practical expediency then steps in. Exactly so should it be with reference to the right of self-determination as applied to groups of individuals.

Sovereignty. The distinction between legal and ethical right is so clear that there would seem to be no excuse for ignoring it. Equally clear is the difference between ascribing to a sovereign state a supreme and unlimited legal competence and the assertion that it has either the moral right or the actual power to do what it will. Ethical right, legal competence, and physical power have no necessary relation to one another. Legal right—or competence—may be, and often is, exercised in defiance of ethical right. Power may be possessed and employed without regard to law or justice. Ethical right may be present without power to give effect to the acts or ends which it dictates; and legal competence may exist although actual powers of coercion are absent.

It would, perhaps, not be worth while

to point out these distinctions were it not that, at the present time, there seems to be an especial tendency to ignore them in argument, and, from the vantage ground of the confusion thus obtained, to deny that sovereignty is an essential legal attribute of the independent state.

It is necessary in discussing problems of public law to start with the premise that all positive law derives its legally binding force from some ultimate legislative source, from some supreme will whose commands the law expresses. This supreme will, or faculty of willing, is termed sovereignty, and is deemed to be possessed, not by the government, but by the state, that is, by the political entity or person that employs the organs of government for the expression and enforcement of its commands. As thus connoting legal supremacy or omnipotence, sovereignty has no relation to one form of government different from that which it has to another; it is as essential to the constitutional jurisprudence of the democratically organized and administered state as it is to the most autocratically governed community. Nor does the recognition of its existence have any bearing upon what commands the state shall issue or upon its actual power to enforce them when issued. Yet we find it asserted that it is the baneful idea of sovereignty which stands in the way of an effective League of Nations and which furnishes support for national selfishness and arrogance. In an equally ignorant manner we hear it declared that to concede sovereignty to the state is to lay the basis for a possible oppression of the people by their own governments.

As regards the first of these indictments, it is of course true that it would not be possible to bring into existence a truly sovereign world state so long as the states now existing were unwilling to part with their own several sovereignties. But there is nothing in the idea of sovereignty to prevent states from covenanted with one another in any way they see fit, or of each of them vesting the common exercise of the broadest kind of powers in organs of their joint creation.

Leaving the matter of sovereignty as a matter of juristic logic, we enter the field of practical politics when we come to consider the governmental machinery or organs through which the will of the state is to be formulated and executed. In all states of any considerable size, it is necessary to develop systems of local government under which more or less autonomous powers are vested in organs representing smaller component areas. In Federally organized States the constituent Commonwealths receive wide discretionary powers, legislative as well as administrative.

And, of course, in imperial systems such as that of the British Empire, the colonies and dependencies enjoy such freedom of political action that in practice the sentiment of allegiance serves as a stronger bond of union than does the formal recognition of the juristic sovereignty of the Empire.

In some quarters, however, there appears to be growing a demand for a division of functions in the modern state which is radically different from all this. The division of powers which is advocated does not rest on a territorial basis. It is purely, or, at least primarily, one of interests, and is applied especially in the field of industry. The laborers in the mines, factories, railways, etc., are regarded as a special class or as special classes which, it is argued, should, through their organizations rather than through the ordinary organs of government, determine the law and public policy governing their special interests. Guilds or unions are to be formed, and these federated into national organizations qualified to express the general will of the producers of the country, just as, through the ordinary or political organs of the government, the public, as consumers, expresses its will. Provision is thus made for two public wills in the same community, in much the same way in which it was for centuries attempted to keep distinct the interests of church and state.

As illustrating this type of thought, take the following statement from the preface to the last edition of a work which has found a wide sale since its first publication in 1913—G. D. H. Cole's "The World of Labor": "Increasingly the events of the war have led those who care for freedom, whether in the Trade Union movement or outside, to have a clearer understanding of the need for a division of the supreme power in Society. They have seen, with fear and mistrust, the overwhelming claims advanced on behalf of even a capitalist State in every sphere of life: and many of them are looking eagerly for some form of social organization capable of holding the State in check. This, under the conditions of modern industrial society, they can find only in the Trade Union movement."

In a manner considerably more subtle, and possibly more philosophical, writers like Duguit in France, Figgis in England, and Laski in America, are attacking the unity of the state, or at least of its sovereignty, by persistently refusing, upon the one hand, to distinguish between the ideas of actual power, legal authority, and ethical right; and, upon the other hand, by seizing upon the idea of the "real personality" of ecclesiastic and lay corporations or other groups of individuals to argue that these should, within the fields of their re-

spective interests, have an authority equal to that enjoyed by the state. This doctrine of political pluralism, as it is called, is being applied especially to occupational groups, but if its premises are accepted, it can be applied equally to all other groups united by special interests. It sets up a principle of self-determination within the group cells of the body politic similar to the self-determination that it claimed in the international field for national units.

In the work of Miss Follett, we have the emphasis thrown upon social psychology, with a considerable admixture of ethics. The present state, she says, is now pretty well discredited. "We have outgrown our political system." "All thinking men are demanding a new State." "Pluralism is the most vital trend in political thought to-day." "The unified State is now discredited in many quarters." "To-day the individual is submerged, smothered, choked by the crowd fallacy, the herd theory." These quotations indicate how serious Miss Follett conceives the situation to be. The problem of popular government and of political liberty she states in terms similar to those of Rousseau: How to obtain a true general will which in no wise destroys or overcomes the wills of the individuals who yield obedience to it. This will, she says, can not be obtained when men reach an agreement by compromise, or by contract, or by waiving their own points of view. A unity of willing must be obtained in which differences are integrated, not annihilated or absorbed. The one essential and efficient means by which this unity—as distinguished from uniformity—may be obtained is through the activities of small neighborhood or possibly also occupational groups, in which true group wills can be found. Then, by the blending of such group wills, a true general will can be obtained. This result can not, Miss Follett declares, be obtained by giving representation to those groups in the national legislative body, for then it will be too late: "The ideas of the groups become too crystallized by the time their representatives get to Parliament, in fact they have often hardened into prejudices. Moreover, the representatives could not go against their constituencies, they would be pledged to specific measures. The different groups would come together each to try to prevail, not to go through the only genuine democratic process, that of trying to integrate their ideas and interests."

Miss Follett does not offer any definite plan as to the actual way in which the small neighborhood or occupational groups can be brought into relation with one another so as to produce the result she desires, any more than she explains how a group will is to be obtained which

will not be a result of compromise or concession upon the part of its members.

There is not space to dwell further upon Miss Follett's views, but, despite the essential unity which is her ideal, it is plain that, practically, her book is one that, as the lawyers say, "sounds" in "pluralism," and, as such, its influence can not but be politically disruptive. Only disaster can result from any attempt to divide the supreme authority of the state—to distribute the exercise of its powers into functionally tight compartments. Not only from a logical or juristic standpoint, but, as a matter of practical politics, to divide sovereignty is to destroy it. If the laboring classes, or any other classes, of a community feel that their special interests do not receive due recognition and protection from the government as it exists, it is their right and obligation to use such influence as they are able to exert to change the form or personnel of that government. But to attempt to assume through their own organization functions that properly belong to the political organs, and to divide legislative authority with them, will bring disaster upon themselves as well as upon the rest of the community.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

"The Latest Conrad"

THE ARROW OF GOLD: A STORY BETWEEN TWO NOTES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

For the ever-grateful and ever-hopeful reader of Conrad, this tale slips smoothly enough into place beside its immediate predecessors, "Victory" and "The Shadow Line." One would not have "missed" it for a good deal: the expected virtuosity is there, the stippled glamour, the famous atmosphere that can not be inhaled elsewhere at any price. Yet it is with a rueful as well as a lingering finger that one bestows it in its appointed place, with a sense, perhaps, that it is to be so disposed chiefly as another of the set, as "the latest Conrad." What do we lack? Is it that the virtuosity, more dazzling than ever, is now constrained to make us oblivious of a glamour slightly tarnished, an atmosphere from which, insensibly, the old salty magic has departed? Whatever "Conrads" glitter in the press, it is to "Nostromo" and "Lord Jim" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus" that we seem destined still to return for the authentic enchantment.

It has been a wistful enchantment, at best, that of a magician who above all feels himself alone, among fellow-beings who are alone, upon a little planet that whirls and teeters alone somewhere on the forgotten edge of time and eternity. He sees no certain help or sympathy

from without, to establish a meaning for human life. "The ethical view of the universe," he has said, "involves us in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, where the last vestiges of faith, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation can not be ethical at all. I would fondly believe that its object is purely spectacular." Something worth seeing, to be sure: "Those visions, delicious or poignant, are a moral end in themselves. . . . The unwearied self-forgetful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on earth—a task in which fate has perhaps engaged nothing of us except our conscience, gifted with a voice in order to bear true testimony to the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion, and the illimitable serenity; to the supreme law and the abiding mystery of the sublime spectacle." As for human life the artist's task, he has said elsewhere, is to snatch up, with faith and tenderness, some phase or morsel of it, and "to hold up unquestionably, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood." That the mood cultivated and imparted by this artist is sincere we can not doubt, but why pretend that it does not grow monotonous, as time goes on? For it is, after all, a single mood, and in the later novels it wants the backing of vivid insight and tense emotion which lay behind the visions of the younger Conrad.

There is a characteristic irony in the motto chosen for the present title-page: "Celui qui n'a connu que des hommes polis et raisonnables, ou ne connaît pas l'homme, ou ne le connaît qu'à demi." It is a story of surfaces "polis et raisonnables," under which primitive and all but ungovernable forces are at work, egotism, desire, ambition, jealousy—courage also, and devotion, and honesty of soul. It is the story, once again, of certain lonely beings whose paths meet, seem actually to merge for a time, and presently part forever, not on a note of tragic despair, but with musing recognition of the inevitability of both meeting and parting as not unuseful "fragments" of experience. Henry Allègre is isolated by his wealth and by his genius also; Mills by his reticence; Blunt by his "deliciously absurd" egotism; "Monsieur George" by his boyish sensitiveness: above all Doña Rita by her past and by her inborn quality of enchantress,—hers for good or ill and whether she will or no. The siren type has been greatly struggled with by modern novelists; Doña Rita is not a siren. At worst she is hapless sister to that Helen of Troy who would have had no traffic with ships or towers or men either if the gods had

not so willed. She is a peasant girl whom at fourteen, the painter, Allègre, finds in his garden, instructs in books and love and a learned unfaith, and cynically leaves on earth as his unprotected heiress. She is known, by no means dishonorably, to the masculine half of the polite world, but she is not of that world. Don Carlos the Spanish pretender, recently intimate in Allègre's household, succeeds in taking possession of his bewildered heiress—for a time. But she is not a wanton, breaks from him when she finds no real bond of feeling between them—and thereafter extraordinarily devotes herself to the advancement of his cause, both as heiress and as enchantress.

So "Monsieur George" comes on the scene, a typical Conradian figure. He is a young English sea-captain, at a loose end in Marseilles. His fancy is readily caught by the legend of Doña Rita. For her sake rather more than out of sheer recklessness he becomes a gun-runner for the Carlists, to whose cause he is absolutely indifferent. Of his sea-exploits we hear as little as possible. We know what our Conrad might have made of them; but that is not his business here. Marseilles remains the scene of an action purely interhuman, from which at the end we have a glimpse of Monsieur George escaping to his ancient and somehow more homelike battleground of the sea. Meanwhile he and Doña Rita have had their unworldly and, to do them justice, unflinchingly episode of love. Common youth has drawn them together, a youth of the spirit and a singleness of mind and heart which they recognize in each other as a rare possession in a world of Blunts and Thereses. The smooth course of their idyll is broken as a result of Monsieur George's own gallantry; and Doña Rita is too wise, too generous, to let him try to resume and to prolong it. "She may find something in life," says Mills, that stalwart sage whose spirit seems to brood, Marlowe-like, over these pages: "She may! But it won't be love. She has sacrificed that chance to the integrity of your life—heroically." "She was supremely lovable," sighs Monsieur George, from his bed of convalescence.—"And elusive," adds the other. "Some of them are like that. She will never change. Amid all the shames and shadows of that life there will always lie the ray of her perfect honesty. I don't know about your honesty, but yours will be the easier lot. You will always have your . . . other love—your pig-headed enthusiast of the sea." . . . "Then let me go to it," cried the enthusiast. "Let me go to it." And go he does, as soon as he is strong enough "to feel the crushing weight of his loss (or his gain) fully." Years later, the arrow of gold, which she has left him

as a token of their love, is lost in a storm at sea: "and he . . . thought that it was well."

Why do we sigh, with Monsieur George, as we lay aside this episode, so artfully conceived, so skilfully chronicled? Because it violates some stupid sense of fitness in us, some Victorian propriety or feeble and vulgar exaction of the "happy ending"? Or because it resists deposit in some handy pigeon-hole of "realism" or "romance." For neither reason, of necessity; rather because, with the best will and the nearest approach to belief, we cannot quite believe in the whole thing. We have, in the end, a sense of something marvelously contrived out of relatively flimsy materials. Monsieur George—are not his petulance and his stupidity a little ridiculous, when we let ourselves look at him? The Carolinian-Parisian Blunt, who "lives by his sword," and his belated butterfly mother who lives by her wits—do they really pull up this side of caricature? Therese, the secretly amatory *religieuse*—is not she quite recklessly overdrawn? And even Doña Rita herself, the woman who has in her "something of the women of all time," is she only an amazingly clever imaginary portrait, or do we really know her in herself and for good, like Beatrix Esmond or Di Vernon? For one reader at least, the story leaves an impression of elaborate and breathless approach to some infinitely meaning event that never quite—comes off.

H. W. BOYNTON

From Ripe Experience

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES IN WAR TIME. By Viscount Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Lord Bryce almost defies analysis. His style is neither trenchant nor discursive, neither bare nor picturesque, and it displays no peculiarities of diction; yet such as it is, it makes him one of the most delightful writers of modern times, quite apart from what he may have to say. Nor is there anything exceptional in the views which he has expressed in a long lifetime on great variety of subjects; yet we never read him without feeling that he tells us precisely what we want to know. Things become real when he talks about them; they acquire a new or a quickened interest for us by the very fact of his talking about them; here, if anywhere, we have a note of authority. Lord Bryce's power obviously springs from his personality, which we easily perceive to be the product of high scholarship and ripe experience interpenetrated by a delicate sense of honor, an unaffected interest in the things pertaining to the common life of mankind, and a genuine zeal for the

promotion of human aspirations. Above all, he has the rare faculty of expressing the mind of each of us at its best.

All this is attested by the essays and addresses comprising the volume now before us. These deal in each instance with subjects on which every intelligent mind has dwelt incessantly since 1914, yet we read them with as much relish as if the topics were new. They are likely to prove irresistible even to the war-weary who have sighed for a refuge where rumor of oppression and deceit might never again reach them. For however ephemeral a situation may be, or however repellent in its outward characteristics, Lord Bryce is certain to transmute it into a fit theme for philosophical reflection, and to portray it in a way to tranquilize rather than harass the mind.

The work before us contains three essays written in the first two years of the war to explain to neutral nations the aims, and justify the action, of Great Britain. They are followed by three addresses of a non-political character, treating of war in general, its causes and some of its phenomena, its social effects, its relations to human progress. The last two essays appear for the first time. One of them examines the history and the meaning of what is called the principle of nationality, and sets forth briefly the questions requiring the application of that principle which will arise when and after the peace treaty goes into effect. The last essay deals with the idea of a League of Nations.

In his first essay Lord Bryce considers the German contentions as voiced by General Bernhardt and Professor Treitschke, that war is in itself a good thing and that the State is above morality. No notion, he declares, is more palpably contradicted by history than that "culture"—literary, scientific and artistic—flourishes best in great military states, a cherished theory of the Bernhardt school. The decay of art and literature in the Roman world began just when Rome's military power had made that world one great and ordered state. The opposite view would be much nearer the truth, Lord Bryce thinks; though one must admit that no general theory regarding the relations of art and letters to governments and political conditions has ever yet been proved to be sound.

The world is already too uniform, says Lord Bryce, and is becoming more uniform every day. A few leading languages, a few forms of civilization, a few types of character, are spreading out from the seven or eight great states and extinguishing the weaker languages, forms and types. Although the great states are stronger and more populous, their peoples are not necessarily more gifted, and the extinction of the minor languages and types would be a misfor-

tune for the world's future development.

It is only vulgar minds that mistake bigness for greatness, for greatness is of the soul, and not of the body. In the judgment which history will hereafter pass upon the forty centuries of recorded progress towards civilization that now lie behind us, what are the tests it will apply to determine the greatness of a people? Not population, not territory, not wealth, not military power. Rather will history ask: What examples of lofty character and unselfish devotion to honor and duty has a people given? What has it done to increase the volume of knowledge? What thoughts and ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility has it bequeathed to mankind? What works has it produced in poetry, music, and the other arts to be an unfailing source of enjoyment to posterity?

The smaller peoples need not fear the application of such tests. The world advances not, as the Bernhardt school supposed, only or even mainly by fighting. It advances mainly by thinking and by a process of reciprocal teaching and learning, by a continuous and unconscious co-operation of all its strongest and finest minds.

This is no more than any of us could have told himself, no more than many have probably told themselves hundreds of times already, yet, coming from Lord Bryce, the words have an inspiring quality which otherwise they would lack, for in him we have an exponent of the strongest and best minds, one who has himself measurably increased the volume of knowledge and bestowed upon mankind thoughts and ideals of permanent value and unexhausted fertility.

If we had not entertained this view of him before, it would have been forced upon us in reading the essay on "War and Human Progress," where he contrasts the two schools of philosophical thinkers or historians, the one holding to the power of Reason and of those higher and gentler altruistic emotions which Reason or Philosophy tends to evoke and foster, the other basing itself on the less rational elements in man—passion and those self-regarding impulses which attain their ends by physical violence. We can recall no treatise that is more sane, more finely discriminating, more completely filled with the consciousness of the dignity of human nature, more indicative, indeed, of a mind fortunate alike in its natural endowment and its acquired wealth.

The theory that the state is power, that might is right, rests on two main arguments. One is drawn from the realm of animated nature, the other from history. Both lines of argument are meant to show that all progress is achieved by strife. Among animals and

plants it is natural selection and the struggle for life that have evolved the higher forms from the lower, destroying the weaker species and replacing them by the stronger. Among men it is the same process of unending conflict that has enabled the higher races and the more civilized states to overcome the lower and less advanced, either extinguishing them altogether or absorbing them and imposing upon such of them as remain the more perfect type of the conquerors. These two lines of argument may be called the biological and the historical.

It is the races that know how to think, not the far more numerous races that excel in fighting, that have led the world. Isolation retards progress while intercourse quickens it. The great creative epochs have been those in which one people of natural vigor received an intellectual impulse from the ideas of another, as happened when Greek culture began to penetrate Italy, and, thirteen centuries later, when the literature of the ancients began to work on the nations of the mediæval world. Such contact with the process of learning which follows from it, may happen in or through war, but it happens far oftener in peace; and it is in peace that men have the time and the taste to profit fully by it. A study of history will show, says Lord Bryce, that we may, with an easy conscience, dismiss the doctrine of Treitschke—that war is a health-giving tonic which Providence must be expected continually to offer to the human race for its own good.

We obtain a characteristic touch of Lord Bryce in his presidential address to the British Academy in 1915, and particularly in the following:

Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. Mankind increases in volume, and in accumulated knowledge, and in a comprehension of the forces of nature; but the intellects of individual men do not grow. The power of grasping and judging in their entirety the far greater mass of facts to be dealt with, the far more abundant resources at command, the far vaster issues involving the weal or woe of masses of men—this power fails to follow. The disproportion between the individual ruling men with their personal prejudices and proclivities, their selfish interests and their vanities, and the immeasurable consequences which follow their individual volitions, becomes more striking and more tragic. As the stage expands, the figures shrink. There were some advantages in the small city-states of antiquity. A single city might decline or perish, but the nation remained; and another city blossomed forth to replace that which had withered away. But now enormous nations are concentrated under one government and its disasters affect the whole. A great modern state is like a gigantic vessel built without any water-tight compartments, which, if it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock.

Such words as these are an excellent

preparation for Lord Bryce's essay on "The Principle of Nationality and Its Applications," which, with the essay on "A Peace League," deals with the most vital questions now under discussion.

Who's Who in English Politics

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES. By E. T. Raymond. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE events of the last four years have forced all Americans to take a new interest in foreign politics and foreign politicians. The nearest to us in speech and ideas are the English, and perhaps they are the most puzzling. Some map of the British political domain, some chart of the various party currents which rage about it is greatly to be desired. Unconsciously the needful guidance has been furnished by Mr. Raymond in his sheaf of biographical sketches. The thirty or more celebrities he censors are leaders in English politics. Most of the articles appeared in *Everyman*; but they well deserve collection and preservation. They are not hasty journalistic screeds, but deliberate biographical studies by one who knows. If he has distinctly Liberal leanings and never lets the Tory dogs get the best of it, the personal equation can be kept in mind by the reader and applied when necessary for the elimination of error. "Uncensored" is an ambiguous adjective in this title. It promises no concealment of blunders, faults, regrettable incidents; but, on the other hand, it withholds no judgment on the morals or conduct of the celebrities selected for exhibition. It does not mean "uncensored."

Biography is, of course, the most interesting department of literature; and English literature is particularly rich in biography. These clear, unsparing, ironic studies are no inconsiderable addition to it. How valuable would be such a series dealing with the political figures at the time of the Revolution—Burke and Pitt and Sheridan and also the Parliamentary go-betweens, intriguers, place-hunters, wire-pullers, pamphleteers! Even if delineated from the partisan's point of view, such a series would have great value. How it strikes a contemporary is always an important factor in estimating any historic figure. No burrowing in records can afterwards take its place. In Mr. Raymond's case, his judgments are brought home by a singularly concise and pointed style such as modern journalism demands. He who runs may read, and read with profit. The difficulty is to cease reading.

Illumination flashes from every page. Sir F. E. Smith is not known on this side of the Atlantic, but a single phrase does the office of a full-length portrait,—

"the slim, well-tailored, dandyish young man with the long pale face and arrogant lips." His resemblance to young Osric, the "water-fly" of "Hamlet," is worked out with cruel skill. It is no sympathetic hand which has etched the portrait, but the likeness is undeniable. Again, when we learn that Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labor leader, was called "Uncle Arthur" by his fellow-trade Unionists, we feel we have picked up a clue to his character. A college joke shows how Lord Curzon was (and is) regarded; also how he regards himself.

My name is George Nathaniel Curzon:
I am a most superior purzon.

To learn that Mr. Walter Long comes of an ancient line of Wiltshire squires, that Sidney Webb is a "Cockney of the Cockneys, sharp as the London sparrow, and mentally as omnivorous," that Mr. McKenna's house, 36, Smith Square, "is so like him . . . solid, efficient, advantageously placed . . . irreproachably British, and a little forbidding in its aggressive freshness" seems to place each of them in a well-marked pigeon-hole.

Americans were puzzled over Lord Lansdowne's letter, as well they might be. The spectacle of a British nobleman trying to persuade his countrymen to abandon a resolved and honorable war for a most base and vile-concluded peace needed much explaining. Mr. Raymond's analysis of his character supplies the key. He is "the unmilitary aristocrat, who has little emotion and much interest, who is too big to take the vulgar view of martial glories, and possibly too little for the only passions that make war respectable. . . . He has every quality appertaining to the wise man except wisdom itself. His moderation is notable where courage is the only currency; he is bold where Danton would step with fear and trembling; outspoken where secrecy is imperative; secretive where a frank word might work wonders. He does everything the wise statesman might except at the right time and in the right place." Unwisdom based on class selfishness explains the Lansdowne letter, according to this critic. But England turned a deaf ear to the evil counsellor in her dark hour.

Even outsiders, like Hughes the Australian and Lord Beaverbrook, otherwise Max Aikin, are weighed in the journalistic scales and found more or less wanting. Sir Auckland Geddes, now President of McGill University, is dealt with faithfully, his career, his character, the disproportion between his talents and his renown. The list of literary vivisections, or perhaps they should be called experiments *in vivo*, begins with Lloyd George and ends with Mr. Samuel Gompers. The American Labor leader gets off more lightly than the English

pilot who weathered the storm. One would think his grateful countrymen would set up for him a statue of pure gold. They seem more inclined to crucify him.

The Run of the Shelves

DEAN WEST'S four addresses in "The War and Education," published by the Princeton University Press, will be welcomed by all prepossessed against modern innovations in education. His sentiments are correct even where his ideas are least clear. At free elective systems, purely vocational training, commercialized science, literature sophisticated with cheap philosophizing, the stern old war-god shakes his head. He stands squarely against the Kaiser and with the French Minister of Public Instruction, whose address on "France and the Classics" is reprinted in the volume, in pure devotion to the traditional disciplinary humane studies. A frugal habit of saying good things several times makes it unlikely that even a careless reader will miss his most telling phrases directed against exclusively national or highly technical or merely interesting or loosely disjointed forms of education.

The world war has evolved out of French a curious sort of "pidgin" or jargon which, if not so well adapted as the pure French of Paris to courts and salons, appears to be immensely useful on the humbler levels of international communication. "Trezz bean" and "toot sweet" are merely among the more widely known of the many expressions that make up this *lingua franca*. Most marvellous testimony to its vitality, the French themselves, it is said, will on occasion resort to it. It may be many years before these sports of the world's great seed-time will entirely disappear from the linguistic garden. Few such seedlings are more choice than those contained in Kipling's "The Eyes of Asia," recently issued in book form by Doubleday, Page & Company, containing impressions of the war reported by some of England's Indian allies with the aid of the master interpreter of such things. A young trooper from the Punjab writes his mother that he is saluted in the morning with "Zuur mononfahn"; his *chota-hazri*, his early breakfast of coffee, is announced with the formula, "Wasi lakafeh." He is exhorted to rise and dress himself as follows: "Abil towah mononfahn," which, if the reader misses the first time, he can not fail to get by accenting the second syllable of "towáh." Finally, he is commended to sleep and the blessing of a strange god with with these words: "Dormeh

beeahn mon fiz nubliah pahleh Bondihu." "Now this," says he, "is the French language, Mother."

Hard upon the publication of the "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris" by his daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris, comes the stout volume by Dr. Wiggins.* Neither renders the other unnecessary; they complement each other by offering quite different things or the same things from quite a different angle. If we had to make literary preparation for the hypothetical desert island, we should probably choose Mrs. Harris's volume in preference to the one before us. Mrs. Harris has the advantage of possessing the letters and an intimate acquaintance with the singularly wholesome family life in the house in the north end of Atlanta, now become a place of affectionate pilgrimage. By these means she is able to build up a picture of "Uncle Remus" as he lived, to admit us to an acquaintance with him in regions from which he rather jealously excluded the world or, rather, which he deeply felt would be ill-lost in exchange for the uncertain glories of a literary life spent on the platform and at public banquets.

In comparison, Dr. Wiggins comes gleaning here and there. There is very little that is new to be found out about Harris and probably nothing that is important. Dr. Wiggins has not spared himself in the task, no doubt often a very pleasant one, of interviewing or corresponding with everyone who might be suspected of treasuring a personal recollection of the man, or, more usually, the boy. It is well enough that the record should be set down in its fullness, for there is scarcely a corner of the globe in which someone can not be found who would like to hear more about the literary creator of Bre'r Rabbit and his world. Whether beyond the line where local pride loses its glow there will be many who will care to go through the youthful literary efforts of Harris, reprints of which make up by far the bulk of Dr. Wiggins's volume, is a question. Harris would himself have vigorously answered it in the negative. He persisted to the end on regarding himself as a "cornfield" journalist and always expressed, and in large part felt, surprise at his growing fame and no little irritation against those who insisted on taking him more seriously than he took himself. But he could not of course remain insensitive to the pleasure he gave others, and if he could be assured concerning the present book, in the words of the children inscribed on his memorial tablet, that "You have made some of us

happy," he would gratefully accept it, even though by its very existence it prevents his gracious and wholly American figure from hurrying back into the obscurity which, he thought, fitted him best.

Why should the certainly ingenious theories of Freud produce the dullest of books? Even in a doleful class of literature it is rare that such a dead level of commonplace and bad taste is reached as Albert Mordell maintains in "The Erotic Motive in Literature," which is published by Boni and Liveright. Mr. Mordell's contention is his master's, that life and literary creation are chiefly swayed by the "unconscious," which in turn is largely directed by erotic experiences during babyhood. This comes to saying that our course is determined before we can speak or think, which may be excellent psychoanalysis, but is poor common sense. To prove the case, all later experiences are regarded as symbolic of early sex impressions. If one dreams of flying, it isn't that he has read of the ocean races, but that in some dim past he "repressed" a passion in the infant class. This stuff, which rests on flimsiest hypotheses, is given as so much proven truth. From this point of view Mr. Mordell describes or surmises the erotic life of authors from Homer to Rudyard Kipling. At least half the interpretations are banal. It's easy going to prove that Shelley, Byron, and Ernest Dowson were sex ridden. It requires more imagination to perceive that Browning's "Last Ride" is saturated with sex, but riding is a universal erotic symbol, "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" is by the same token fraught with erotic implications; it is undeniably about riding. Mr. Mordell's style is as undistinguished, and occasionally as incorrect as his reasoning. His vocabulary lacks "shalls" and his mind certain discriminations that go with a correct use of the future tense. Psychoanalysis describes a certain type of erotic named the "voyeur," in plain English, the peeping Tom. A particularly odious type of "voyeur" is he who squints through keyholes and sees inside nasty things which are not there.

The reader who wishes to be clearly and cheerfully informed as to the present League of Nations and its historic antecedents can do no better than to possess himself of Dwight W. Morrow's "The Society of Free States," published by Harpers. It treats the various schemes for a society of nations from Grotius down. Especially valuable to the layman are the chapters on international organization before the war itself. These illustrate the business side of a League of Nations. The first draft of the Covenant is printed in full, with

*THE LIFE OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Robert Lemuel Wiggins, Ph.D., Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

a perhaps too favorable commentary. In its temper and arrangement it is a model handbook.

"Pictures of London by Celebrated Artists" and "Pictures of Paris," both issued by John Lane Company, bring us two thin albums attractively bound in gray cartridge boards with buckram back. Apparently we have to do with the familiar and popular special number of the *Studio* in a new guise. The cuts are mostly from prints, but drawings in monochrome and watercolors are also represented. The selection has been limited to contemporary artists, with England predominant. Doubtless copyright considerations have imposed further restrictions. Brangwyn, Plowman, Hornby, John Marin, Lepère, are some of the limners in the Paris volume and suggest its quality.

Plain "Mr."

LAST year when the fate of civilization hung in the balance, and it hardly seemed possible that the British Empire could last another twenty-four hours, the fierce egalitarians in the Parliament of Canada spent no little time, not in counselling of peace and war, but in debating whether any more titles of honor should be conferred on Canadians. That patriotic Roman who bought the field of Cannæ when the victorious Carthaginians were encamped upon it, showed not less faith in the future of his country than these impavid republicans of the new world. Titles and honors won by military prowess were exempted, but, in the eyes of these levelers, the acceptance of a title seemed a danger to the State. There was no discussion of the danger of buying votes, of bribing whole constituencies, or of patronage. Such real dangers to honest government were not even mentioned; but the whole fabric of the State seemed about to collapse because some jackdaws wanted to decorate themselves with peacock's feathers.

The newspapers, one and all, backed the Parliament. Among other things, the discussion revealed in the Able Editors a curious aristocratic intolerance for the plebeian origin of some of the Sir Knights. They poured most undemocratic contempt upon "the butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers" who had acquired handles to their names. Squire Raby himself could not have been more scornful of those who "had gone into trade" than these blue-blooded critics of the ex-tinsmiths and ex-carpenters who had become wealthy in business and been included in the honors list.

In Australia, in Great Britain itself, and, of course, in the United States

there is the same outcry. And yet there was no outcry against a title far more offensive, upon analysis, than "Sir," and that is plain "Mr." Mister is nothing less than master. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the slave, who escapes to Canada by the Underground Railway, rejoices that never more will he have to call any man "master." American democracy emancipated itself long ago from the use of this servile term by adopting the Dutch word *baas* (boss), which means exactly the same thing. Moreover, the democrat insists on his right to this handle to his name. If, English fashion, the customer were to address his butcher or grocer as "Smith" or "Jones," instead of "Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Jones," the worthy tradesmen would be offended. It is "not done." In England the handle is dropped by the true democrat. In "The Witch of Edmonton," old Carter, a rich yeoman, expressly disclaims the title. Old Thorney says, intending a compliment, "You offer, Master Carter, like a gentleman; I can not find fault with it, 'tis so fair." But Carter will not sail under false colors. "No gentleman I, Master Thorney; spare the mastership, call me by my name, John Carter."

In unchanging England, the distinction still holds. When "Stalky" is emancipated from Westward Ho, he becomes "Mr. Corkoran"; and the soul of the naval cadets, according to "Bartimeus," are lifted up when, on their leaving the training ship, their old seaman attendant addresses them for the first time with some honorific title. On the other hand, a sturdy democrat like Peter Wright, the Labor Leader, who has been touring Canada, refuses to be mistered. Peter is "brother to a Prince and Fellow to a beggar, if he be found worthy."

If the world is to be "made safe," according to the well-known formula, it looks as if we could not stop short of the French *sansculottes'* logical "citizen" and "citizeness."

Along with the feudal, mediæval "Sir" and the servile, obsequious "Mr.," must go the entirely snobbish "Esq." And yet, considered historically, it should be less offensive to the sensitive democratic conscience than either of the other titles. Like the heroine of Bret Harte's poem, it is harmless enough in its way. When used lawfully, it merely asserts an historical fact, that the user's forebears had the right to bear arms, belonging to the caste *scutarius armiger*. It is used, of course, by those who have not a shadow of right to the distinction; and it is intentionally employed in the address of letters to flatter the good democratic recipients thereof.

Yet how inescapable is the dead hand of the past! Washington was distinctly *scutarius*; and his arms form the basis of the national flag. Every State in

the Union, every province in the British Empire has its coat of arms, curious parodies, in many cases, of the sham science and "silly business" of the College of Heralds. Paradoxically enough, nowhere is the desire to connect one's self with the *armiger* caste more intense than in democratic America. This morning's mail brought the catalogue of a dealer in second-hand books. It consists of 131 closely printed pages, and is devoted almost entirely to second-hand works on genealogy. Here are two items:

1579 *Page* genealogy from 1257 to the present. With brief history and genealogy of the allied families Nash and Peck. By C. N. Page. Clo., 143 pp. Privately printed. Des Moines (1911) coat of arms in colors.

1580 *Page* descent. Line of descent from Nicholas Page of England to Charles L. Peirson of Boston. Coat of arms. Wrappers, 16 pp. Salem 1915.

This tendency in the leading republic of the world is like the Greeks' abstinence from beer, according to Calverley, "distinctly curious." Chesterton has discovered that the only trouble with democracy is that it is not democratic.

This clinging to the symbol of gentility was ridiculed by Shakespeare. Apparently his opinion of the English landed gentry was one of unmitigated contempt. Mr. Justice Shallow was admired by Cousin Slender because he was "a gentleman born . . . who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*." Then follows the learned discussion on the dozen white louses that become the old coat well. And yet with true human inconsistency Shakespeare paid a thumping fee to the College of Heralds for a fire-new coat of arms backed by a lying legend of ancestral service in the field. Still, plain Mr. must be retained for foreign exchange, so to speak.

Our curious, awkward English anxiety to be polite at all costs, without knowing how, has led us into strange paths. In order to compliment a Frenchman, we refer to him as "Monsieur"; a German, as "Herr"; a Spaniard, "Señor"; an Italian, "Signor." So far, so good. But when we wander off these beaten tracks and try to give the Hungarian, the Serbian, the Turk, the Swahili the correct national term of respectful address, we become unintelligible. If we refer to "Pan Jonescu," the reference may excite ridicule. What is to be done?

Once more the logical French have shown us the way out of our *impasse*. They reduce all foreigners to the Lowest Common measure, which = M. Let us drop our absurd "Monsieurs" and "Herrs," and "Señors" and call all foreigners plain "Mr." The title is sufficiently polite, and it has the merit of simplicity. If weight is needed for the argument, Sam Johnson's irrefutable argument for the English pronunciation

of Latin supplies the analogy. "He who travels, if he speaks Latin, may so soon learn the sounds which every native gives it, that he need make no provision before his journey; and if strangers visit us, it is their business to practise such conformity to our modes as they expect from us in their own countries."

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

French Art at the Fogg Museum

A Retrospective Loan Exhibition of French Art* was held in the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, from April 9th to 23d, as a testimonial to the devoted service of French officers at Harvard during the war. It was appropriately opened with an address by Captain André Morize of the French Army, a member of the original military mission from France to the University, and now serving there as Assistant Professor of French Literature. A collection of Mediæval, Renaissance, and Modern French art, mainly of superlative quality, it was most successful in illustrating something of the greatness of the civilization for which France, with her allies, has been fighting. From many other points of view also the exhibition proved to be unusually instructive.

Although it included examples dating from the ninth century to the present day, there was no attempt to make it completely representative of all phases of French art. The aim was rather to limit the examples to those of fine quality, of whatever period, and to make the exhibition sufficiently small so that everything could be studied in detail and remembered. Furniture was arranged with the sculpture and the paintings, to make an attractive room. There was almost no regard for chronological order. That works of so many different periods of French art could be placed side by side to make an harmonious ensemble may be accounted for partly by the common national spirit underlying the art of the different ages, and partly by the fundamental similarity of character embodied in all works of art of the best

*The lenders were Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Grenville Winthrop, Mr. Harris Whittemore, Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, Mr. and Mrs. George Blumenthal, Major Robert S. Clark, President and Mrs. A. Lawrence Lowell, Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. Alfred A. Pope, Mr. Michael Dreicer, Mr. Herbert Straus, Mr. Horatio G. Curtis, Messrs. Duveen Brothers, The Kleinberger Galleries, Mr. Durand-Ruel, Messrs. Gimpel and Wildenstein, the Malden Public Library, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Many objects also were lent anonymously. In addition to the painting, sculpture, and furniture, drawings, engravings, illuminated manuscripts, and enamels were included in the exhibition.

quality. Although presenting interesting contrasts from certain points of view, a small wooden figure from a thirteenth century choir stall seemed not out of place within a few feet of a group of Nymphs and Satyrs by Clodion; and in the juxtaposition of a Gothic stone statue of the Madonna and Child and a portrait of a lady and her daughter by Nattier, the similarity was even more striking than the superficial difference, for, after all, the late fourteenth century was the frivolous age of mediæval art, the mediæval eighteenth century.

This suggests that a museum in striving too intently for the obvious harmony to be obtained by an arrangement by periods may thus sacrifice much that is suggestive in contrast and comparison, which is one of the great delights of fine private collections. At any rate, in this exhibition, in addition to the works mentioned above, a fifteenth century tapestry, a portrait by David, a richly colored painting of a girl with a cat by Renoir, Manet's "Street Singer," a clock and two bathing figures in marble by Falconet, a landscape by Courbet, small portraits by Corneille de Lyon, a martyrdom by Simon Marmion, a landscape by Corot, a "Rehearsal of the Ballet" by Degas, and other varied examples of painting and sculpture all seemed, with a little judicious arrangement, in perfect keeping with one another and with the exquisitely carved tapestry chairs and the inlaid commodes and table made in the time of Louis XVI.

One striking lesson to be learned from the exhibition is the importance of scale, for which the French masters of all periods seem to display extraordinary genius. Almost every object included in the exhibition is well-nigh perfect from this point of view, each work perfectly consistent with regard to the degree of minuteness with which the details were treated. The Louis XVI chairs and settees are extraordinarily fine in this respect. A feeling of uniform measure is preserved over the whole surface. The carving of the gilded wood and the design of the tapestry, the tone of which is of the same value as the gold, harmonize perfectly in scale of touch. The same quality and scale is found in the groups by Clodion. In the wooden saint of the thirteenth century, an amazingly subtle bit of expression, the scale is somewhat larger and the treatment is more summary, but it is perfectly consistent. The same thing is true of the paintings. Courbet, starting with one idea of handling, does not falter, but is consistently bold and crisp throughout. Nattier is correspondingly delicate and minute, and consistently so, even the flat wall and the pilasters of the background as minutely finished as the laces. Renoir's individual handling is again entirely consistent. The gradation on the

bare floor leading up to the long French windows, in the "Rehearsal of the Ballet," is in true scale with the handling of the details in the figures on the other side of the composition. None of it is so minutely finished as in the piece by Nattier. This is in striking contrast to the work of the "average artist" in this country at the present day, where one may find broad handling in one place, minute in another, soft outlines in one part, hard as tin in another, all in the same work.

Another striking feature of the exhibition was the way in which the works of the later nineteenth century masters, Courbet, Manet, Degas, Monet, and Renoir, the men whose productions were so violently decried and ridiculed in the sixties and seventies of the last century, although necessarily inferior in quality of surface, held their own, in the essential matters of color, design, and significance of expression, with the works of the earlier epochs. It may well make us pause to consider how, since the end of the eighteenth century, the art of genuine significance has had a hard struggle in gaining recognition except from a small circle of cultivated and discriminating people, many of whom, in modern days, have been too poor to give the artists any proper financial support by their patronage.

ARTHUR POPE

The Phillips Collection

AT the Century Club, of New York, is being shown the collection of the fine critic and amateur, Duncan Phillips. It is an exhibition delightful out of all proportion to its technical importance. In a group of some thirty modern paintings by French and American artists of our day one senses a common taste. The show has a rare sort of personality of its own, is a reflection of its creator. The approximations are very enlightening. To see a first-class Twachtman between a capital Monet and a rare Venetian subject of Boudin is to learn something. The Twachtman is the finest picture of the three, while the Ernest Lawson across the gallery again makes a really lovely Monet look unkempt and painty. In an Alden Weir, of a glacial oncrop of granite, we have again an extraordinarily appealing picture; we have the authority of Cézanne without his fumbling and nervousness. Again the emphasis and the focus of Post-Impressionists is surpassed by the little Ryder shore scene, by moonlight. Only the emphasis is not blatant and momentary, but thoughtful and permanent. Fanton-Latour, Paul Dougherty, Tack, George Luks, Childe Hassam are some of the other artists represented in a singularly rich and satisfying show.

The Review

THE REVIEW had its origin in a prospectus issued February 1, 1918, by Fabian Franklin and Harold de Wolf Fuller. In brief, the object was to establish a weekly journal of general culture, devoted to the preservation of American ideals and American principles of government; a journal that should be animated by a spirit of progress, should welcome and promote needed projects of social improvement, but should insist on the preservation of those fundamentals which must be preserved if the nation is to remain a people of self-reliant freemen.

The need of such a journal, while clear enough then, was not so manifest as it has since become; and it was not until March, 1919, that the capital requisite to the establishment of the journal was, by gradual increments, obtained. This was subscribed in moderate sums by more than one hundred persons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco.

The subscription-agreement which was circulated for the purpose of obtaining this capital provided for the formation of a stock company with a capital of \$200,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$100 each. The agreement contained the following clause guaranteeing the independence of the Editors:

"It is mutually understood and agreed that the journal is to be absolutely independent and that its conduct and policy are to be directed exclusively by its Editors."

The Company was incorporated in March, 1919, under the title "The National Weekly Corporation." The act of incorporation contains the following provision:

"In the conduct of the said journal and its editorial policies, the Editors shall not be responsible or accountable to the Corporation for any opinion, comment or criticism lawfully made or expressed by them."

The total number of stockholders is 126. No stockholder has more than 100 shares out of the total of 2,000; 12 hold 50 shares each; 4 between 25 and 50; 12 have 25 shares each; 6 between 10 and 25; the remaining stockholders have amounts ranging from 10 shares to one share.

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Books Received

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Angell, Norman. *The British Revolution and the American Democracy.* Huebsch. \$1.50.

A Peace Congress of Intrigue. Compiled by F. Freksa. Translated by H. Hansen. Century. \$2.50 net.

Archer, William. *The Peace-President.* Holt. \$1.00 net.

Balch, Thomas Willing. *A World Court in the Light of the United States Supreme Court.* Philadelphia. Allen, Lane & Scott.

Barron, C. W. *War Finance.* Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.

Butler, Ralph. *The New Eastern Europe.* Longmans, Green. \$3.50 net.

Carver T. N. *Principles of Political Economy.* Ginn. \$1.96.

Duhamel, G. *Civilization.* Century. \$1.50 net.

Erzberger, Mathias. *The League of Nations.* Holt. \$2.25 net.

Ferrero, Guglielmo. *Problems of Peace.* Putnam. \$1.50.

Follett, M. P. *The New State.* Longmans, Green. \$3.00 net.

Gibbon, Thomas. *Mexico Under Caranza.* Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

Greenlaw, Edwin. *Builders of Democracy.* Scott, Foresman.

Halstead, W. R. *The Tragedy of Labor.* Abingdon Press. 50 cents.

Hobbs, W. H. *The World War and Its Consequences.* Putnam. \$2.50 net.

Hobson, J. A. *Richard Cobden, the International Man.* Holt. \$5.00 net.

Hollander, J. H. *War Borrowing.* Macmillan. \$1.50.

Huntington, Ellsworth. *World-Power and Evolution.* Yale University Press. \$2.50.

Laski, H. J. *Authority in the Modern State.* Yale University Press. \$3.00.

Latané, J. H. *From Isolation to Leadership.* Second Edition. Doubleday, Page. \$1.00.

Lawrence, T. J. *The Society of Nations.* Oxford University Press.



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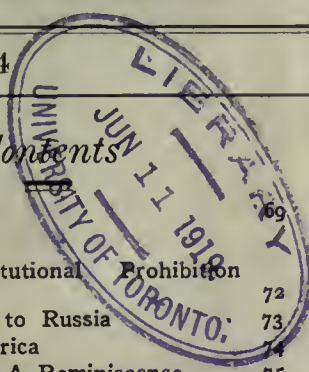
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THE abortive bomb plot of May Day has been followed by one that has done some execution. It would be folly to ignore the necessity for the most energetic measures of protection against a danger so clearly proved to be serious. But it would equally be folly to imagine that the successful, or partly successful, planting of a few bombs is evidence of a powerful revolutionary movement. For stage effect nothing could be more impressive. But to bring about simultaneous explosions in a dozen cities is nowadays a feat that can be accomplished by a very small group of determined men. The melodramatic broadsides scattered alongside the bombs breathe all kinds of threatenings and slaughter, but they contain the interesting admission that "we are not many, perhaps more than you dream of though, but are all determined to fight to the last." There is no more reason to-day than there was yesterday to think that any formidable number of people in this country are bent upon revolution by violence. There is a vast amount of dangerous revolutionism, but it is not of that type. The bomb explosions may, however, rightfully be expected to do two things—intensify precautionary measures against actual out-

rage and awaken our parlor Bolsheviks to a sense of the responsibility they are shouldering in encouraging what they like no better than the rest of us. The thing itself, in its physical aspect, is incomparably less serious than what we have lived through more than once and have pretty completely forgotten. The railroad riots of 1877 and the doings connected with the Pullman strike in 1894 were very much more like war than anything we are now witnessing.

There are one or two expressions in the broadside which deserve the special attention of our sentimental idealists. The bombers fling down their challenge to the "lords of the autocratic republic." "The great war, waged to replenish your purses" is the way they speak of the struggle against German domination into which the country threw itself with a unanimity never equalled in any previous war. Whether our republic is "autocratic" or not may be a matter of opinion, but to say that the war was waged for the purpose of replenishing the purses of the rich is to say what is not only false but is the exact opposite of the truth. It is not true of any of the countries that entered the war against Germany; but in our own country the interest of the rich was so clearly in favor of keeping out of the war that any person making such an accusation writes himself down either a fool or a knave. Yet we have not observed, on the part of our standard organs of "idealism," any very strenuous effort to extirpate this monstrous slander or to use fitting language in characterizing persons like Scott Nearing, whose professional antecedents make the utterance of it peculiarly disgraceful. It does not seem to occur to some people that devotion to truth involves any obligation to stop the spread of falsehood when the falsehood is calculated to foment revolution.

SECESSION in the Rhineland at least illustrates the German mentality. As yet it has no more seriousness than that. The Rhine folk have small love for Prussia, which remains powerful if not predominant in the new Germany. They have equally little love for paying indemnities or enduring Spartacan tyranny. East of the Rhine everything looks pretty stormy; westward the political weather is reasonably steady. To wish

to escape from possible anarchy in Germany and obtain protection from the Entente is a counsel of prudence. In case Germany should reject the peace terms, to declare herself independent would put the Rhineland in a favored position. There would be no blockade. Such considerations as these guide the independence party. They are natural enough, only it is odd to see them springing up in that theatre of sentimental Germanism, the old Rhine Valley. The separation of the Rhine provinces from Prussia would make the military situation easier for France. It would also further complicate a Central European situation which already looks about as brittle and variegated as a candy walking stick.

ARGUMENT on the League of Nations has not reached a high level. If we except the debate between President Lowell and Senator Lodge, it can hardly be said that the issue has yet been joined. In general, those for and those opposed to the League in its present form have not learned to talk the same language. So when the *New York Evening Post*, epitomizing the President's Memorial Day address, insists that an overwhelming American sentiment favors a plan "to crown and assure the work of our heroic dead; to make a just peace that shall be lasting; to take a bond of fate against the occurrence of another ruinous war," it says what no one will deny. This is not argument, it is merely exhortation. Argument would have attempted to show how the League will accomplish these ends. President Wilson's speeches in Boston and at the Metropolitan Opera House could not be called argument. They were the warm assertion and earnest appeal of a partisan. The difficulty in all this matter goes as deep as the difficulty of conflicting temperaments. For some it is habitually easy to have faith that good impulses can be rallied for lasting benefits; others have too often seen good impulses followed by selfishness. The President, relying upon the growing desire to do away with war, was convinced that the Covenant, even before it was revised, was a trustworthy instrument. On the one side is humanitarian optimism; on the other is the doubting lawyer's eye looking for flaws in human nature. In a question having

so much at stake, neither side can afford to vilify the other. For it is evident that an honest effort is on foot to safeguard the future of the world. In the interest of sober debate we publish in this issue a searching criticism of the Covenant by one well versed in the history of international agreements.

PRESUMABLY such newspaper talk as appears occasionally, to the effect that the rest of the powers are willing to let Germany into the League of Nations, but that France holds out against it, is irresponsible. But it ought not to go unchallenged. We ought to be immune by this time from the gullibility that can not see beneath the sheep's clothing. In any case, the time for swelling magnanimity is not yet. We are still at war with Germany and need to be reminded of the fact. We need also to be reminded that we entered the war pretty late, and that, whatever our services, we have no right to inject an easygoing complaisance into the settlement. Now is the time, when the effort has been made and the reaction is on, to steel ourselves, by remembering what Germany did, into a steady purpose that such things shall never happen again. It is no time to talk about letting bygones be bygones, for we are not at all sure that there are any real bygones; it is impossible as yet to observe any clear signs that the German people has experienced any regrets except the very poignant one that Gott and his armies did not succeed. In fact, it is doubtful whether the Germans will, for some time to come, realize that they were defeated. Certainly they have not exhibited such qualities and mood as have been adjudged requisite in a member of the League.

It is also highly unreasonable to advert to the implacability of the French. "The toad beneath the harrow knows exactly where each tooth-point goes," and if we get into a censorious, or even a regretfully excusatory attitude, we run the risk of impersonating the "butterfly upon the road," who "preaches contentment to that toad." For decades we have expressed pious surprise at the suspicions that lurked in the breast of France against Germany—Germany, the land of all the homely virtues and of *Gemüthlichkeit*. And then came the revelation, so startling and so ominous that, it would seem, the present generation could never forget it. In very self-interest we ought to lend to the present misgivings of France the weight which we now see to have been due to her former forebodings.

THE fervor and beauty of the President's address on Memorial Day should blind no one to its romantic falsity. Few of the quiet soldier-dead at Suresnes would know themselves as cru-

saders and gossellers of perpetual peace. Not one of them but would have resented the implication that the poilu who was fighting immediately, and the Tommy who was fighting eventually, for his fire-side, represented a lower order of idealism than his own. Their thoughts were his. He knew the Hun to be very powerful and terribly cruel. He sensed correctly the possibility of German victory and the chance of there happening on our soil what had befallen in Belgium and Northern France. His was no disinterested war against war, but plain war against "Kaiser Bill." He wanted victory and was willing to die for it. Had the average American fighter known surely that death would be his portion with victory, and that peace would last only ten years, he would have given his life just as willingly. To poetize his simple and natural patriotism, to represent it as a manner of internationalism, is to gild gratuitously facts that are in themselves sufficiently glorious. Few who have dealt intimately with enlisted men of the army and navy, sharing their hardships and admiring their pluck and clearheadedness, will admit as plausible this mortuary museum of plaster saints which President Wilson is at such pains to erect. For the League of Nations there should be arguments, without sentimentalizing and denaturing that sacrifice which our boys made so simply. From their wide-strewn graves they ask nothing of us but to honor them for what they did and for what they were.

MEMORIAL DAY assumed this year for the whole country a wider and deeper significance. There was no town or village which did not on that day turn its eyes towards France, ground rendered to them forever sacred, the affectionate guardian of our American dead. There was no town or village, East or West, North or South, that did not feel the emotion expressed by General Pershing:

And now, dear comrades, farewell. Here under the clear skies, on the green hillsides, and amid the flowering fields of France, in the quiet hush of peace, we leave you forever in God's keeping.

There were none who did not feel that the simple services everywhere held would gain by annual repetition in power to console and in power to make plain the ways in which the future is to prove that these dead did not die in vain. Not the least happy circumstance attending the observation of the day was the presence in many places of fine old men who had given their youth to insure that America should be a great nation. The old breach has long been healed. It closed over with the withdrawal of Northern rule in the South after the Hayes-Tilden election, it was strongly knit by the election of a Democratic

president in the person of Cleveland and his appointment to national office of men who had borne arms for the "lost cause," it disappeared altogether when boys from the North and from the South fought shoulder to shoulder in the Spanish War. But on this Memorial Day the vanishing remnant on both sides of the old conflict gave over their splendid traditions to the keeping of a new generation of veterans who know nothing of division, but only America.

PRESSURE is again being brought to bear upon President Wilson in the matter of Ireland's grievances. We have no doubt he will firmly refuse, as he has consistently done hitherto, to have anything to do with the matter. The Irish situation is apparently more threatening to-day than at any previous time, and there is good reason to believe that agitation in America, or of American origin, has had a very considerable share in aggravating it. That Ireland has real grievances and that England has muddled horribly in its dealings with them it is impossible to deny, but it is not our affair, nor is it the affair of the Paris Conference. That body has quite enough to do in undertaking to settle the problems that were created by the outcome of the war—the defeat of Germany, the collapse of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, the break-up of Russia, the confusion in the Balkan region. Nor is it merely a question of the magnitude of the task. The defeated nations have to be dealt with, but to open up all the wrongs and imperfections that may exist within the victorious nations would be a monstrous impertinence. We have no more business with the establishment of a reign of ideal justice in the British Empire than the British or French have with a like undertaking for our country. There are several million people of negro race in the United States who are as effectively deprived of rights guaranteed to them by our own Constitution as if that instrument had disfranchised instead of enfranchising them. But we have yet to hear of any advocate of American interference in Ireland proposing that Lloyd George or Clemenceau should insist upon the South making negro suffrage a reality.

PREMIER PADEREWSKI, writing to Mr. Hoover, says that he considers it "of vital necessity that these accusations should be wiped out by the unbiased testimony of just men"—meaning, of course, the accusations in regard to pogroms in Poland. Unfortunately, there is little prospect of the accusations being "wiped out." Between wiping out the accusations, however, and reducing them to a character far less injurious to the standing of the Polish Government before the civilized world, there is a

great difference; and it is to be hoped that the responsibility of that Government for the barbarities of whose perpetration there is hardly any room for doubt will be shown not to be what many believe it to have been. The facts themselves are of course involved in obscurity, owing to the meagreness of our sources of information, but even when the external facts have been established there remains the question whether the powers that be in Poland have played a disgraceful part in connection with them. We all wish to give the new Poland, upon which the hope of Europe so largely rests, the benefit of any doubt. Mr. Paderewski has made it perfectly easy for President Wilson to set on foot a thorough investigation, and there are few duties more pressing than this at the present moment. An immediate institution of such proceedings should have the effect of tranquilizing both those who have been stirred up to fierce indignation and those who have denied that there is anything to be indignant about. The mere fact of a genuine inquiry being under way may be expected to prevent further outrages for the time being. When the report has been made, it is not too much to hope that it will result in permanent protection against a repetition of them.

Now that sport is reviving it is a good time to scrutinize with some care a form of sport which it had been better never to call forth from the obscurity of the days before the war. When Read carries through his carefully considered flight across the Atlantic, the world is delighted; when Hawker disappears into the storm and mist of the North Atlantic to reappear after hope had been all but extinguished, the world is thrilled. Besides much else, this is sport at its best and highest. Whatever quickening of the pulse one experiences in contemplation of such feats springs from an honest emotion that needs no curb. When a crowd of a hundred and twenty-five thousand persons assemble at Indianapolis to see automobiles driven five hundred miles round a race course in something over five hours, one may admit that a race is a race, and even a six-day bicycle grind seems capable of attracting the attention, though one might think the beholders meagrely rewarded for their time. But when the automobile race involves three deaths and a fractured skull, when Arthur Thurman is crushed to death beneath the wreckage of his overturned car, when Lecocq and his mechanic expire in the flames of their exploded gasoline tank, when the horror-struck crowd fixes its fascinated gaze on the surviving racers, who make no pause, it is time to ask whether this sort of sport deserves reviving. It is time, rather, to say that

this thing should be no longer tolerated. Nothing is proved by it save that to man's recklessness there is no limit, but to the care of Providence for fools a very definite limit, and both these things we know already. The Roman amphitheatre and the Spanish bullring afford far better sport, and in their effect on the spectator are not more hardening, more degrading, more thoroughly disgusting than the recent exhibition at Indianapolis. The Roman or the Spaniard, fortified by centuries of national tradition, might indeed spend a lifetime at his spectacles with far less harm than an American audience, with its temperament unsubdued to such things, would take from a single repetition of the Indianapolis public butchery. In American life there is no place for it; the noxious thing should be uprooted before it spreads further.

CONGRESS can without difficulty make a modest, but important and immediate, contribution to the improvement of the housing situation by carrying out the recommendation made by the joint committee on housing of the New York State Legislatures that "mortgages on homes, and holdings in mortgages up to, say, \$4,000," be exempted from Federal taxation. This would facilitate such investments in a perfectly legitimate way, and moreover is in keeping with similar exemptions already existing in the case of farm mortgages. On no similar subject, perhaps, is the attention of practical men more actively directed at this moment than on the housing question, and in no other direction can relief be effected by means so simple and direct. Adjustments of most questions that press upon us as a result of the war's disturbances involve reconciliation of conflicting interests; in the matter of housing, quiet constructive work can go forward smoothly, and yet mitigate one of the severest hardships of the time.

IT is one of the few kind memories of the last Congress that, through mere press of other business, perhaps, it neglected to carry out the threatened repeal of the daylight saving law. What the present Congress will do will be watched with keen interest, for it would be hard to find an issue on which so overwhelming a majority of the people, backed by the judgment and practice of most European countries, is in agreement against a small but powerful minority. We are not incapable of sympathy with the farmer; we will not let the prices we pay him for his products distort our view of his rights or comforts. It is quite true, as he says, that the sun rises not one moment earlier in deference to our retarded time-pieces and that the precious period between his appearance and the departure of the milk-train

or the opening of the markets is lessened by a whole hour. But it may be questioned whether the farmer has yet viewed the matter in its broad aspects. Some farmers we know are difficult to reason with on a point like this; one such refused to set back his watch last year because he would have no traffic with "Democratic time;" his own life was regulated by "God's time"—or Republican, the difference being to him either not clear or wholly negligible. But most farmers are not like this; they are reasonable beings with a heart under their waistcoats which can be appealed to. It should be reached. It should be made to feel for the light-hungry generation that fills the land. The farmer has the sun from his glorious rise to his often more splendid decline, but the millions of indoor men, what that one hour of quiet afternoon light means to them is past all counting. Put the economic return of it as low as possible—and it would still be high—the spiritual value of it places it in the class of things that men had better fight for than lose; fight for, that is, through their congressmen.

AN influential body of artists and critics is urging the appointment of competent painters to commemorate our part in the war. In this matter we have let England and our European Allies get ahead of us. Possibly the movement is a little tardy. The great opportunity of bringing the horror and the glory of the trenches vividly before our best eyes has passed. There remains the duty of securing adequate portraiture of the great personalities of the war. And here Sergeant York should be included with General Pershing. Before we despair too much of our artistic memorials of the war, we should not forget that John Sargent has been prowling not merely in the British but in the American trenches. He may have the answer to the desires of us all, if not in his portfolios at least in the back of his head.

THE REVIEW

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What Constitutional Prohibition Means

WHEN it was announced that the thirty-sixth State had ratified the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States a singular thing happened. The leading newspapers of the country seemed suddenly, and for the first time, to become aware that a very big thing had been going on. This state of mind characterized alike those papers which had favored the amendment and those which had looked on in an attitude of more or less benevolent neutrality. The few papers which had had the courage to oppose the amendment were not taken by surprise, for their opposition was based not merely on dislike of its specific object but on a clear-eyed appreciation of its enormous significance from the standpoint of fundamental principles of government. The number of these journals, however, was so small that the phenomenon which presented itself to the general mind when the newspapers of that morning appeared was that of a people suddenly realizing what they had done. This did not necessarily imply regret, but it did clearly show what to serious observers was already sufficiently plain—that the momentous departure which was being made from our political traditions had received almost no attention at the hands of those whose duty it was to devote to any such development their best powers of intelligence and judgment.

There has been introduced in the present Congress by the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House a bill which might justly be made the occasion for the devotion of yet another day of attention to the significance of the new departure. The bill contains the following provision:

No person shall, on or after the date when the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States goes into effect . . . manufacture, sell, barter, give away, transport, import, export, deliver, furnish, receive, possess, or use any intoxicating liquor except as authorized in this act.

If the United States wishes to go in earnest into the business of extirpating the drinking of intoxicants this is the way in which it will naturally go about it. This was of course in the mind of the Anti-Saloon League, and of the active promoters of Constitutional prohibition in general, all along. Many who, while the amendment was being put through, looked on with a half-asleep complacency may not have realized that this is what it meant. But there was never any reason to doubt that this is what its chief promoters intended to effect. With such a law on the statute books, search and seizure, every device and apparatus of inquisitorial control, will be part of the regular functions of the United States Govern-

ment. Any community, such as that of New York City for example, regardless of the opinions or predilections of its inhabitants, will be subjected to all the rigors of Federal administration of a law affecting their daily life and habits. Nothing even remotely approaching a condition of this kind has ever been tried in this country; or, in time of peace, in any country of the modern world. Yet if we really want national prohibition, this is what we must have; and if we really want national prohibition by Constitutional enactment this is what we must endure until such time as a movement powerful enough to sweep into its current a two-thirds majority of each house of Congress and the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States has been set in motion and carried to a triumphant issue. That the possibility of this is dim and remote needs no argument.

What will actually happen under the Eighteenth Amendment is nevertheless still matter for speculation. Much depends upon the spirit in which Congress may choose to act, and even the Supreme Court is also to be reckoned with. As regards the particular bill introduced by the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee—a bill prepared, we are told, "with the assistance of counsel for the Anti-Saloon League"—its validity under the Eighteenth Amendment is clearly open to question. That Amendment reads as follows:

Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

Section 2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Obviously the bill goes far beyond anything specifically authorized in the amendment. The amendment forbids "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors," but says nothing whatever about the right to "possess or use" them. The Federal Government has no police powers except those expressly conferred by the Constitution. The separate States may forbid possession or use, but it is difficult to see how Congress, under the Eighteenth Amendment, has any such power. Indeed we are inclined to think that a strong case might be made out even for the right to make liquors for one's own personal consumption, not to speak of the right to possess or use them. The word "manufacture," in the acceptance in which it has been used within the memory of any man now living, has reference only to making for commercial purposes. A man who makes a corn-cob pipe for his own

use, or a woman who makes an embroidered fire-screen for her living room, does not manufacture these things, and no ordinary law relating to manufacture applies to them.

Nor could a plea to this effect be dismissed as a mere quibble or technicality. The language of the Eighteenth Amendment was carefully chosen by men who had devoted years to the promotion of the object they had at heart. There were in existence State laws, perfectly familiar to these men, which prohibited the possession of liquor. If they abstained from putting this prohibition into the amendment it was not by inadvertence. They were presumably aware that there was still enough left of jealousy for individual rights and for local self-government to cause many people to shy at an edict that made *drinking* a crime against the Federal Constitution, and they were not so sure of their victory as to feel that they could without risk arouse this sentiment. The vote by which the amendment passed the House was but little above two-thirds of the members voting, and it is quite possible that a more bare-faced expression of its intention would have caused its defeat. It was part of the whole strategy of the movement to make the contest appear to be one solely between the forces of righteousness on the one hand and the liquor *traffic* on the other. The word "manufacture" carefully conforms to this notion. The desires of the millions of people whose interest was in the drinking and not in the manufacture of liquor were kept sedulously in the background. What decision the courts might render on the subject we can not pretend to say, but a perfectly honest argument can be presented for the interpretation of the word "manufacture" as not covering the making of liquor for one's own use.

Whether anything will be done to mitigate the rigors of the Eighteenth Amendment does not, however, at this moment interest us so keenly as does the intrinsic character of what was done when the amendment was adopted. To those who have any regard for the Constitution of the United States—and we take it there are still some such persons—the first thought about the Eighteenth Amendment must be that it is not merely a departure from the spirit of the Constitution but a degradation of the whole instrument. Unlike many of our State constitutions, the Constitution of the United States has hitherto been the embodiment only of those things which are essential either to the marking out of the structure of our Government or to the preservation of fundamental human rights. Such an instrument can command, and throughout our history has commanded, the loyal devotion of a great people. It is inconceiv-

able that this feeling could have been built up for a document which undertook to impose upon the people in permanency—to withdraw from the operation of the ordinary processes of majority rule—specific statutes undertaking to control the daily lives of a hundred million people scattered over the expanse of a continent. As much as one provision can do to lower the standing of the Constitution of the United States, the Eighteenth Amendment has done. If there were nothing else to be said against it, this alone would be an objection whose gravity can hardly be overestimated.

But not only is it a degradation of the Constitution; it is a gross perversion of the very idea of Constitutional authority. A degradation it would be even if its subject matter were merely outside the natural and proper domain of Constitutional enactment, and otherwise of no special significance; it is a perversion because it places behind the bulwarks of the Constitution not a safeguard of liberty but a denial of liberty. Police regulations established by statute, whether State or national, embody, of course, many restraints upon liberty; but they are repealable by the ordinary processes of popular government. The purpose of the Constitution is explicitly to put some things beyond the reach of those processes. On the one hand there are things which relate to the distribution of powers either between the States and the Federal Government or between different departments of the Federal Government itself. On the other hand there are things which are supposed to be vital to the maintenance of the essential character of our institutions. Over fundamental rights of minorities or of individuals is thrown the protection of an instrument which no mere majority can set aside.

Our Relations to Russia

ADMIRAL KOLCHAK to-day embodies the national effort in Russia. With entire logic, the conferees at Versailles, as representing the idea of nationality, have recommended that Kolchak be recognized. President Wilson has asked for delay and consideration. Meanwhile the dictatorship of Lenin and Trotsky finds itself daily diminished in territory and power. The end of Bolshevism seems fairly in sight. A new government, not merely of the plain people but of the whole people, seems imminent. It will owe small friendliness to the United States.

We have no sympathy with those who regard the Russian situation as simple, and are ready to say how President Wilson should have acted at each step. No relations with a government in revolution are ever simple. General principles

No better example of this can be given than the First Amendment, providing that "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This has put it beyond the power of a majority of the people of the United States, however much they might at a given moment be carried away by prejudice or fear, to proscribe any particular religion, or to compel individuals to profess adherence to any religion at all. The Eighteenth Amendment is in diametrical contrast with the First. The First Amendment says that not even a majority of the people shall have power to deprive men of religious liberty; the Eighteenth Amendment says that not even a majority of the people shall have power to restore to men that liberty in regard to their personal habits which they have hitherto enjoyed. Generation after generation may pass during which a majority of the people shall wish to recover this liberty and shall find that recovery impossible except by nullification of the Constitution of the United States. If, when that instrument was first adopted, any man had proposed to embody in it a provision of this kind—not relating to drink but to anything—he would have been regarded as imbecile. The safeguards of the Constitution were enacted not to impose upon future generations the particular preferences of the men who made it, but permanently to protect against attack by fleeting popular moods those things that were felt to be essential to the integrity of our free institutions. If the First Amendment had been framed in the spirit of the Eighteenth, instead of establishing religious liberty it would have established a national church—and it would have made the Constitution of the United States a monstrosity.

rarely work when power is shifting from day to day. All that can reasonably be expected in dealing with Russia is as decent an opportunism as we once exercised towards a recent ally, during the French Revolution.

But, whatever may be ambiguous in the Russian situation, there never has been a moment when our moral attitude towards the Bolshevik dictatorship should have been in doubt. Lenin's avowed programme was the overthrow of all existing governments. The Entente was rooted in a common faith in democracy. Doctrinally the Bolsheviks are as distinctly the enemies of the Entente as were the Junker Imperialists. Mr. Wilson has allowed this plain distinction to be blurred, and thereby has done disservice to the cause of democracy everywhere. In emphasizing at all

times the difference between governments and peoples he has shaken confidence in representative government, and he has allowed the fault to go not where it largely belongs, to the indifference or ignorance of the voters, but to the machinations of governments. Thus, probably unwittingly, he has fostered the feeling that Bolshevism is a tolerable substitute for democracy. Possibly a sense of some wild idealism in the second Revolution made him averse from taking the obvious stand against both its undemocratic theories and its actual brutalities. Possibly "neutrality of soul" dictated complete non-interference in Russia. Unhappily, however, we did not even live up to our negative policy; we did interfere grudgingly and haphazardly, in a way to get all the odium possible both from the Bolsheviks and from the Moderates.

In the whole transaction there has been a confusion of two quite different issues. Evidently we must never be a party to dictating a particular form of government for Russia. So far as we are concerned, Russia is quite free to experiment in any form of anarchy that may please her. It doesn't follow that we are bound to entertain friendly feelings towards any kind of misrule that Russia may choose for herself. Presumably we believe in our own institutions. We may have to do business with absolute monarchies or tyrannies of the proletariat—that is a question of policy; but our cordiality is properly reserved for those who share our own political and moral ideals. A false relativity and tolerance have been spread over the gulf that separates all free nations from Bolshevik Russia. Her apologists have spoken as if intimidation ceased to be such in Holy Russia, as if the intention to upset all existing governments were a matter for amicable negotiation.

Certain radicals have argued that to keep the way open for an eventual recognition of a Bolshevik régime in Russia was indispensable. That is true. Any kind of government that manages to establish itself must be recognized. But these radicals really mean that we should help the Bolsheviks along, which is quite a different affair. As a matter of fact, our prolonged and indecisive flirtation with the Lenin dictatorship has merely got us the reputation of hypocrisy and cowardice. The Bolsheviks at least have the merit of knowing what they want.

What this nation wanted and wants in Russia is some form of constitutional democracy. Obviously we can not work for it directly, but as plainly we should be foolish not to give incidental encouragement, as occasion presents itself, to any form of democratic organization in Russia. Admiral Kolchak, who is provisional military dictator of more than three-quarters of the territory of

the Russias, is firmly committed to the calling of a constituent assembly and to the legal termination of his own dictatorship. It may or may not be the moment for the United States to recognize him. At least all the presumptions are in his favor, whereas all the presumptions are against Lenin. Moreover Admiral Kolchak has taken the pains to show that he is politically our friend, while Lenin has omitted no opportunity to show that he is our foe.

Opportunism is plainly what is called for in the Russian situation, but an opportunism with clear principles behind it. Decisions based on propitiating revolutionary sentiment at home are false decisions. The admission that a proletarian dictatorship is an acceptable newcomer in the community of nations is an

Germany in Africa

SOME twenty years ago, Alfred Zimmern, a German writer on colonization, recorded a significant observation about the British system. He thought that system to be the best one for the Germans to follow, but admitted that they did not succeed in so doing. "The British arrangements," says he, "when they are transplanted, have always experienced a complete transformation, and one that has often destroyed their inmost essence." The British, by contrast, have been notably successful in taking over suggestions from others, particularly the French, and working them out; thus, the system of full self-government in the colonies originated out of ideas derived from the French of the Revolutionary period, and has been applied with astonishing success by the British during the last fifty years.

Out of the *mêlée* of war, with its blunt revelations of essentials and of insufficiencies, there has emerged an acme of tribute to the British colonial system. The Germans were counting with confidence upon disaffection within the Empire, and were reckoning with India and South Africa almost as with their own. Yet the struggle was scarcely begun before that dream was shattered. The Empire held firmly together, the colonials rushed to the assistance of the mother-country, and the rajahs assembled their wealth and their man-power to defend their alleged oppressors. The story of Germany's gigantic miscalculation as to the imminent break-up of the British Empire does not need to be related anew. And something the same thing has occurred in the case of the French; for their colonials, too, have rallied to the defense. Many a black warrior has laid down his life under the tricolor in such manner that it could not have meant to him the banner of tyranny or of serfdom. But where

abject surrender of the principles for which we have fought. That the Russian situation is staggeringly complicated and our policy necessarily shifting with events themselves, is no reason for abdicating those faiths and convictions on which our nation rests. For the purpose of feeding the victims of his tyranny, we may have to deal with Lenin, as we had to deal in similar case with the German Kaiser. Let us not pretend that what may come as a stern duty is a pleasure. Let us not stifle through any tenderness of soul the voice of the national conscience. What we need towards Russia even more than a diplomatic policy, which at best must be groping, is a moral attitude of the nation. It exists; it is clear. Has it been fairly represented at Versailles?

have been the German colonial troops? Except in East Africa, where a force of natives was maintained under a system of payment, partly in money and partly in license to domineer over their fellows, the natives of the German colonies put up no resistance to conquest, much less a devoted championing of their masters. On the contrary, they welcomed the invaders.

There is no *a priori* proof of fitness for the destiny of a great colonizing power that can stand before a demonstration of this kind. Before Germany entered the colonial field, the Germans called one another to witness that they possessed qualities for world-power and the dissemination of civilization quite unparalleled, at any rate since Roman times; and their callings to and fro were so vociferous and so full of conviction that other nations, overhearing, were impressed. A number of English writers, under the curious mood of self-depreciation that overtook them some years ago, conceded the case, got out their sackcloth and ashes, and stood by to see the chariots and the glory thereof. But now, after the Germans have had their chance for over a generation, there is current a perfectly rational conclusion that they have failed so utterly that they are not fit to be entrusted henceforth with colonies at all.

But why, when they entered the competition with such acclaim? What of the industry, the science, the good intentions, the general *Gründlichkeit*? It is necessary to ask, first of all, as to the criteria of fitness to be a "colonizing power." These are not the same in all periods. Spain was the model once, when colonization meant exploitation; the rest envied her her Silver Fleet and the other grandiose thievings of her *Conquistadores*. And then arose, in turn, the admiring, even though rueful, conviction

that, when it came to commercial exploitation, the Dutch were not to be beaten; "they have stolen themselves rich," remarked an impressed sightseer as he gazed upon the mansion of certain East Indies barons. England herself was exalted once by reason of the successes of a "colonial system," now long passed away, whereby, as in the preceding cases, the colonies were treated as destined to be no more than contributory to the economic prosperity of the metropolis. But it is not so long ago that we "freed" Cuba and the Philippines from the Spanish yoke, and thought well of ourselves for doing it; the Dutch government has been assailed by a fire of criticism for concerning itself solely with the *batig slot*, or favorable balance; and England of not many years since, having overcome the Boers, instead of looting and taxing, speedily granted them freedom—and not only that, but also a voice in the management of the Empire. There has evidently been a shift in the conception of what a successful colonizing power is. Fitness to hold colonies is not any longer adjudged upon the development of their material resources or trade; it comes down to the human element; it focuses upon the treatment of the native peoples, to which once the world was indifferent, and upon that of the settlers.

The trouble with Germany in the colonies has been the trouble with Germany in Belgium and Poland. "No *kai kai* [food], no Sunday," complains the laborer in Kaiser Wilhelmsland, "plenty fight, plenty die!" To the native the British are bluffly fair; they may not be loved, as the French are said to be, because they are not *suaviter in modo*, and do not let themselves go in a way appreciated by the simple child of nature. But they are good sports, and especially good losers, and they are, with all the grumbling, objects of trust. The Germans began with the idea of *Strenge mit Gerechtigkeit*, of teaching first "a good lesson"; but the emphasis fell overweeningly on the sternness, and the lesson not infrequently ended in the demise of the pupil. East African princes were hoaxed in the matter of "treaties," in which they later found they had signed away land and power; they had never understood the documents, which were, indeed, of the flimsiest order. Trouble with the Herero and other tribes has made of German Southwest Africa what they themselves called their "*Schmerzenkind*." Atrocities of an unbelievable nature (*Kolonialgreuel*) evoked the term *Tropenkoller*, or tropical madness, to explain them.

It is plausible to contend that this was the result of inexperience, and that all would be eventually rectified. But if they were unfortunate in their beginnings, they have not lived down that

early reputation. The war brought out the fact that their qualities are something more than transitory and accidental; and now no one would dare to advocate restoration of their powers on the ground that they would learn pretty soon to employ them like other human beings. The colonial performances are of a piece, be it reiterated, with those exhibited in Europe and extenuated, if not incited, in Turkey. No nation that will do that sort of thing is fit to be set in a position of authority over peoples the stage of whose civilization makes them relatively helpless.

Robert Bacon: A Reminiscence

IT was midsummer after the Lusitania, the scene a meadow near West Plattsburg, the time sundown, the persons the fifteen hundred "Tired Business Men" of the First Training Regiment. We had completed our hundred miles of march manoeuvres and were correspondingly exultant. It was the moment of leavetaking and thanks to our devoted instruction officers. The memory clings to that scene. Scores of the khaki-clad men lolling in the great semicircle now lie very quiet in France and Flanders. Hundreds have put in practice in the Argonne the tactics begun at Perry's Mills and Altoona. For the moment, we were just a lot of rather harmless enthusiasts, barely tolerated at Washington, rather suspected as to our judgment, humorously admired for our cheerfulness in "taking our medicine." Our officers, however, believed in us, and we in them.

To express this sentiment of the enlisted men an officer might have been chosen, for example John Purroy Mitchell, who had just won his gold acorns; or a literary notability like private Richard Harding Davis of E Company. Instead a less eminent member of the regiment took the speaker's place, lifted the dusty campaign hat from a head beautifully cut and distinguished by tightly clustered curls—the head of a Greek athlete. It was "Top Sergeant" Bacon of A Company. He spoke very quietly concerning our gratitude towards our officers. He expressed our sense of benefit received from the training and of patriotism strengthened and confirmed. He urged as an evangel the duty of waking up the country to prepare a sufficient defence. We read between the lines a sentiment that ran through the company streets, that this was going to be our war, gloriously so. He and we knew the nation's duty, even if the nation didn't as yet.

The quiet, cultured utterance of the Greek god in khaki naturally impressed

us. We called him over and looked him up. Most of us knew that Sergeant Bacon had been Ambassador to France, some of us recalled that he had been a great banker in his day, a few may have remembered that he resigned his ambassadorship to accept the to him prouder position of an Overseer of Harvard University. We all knew that the company sergeant of A Company was a friendly man and that he accepted the drudgery of the orderly tent with unaffected zeal and thoroughness. It was only later that we learned, what he would never have divulged, how much he had done to make possible General Wood's plan of officers' training camps.

He was a man of fifty-five and we suspected—a natural surmise in the case of the older men—that he had enlisted as a good example. Yet it was no surprise to us when he volunteered with his three sons, and undertook the exacting duties of a liaison officer. Major Bacon carried into the war a dangerous lesion which, neglected, became the cause of his untimely death. Col. Bacon came back with merited honors and decorations of all sorts. But as he stood before us at West Plattsburg in an enlisted man's khaki, he already had won his "field marshal's baton." It was what he liked to call his election to the Board of Harvard Overseers. One likes to remember him amid all that relaxation of good fellowship—serious, friendly; reticently looking forward to the service that awaited him with so many others of the Tired Business Men.

Unrest and Distrust

THE publishing business of the country was revolutionized by the simple discovery that the average reader is honest. You can safely put a book into a man's hand without first taking the price from him. Upon this sort of confidence the world keeps running, and when such confidence is shaken the world runs badly. It has been sorely shaken through the war, and nothing worth while can be done until the world is once more convinced that most men mean well.

We need not credit all the alarmist reports from Europe to realize that social distrust is everywhere prevalent. Part of it is mere fretfulness, and need not be taken too seriously. Millions of men have been thrust into unfamiliar and hard duties, have greatly suffered through their own inexperience and that of their officers; have been projected into the duller duties following the armistice, then suddenly whisked back to a world that has changed. War heroes must relearn how to be elevator men; whilom officers must drive delivery carts. It is not an easy readjustment. Unrest is inevitable, and its best cure is time.

There is, however, a distrust that goes deeper and needs a more radical cure; and there is always danger, too, that temporary agitation of spirit may settle down into ugly fixed forms of suspicion. Much has been done to bring this about. Historically, perhaps, the movement begins with the weak idealist, Alexander Kerensky, who demanded that the Entente struggling for its very life should purify and clarify its war aims. This unreasonable demand that a world with its back to the wall should considerably analyze its past and lay out its future, was echoed throughout the radical world. The refrain swelled until the governments that were actually fighting for the freedom of the world were put into the position of mere tricksters.

President Wilson unfortunately played into the prevailing mistrust by reiterating his academic distinction between governments and peoples. His invariable implication was that governments were wrong and peoples right. Such a distinction is destructive of the ideal of representative government. Plainly if free people will not take the pains to elect truly representative governments, democracy is a failure. It is one of the ironies of the war that practical democracy has been seriously undermined by the great champion of democratic theory.

Inevitable inequalities of treatment within the working classes have fostered discontent. The ironworker caught in the draft drew half his normal pay as a private, while his mate who had an exemption drew double pay in a munitions factory. Meanwhile both saw inordinate profit taking and greatly exaggerated what they saw. Millions of plain men on foreign soil were rubbed the wrong way by foreigners and amply reciprocated the attention. The mixing process which harmonized the national melting pot curdled the international cauldron.

Such are some of the main causes that have produced the prevailing unrest. Much of it will be cured by time. Some of it will be remedied mechanically through the resumption of normal industry. But there is danger that we may trust too much to mechanical treatment to repair what is emphatically a moral ill. The responsibility for a cure falls largely upon the prosperous, though the organizers of labor also have their important duty of interpretation. Something would be done toward lessening distrust if people could simply be made to grasp the truth that much of the admittedly unjust distribution of wealth has come not through anybody's malice but through general incapacity to cope with the swiftly growing industrial system. Neither capitalists nor workmen have, until recently, been doing much careful or solid thinking about the matter.

“Fed Up with the French”

THE transport had cleared the break-water at Brest and was squared away for the run to Sandy Hook. I stood aft on the promenade deck, looking down at the main deck, where the enlisted men were crowded at the rail taking a last look at the fast-fading coast of France. There was a light breeze astern, and the voices floated up with perfect distinctness—“Good-bye, France, damn you!” was a fair sample of the shouts of derision and scorn hurled at the defenceless French coast. A sergeant carrying a message to regimental headquarters came up the companionway two steps at a time: I accosted him. “Sergeant,” I asked, “are you sore on France and the French?” “Well, sir,” he answered, “I’m not sore to-day on any place or anybody, with this little old ship headed for the States. But I guess all the men got pretty tired of hanging ’round the Le Mans area waitin’ to go home and being robbed by these here frog shop-keepers. No, sir, I ain’t got nothin’ against France—it a bonn country—but these here civilian frogs don’t want nothin’ more often us now that the fightin’s over—’cept our money, sir.”

Now the sergeant had it about right: he was an average, intelligent non-com, and he represents the average opinion of our enlisted personnel—and of the junior officers, too, be it said—who are returning from overseas service. There is no gainsaying the fact that, in the estimation of our army as a whole, France’s stock has dropped way below par in the last six months. I watched the thing pretty closely in a good many different parts of France, because I had been wondering, even before the fighting ended, how long it would be before there was a rift in the lute of the Franco-American entente.

While the war was on, while our men, our machinery, and our money were pouring into France in comforting streams, the French received us open-armed. I don’t mean that they were consciously play-acting about it; they felt emotional and grateful, and they made love to our army—they were French, that’s all. Our officers and men were somewhat astonished but rather pleased, and proceeded about their business of learning to fight the French way. Our officers—coming in contact with French officers at specialist schools, at the staff college, in liaison work, and in staff work, learning and teaching French combat methods—gained a wholesome respect for the Frenchman as a professional soldier, and began to realize that he was far and away the most scientific fighter in Europe, despite the fact that he talked with his hands and feet, and seemed to

go up in the air on the least pretext. Had the war gone on, good feeling between the armed forces would have grown stronger and stronger.

But when the armistice was signed, two things occurred. France awoke from a four years’ nightmare and found several million rather strange and suddenly superfluous Yankees billeted on her; and several million Yankees rolled up their packs, forgot Berlin, and concentrated their whole minds on Hoboken. I remember, the morning after the armistice, going on inspections with one of my company commanders and asking him how his men felt. “Well, sir,” he answered, “they’re fed up with the French, and want to go home.” As a matter of fact, we were in rest billets in a shell-torn village in the devastated area; there were not six French people, soldiers or civilians, within twenty kilometers, and my outfit, which had been in the thick of the fighting before I joined them, had scarcely seen a Frenchman in three months. Yet they were “fed up with the French”!

Now I am not trying to prove that the lessening goodwill between us and the French is imaginary, or that the grievances which our soldiers are constantly reiterating are negligible. But I do believe that nine-tenths of the differences are superficial and to be expected, and that the rest is as much our fault as theirs.

When the war ended France was numb; also she was “broke.” Hundreds of thousands of our troops were withdrawn from the firing line and distributed through the training areas and the embarkation centre at Le Mans. The men who had been fighting had had no chance to spend money, even if they had been lucky enough to get any; and many thousands of our enlisted men, thanks to one of the cruellest pieces of inefficiency with which our Government is chargeable, had received no pay at all for four, five, and even six months. Many officers were receiving salaries from their old employers, as well as the pay of their grade. With the coming of the armistice the men were paid up, and officers and men, their pockets bulging with good American money, were poured over the French landscape, filling the provincial cities and towns, and even the smallest villages with a sudden surplus of wealth. Paris was an American officer’s club; prices shot skyward; the law of supply and demand was in full swing, with the French merchant on the boosting end.

Now, if at this point the Americans had understood Continental methods of bargaining and buying, or if the French merchant class had been able to with-

stand the temptation to make a “killing,” all might still have been well. But the American isn’t accustomed to bargaining; he asks the price of an article and then takes it or leaves it. I watched a corporal of marines buying a piece of lace in a Le Mans shop one day. Madame showed him the price on the tag—72 francs—which he promptly paid. The lace was a centerpiece of meretricious design and coarse workmanship which was worth about 40 francs and which he could easily have bought for 55 francs. After this sort of buying had been going on for a time, the shopkeepers decided that no price was too high, and governed themselves accordingly. All merchandise went up, and souvenirs, especially “German prisoner souvenirs,” were manufactured and unloaded on our soldiers. But the greatest extortion occurred in food and drink. The American soldier with money in his pocket hates to appear economical—or even prudent. If a drink cost fifty centimes, he would toss down a franc and scorn the change. He could never learn to tip in copper.

This overcharging was, naturally, not universal; in many places wise and successful efforts were made to control prices. When my battalion, for instance, came down from the advanced zone to the embarkation centre, we were assigned to a little town called Savigné l’Evêque. The Mayor of this town was an aristocrat of the old school, eighty-four years of age, who seemed to hold office by right of family, and who ruled the countryside after the manner of a feudal baron; prices not only did not rise, but he almost gave us the town and all that was in it. Our estaminet did start to raise prices, but the old Mayor closed the place before word of it reached our headquarters.

I have emphasized this single matter of overcharging, because after considerable experience both as observer and as victim, I have come to the conclusion that it actually forms the basis of all our irritation against the French. We, as a nation, are beginning to feel that the French, as a nation, are grasping. We think that their shopkeepers rather imposed on the pocketbooks and good nature of our army, and that their statesmen are trying to repeat the process on a large scale at the Peace Table: all of which we are inclined to consider a little ungenerous and unsportsmanlike. For myself, I am prepared to admit all that I have cited against the French—and more, too, if necessary—and yet to find abundant excuse for them, and ultimate forgiveness.

For five years France has been hammered, mauled, and bled. While the show was on, she kept a stiff upper lip, but now the reaction has set in, and she hovers on the brink of a nervous break-

down. Her people and her Government are suffering from shell shock just as certainly as men in the field. She suffers from fear after the fact, some of it normal, some of it exaggerated and hysterical. She hates and fears Germany, she fears and distrusts England, and she distrusts Italy. She fears herself and her own weaknesses, her economic prostration and commercial stagnation. Above all, she fears poverty. America is about the only nation she doesn't fear; she regards us as an unsophisticated, disinterested, fabulously rich and generous big brother who will continue to stand for a touch from time to time and in a pinch will always come through with a check. She doesn't realize that the petty avariciousness has got on our nerves—if she did, I believe, she would put an end to it.

Do the French dislike us? I will answer that by saying that at the moment I don't think the French like anyone but the French. As compared with the

British, they love us passionately, but that is another story. For the present, they want to get everybody out of the country: then they want to build a Chinese Wall against Germany and spend the rest of their lives poking guns over the top of it.

Do we dislike the French? If we do, we should be ashamed of ourselves, for we should be guilty of an ungenerous intolerance towards a nation which was very near death: we should be forgetting many heroic virtues in our impatience at a few superficial vices. I don't believe we dislike the French: on the contrary, I think we really like them. But I do believe that if the American Army had been billeted in paradise after the armistice, it would have got so bored and homesick that it would have picked a row with all the cherubim and seraphim over the vintage of the nectar and the freshness of the ambrosia served at celestial mess.

MAJOR, A. E. F.

An Examination of the Covenant

IT is frequently asserted that when the President went abroad he was committed to no particular plan for a League of Nations, and this in a sense is true, for he has at no time gone into very definite details on the subject. But it is also true that he had repeatedly expressed ideas which if embodied in any scheme for a League of Nations must have gone far to determine its character, and would, indeed, have given it a character very different from that of the present League. Thus, in his famous "Peace without Victory" speech of January 22, 1917, before the Senate, the President pictured a League embracing *all* nations on *equal* terms, a League from which the *balance of power* and *international war* were ejected, a League in which all states were to rely upon the "*common protection*" guaranteed them by "*the organized major force of mankind.*" Here is the vision of a super-state within the bounds of which every nation must confine its programmes of development and growth. And it is a very similar idea which underlies the Fourteen Points, otherwise it is difficult to give any very coherent interpretation of the demand there made regarding freedom of the seas, and the limitation of national armaments to the requirements of "domestic safety."

The League plan now before us proceeds for the most part upon quite different principles. It organizes an hegemony of the principal Entente Powers; it does not necessarily discountenance war, provided a certain procedure looking to a peaceable adjustment has first been gone through with; it provides for

no organized international force except what may be comprised in an international boycott of limited application; it does not provide for international disarmament further than to promise a future plan which shall take "account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State," and which must successfully run the gauntlet of ratification by every state before it is binding upon any. Finally, aside from the matter of colonial mandatories and one or two other matters to be mentioned later, it vests no independent authority in any international organ.

The great value which public sentiment, in this country at least, attaches to the League is as an instrument for the peaceable adjustment of international disputes, and it is from this point of view, therefore, that we should first regard it. Article XIII of the revised Covenant reads as follows:

The members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which can not be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject matter to arbitration. Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty, as to any question of international law, as to the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of any international obligation, or as to the extent and nature of the reparation to be made for any such breach are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for submission to arbitration. For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which the case is referred shall be the court agreed upon by the parties to the dispute or stipulated in any convention existing between them.

The members of the League agree that they will carry out in full good faith any

award that may be rendered and that they will not resort to war against a member of the League which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such an award the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

In specifying certain kinds of disputes which shall be treated as susceptible of settlement by judicial or quasi-judicial methods, Article XIII marks a distinct improvement upon its predecessor in the original draft of the Covenant. The enumeration remains, for all that, both incomplete and dangerously vague. Furthermore, the student of international arbitration can not avoid feeling that the Conference has missed a unique opportunity in failing to provide at this juncture a definite constitution for a permanent court of arbitral justice, instead of merely promising one for some future date, as is done in Article XVI. If an international tribunal comparable to the Supreme Court of the United States could be created which by the disinterested devotion of its members to the task of building up a system of international justice should eventually win the confidence of reasonable men throughout the world, a great step would be taken towards international peace. Such an institution has long been dreamt of. The thing which, more than anything else, has stood in the way of its establishment has been the insistence of small states upon equal representation in its membership. The Peace Conference, clearly, had an opportunity to impose a different rule, and that opportunity may not recur.

Disputes which are not arbitrated in accordance with Article XIII are, by Article XV, to be submitted to the Council of the League. There, if all goes well, a settlement will be effected through the conciliatory efforts of the Council; but, if not, the Council shall then, either unanimously or by a majority vote, publish a statement of the facts of the matter and its recommendations thereon, and if the latter have been agreed to unanimously, not counting the representatives on the Council of parties to the dispute, they become binding on the members of the League in the sense that no member may take up arms against the disputant which complies with the recommendations. There is also another option open to the Council—it may refer the dispute to the Assembly of the League, as, indeed, may either disputant within a limited period after the first submission to the Council. The recommendations of the Assembly become binding in the sense just defined, provided they are supported by all the members of the Council, not counting the representatives of disputants, and a majority of the members of the Assembly with a like exception. The sanction for this procedure is supplied by Article XVI, whereby the members of the

League undertake immediately to sever intercourse with any member resorting to war in violation of Articles XII, XIII and XV; further measures will depend upon the recommendation of the Council and the action of the several states.

The success, however, of the League as a means of maintaining the peace of the world must depend primarily, not upon its ability to bring compulsion to bear, but upon the facilities it offers as an organ of international conciliation, and in this respect it is, I submit, far from being all that might reasonably have been hoped for. The body to which will fall, if the League succeeds, the adjustment of the most important international differences is the Council, the make-up of which is provided for by Article IV of the revised Covenant as follows:

The Council shall consist of representatives of the United States of America, of the British Empire, of France, of Italy, and of Japan, together with representatives of four other members of the League. These four members of the League shall be selected by the Assembly from time to time in its discretion. Until the appointment of the representatives of the four members of the League first selected by the Assembly, representatives of (blank) shall be members of the Council.

With the approval of the majority of the Assembly the Council may name additional members of the League whose representatives shall always be members of the Council; the Council with like approval may increase the number of members of the League to be selected by the Assembly for representation to the Council.

The provision here made for additional members constitutes an improvement upon the first draft of the Covenant. Even so, it is always the existing Council which will determine whether there shall be additional members; and for a long time to come certainly, the predominant influence in the Council will be wielded by the "Big Five." But why, let it be asked, should the adjustment of international difficulties, from whatever quarter or source arising, be invariably entrusted to a particular set of nations? And, what is more to the point, is it likely that a stereotyped body of this character—made up beforehand, and predominantly if not exclusively political and governmental in outlook, and existing primarily to safeguard the interests of the Powers controlling it—will win and hold the confidence of the world at large in its capacity for disinterested action?

In point of fact, the authors of the League have confused two very different problems, with the not unnatural result of providing an entirely satisfactory solution of neither. These problems were, first, that of furnishing the peace settlement which was to be imposed by the victorious Entente upon Germany with adequate guarantees, and, secondly, the problem of providing a permanent pro-

cedure for the peaceable settlement of international controversies. The former problem was naturally the one which most interested Lloyd George and Clemenceau, while the latter had captured the imagination of President Wilson, and the result is a compromise.

Nor are we left speculating *in vacuo* how this compromise arrangement will work. The Council of the League of Nations is little more than a continuance, under a new name, of the Peace Conference. It is necessary to suppose, therefore, that the methods which have obtained in the Peace Conference will survive in the newer body, and that the same points of view, the same necessities will to a large extent govern there. Hence the significance of the settlement of the Shantung question, which has demonstrated how little chance considerations of justice will have with the League when they clash with the hard necessity of maintaining a firm front against Germany. Further, it has demonstrated that despite Presidential exorcism, the old concept—or better, the ugly fact—of a balance of power still remains as vital as ever, with the result that Japan had only to squint in the direction of Russia and Germany to extort from the peacemakers permission to rifle her and their ally. On the other hand, when we turn to consider the League as primarily a machine for guaranteeing the peace settlement, it again appears far from satisfactory; and in consequence it must be supplemented, we have just learned, by defensive understandings between France and the United States and France and Great Britain.

Article X of the League, so much criticized by both conservatives and by liberals, is eloquent of the same moral. This article, which appears virtually unchanged in the revised draft of the Covenant, reads as follows:

The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve, as against external aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

The criticism passed by liberals upon this Article is the obvious one that it stereotypes existing geographical discrepancies, that it prevents healthful national growth, that it rules out henceforth all such enterprises as France's intervention in behalf of American independence in 1778, and America's intervention in behalf of Cuban independence 120 years later. The conservative critic, on the other hand, raises a more immediately practical question. Why, he asks, should the United States pledge itself to assist in defending the boundaries of all states for all time, and es-

pecially since everybody knows very well that the pledge will not be kept?

It is clear, I think, that this Article is quite out of place in the League Covenant, though this is not to say that a similar provision, to run for a limited number of years, ought not to appear in the peace settlement. The settlement will establish a status quo which ought to be assured a reasonable period of time within which to prove its viability, and we Americans are more or less obliged, no doubt, to lend a hand to this end. But we ought to be able to look forward to a period when we shall be relieved of such obligations. I submit, also, that there is a substantial contradiction between Article X and other features of the League. Let us suppose a dispute between two members of the League. The dispute is duly submitted to the Council, which arrives at a unanimous recommendation. Thereupon the disadvantaged party to the dispute balks. What is to be done? The successful party has its award, but how is it to enforce it? The League is under pledge to defend the unsuccessful disputant's territorial integrity from "external aggression," and it is under equal obligation not to make war upon the successful disputant, which by hypothesis has followed its recommendations. And the contradiction is even plainer in case a unanimous recommendation is not forthcoming from the Council. In such case, says Article XV, "the members of the League reserve to themselves the right to take such action as they shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice." But suppose it is considered "necessary" to send armed forces into territory of the recalcitrant state, what then becomes of Article X? To be sure, it has been contended that mere invasion is not "external aggression" upon "the territorial integrity" of a state. But admitting that, what again becomes of Article X? By such an interpretation the invasion of Belgium was not "external aggression" upon Belgium's "territorial integrity."

One obvious defect of the earlier draft is supplied by Article V of the revised instrument, thus: "Except where otherwise expressly provided in this Covenant, decisions at any meeting of the Assembly of the Council shall require the agreement of all the members of the League represented at the meeting." Of a similar tendency is Article XXVI as redrafted. It reads as follows:

Amendments to this Covenant will take effect when ratified by the members of the League whose representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the members of the League whose representatives compose the Assembly.

Such amendment shall not bind any member of the League which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a member of the League.

Both these alterations of the original Covenant in favor of the principle of national sovereignty are free from apparent ambiguity. Not so much can be said of other changes. One most remarkable omission from the earlier Covenant was that of any provision for withdrawal from the League. Doubtless the omission was not inadvertent, the calculation of the framers of the instrument probably being that, while solidarity of interest must be relied upon to keep the "Big Five" in the League, lesser states could be kept in by the menace of coercion. And the same calculation seems to flicker through the rather opaque language of the following clause from Article I of the new Covenant:

Any member of the League may, after two years' notice of its intention so to do, withdraw from the League, provided that all its international obligations and all its obligations under this Covenant shall have been fulfilled at the time of its withdrawal.

Who is to decide whether a state has fulfilled its international obligations? Unquestionably, the Council of the League, in other words, the "Big Five."

And the demand of many American critics that certain "domestic questions" be specifically excluded from the jurisdiction of the League has been met in similar fashion. Assuming the validity of this demand—and that seems hardly open to question in the case at least of relatively unimportant states—it has hardly been satisfied in the following provision from Article XV:

If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement.

In the first place, international law does not, so far as I am aware, recognize any matter which "is solely within the domestic jurisdiction" of a particular state, provided such matter has in fact given rise to a dispute with another state. So far as I can discover, international law recognizes—impliedly, of course—just two categories of questions capable of producing international differences, those for which it provides a rule of settlement and those for which it does not. But if we confine the jurisdiction of the League to the former class, we confine it to those disputes for which, by Article XIII of the Covenant, arbitration is the suitable remedy; while if we regard it as extending to the latter class also, we still have our original problem on our hands. But this is by no means the whole of the business. We must remember, in construing this article, that by Article V the Council determines all matters where it is not specifically provided otherwise by the rule of unanimity; and in passing upon the question raised by a plea in abatement of its jurisdiction, it

will therefore proceed by the rule of unanimity. It follows from the wording of the provision just quoted that the League will have jurisdiction of any dispute between member states of which the Council does not determine by unanimous vote that it has not jurisdiction; nor will such unanimity ever be obtainable where the disputant bringing the matter before the League is itself a member of the Council.

The "domestic jurisdiction" clause was designed to baffle a kind of criticism which was too formidable to be ignored, without at the same time altering the scheme of the League sufficiently to remove the real grounds of the criticism; and the same must be said of Article XXI of the revised Covenant, which is intended to spike the guns of those who have said that the League puts the Monroe Doctrine in jeopardy. This article reads as follows:

Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace.

The language of this section seems especially ill-chosen except for the purpose of darkening counsel and confusing criticism. The Monroe Doctrine is neither an "international engagement" nor a "regional understanding," as Mr. Carranza has recently been at pains to explain—it is the foreign policy of the United States, and is based primarily, albeit not exclusively, upon the security and self-interest of the United States. Since it is of some antiquity, several meanings have, in the process of time, come to be attached to it, though logically and historically these constitute a single fabricated policy. In its broadest significance the Doctrine means "American questions for America, European questions for Europe." In this sense, obviously, the Doctrine is abandoned the moment we enter the League, for, as Mr. Lodge has pointed out, a fence is hardly preserved by taking it down. More narrowly the Doctrine means that European states (and Asiatic states, too, for that matter) may not acquire new possessions in the Western Hemisphere, from which it follows logically that any transference of soil in the Western Hemisphere involving European (or Asiatic) states must have the previous assent of the United States. Finally, in the Venezuela controversy, President Cleveland insisted on the right of the United States to make itself a party to any dispute between an American and a European state which might lead to a loss of territory by the former to the latter, and upon this precedent Mr. Roosevelt subsequently developed his "Big Stick" doctrine. Now, in which of these senses is the validity of the Monroe Doctrine asserted and safeguarded

by Article XXI? It is impossible to say, nor would it appear that the United States has any right to say, since the vote of disputants is not counted in the determination of the recommendations of the Council or the Assembly regarding controversies before them. If, therefore, the Monroe Doctrine is really to be safeguarded against the League, it must be either by reserving some specific interpretation of it from the operation of the League or by a ratification of the Covenant on the part of the United States which is qualified in the same way that our ratification of the Hague Conventions was qualified, by a general reservation of American policy.

Another type of criticism of the Covenant which deserves some attention is that based upon Constitutional grounds. Two principles here come into play. The first is that the treaty-making power (the President with two thirds of a quorum of the Senate advising and consenting) may validly pledge the United States to exercise its powers in a certain way and then if the organ of government to which any of these powers belong does not observe the pledge, the United States has broken its word. The second principle is that the United States Government, being a government of delegated powers, can not transfer those powers to agencies outside the United States Government. And this is not to deny that sovereignty may be abdicated by a body possessing it, wherefore the British Parliament may, if it chooses, transfer all its powers to the Council of the League. But the Congress of the United States is not a sovereign body; the only sovereign body in the United States, the only body capable legally of redistributing the powers of the United States Government or of taking them away to confer them elsewhere is that power which amends the Constitution of the United States.

The section of the League Covenant to which these remarks are most immediately pertinent are the provisions of Article XXIII, which reads as follows:

Subject to and in accordance with the provisions of international conventions existing or hereafter to be agreed upon, the members of the League (A) will endeavor to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor for men, women, and children, both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend, and for that purpose will establish and maintain the necessary international organizations; (B) will undertake to secure just treatment of the native inhabitants of territories under their control; (C) will entrust the League with the general supervision over the execution of agreements with regard to the traffic in women and children, and the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs; (D) will entrust the League with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition with the countries in which the control of this traffic is necessary in the common interest; (E) will make provision to

secure and maintain freedom of communication and of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all members of the League. In this connection the special necessities of the regions devastated during the war of 1914-1918 shall be in mind; (F) will endeavor to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease.

By the tests laid down above, the engagements stipulated in clauses (A), (B), (E) and (F) here are capable of being carried out by the ordinary organs of government in the United States. Not so, however, those stipulated in clauses (C) and (D). These clauses must be interpreted as a pledge by the treaty-making power—provided they are ratified by the Senate—that the people of the United States will amend their Constitution to entrust the powers mentioned therein to the League. It is hardly likely that any such pledge will be carried out.

But an abdication of sovereignty may be none the less real because perhaps technically constitutional, in which connection it is important to weigh the possibilities of Article VIII of the Covenant. This article provides that the Council shall formulate plans for the reduction of armaments for the consideration of the several states, and then proceeds thus:

After these plans shall have been adopted by the several governments, limits of armaments therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council.

The argument is made for this provision that the United States is already party to an agreement with Great Britain not to increase its naval armament on the Great Lakes. By the same sign it would be legitimate to treat an act of charity as tantamount to an offer by its author to turn over his entire estate to the public. If sovereignty signifies anything it signifies freedom of choice on the part of government in discharging its principal duties. The unqualified pledge just recited would surrender this freedom of choice on the part of our Government in discharging the elementary duty of defense. Furthermore, its must be remembered that the League does not pretend to provide a peaceable settlement of all disputes, particularly those of graver character. By Article VIII, nevertheless, a state must fight through a war, into which it was possibly plunged on account of the limited scope of the League, with the armament with which it entered such war, unless it can get the unanimous consent of the Council to an increase of armament. Nor is this the only instance in which the League dangerously blends the contradictory qualities of a "strong" league with a "weak" one.

The people of the United States are to-day solicited, in the name of the cause of international peace, to resign per-

manently that position in the world which they have hitherto occupied with benefit both to themselves and to the rest of mankind. No such sacrifice is necessary; on the contrary, there is good reason for believing that such a sacrifice, if accorded in the form in which it is now required, would prove a serious detriment to this very cause of international peace. If we are to put our trust in the record of the past, there are many things which America stands ready to do in the interest of international peace. She is ready to cooperate in the establishment of an international court of justice, she is ready to cooperate in the clarification and extension of international law, she is ready to submit most kinds of disputes to arbitration, and those which she is unwilling to submit to arbitration she is willing to submit to investigation by impartial boards of inquiry. She is ready to go as far as any state on the path of disarmament. She is ready to lend counsel and friendly effort, whenever they may be required, to the work of preserving and restoring peace. She is ready to aid in repressing criminal disturbers of the world's peace and order. All this the past proves.

But the League of Nations plan exacts that we do much more than this. It exacts that we remain indefinitely the member of a coalition having for its primary purpose the maintenance of a solidarity of interests among its principal members and so a balance of power against another potential coalition, and, for its secondary purpose only, the adjustment of international differences. If, however, we are to judge the future by the past, America will never consent to become partner in any such arrangement; and this for three reasons, first, because she does not choose to be involved in the complications of the world's

balance of power; secondly, because she does not care to thrust herself forward as one of a small group of states arrogating to themselves the authority to determine the destinies of other states; thirdly, because she will not sanction in the name of international justice arrangements which are grounded solely on power and selfish interest. The lesson of Shantung—to mention no other feature of the peace settlement—will not be forgotten in a day.

A final word is necessary on an immediately practical question: What action should the Senate take regarding the Covenant? The framers of the League have shown some ingenuity in interweaving the League plan with the Treaty proper. But the difficulty thus created is not insuperable. The Senate has the undoubted right to qualify its ratification of the entire Treaty or any part thereof, whether by limiting it to a term of years or otherwise. Let it, therefore, while making other appropriate reservations, also limit its acceptance of Section I of the Treaty, embodying the League of Nations plan, to three years. In this way the entire Treaty can be put into operation promptly with a minimum of risk from the dangers of the present League plan, and within three years our Government will have ample opportunity to reshape the plan to the fundamental idea of providing a method of adjusting international differences which can claim the confidence of great and small states alike. Despite some appearances to the contrary, the Senate to-day occupies a position of great strategic advantage. May it use it in behalf of two causes which have not heretofore been found to be antagonistic—those of international peace and American independence!

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Correspondence

The Left and the League

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The Covenant of the League of Nations now finds itself threatened from the left as well as the right. The publication of the official summary of the peace treaty with Germany has been followed by an unanticipated and paradoxical realignment of forces. Numerous radicals and internationalists, formerly ardent supporters of the League, and uncompromising antagonists of the proposal that the United States should return to its traditional policy of isolation, are now foremost in denouncing the Covenant, or in demanding amendments by the Senate which would reduce our participation in the responsibilities of the League to virtual nullity. The *New Republic* joins hands with Senator

Lodge; and the *Nation* is endeavoring earnestly, if not altogether successfully, to rival *Harvey's Weekly* in the vivacity of its hebdomadal excoriation of President Wilson and his programme. So sober-minded a representative of ethical idealism as Dr. Felix Adler lends his support to the attack; and a group of distinguished British Liberals are reported to have issued a manifesto declaring the treaty offered Germany to be a breach of faith, and apparently implying, if not explicitly asserting, that no covenant which would commit the signers to the enforcement of the provisions of such a treaty should be accepted by Great Britain or America.

Many of the strictures of these critics of the peace terms are palpable exaggerations, made possible only by a singular forgetfulness of both the moral and

the material facts of the situation with which the Conference had to deal.

It is, however, not my purpose to attempt to defend the treaty against all criticism. The document, assuredly, is not that ideal compound of justice, magnanimity, and far-seeing prudence for which many had hoped. Some of its provisions, even though not inequitable, are of very questionable expediency; and at least one of them—that relating to Shantung—appears to make all the signatory powers accomplices in a peculiarly shameless act of spoliation. It is, therefore, not surprising that many persons of generous minds, and of too sanguine hopes, should find themselves in a mood of disappointment and disillusionment over the outcome, thus far, of the Conference. Are those who are in this mood justified in joining the enemies of the League? If a man, before the publication of the outline of the treaty, believed the ratification of the covenant by the United States to be desirable, has he now adequate reason to abandon that belief? It is this question which I raise here. With those who have never believed ratification desirable the present discussion is not concerned.

If this country refuses to participate as a fully responsible member in the League, it is obvious that one of two things must follow: either the entire project of a Society of Nations will be abandoned; or else a League consisting chiefly of the European and Asiatic Powers will be formed, and will proceed to function without us. Suppose the former, which is perhaps the more probable of these possible consequences, to result. Supporters of the League have been accustomed to predict that, without a League, Europe would, within half a century, be plunged into another and yet more terrible war. Has that contingent prediction lost any of its likelihood, now that the terms of the settlement with Germany are known? Suppose—though the supposition is, I believe, contrary to fact—that the settlement increases the danger of another disturbance of the world's peace by Germany. Does the increase of the danger make it the less necessary to guard against it? And can any man who has once realized—as those who formerly supported the League must have realized—what another great war would mean, consent to leave aught undone that could in any measure help to avert such a *débâcle* of civilization? Shall it be said that, even after all the horrors and iniquities of the past five years, those who liked to call themselves "idealists" and lovers of their kind, chose—not blindly, like others, but with open eyes—to aid in making that final ruin of humanity inevitable?

Suppose, on the other hand, that a

League is formed. Is it more likely to be an effectual safeguard of peace, of international law, and of international fair-dealing, if the United States holds aloof from it? Will America be in a better position to serve those ends outside the League than in it? Shall we have a more potent voice in the affairs of the nations if we refuse to have any part in their common counsels, or to assume any real share of the burdens and the risks which international coöperation, like every other form of coöperation between human beings, involves? Can the very modest beginning of a better international order, which is all that the League now proposed is, be expected to develop more sanely and prosperously, if the spirit and ideals of our Republic have no influence upon its development? It is difficult to see how any man who has ever urged our entering the League can be in any doubt as to the proper answers to these questions.

There is, however, one argument which seems to have greatly impressed those who once favored but now oppose American acceptance of the Covenant. It is the argument from the experience of the American delegation at the Paris Conference. That experience shows, it is said, that in any League the representatives of the United States could exercise no real influence in favor of reasonableness or justice, but would simply "be so pocketed as to count as a sure thing in the calculation of the diplomats." "If any one thinks," writes the *New Republic*, "that the United States under these conditions is going to have a rôle in readjusting the settlement or of affecting the war-making propensities of European governments, let him consider the majestic impotence of Mr. Wilson in Paris at a time when the effects of American military and economic intervention had not entirely worn off." This argument expresses both a false conception of what has been going on at Paris and a false analogy between the present Conference and a future League of Nations. "Majestic impotence" is a pretty phrase, but it can hardly fail, when applied to Mr. Wilson, to evoke a rather wry smile in Paris, even in certain high quarters. The treaty is manifestly the outcome of a compromise, in which Mr. Wilson has yielded some points upon which he would have wished to insist—and perhaps some points which he could have gained by a more courageous or a better placed insistence. But nothing can be less in accord with the facts than to imply, as the *New Republic* does, that there have not been concessions on both sides, or that the treaty as finally drawn up is not enormously different from what it would have been if our Government had from the first had no hand in the business. If any one wishes to know what the settle-

ment with Germany would have been without American participation in the armistice and the Conference, let him first read the provisions of the secret treaties between the Allied Governments, and then ascertain from some competent informant what the demands originally made at the Conference by some of those governments were.

Nor is there any close analogy between the conditions under which the Paris Conference has worked and those under which a League of Nations might be expected to work. For, in the first place, the negotiations at Paris have been constantly conducted under the shadow of the secret treaties. It can hardly be doubted that the reason why President Wilson felt compelled to yield on Shantung was the existence of understandings between Japan and the other powers which seemed to them too explicit and binding to be broken; or that the reason why he had French and British support in his position with regard to Fiume was that, on this point, those Powers were without prior commitments. But, by the very terms of the League Covenant, no such secret agreements, in conflict with its principles, would be binding. And, in the second place, the whole state of mind of the Conference, and of the European peoples concerned in it, has been abnormal. Fear has prompted some of the demands which have seemed to Americans most unreasonable—the hysterical fear of people who have just escaped ruin by a hair's breadth and who snatch hastily at anything which seems to promise protection against a recurrence of the danger. International hatreds, too, are bound to be at their maximum intensity at the close of a war—and of such a war! And beyond all this, the number and prodigious complexity of the problems which had to be solved, all at a single time and in haste, while the spectre of Revolution looked in at the window, created unique temptations and opportunities for reckless chauvinist groups who were willing to gamble with the world's peace in the hope of national aggrandizement; while responsible statesmen who felt an early peace and a prompt return to normal domestic conditions to be all-important were, by the same situation, tempted to perhaps too ready compromises. If, then, the settlement is not all that could well have been wished, it is, fairly considered, a great deal better than might naturally have been expected to emerge from such a situation. And the conditions which produced it could not conceivably be duplicated at any future session of the Executive Council, or the body of delegates, of a League of Nations—unless there should be another general war.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

Baltimore, Md., May 29

Book Reviews

Illusions Concerning Alsace-Lorraine

ALSACE-LORRAINE SINCE 1870. By Barry Cerf. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PROFESSOR Cerf's interesting and valuable contribution to the problem of Alsace-Lorraine can hardly be regarded as the final treatment of this long vexed question. The very circumstances of its composition, apparently at high speed, during the short interval between our entrance into the war and the author's exchange of his professorial gown for his country's uniform—Professor Cerf has become Captain Cerf—would seem to preclude any such finality. It is evident, moreover, that the book was written before the complete wreck of German ambitions, and while it was still thought that in a negotiated peace Germany might attempt to exchange her claims on Alsace-Lorraine for wide-reaching concessions in the East, or secure an apparent confirmation of these claims under the specious device of a plebiscite. It is in the spirit of a frank partisan rather than an impartial judge that Professor Cerf attacks these claims and protests against this device. His work, it must be said, contrasts unfavorably in clearness of exposition and sobriety of tone with such a standard piece of historical composition as Hazen's "Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule." On the other hand we are indebted to Professor Cerf for the inclusion of many facts not found in the earlier work, in particular for the revelation of German military tyranny in the provinces during the war, for his demolition of the German claim that annexation had brought prosperity to the two provinces, for his constant reference to sources, and for the appended bibliography.

There are certain misconceptions, due originally to German teachings and German sympathizers and still prevalent among too many of our people, concerning the simple act of justice which restores Alsace-Lorraine to France. These misconceptions may be briefly summarized somewhat in this way. Alsace-Lorraine originally belonged to Germany and was wrested from her piecemeal, through force and fraud, by France, and in consequence the annexation of the two provinces in 1871 was merely Germany's resumption of her own. Further, the two provinces had flourished exceedingly under German rule, the first natural resentment at their forcible transference had died out except in the hearts of a few intransigents comparable to our unreconstructed citizens of the South, and the demand for their return was prompted, mainly, if not entirely, by the

spirit of *revanche* in France. And finally, admitting the possibility of a wrong and the necessity of redress, the only proper solution was to leave the whole matter to the inhabitants themselves to decide the future political connection of the provinces by a plebiscite, a solution that not unnaturally commended itself to the simple American belief in the rule of the majority.

That these conceptions are false, and this solution impossible to the point of absurdity is a matter of historical fact and of simple demonstration. And the value of such books as Hazen's and Cerf's lies in the proof drawn from past history and present conditions of their falsity and absurdity.

In the first place there never was an entity of Alsace-Lorraine originally German and wrongfully annexed to France. In the Middle Ages and during the period which saw the formation of the present nationalities there was not an Alsace, a Lorraine, nor a Germany in the sense in which we use the terms to-day. The territory which we entitle Alsace-Lorraine was in those days divided into innumerable districts, some essentially French, some German, all owing a vague allegiance to the Holy Roman Empire. French absorption began as early as 1552, when Metz, Verdun, and Toul were ceded to France by the Protestant princes of North Germany in return for her support against the Catholic and Spanish Emperor Charles V. It is a long way back to 1552 and it is a mere matter of history to say that from that date till 1871 Metz was as French as Paris. In somewhat the same fashion the French entered Alsace at the invitation of the Protestant Germans to protect them against Austrian and Spanish despotism, and at the close of the Thirty Years' War the Emperor formally ceded to France all his rights in Alsace. It was not until 1681, however, that Strassburg became French, not until 1798 that the free city of Mulhouse, formerly connected with the Swiss cantons, petitioned for annexation to the French Republic. The seizure of Strassburg by Louis XIV in a time of profound peace is one of the greatest blots on his reign, but it is a crime long since condoned by the sufferers. During the French Revolution Strassburg became, in her own words, one of the bulwarks of French liberty. Whatever sympathy for Germany lingered in the provinces was wholly effaced by the experiences of this great age, and since then the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine, whatever might be their origin, descent, or language, have known themselves to be politically and spiritually French.

The German claim to have promoted the economic prosperity of the two provinces has no foundation in truth. It is not usual for a prosperous country to

lose a large proportion of its inhabitants by emigration, but figures based upon German statistics show that over 40 per cent. of the original inhabitants have left Alsace-Lorraine since 1870. The increase of population in the provinces since that date has been due, therefore, wholly to German immigration, to the hordes of soldiers, officials, and exploiters that have been poured in upon them; and even this increase has been notably less than that of all the other states in the German Empire, less than one-fourth that of Saxony, less than one-third that of Prussia. The increase of taxation, on the other hand, has been stupendous. Between 1870 and 1914 the budget rose over 100 per cent. and the public debt, non-existent in 1870, amounted in 1910 to over 52 million marks. It is eminently characteristic of German methods that money wrung by taxes from the Alsations was used for the erection of monuments to their conquerors. Thus a sum of 300,000 francs was appropriated to bolster up a tardy popular subscription for a monument to Wilhelm I at Strassburg. The iron ores of Lorraine have been exploited solely for the benefit of Prussian industries; the raw material has been almost entirely shipped out of Lorraine to be worked up in the manufacturing centres of the Rhineland. As a result the population of Metz has remained practically stationary since 1870, while that of Düsseldorf, for example, has increased five-fold. In French Lorraine, on the other hand, Nancy, the manufacturing centre for French factories, has increased her population over a hundred per cent. Instead of promoting the prosperity of Alsace-Lorraine, Germany has treated these provinces exactly as she has treated all other, that is, she has ruthlessly exploited them for her own benefit.

If such things were done during the long peace between Germany and France, what has happened in Alsace-Lorraine since the outbreak of the war? As might have been expected the provinces have experienced a reign of terror. Long before 1914 the German police had prepared a blacklist of prominent inhabitants to be promptly expelled or imprisoned in case of war. This was to prevent any possible uprising in support of France; an interesting refutation of the German claim that Alsace-Lorraine was German at heart. When the 40th regiment of German Landwehr crossed the border into Alsace, in 1914, Captain Fischer gave the order to his men, *Geladen, wir sind jetzt in Feindlande!* (Load arms, we are now in the enemy's country!) The destruction of the little villages of Boutzwiller and Dalheim is a pathetic replica in miniature of the sack of Louvain. Military tribunals composed of German soldiers and officers were established throughout the country for the

punishment of offences against military law; and these tribunals have imposed, in all, imprisonments amounting to some 8,000 years.

It is not to be wondered at that Franco-ophile Alsatians fled the country to escape such terrors. It is estimated that over 15,000 young men who had served in the German army and would have been called to the ranks again, escaped to France during the first few weeks of the war. Those who were unable to escape and were forced to serve proved themselves, in the eyes of their masters, thoroughly untrustworthy. The names of three hundred deserters from one Alsatian brigade were published in a proclamation of December, 1915. Only the fact that regiments from the Reichsland were sent as a rule to the Eastern front, or kept in reserve, prevented desertions en masse. Even so, some 30,000 Alsace-Lorrainers are said to have deserted during the first three years of the war.

In view of these facts, a detailed account of which would fill a whole number of the *Review*, the German proposal for a plebiscite—a proposal never put forward until the most blinded Germans recognized their impending ruin—is absurd and impossible. Who is to conduct such a referendum? Harden, the first German who ventured to suggest it, proposed that it should be held three years after the war under German supervision. It does not require any high degree of intelligence to calculate the fashion in which Germany would conduct the preliminary campaign nor any gift of prophecy to foretell the result. And who would be the voters in such a referendum? Would the thousands of inhabitants who have deserted, been deported, or denationalized during the war be recalled for such a purpose? What would be the rights of the still surviving emigrants? They voted against German rule in the beginning by preferring voluntary exile. Should they be deprived of the right of voting at the final and free decision of the provinces? What would be the status of the German immigrants, officials, school-teachers and others engaged for years in the congenial task of Germanizing the provinces? It would seem the height of injustice to allow a German immigrant to vote, while debarring an Alsatian emigrant whose post he had usurped. And how long a period of residence in the provinces would qualify a true-born Prussian to express an impartial opinion in the sacred matter of "self-determination"? The only fair method, it would seem, of conducting such a plebiscite would be to return the provinces to France for a period as long as that which German rule enjoyed, allow her to use her own methods for Gallicizing, as Germany has used hers for Germanizing the

inhabitants, and at the end of the term hold a plebiscite under neutral supervision. But half a century is rather too long to wait for the final determination of this question. The open sore of Europe can not be allowed to fester for another generation.

And finally, a plebiscite, at any time and under any form, would be a condonation of the wrong done to France and the provinces in 1871. They were forcibly and unrighteously wrested from France at that time. Germany had no right to them then, and has acquired no rights by possession, no more than to the districts of northern France occupied during the war. The possession of Alsace-Lorraine has been for nearly half a century the symbol of triumphant might; at the very beginning of his reign Wilhelm II declared that Germany would prefer to leave her eighteen army corps dead on the field rather than surrender a stone of the land his father had conquered. In no other way can the utter ruin of her ideal of armed force be so convincingly brought home to Germany as by the prompt and unconditional return of the provinces to France. This is a lesson that is needed, possibly not for Germany alone. The treaty of peace which returns Alsace-Lorraine to France is at once an act which redresses a grievous wrong committed in the past, and proclaims a warning for the future that henceforth, to quote the words of the original protest of Alsace-Lorraine, "the world can not allow a people to be seized like a herd of cattle."

Hose Play and a Rill

BLIND ALLEY. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE UNDEFEATED. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

IF war has not put the Flibbertigibbet School of British letters out of countenance, or even greatly modified the nature of its antics, these seem now and then, as it were, to have been frozen in mid-air. We get at times the impression of a professional jauntiness suddenly rigid in its attitude of arrested humor—of a figure half-startled, and listening with ill-concealed irritation to a humorless and somewhat menacing din in the immediate neighborhood. What if it were really not a time for antics! Mr. Shaw chose to pooh-pooh the supposition—and pretty well lost his audience. Mr. Wells had never gambolled consciously in his life. He knew a serious rumpus when he saw it, and this one he had specifically foretold. What next? was the exciting question: the answer, or answers, as always with this inquirer, followed upon its heels. Swiftly and successively he discovered patriotism, and fatherhood, and God, and guaranteed them all as excellent. Having thus

reached a sort of climax, he fell relatively silent upon the war, and presently got back his spirits by the most stupendous bit of anti-Victorian chat thus far poured forth by him under any (or no) provocation. "Joan and Peter" has helped reassure us as to the stability of our shaken world. It seems there are still social conventions, and family shams, and educational systems, and governments and bureaucracies that need bombarding. Squibs are still great fun. The grave of Queen Victoria is still here for us to dance on. Self and sex also are yet with us in, so to speak, the raw state: with them Mr. Bennett, displaying a kind of cold ardor, has recently sought refuge in "The Pretty Lady."

And now in "Blind Alley" that younger Georgian performer, W. L. George, sums up the whole matter according to his lights—England in wartime, her thoughts, her fears, her valor, her meanness, her dreams, her females. The last-named in particular; for by a not uncommon paradox this professed and talkative feminist has an Oriental contempt for women. He sees them as playmates, as parasites, above all as wantons, whether secretly or in the open—"the sex" in a very humble sense. There are three women in "Blind Alley," Lady Oakley and her daughters, Monica and Sylvia. The mother is a robust and independent person, to the eye and ear; but the only moment when her creator is thoroughly interested in her is that in which she vainly signals to her devoted but aging mate her desire for the passion of their youth. That is her moment of tragedy. Sylvia, the oldest daughter, inherits her physique and adds to it much "temperament," if we use that word in its debased current meaning. She is a wanton in one syllable, who keeps barely within the letter of the social law, making her fleshly gains under cover of the war itself. Monica, the second girl, represented as virginal and Diana-like, is quite ready to become the casual mistress of a married man, and only escapes by grace of the man's own whim. As for the sex in general, our sensitive Sir Hugh, gentleman and scholar and by chance husband or father of these particular females, thus sums it up in their presence: "Do you know? I think you women rather enjoy this war, and that's why you like the wounded. You're savage creatures. The idea of blood excites you." . . . "Hugh! [cries Lady Oakley, obviously flattered] how can you be so horrid." . . . "I may be horrid, but it's true. War to you is like a rattling good railway novel, a serial story with a frightful instalment in every morning's paper. War gives you all the heroism, and excitement, and color, and horror that you miss in your ordinary lives. To women

war is the grand international cinema." This, to be sure, is only one of the thousand notions that come into Sir Hugh's handsome head in the course of these pages. He has the chameleon mind of your true Wellsian. About the war, and England's place in it, and the world of its making, he thinks all possible thoughts, snatches at all possible footholds. But we leave him groping in his blind alley. He has no hope of labor, or trust in socialism, "an alternative tyranny." At best, the vague dream that comes to him is based on ancient traditions of class: "His vision was feudal; he would have liked a country run by trustee aristocrats, who would live no more splendidly than their servants, but would live for them, for the honor of leading them, for the privilege of helping them, for the joy of seeing rise factories rich in beauty and schools rich in culture." . . . Who knows?

It is pleasant for the normal reader to be aware occasionally, above the soap-box oratory, and diffuse intellectualism, and official revolt of these "new novelists" of England, of a voice inviting him to try a different sort of journey; to turn from the blind alley of "fact," peopled with complacent wandering figures and echoing with shrill yet muffled Anglo-Russo-Gallic accents, and to set out upon a straight road in hopeful company. J. C. Snaith has been a writer of his time, has set a tentative foot on various paths. There are odd points of contrast between "Henry Northcote," published in 1906, and his latest story, "The Undefeated." The elaborate Stevensonian style of the earlier book, its sardonic mood, its queer blend of allegory and gross naturalism, mark it as an experiment of its period. Since then the writer has fallen under later influences of style. "The Undefeated" is done in the plain, brisk, pointed, quasi-vernacular manner which has come to be a common medium among his contemporaries. But in this story, at least, he has escaped the other current influences of which we have been speaking—the tendency to enlarge doubt and denial and revolt into positive virtues, and to dissolve all moral and spiritual certitudes under a persistent hose-play of glistening words. The book is "dedicated respectfully to 'a decent and a dauntless people.'" It pictures an England blundering into war, muddling through, by no means free from false motives or unworthy methods, yet on the whole strong and faithful in her task, and in many ways the better for its imposition. The war is needed to make over Josiah Munt, plebeian magnate of Blackhampton, to convert him from money-beast and political schemer to valued and honest public servant; from paternal despot and neighborhood bully to father and friend. It makes

over Bill Hollis, his feckless son-in-law, the good-hearted and not ignoble dreamer drifting in middle age towards mental and physical sottishness: gives him self-respect and the will to serve, and the love, too, of the wife who has despised him. The gross blood in Munt is clarified, the good blood in Hollis recovers its potency; and the former potman is to be remembered as "Sergeant Hollis, who had died a soldier and a gentleman that his faith and his friends might live." The episode of his unforced intimacy and natural kinship with the great painter, "Stanning, R. A.," his comrade at the front, is conveyed with a delicate sympathy which keeps unerringly to its hair's breadth remove from sentimentalism. For simplicity of conception, firmness of touch, and a certain glowing quality which we may call idealism, or faith, or optimism, such a book stands half a world apart from the faintly exotic commentaries, the shrugging inquiries and flashing inconclusions of the Cannans, the Mackenzies, and the Georges.

H. W. BOYNTON

Contemporary Mexico

MEXICO: TODAY AND TOMORROW. By E. D. Trowbridge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

AMID so much that is sensational concerning Mexico it is a relief to turn to this book. Nowhere are the facts of contemporary Mexico set forth with greater fairness, nor are the Mexican revolutionists characterized with less prejudice. The author has traveled widely in Mexico, he has had access to official sources, and he apparently possesses that indispensable gift granted to few Americans—a sympathetic understanding of the Mexican people. His chief sources of information, to be sure, have been members of the party of the revolution, Señores Cabrera, Bonillas, Guiterrez, Basave, and Nieto, and in view of this, one might expect a somewhat laudatory account of the present Government. With a few exceptions and more noticeable omissions, however, the account is accurate and unbiassed. It is the best short account of Mexico's present problems that has appeared.

The book may be divided roughly into three parts of approximately ninety pages each. The first part presents a brief sketch of Mexican history up to the revolution against Diaz; the second part recounts the main facts in connection with the six revolutionary years from 1911 to 1916, and the third deals with the problems and policies of the present "Constitutionalist" Government. The expenditure of one-third of the book upon historical retrospect would be excessive if it were not so well done. It is almost as interesting as the best

pages of Prescott, and will bring a thrill of pleasure even to the seasoned student of Mexican history. One important omission is the failure to mention the name of Limantour. It is difficult to understand such an omission on the part of an author who recognizes the very great importance of finance in Mexican affairs. No other single name is so indelibly stamped upon governmental institutions, and his work has been so inextricably woven into Mexican financial institutions that even the Revolution has found it necessary to accept a large part of his best contributions.

The second part of the book, in addition to presenting a brief account of the recent revolution, describes the political conditions of the old régime, furnishing herewith a brief treatment of some social and hygienic conditions, and of the agrarian problem. It is well written and interesting. It contains little that is new to the reader of Mexican literature and the daily newspaper, but it serves as an excellent summary for those who wish to refresh their recollections of recent Mexican history. Incidentally the writer's presentation of facts suggests some capital conclusions, which though not new to students of the Mexican problem may be surprising to some in this country; the seeds of the Mexican revolution were not found solely in the abuses of the Diaz régime, but for the most part were planted much further back in history; the land problem, while acute, arises not simply from the concentration of land ownership in the hands of the few, but largely from the nature of the land and the climate of Mexico. The problem of poverty, and the general low standard of living, sickness and the high death rate are due not principally to the intervention of foreign capital or to the type of government established by Diaz, but have continued in spite of these; Madero, the idealist, was less suited to the task of giving Mexico a stable government than a strong man such as Huerta, even though the ethics of the latter might not accord with American standards; Madero's disposition of the land proved a lamentable failure, many of the peons to whom the land was given having sold it at the first opportunity for a song; and we might add that however well intended the ideals of American statesmen may have been, the American interference that deprived Mexico of her only strong man is believed by many Mexicans to have been responsible for much of the bloodshed that followed the expulsion of Huerta.

The third part of the book is devoted to the problems of the present Government, with chapters on the new constitution, the financial and capital needs, and the agrarian problem. In many ways this part of the book is not the most satisfactory, although it must be admit-

ted that it deals with some of the most difficult aspects of the problem. With a few striking omissions, the author has, however, considered these problems with remarkable fairness and lack of prejudice. He is sympathetic with the present Government and yet not blind to the weaknesses of its programme. Mexico has been in sore need of a sympathetic friend that had the courage to tell her the whole truth in unmistakable language. Mr. Trowbridge is evidently a sympathetic friend, and he has tried in a somewhat gentle, too gentle, way to point out mistakes in policy. The following quotation concerning the new constitution is typical:

It is quite true that the constitution is idealistic, and that in aiming at ideals practical considerations of application to existing conditions have been ignored. It is equally true that some of the Utopian plans would be difficult to carry through even under a highly developed social scheme, and far less likely to succeed under prevailing conditions in Mexico. However, the number of these radical provisions is limited. The work, as a whole, contains much less matter subject for criticism than first impressions, gained from common hearsay, would convey.

All of which is true, and yet it is such a statement as is calculated to sooth the Mexicans into inaction rather than to spur them on to the repeal or "interpretation" of the vicious clauses. Could he not have written with frankness, thus: Ninety-five per cent. of the constitution is good and should be retained, but five per cent. of it is not only Utopian but vicious; it is clearly inimical to the best interests of the Mexican people; it complicates domestic problems and impedes friendly relations with foreign peoples. The most pressing problem for Mexico is to repeal these obnoxious clauses, or if political conditions will not permit their repeal, to "interpret" them in the light of reason.

In the same way the author has glided gently over the petroleum problem, the forced loans from the banks, and the repudiation of the Huerta loan. We fail to find any clear indication of the extent to which the solution of many of Mexico's most pressing problems depends upon the introduction of foreign capital. He presents some interesting aspects of the agrarian situation, yet he fails to show that the land, contrary to popular opinion, is something more than a problem arising from the concentration of land in the hands of a few; that much of the land is of such a nature that only large capitalistic enterprises can successfully handle it. He mentions labor as the greatest of all problems in Mexico, and yet he fails to point out the fact that the situation is largely what it is because of the low productivity of the laborer himself, and that this low productivity is in turn due in large part to the lack of capital in Mexico. While

he devotes a good chapter to the question of foreign capital and points out the importance of treating foreign investors with fairness, he appears to be of the impression that the necessary capital for the rehabilitation of Mexico may come from within Mexico herself. This is a surprising observation from one who is usually so well informed.

The suggestion of the author that Mexico might treat her foreign obligations like a bankrupt corporation is highly interesting. Such a plan would doubtless succeed in scaling down her present obligations and in so far as it reduced her fixed charges would enable her to get on her feet at an earlier date. But how about her future credit? When Mexico goes into the world's markets for capital, will she not pay dear for such a policy? Will not conservative investment eschew her shores and will not radical investment, in so far as it is willing to invest at all, amortize the possibility of future scaling down by increasing the interest rate and by taking only the most profitable investments? It is possible, to be sure, that some scheme for re-organizing the railroads which shall entail a material reduction of the amount of the capitalization may be wise, but to consider the Government in the aspect of a bankrupt corporation in view of Mr. Trowbridge's very optimistic picture of the vast resources of Mexico is, to say the least, unexpected.

Quaker Politicians

POLITICAL LEADERS OF PROVINCIAL PENNSYLVANIA. By Isaac Sharpless. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A pugnacious politician from Wales, named David Lloyd, was the acknowledged leader, not of the British Parliament in 1919, but of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1694 and for a considerable part of the time following until his death in 1731. A Quaker, he fought fiercely against allowing the Province to be involved in war; a non-resistant, he vigorously opposed any encroachment upon the prerogatives of the representatives of the people. Nor did his temperament keep him out of the Chief Justiceship of the Province, which, like another Quaker a few years later, he held simultaneously with the Speakership. He is perhaps the most "human" figure of the eight political leaders, beginning with William Penn and ending with John Dickinson, whom President Sharpless has grouped.

Despite Penn's benevolent intentions, the political situation in his Province bore a certain resemblance to that in England under the Stuarts. His Deputy Governors were often ill-chosen, so that there was usually a contest between

them and the Assembly. At one period this contest resolved itself into a struggle between adherents and opponents of Penn. The Assembly, ordinarily united against the Deputy Governor, was divided, and the next election saw the defeat of the opponents of the Proprietor. When his unworthy sons succeeded to the inheritance, the Assembly was again united in opposition until it was proposed to appeal to the Crown to be placed directly under its control. This was felt by the shrewder Quakers to be leaping from the frying pan into the fire, an attitude that rapidly became general as the Stamp Act and similar measures were passed, although Franklin was twice sent to England to urge the transfer. The spectacle of the un-mystical philosopher coöperating with Quakers is not without piquancy.

As President Sharpless remarks, it would be interesting to have information upon the political methods of the Quakers. How did they choose their nominees for the Assembly? There was no difficulty about electing them, for even when Friends became a small minority in parts of the Province, their nominees received overwhelming majorities. One may hazard the guess that what obviously went on in the Assembly took place in its formation; that is to say, there was a good deal of "follow my leader." Most of the Friends were simple-minded, unambitious, without experience in affairs. They naturally listened to the advice of the few well-educated, conspicuously successful of their number, particularly as that advice was plainly directed to the ends that they all had in view. So aggressive a leader as David Lloyd may well have had a "slate" which he gently suggested name by name in the three counties which with Philadelphia sent representatives to the Assembly.

The most eminent of the eight men considered in this volume was not a Quaker. John Dickinson had among his distinctions that of having been Governor of two Colonies, Delaware and Pennsylvania, serving them in turn while a citizen of the former, although Philadelphia had been the scene of the literary and forensic efforts that give him his chief title to fame. His association with Friends grew closer in his latter years, and he came to use the "plain language" in all his intercourse.

President Sharpless's book suffers in its first part from an intrusion of matter relating to Friends rather than to the leaders that are ostensibly being presented. There is also some unnecessary repetition. On the whole, however, he succeeds in giving not simply a series of portraits but a picture in which the several individuals fall into their places. They were attempting a unique task: to govern in accordance with prin-

ciples that most persons would say were better adapted to a better world. President Sharpless is concerned to show how far and how they managed to discharge what they conceived to be their duty, where and why they failed. The "Holy Experiment" virtually came to an end in 1756, when most of the Friends refused to allow themselves to be elected to the Assembly. This was on account of the growing tension between the Indians and the whites, which they could not relieve, since they could not control the attitude or the acts of Pennsylvanians who knew not Penn.

The Run of the Shelves

THRILLING is not the word that can ordinarily be applied to archaeological discovery. It suits well enough the unearthing of a great treasure of fourth century church plate on Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's Scottish Estate. These broken and oxidized chalices, bearing such designs as Adam and Eve by the Tree of Knowledge, The Magi Adoring the Christ Child, and the Miraculous Draught of Fishes—are dated by Roman coins of the end of the fourth century. The treasure was carefully hidden, presumably against the forays of the still pagan Picts and Scots. These venerable relics are a full century older than St. Patrick and the Missionaries of Iona. They represent the gradual infiltration of Latin Christianity into Britain. What light the discovery will cast on one of the obscurest chapters of history must await the report of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. It is known that there was a celtic British church long before St. Augustine and the Irish missionaries. It has been surmised that the Romans, with their usual intolerance of the more cruel superstitions, put down the native Druidism by force, and that Christianity dribbled in, not by organized effort of the church but incidentally, with the legionaries from Agricola's day to that of Constantine. It was in the name of this old church that Arthur *dux Brythonum* made a last stand against the pagan Saxons. The discovery at Traprain Ale should help clear up a twilight realm as to which, exceptionally, legend is nearly as silent as history itself.

That the small pickings of Walter Pater would be worth while was the conviction of Messrs. Boni and Liveright when they got together the attractive pocket volume "Sketches and Reviews." The result fairly justifies the hope. Stylistically Pater is rarely so much at his ease as he appears in the review of Lemaître's "Serenus and Other Tales." The review of William Morris's poems gives some illumination of mediævalism

in general. Pater writes with singular justness of observation and as singular joltings of style: "Of the things of nature the mediæval mind had a deep sense; but its sense of them was not objective, no real escape to the world without us. The aspects and motions or nature only reinforced its [the mediæval mind's] prevailing mood, and were in conspiracy with one's brain against one." Meaty but difficult matter. Two reviews of Flaubert, one on Coleridge as a Theologian, an odd brace on Wordsworth and Oscar Wilde; a more appropriate brace on Arthur Symons and George Moore (as art critic) make up the review of a somewhat thin but delicate repast.

Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland," of which a new printing comes to us from Dutton, contrives to keep its freshness. Of all the parodies launched against that most tempting of all such marks, Henry James, is there a better one than that which opens Mr. Beerbohm's volume? "It was with the sense of a, for him, very memorable something that he peered"—along with his little sister at their Christmas stockings! The other parodies are not all so good as this, that of George Moore distinctly below it, but the reader who has not yet thrust his head into this garland has yet a joy to savor.

Our attention has been called to the fact that Mrs. W. A. Gillespie's translation of "Sangre y Arena" ("Blood and Sand"), by Blasco Ibáñez, recently reviewed in these columns, is not the first effort to bring this striking Spanish novel to the attention of the American public. On further enquiry we find that it was given an English dress by Frances Douglas under the title "Blood of the Arena" and published by A. C. McClurg and Company of Chicago, in November, 1911.

Any book about Boswell and his Johnson is pretty sure to be a good book because there will be so much Boswell in it. Mr. S. C. Roberts admits him with open arms to his "Story of Doctor Johnson," recently issued by the Cambridge University Press. Supreme as Boswell's great biography unquestionably is, cumulative and finally overwhelming, its strong point is not its structure. An introductory volume, therefore, which devotes successive chapters to the different periods of Johnson's life, to his household, his clubs, his daily life, and to each of his principal friends is quite in place; especially when the form of the little book exhibits as excellent taste as the matter. Even he whose pencil has left a continuous track through the six volumes of Birkbeck Hill can spend a pleasant half hour with it. For those whose knowledge of Johnson is derived

chiefly from Macaulay, which seems to be the case with most young people, the invitation here extended to explore more widely in Boswell should prove irresistible.

"War Verse," edited by Frank Foxcroft and published by Crowell, has grown in size and attained to a seventh printing. Like the Dictionary, it is not a work to be read through at a sitting even though it does not often change the subject. Here in its fullness and at its highest is the reaction of the English-speaking world to the ordeal just past. It is a record to which the future must continually return and which it will be grateful to find in such convenient form.

Two little text-books in French which have alighted on our table have prefaces over which reflection may momentarily poise. The first, a French reader, with the peach-blossom title of "La Belle France," edited by A. de Monvert (Allyn and Bacon), propitiates beginners by offering them a French disencumbered of idiom. It is not exactly a French with the French left out, but a French Anglophile in spirit, emphasizing common traits, a French under the flatiron, a French without creases, a French standardized and rationalized to the point that will make it puerile to the reason of the world at large. Nothing could be more obliging. We have been searching for a long time for a foreign language that would meet us half way.

Miss Noelia Dubrule, in her "Le Français pour tous" (Ginn and Company), will admit no translations of French into English, because translation is an artifice. The premise is indisputable; translation is an artifice. But the expulsion of artifice is a large order; it would virtually apply the torch to civilization. Miss Dubrule, it appears, is a high-school teacher. Suppose a hater of artifice in conveyance should abolish the street-car in which she rides to her classes, and a hater of artifice in apparel should appropriate the shoes which made the walk endurable. Suppose that the reformers should next abolish that artifice called a high-school, in which Miss Dubrule's bread is honestly and usefully earned, and that other artifice known as a text-book, through which the range of her helpfulness is presently to broaden. The dislodgment of artifice will be a hard task; it will be even more troublesome, possibly, than learning French in the old way.

An instructor in a Western college has published an edition of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." We presume he is a conscientious teacher, quite sincere in the hope his preface expresses that the students

who use the book may absorb by contact a modicum of the Stevensonian felicity. Yet the English in which that hope is voiced is pitiful to a degree which brings out the recalcitrancy of the human mind to delicate example with a clearness which charity itself could not dispute. To Stevenson's grace and felicity this man is opaque, yet he has read Stevenson with something that he calls pleasure, has found qualities in his work which he is able to describe to himself as felicity and grace. He belongs to a type that is none the less curious for being probably not in the least rare—the type that is docile to a fault and is wholly unteachable.

Drama

“John Ferguson” and “Hamlet”

“JOHN FERGUSON” is a play of power. Reservations must ensue, but that is the initial, grateful, and irrevocable word. On the score of dramatic tendency, its leadership is sane. Its emphases are soundly based on passion, crisis, individuality, and its universality is flavored, not enfeebled, by the localism of its racy Irish setting. The Ireland which it depicts is a singular place where the decencies and pieties, though powerful, can adjust themselves to rape and murder with an assimilative readiness that reminds one of the book of Genesis. That book is further recalled in the person of John Ferguson himself, in whom the patriarchs find a successor and the Sermon on the Mount a belated champion. There are a son and daughter over whom the mortgage on the family property lowers grimly in the threat of a loveless marriage for the girl and the son's enforced renunciation of the ministry for farm work. The father's religion, which is central in the drama, is subjected to two cruel tests: the violation of the daughter by the holder of the mortgage and the son and brother's retaliation by murder. The unforgivable thing both in the father and the play is that his religion should withstand the first of these tests and succumb to the second. A man who warns his daughter's ravisher of the approach of vengeance is pardonable and endurable only on the understanding that his Christianity is nature-proof. A fatherhood that conquers religion beside a guilty and imperilled son is inexcusable for its failure to conquer religion in the presence of an outraged daughter. It is the weakness and misfortune of St. John Ervine that, having drawn credible and likable human beings, he should permit them to be actuated by motives which

are half unbelievable and half revolting. Andrew, the son, supplies a second illustration. A man who allows the maudering of a half-crazed beggar to impel him to the crime to which he was not impelled by the discovery of his sister's shame, in passing from forbearance to violence, merely substitutes one ignominy for another.

The hand of Mr. Ervine is vigorous, but inexpert. This comes out in the fact that between Andrew's deed in the second act and his confession in the fourth the Fergusons are almost unemployed, and Jimmie Caesar, the girl's lover, on whom suspicion first fixes, steps into the vacant foreground. It is not Jimmie Caesar's play, and his appropriation of the third act is an impertinence which reminds us of the depredations of Clutie John on the larder and house-room of the remonstrant, but unresistant, Mrs. Ferguson. Mrs. Ferguson, in whom the modulation is exquisite, Jimmie Caesar, in whom truth and comedy fraternize, and Clutie John are the salient portraits in the group.

The acting of the Theatre Guild in the Garrick Theatre must be praised with some reserve. There were perfect moments of collective felicity, when the acutest tension was brought about by methods of exalted quietness. There were strong parts, especially those of Rollo Peters as Andrew, whose voice, except in its spates and spasms, was ideal, and of Dudley Digges as Jimmie Caesar, whose playing, always vigilant and versatile, was at moments of inspired veracity. The setting was flawless. But the play offers a difficult problem. Actors are taught, and rightly taught, to *bring out* a play. They are scarcely blamable for being maladroit in the handling of a powerful, but amateurish play like “John Ferguson,” which needs to be *kept in* as well as *brought out*. Its dilatoriness, its shift of centre, were accentuated, not lightened, in the performance, and the insistence of the players on all the vehemencies on which the play itself did not insist gave us drama in a state of inflammation. Hysteria would attack two persons at once. I submit that paroxysm on the stage should not be endemic; by competing outbreaks the sympathies are dismembered. Of Mr. Augustine Duncan in the title rôle a rather different criticism must be made. He struck the right and sound note at the outset of the play, and the rest of his performance was mainly a reverberation of that note. The fact that John Ferguson is a self-reverberative character may absolve Mr. Duncan from blame, but absolution is not quite identical with triumph.

New York is truly metropolitan in its indifference to Shakespeare, if I may judge by the size of the audience that greeted Mr. Hampden at the first mati-

nee performance of the return engagement at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre. Hamlets as a class are less dear to me than to my brothers in criticism; they draw me too many ways at once; they tease and balk me with a diversity of moods for which I can find no explanation but distraction, and for which the explanation that distraction offers is much too summary and comprehensive. To madness anything is natural. I am not sporting with paradox when I say that the vice of insanity as an artistic expedient is that it rationalizes everything at a stroke. Partly for this reason, I have always shrunk from admitting the insanity of Hamlet. His freakishness does not require such an explanation. A nature whose capacities for anguish have been drained dry by a usual or slightly unusual misfortune is confronted in the Ghost's recital with intensified and anomalous calamity. What will ensue? A grief that is abysmal can not be deepened; the effect will be a rebellion or rebound of grief against itself in the form of a mercurial extravagance, a maudlin whimsicality. This skittishness may be less the result of insanity than its preventive; it may be nature's prophylactic, related to dementia as vaccination is related to smallpox. Hamlet may be fighting insanity, as he fought Laertes, with its own weapons.

I thought Mr. Hampden's performance good. I can not say that I was struck by its originality. It fell among or between the other Hamlets, and, without any meanness in conformity, it kept within the common circuit or enclosure. Each Hamlet is highly diverse within itself, but for that very reason the Hamlets have a strong family likeness, on the same principle that patchwork quilts, which are collections of differences, resemble each other more than ordinary quilts. One need not dispute the underlying unity. Hamlet, speaking in metaphor, wears motley over sables and the actor's problem is to show the sables through the motley. Dropping the figure, which confuses quite as much as it enlivens, the actor's task is to convey the effect of seriousness, grace, and dignity through a jumble of acts in which the accepted notions of the dignified, the graceful, and the serious are often brusquely contravened. In this trying problem the success of the better Hamlets is considerable, and Mr. Hampden's is among the better Hamlets. I suspect sometimes that Hamlet is a wilderness to Mr. Hampden. The reply is that Hamlet is a wilderness to himself.

The fine profile and chiseled brow prepared me at the outset for something bronze-like in the portrayal, but the voice was pliable enough to inhibit this effect, or at least to subdue it to agreeable proportions. Hamlet is remarkable

among all other parts for the number of passages which the actor may slight or stress, may enlarge or diminish, at his pleasure. In the passages which Mr. Hampden chose not to stress he was fluidly and pleasingly natural, and the grace of his transitions was appealing. In declamatory parts, like the address to the players and the to-be-or-not-to-be soliloquy, he was markedly effective for the impeccable reason that he was not lavish, but chary, of declamation in his speech.

The play was staged after the fashion now in vogue, which makes an interflux or pudding of the acts. I admit that even in Shakespeare the acts tend to interflow, but to me this would be a motive for the maintenance and repair of the dykes. No part in the support requires mention, except the Polonius of Mr. Albert Bruning. That gifted actor cut his Polonius in two, but had no warrant to throw away the worse part of it. The sage of the first act was admirable; the addlepat of the second was well enough; but the hiatus between the two was impassable.

O. W. FIRKINS

Manifesto of the Socialist-Revolutionaries

WHEN the Bolsheviki seized the government authority in Russia in November, 1917, they were assisted by the party of the Socialist-Revolutionaries of the Left, led by the famous terrorist, Maria Spiridonova. This party remained with the Bolsheviki only a few months. After Lenin and Trotsky signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, thus delivering Russia into the hands of the Germans, the Socialist-Revolutionaries of the Left declared against the Soviet Government and began an open struggle with the Government and the Germans. The central committee of this party organized the assassination of Count von Mirbach in Moscow and of Field Marshal von Eichorn in Kief, for which many members of the party paid with imprisonment or their lives. Only a few weeks ago the leader of the party, Maria Spiridonova, was tried by a Bolsheviki tribunal for "counter-revolutionary" propaganda, found guilty and sent to a sanatorium because of ill health.

At the beginning of last March an uprising of workingmen against the Soviet took place in Petrograd. This uprising was organized very largely by the Socialist-Revolutionaries of the Left. The movement was crushed by the Government, largely through the employment of Chinese and Lettish detachments of the Red Army. It was in the course of this uprising that the Petrograd Committee of the Party of the

Socialist-Revolutionaries of the Left published a manifesto, the text of which has just reached this country. Following is a translation of this manifesto, as it appeared in the New York Russian newspaper, *Russkoye Slovo*:

Down with the Soviet Government!
Comrades, workingmen, peasants, sailors, and soldiers of the Red Army!

Eternal shame rest upon the Bolsheviki, the violators, the deceivers, the agents-provocateurs of the Russian people!

The Petrograd Soviet does not express the will of the workingmen, the sailors and the soldiers of the Red Army. This Soviet was never really elected. The elections were either dishonestly manipulated or else conducted under the threat of execution and starvation. By means of the same kind of terror the Bolsheviki have crushed all liberty of speech, the press, and the assembly for the working class.

The Petrograd Soviet consists of the Bolshevist imposters. It is but a blind instrument in the hands of that band of provocateurs, hangmen, and murderers, who constitute the Bolshevist régime. Let this self-styled Soviet stand before the working class of Russia and before the whole world and answer the following questions:

Where is the dictatorship of the proletariat and of the working peasants?

It does not exist, for its place has been taken by the dictatorship of the central committee of the Bolshevist Party, which rules the country through the instrumentality, of all kinds of extraordinary commissions and of punitive expeditions, consisting of foreign mercenaries.

What has become of the authority of the Soviets?

In the whole of the Soviet Russia there is nowhere to-day any authoritative governmental power.

Where are the rights of the voters?

In the factories and in the foundries, on ships and in railroad trains there are now only self-appointed Bolshevist commissaries, men who had served the other régime but a short time ago, and who now work their will upon the workingmen and the peasants.

What has become of the freedom of speech and of the press, especially the labor and the peasant press?

The workingmen are not permitted to hold meetings. They are not allowed to publish their own newspapers. They do not dare—under the penalty of imprisonment or execution—to say a word against the Bolsheviki.

Where is the labor control over the factories and foundries, which was promised to the workingmen?

It has been displaced by the self-appointed Bolshevist agents, for the government does not trust the workingmen. The Bolsheviki have attached the workingmen to their places of employment, thus creating a new form of serfdom.

Where is the socialization of the land?

What has become of the promises to abolish capital punishment?

Capital punishment now rages both at the front and throughout the country, and it is directed not only against the bourgeoisie, but also against the poor.

The party of the Bolsheviki in its struggle against the workingmen and the peasants is supported by the bayonets of the mercenary Chinese and Lettish troops, commanded by traitor officers who find themselves in a better situation under the rule of Lenin and Trotsky than they had ever found under the régime of the Tsars.

Comrades! At the present time, not a stone has remained of that edifice of liberty which was upreared by the October revolu-

tion. The place of that edifice has been taken by words of deception and by tyranny.

Thus the former allies of the Bolsheviki characterize their friends of yesterday. Coming as it does from such a source, this manifesto is a veritable indictment against the Bolsheviki, hurled against them by those who know them too well.

Books Received

FICTION

Anderson, Sherwood. Winesburg, Ohio: Tales of Ohio Small-Town Life. Huebsch. \$1.50.

Baroja, Pío. Cæsar or Nothing. Translated by Louis How. Knopf. \$1.75 net.

Chambers, R. W. The Moonlit Way. Appleton. \$1.60 net.

Davies, M. T. Blue-Grass and Broadway. Century. \$1.50.

Dunbar, Ruth. The Swallow. Boni and Liveright. \$1.50 net.

Huard, F. W. Lilies White and Red. Doran. \$1.50 net.

Kauffman, R. W. Victorious. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.75 net.

Maher, R. A. The Hills of Desire. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Perry, Lawrence. The Romantic Liar. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

Roche, A. S. The Eyes of the Blind. Doran. \$1.50 net.

Rousseau, Victor. Wooden Spoil. Doran. \$1.50 net.

Roy, Jean. The Fields of the Fatherless. Doran. \$1.75 net.

Sinclair, Upton. Jimmie Higgins. Boni and Liveright. \$1.60 net.

Terhune, A. P. Lad: A Dog. Dutton. \$1.75 net.

Vauardy, Varick. The Lady of the Night Wind. New York: Macaulay. \$1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Bloomfield, Meyer. Management and Men. Century. \$3.50.

Brown, A. J. The Mastery of the Far East. Scribner. \$6.00 net.

Brown, L. F. The Freedom of the Seas. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

Fitzpatrick, E. A. Experts in City Government. National Municipal League Series. Appleton. \$2.25 net.

Flexner, Abraham and Bachman, F. P. The Gary Schools. N. Y.: General Education Board.

Friedman, E. M. Labor and Reconstruction in Europe. Dutton. \$2.50 net.

Gibbon, T. E. Mexico Under Carranza. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

Gompers, Samuel. American Labor and the War. Doran. \$1.75 net.

Kellogg, W. G. The Conscientious Objector. Boni and Liveright. \$1.00 net.

Laughlin, J. L. Money and Prices. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

Leverhulme, Lord. The Six-Hour Day and other Industrial Questions. Holt. \$3.50 net.

McKinder, H. J. Democratic Ideals and Reality. Holt. \$2.00 net.

Millard, T. F. Democracy and The Eastern Question. Century. \$3.00.

Montgomery, R. H. Montgomery's Income Tax Procedure. 1919 Edition. Ronald Press. \$6.00.

Reid, L. J. The Great Alternative. Longmans, Green. \$2.25 net.

Sharpless, Isaac. Political Leaders of Provincial Pennsylvania. Macmillan. \$2.50.



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Swift, E. J. Psychology and the Day's Work. Scribner. \$2.00 net.

Wines, F. H. Punishment and Reformation. Revised and Enlarged. Crowell. \$2.50 net.

Woodruff, C. R. A New Municipal Program. Appleton. \$2.25.

EDUCATION

Brownless, R. B. and Others. Chemistry of Common Things. Allyn & Bacon.

Claxton, P. P. and McGinniss, J. Effective English. Allyn & Bacon.

Hughes, R. O. Community Civics. Allyn & Bacon.

Kelsey, F. W. Cæsar's Commentaries. Allyn & Bacon.

Latané, J. H. A History of the United States. Allyn & Bacon.

Lewis, W. D., and Holmes, M. D. Knowing and Using Words. Allyn & Bacon.

Macgruder, F. A. American Government, with a Consideration of the Problems of Democracy. Allyn & Bacon.

Monvert, Adolphe de. La Belle France: A French Reader for Beginners. Allyn & Bacon.

Reese, A. M. Outlines of Economic Zoölogy. Blakiston. \$1.75 net.

Robbins, C. L. The School as a Social Institution. Allyn & Bacon.

Stewart, Anna. Social Problems: Outlines and References. Allyn & Bacon.

The Great Tradition. Edited by E. Greenlaw and J. H. Hanford. Scott, Foresman.

West, W. M. History of the American People. Allyn & Bacon.

SCIENCE

Dulles, C. W. Accidents and Emergencies. Blakiston. \$1.00 net.

White, W. A. The Mental Hygiene of Childhood. Little, Brown. \$1.35 net.

Wiley, H. W. Beverages and Their Adulteration. Blakiston. \$3.50 net.

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A weekly journal of political and general discussion.



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WHEN the Governments of the world have been preaching "force without stint" for five years as the means of accomplishing their aims and desires, it is not surprising that unbalanced or criminally minded individuals should likewise think to accomplish their purposes by killing and destruction.—*The Nation*.

The idea of violence would of course never have entered the heads of our revolutionaries if the evil example had not been set by the governments of the world. The railroad riots of 1877, when Pittsburgh and Baltimore enjoyed brief experiences of something like a reign of terror, were prompted no doubt by a sudden revival of memories of the Civil War, which had ended twelve years before. The Haymarket massacre in Chicago, the outcome of many months of incendiary agitation, is proof not of any inherent tendency toward violence on the part of the "reformers" who made and threw the bombs, but interesting evidence of the vagaries of memory, showing that even twenty-two years of peace did not suffice to wipe out the evil effects of the spectacle of warfare. In 1894 again, when Mr. Cleveland found it necessary to send United States troops to restore order in the Chicago region, the strikers were animated by a resurgence of vicious impulses instilled into

them or their fathers by the wicked war that had been waged thirty years before for the preservation of the Union. Let us have no superficial explanations of our troubles. If King Albert had quietly let Germany take possession of his country, Mr. Palmer and Judge Nott and the rest of the persons that have incurred the wrath of the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviks would have nothing more to fear than gentle pleadings for the gradual establishment of a better world. It is all very well for the Secret Service to hunt down the bomb throwers; the man higher up, the real criminal, is Albert of Belgium.

ALL honor to Senator John Sharp Williams for casting the single vote against a resolution of sympathy with the Sinn Fein republic. The scramble of both parties to propitiate the Irish vote was disgraceful. This is said quite apart from the merits of the independence movement in Ireland as at present organized. We as Americans are in no position to judge the promise of the present revolt, nor yet to instruct England in a by no means simple duty. If the Irish question had to come before the Senate—and there seems no good reason why it should at this moment—then it should have been referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations and appropriately debated. The Irish revolutionists are shrewd enough to realize the cheapness of the Senate's compliment—and, perhaps, to honor the single senator who dared to vote like an American.

DR. BERNARD DERNBURG, German Minister of Finance, in a recent interview, declares Germany can not pay what the treaty exacts and that the Entente can not make her pay. It is the easier to take such a stand in that the demand itself has not been reduced to figures. The intention of the Peace Conference was plainly to make the levying of indemnity experimental, regulating the exaction according to Germany's proved ability to pay. Theoretically correct, the plan ignores German feelings. Uncertainty is a grievous weakness in any financial transaction; an uncertainty running over years would evidently be deplorable. We are not prepared to say that the indemnity should be fixed in advance of adequate knowledge of Germany's ability to pay. At least maxi-

mum and minimum figures, the German offer of \$25,000,000,000 serving the latter purpose, should be fixed promptly, and as soon as the treaty is signed Germany should be left free to reestablish her industries.

MR. TAFT, speaking at Albany before the League to Enforce Peace, intimated that if the Senate should reject the League Covenant, the President would decline to conduct further negotiations, leaving the business of peace-making deadlocked. Mr. Taft said: "No one can make a protocol of peace except the President. If, therefore, the President should deem it essential that the Senate should act upon the treaty as he submits it, there can be no protocol as long as he maintains that attitude." This comes to saying that if the Senate exercises its constitutional right of declining to vote on the Covenant-Treaty as presented, the President will assume the unconstitutional right of declining to do the necessary diplomatic business of the nation. This picture of Senate and President reciprocally casting the blame for the absence of a peace treaty seems to us highly imaginary. If the case should unhappily arise, the people would judge where the fault lay; and the Senate would be in the stronger legal position. The Senate has the unquestioned right to reject or ignore treaties that are unacceptable to it, and, where a treaty is plainly necessary, the President is bound to keep on negotiating treaties until he hits on one which the Senate will accept.

POLITICS is politics! Recently it was the thing to say politics is Republican. But Senator Hitchcock's exhibition has made it clear that politics is no respecter of persons. There has been much foolish preachment about politics in the mouths of many, from the President down. For it stands to reason that each party will continue to take advantage of the other when it can do so without injury to the country. While the war was at its height there were no better patriots, by and large, than the Republicans, and the President's admonition that "politics is adjourned" was not needed to spur them to their best efforts in behalf of the nation. It is a question whether Democrats have not been spoiled by the wholehearted support of the Opposition during the crisis. They seem

to think that every programme which they and their leader advocate must continue to have the air of sanctity which all citizens, regardless of party, gladly attributed to the measures necessary for the prosecution of the war, though its control was wholly in Democratic hands. Let politics again convene, if this means merely searching inquiry by one party into highhandedness or carelessness on the part of the other. After all, if not politics, then the curiosity of the man in the street would have felt cheated if there had not been a flurry over the spectacle of the peace terms reaching New York before they reached the Senate.

PARIS, June 7,—A dispatch from Coblenz to-day reported that an unknown person fired three shots into Gen. Craig's house.

Man hat geschossen, but (1) no fine was imposed upon the city of Coblenz. (2) No German hostages were shot. (3) No public or private buildings were burned. (4) No massacre was made of the citizens.

U. S. S. George Washington, most famous of transports, was sure to have a newspaper, which was predestined to be named *The Hatchet*. It is now reprinted, and sold at \$2.00, and sold for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society (Washington, D. C., or 280 Broadway, New York). The little paper was in charge of Chaplain Bloomhardt, who recruited a new staff every trip. It contains that modicum of carefully picked-over news which its wireless afforded to the floating Navy. Of greater interest are accounts of recreations aboard ship, and of the doings of famous passengers. Among these were the authors of the "Dere Mable" letters and of the "Fourteen Points." Only the former contributed. The paper is largely given over to jokes and humorous good advice, but it has tucked away notable bits of sea lore, yarns of telling sort, and a very interesting account, by Capt. Pollock, of the swift conversion of the wrecked German liner into a crack transport. The future historian may welcome the picture of Mr. Wilson "delighted and thrilled" at the singing of "Old Nassau."

IF conditions in Western Canada are approaching settlement, if the papers now call it a strike and not a war, if those behind the agitation now assure us that they meant only to afford a demonstration of the power of labor to do as it pleased, but not really to do it, then we may be sure that there are some people who are not a little disappointed. Disappointed, but not discouraged, for it means that though revolution has not come through this time the "One Big

Union" goes marching on. Its possibilities make it an attractive instrument; if it fails, it was only engaging in strike, but who knows when a strike may grow to revolution? Meanwhile, more and more people grow accustomed to the idea of it, more and more are frightened by its display of power into calling themselves its adherents. Once get a foothold, however small, and a ruthless and organized minority can slowly but surely reduce a helpless majority to subjection. Such plausible procedure seems in the case of Western Canada to have met an unexpected check in the behavior of the soldiers. Forgetting their little grievances, as soldiers always do in the face of real trouble, they set themselves solidly against the disordered proletarian nightmare. One company, returning from long service abroad, is reported to have voted unanimously in favor of volunteering at once for strike duty without even visiting their homes. They were quite willing to see the world improved in several little ways, but not *à la Russe*.

THE obvious and disastrous helplessness of the unorganized majority against a determined minority has led the *London Spectator* to offer for general consideration a simple device which has been laid before the National Security Union for meeting the ideal of disorder. Its chief feature is that all good citizens who are true democrats and believe that the interests of majority and minority alike reside in law and order should allow themselves to be enrolled with a view to aiding their fellow citizens in resisting revolution when called upon to do so. At a given word law-abiding citizens would quietly meet at certain designated places, to retire as soon as the police or the military take charge of the situation. The plan seems not without its dangers. Probably its greatest advantage is that it would never have to be resorted to. The mere existence of some effective means by which the majority could realize itself would be sufficient to rob the starting of revolution of much of its charm. Here we are still no doubt far from a situation which demands such measures, but the suggestion is worth bearing in mind.

THERE is in Girgenti, Sicily, a famous saint, Calogero. His venerated image has an iron head, because he is at times roughly handled by his worshipers. His task is to bring rain, in which he occasionally fails. In such unexpected drought, the impatient populace hale the image to the sea, cast it in, and leave it afloat until rain is vouchsafed. All of which is a parable of an Editor of the *New Republic* writing a revised psychology of Mr. Wilson. It may also teach that as idols often have clay feet,

it is very convenient for them to have iron heads.

THE world needs a Sherlock Holmes—several of him. There are quite too many mysteries abroad for comfort. There is the little matter of the bombs—elementary, my dear Watson, when you have once turned your mind to it. There is the Purloined Treaty—what an opportunity for the Holmesian talent! And, perhaps equally important, there is the rifling of the Mayor's tulip beds; Darwins, no doubt, of the finest and worth their weight in gold. Let the policeman whose duty it was to guard them be duly boiled in oil. But in such an ending there is no unction to the analytic mind. Why this recrudescence of tulipomania? In short, who did it? Do our modern detectives fill their pipes with shag and listen in the stalls with closed eyes to the music of violins? They ought to. Then, perhaps, with some prospect of success, they could turn their attention to what is quite the most important mystery of all—the "mystery" ball of Eddie Cicotte, the accomplished pitcher of the Chicago White Sox. Its antic behavior in the air clearly indicates that the ball is somehow bewitched and bedeviled. Yet umpires examine it and solemnly pronounce that they can't see no p'int about that ball that's different from any other ball. But the Chicago players take jealous care that the ball with the strange medicine on it is kept in play and out of the hands of their opponents, and the crowd in the grandstand shudders as it observes the sphere take on, from no apparent cause, a rapid and uneven discoloration. Watson, forget your patients and run out with me to see a ball game this afternoon.

THERE is perhaps no more expressive symbol of the age and of this country than the Bach Festival which began last week in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Since 1912 there has gathered each year an assemblage of musicians from all over the country—this year from sixteen States and Canada—to present in the quiet church of the old Moravian community the deeply spiritual music of Bach against the titanic world-gripping background of the great steel mills of a modern industrial city. The community and the festival date back to Colonial days, and place against a background of modern creative industry not only this music of another century but the traditions of our own country's childhood. There are those to-day who would tell us that we can not have these things together, that in order to retain our Bach and all that he means to the spirit we must do away with our steel mills and the world-web of modern business which they weave in their ceaseless roar.

Perhaps, but not if the spirit of man is strong enough. We might not have the ear and the time for Bach to-day were it not for the vast machinery which those mills represent and by which alone we are able to live with any leisure and comfort. And we might not be able to endure that machinery without the refreshment which Bach gives us.

HOWEVER unprogressive the American drama may appear, the American actor, it seems, refuses to be behind the times. He has been reading his Tom Mann and his Debs, and has concluded that the best kind of acting is the direct kind. The New York theatre-goer seems unaware of the calamity threatened him in the recent unionization of his movie and dramatic stars and the corresponding entrenchment of the managers and producers to combat this new manifestation of radicalism. If he were, a panic might seize him. The vision of a darkened Broadway, of innumerable deserted and cheerless nickleodeons, resulting from a prolonged strike on the part of the Actor's Union, would be unbearable. Even the Russian bourgeoisie apparently was spared such privation, and rather than endure it the city's bored millions would compel the Mayor to capitulate to the dramatic syndicalists. Not even Ole Hanson could hold out against the accumulated ennui of New York.

THE resumption of the National Open Golf Tournament at Brae Burn this year has been followed, we may be sure, by no more interested group than the Seniors. When all the technique has been learned, the golfer has still to think about his mind and soul. Can he prevent those little mental devils from making him look up? Is he at peace with himself and the world? Mastery in any form is alluring, and golf, say the Seniors, means mastery of one's entire being. How, then, does it happen that persons of no very exceptional qualities excel? There are many who break eighty for their average of four rounds! "How do they do it?" marvels the President of the Seniors Association. Thickets and long grass are great suggesters of philosophical doubts.

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Editors

FABIAN FRANKLIN

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

American Labor Against Class War

THE American Federation of Labor is a most reactionary body. It was reactionary during the war, for it threw itself heartily into the support of the cause of freedom as it has been understood by liberals for a hundred years and more. It was not neutral in the great war for American rights, the preservation of democracy and the overthrow of Prussian militarism. Its convention at Atlantic City shows every sign of being permeated by that same reactionary spirit in relation to the problems confronting us now that the war is over. This might not be a source of any particular distress to advanced thinkers were it not for the uncomfortable fact that the membership of the Federation is 3,260,008, and especially that this number represents an increase of 826,449 during the past year. Such an increase in the face of Mr. Gompers' disgraceful record of patriotism, and of the perhaps still more damning circumstance that he is as firmly opposed to Bolshevist ideas as he is to Prussianism, is an ugly fact that can not be ignored.

What our advanced thinkers will regard as the most melancholy exhibition of the Federation's reactionism is its strong endorsement of Mr. Gompers' stand against the formation of a labor political party. This is merely a continuation of the unbroken policy of the Federation, but it derives extraordinary significance from the conditions of the present time. It means that the men who have done the heavy work of labor agitation in this country, and the mass of those whom they represent, are satisfied that great results have been achieved, and that further great results are still to be attained, without breaking the unity of the American people. It means that on the one supreme question of the day the Federation has distinctly chosen its ground. That question is, Shall there be war or peace—not war or peace with foreign countries, but class war or peace within our own country. The Federation has declared for peace.

This does not mean that there is going to be no trouble. It does not mean that everybody is going to be satisfied. It does not mean that the Federation itself may not stand for measures and methods which Americans in other walks of life, and with other sentiments and prejudices, may regard as dangerous. But it does mean that these things are going to be fought out in ways consonant with the spirit of our institutions—with occasional clashes and alarms no doubt, but still in the ways in which Americans have always believed in fighting out their differences, and of which all sides have

loyally and good-naturedly accepted the result.

From the standpoint of the intellectual radical there may be reasons for condemning this attitude. But there is one thing about it which can not be condemned from any standpoint, except that of unmanly dilettantism. These men, face to face with a big situation, know where they stand. They consider class war a bad thing, and they are against class war. The dilettanti are not quite sure whether class war is a good thing or a bad thing; or, if they are quite sure that it is a bad thing to have, they are not quite sure but that it may be a very good thing to flirt with. The courage that they display is the courage of having no opinion and of accepting no responsibility. The responsibility is there, nevertheless, and the time will come before long when the good sense of the country will demand that it be placed where it belongs. These very men are the men who are constantly telling us that we are on the verge of war. They utter all sorts of warnings that the war is close at hand. They make some feeble effort to suggest preventives. But in the face of a situation which they themselves, more than any one else, declare to be a life-and-death crisis, they fail to tell us where they stand on the most urgent issue of that crisis. The Federation of Labor, whether right or wrong in its position, has set an example of manliness which the dilettante radicals would do well to attempt to follow.

Some Lessons From Government Control

THE railroads are to be returned to their owners by something like unanimous consent. Upon what basis they are to go back is a tough question; but on the proposition itself there is, for the present at least, practically no dispute. Those who looked forward to the war-time régime of government control as a mere introduction to government ownership are, of course, disappointed; but so unpleasing has been the experience that they find themselves compelled to acquiesce in the general verdict. The most they say by way of protest is that the test has not been a fair one; that government control has been tried for too short a time, and under conditions too abnormal, to justify a conclusion as to its merits, still less as to the merits of outright government ownership.

Fair-minded opponents of government ownership must admit that this is true. The experiment has not been sufficient to settle the question for good and all. But it has been sufficient to damage terribly the claims of that policy. Of the defects of operation—the unsatisfactory service, the tremendous increase in rates, the

enormous fiscal deficit in spite of that increase—everybody has been hearing so much that there is no need to dwell on them here. But there is one aspect of the matter which seems to have been lost sight of, and which is perhaps most of all deserving of attention. We refer to the apparent collapse of the claim for great economies through consolidated operation of the roads. We are perfectly aware that government ownership advocates will insist on emphasizing the word "apparent"; but on the other hand we insist on emphasizing the word "great." The ownership people will say that many of the economies possible under government ownership could be introduced only when that régime had been permanently established; and this is true. But while it is true of many of the economies, it is not true of many others; and the remarkable thing is that we hear very little of savings actually effected by the Government as an offset to the enormous increase of expenditure due to raising of wages and other causes. That there have been such economies is undoubtedly true, and there might be more; but the fact that there is so little "pointing with pride" to anything of the kind is pretty sure evidence that, in comparison with the total expenditure, these savings are a mere drop in the bucket.

It is a characteristic of most savings of this kind that they are of very simple character and can accordingly be exploited as object-lessons for much more than they are worth. Many of them, by the way, would be quite feasible under private ownership if they were not prevented or discouraged by governmental restrictions; but let that pass. The point is that while they loom big in government ownership arguments they play but an insignificant part in the figures of the railroad budget. Take such a thing as the printing of time-tables, for example. It is altogether right that the Government should cut down this expense; but if it were cut out entirely, it would make but an imperceptible difference in the balance between income and outgo. Consolidation of ticket offices, the sale of common mileage books, and similar improvements—for which the Government deserves credit—are meritorious from the standpoint of convenience, but the economies they bring about are too small to affect the character of the fiscal showing. There are many more important savings that it is easy to point to as possible under government ownership. But we have seen little attempt to prove that in actual dollars and cents the aggregate would amount to enough to reduce expenses by a large percentage, even when government ownership was complete; and in the present experiment they have doubtless amounted to so little, in comparison

with the hundreds of millions of shortage, that to try to make much of them would do more harm than good to the government ownership cause.

This whole question of the economies of government ownership, or of socialist organization in general, and the waste of competition, presents an interesting case of what economists used to be fond of referring to as the difference between the seen and the unseen—the superficial phenomena that thrust themselves upon our attention and the underlying things which we are apt to overlook. Nothing is easier than to prove that the competitive system involves a vast amount of waste. But before we throw it overboard—on the score of its wastefulness at least—we should take thought, in the first place, not merely of the absolute but of the relative magnitude of the waste; and secondly we should consider to what extent the loss may be a necessary incident of the gain attaching to private enterprise. Even in the case of public utilities, under the best of regulation, and with competitive waste reduced to a minimum, something of that waste may be expected to remain. But how does it compare with the economies which the stimulus of private interest brings about in ways that can not be catalogued? Nothing is easier, for example, than to point to the big salaries of corporation managers, far bigger than those which the Government would pay; but are they not a mere bagatelle in the total expenditure? These men constantly feel the most acute necessity to make ends meet and overlap; they keep down the waste of operation in a thousand indefinable ways; the absence of their special efficiency would mean the loss every week, perhaps, of more than their whole salary amounts to in a year. These same men, as part of a Government bureaucracy, would rarely be keyed up to the same kind of activity—not to speak of the probability that it would not be these men, but quite a different set, who would fill the like posts in a bureaucracy.

In the field of ordinary business, competitive waste is a much bigger item. Vast sums are expended for advertising, and for attracting business in other ways to one concern rather than another. That such waste might be materially reduced without impairment of business energy is undeniable, and any scheme that can effect this is worthy of most serious attention. But take it as it is, and there is little reason to doubt that the loss, though very great, is far less than the gain that arises from that general energizing of industrial and commercial activity which goes with the competitive spirit. It is in the direction of voluntary coöperative enterprise that the most promising outlook exists for reducing the waste of competition. Yet the history of coöperation, admirable as

some of its results have been, gives the strongest possible proof of the limitations of competitive waste as compared with competitive efficiency. If competition were half so wasteful as it is sometimes represented, the coöperative stores, which have so long been a great success in England, would by this time have driven ordinary retail trading out of the field far more completely than they have; and they would be playing something of a part in this country, where, in perhaps fifty years of trial, they have not got beyond a most rudimentary stage. Voluntary coöperation provides something of the same stimulus of interest that competitive enterprise furnishes. There ought to be a large future for it in the industrial field as well as in that of retail trade. In the meanwhile its history of several decades teaches a useful lesson as to the alleged demerits of the competitive as compared with a socialist régime from the standpoint of economy—for whatever limitations coöperation labors under from that standpoint, we may be sure apply in far greater force to socialism.

Land Values and Congestion

THE *New Republic* for June 7th discusses in a sober spirit the question of taxation of land values as related to urban congestion and the housing problem now pressing upon the country. We note with pleasure that its advocacy of special taxation for unimproved land is distinctly limited to such taxation as would absorb future increments of value. "We would not confiscate existing values, as the Single Taxers propose," says the *New Republic*, "because we do not believe in revising the rules of a game and making the new rules retroactive." With confiscation out of the way, it is possible to argue the merits of the question upon economic grounds—that is, with an eye to specific and practical consequences rather than ethical or political principles.

The idea running through the *New Republic's* article, and through all that is written by enthusiastic advocates of the "unearned increment" tax as a solution of the problem of urban congestion, is that the speculative holding of land is the one great barrier to the comfortable housing of millions of people now herded together in crowded city centres. The view is plausible, and to many appears absolutely self-evident. Nevertheless, we believe that it is almost wholly unfounded. "All around every large city," we are told, "there is a broad zone of unimproved land, much more than adequate for the comfortable housing of a vast population, every acre of

which is held at a price that drives away prospective home owners"; a population of eight millions could be housed within the limits of Greater New York, allowing an acre for every ten families, which "is scarcely more than a village density." But if one examines this broad zone of unimproved land, one finds that nearly all of it can be had at prices so small that the addition to rent which the land value would cause is insignificant. It is true that the commuter finds that in the places where he would like particularly to live sites are fairly expensive; but these are not places where large areas are held out of use, but choice spots which for some reason or other have themselves become attractive centres of population. You can not lump the hundreds of thousands of acres within a ten or twelve miles' radius of the City Hall as one homogeneous mass, any more than you can lump together the million acres, sufficient to house half the population of the United States, which lie within the commuter's radius.

A concrete example may serve to emphasize this point. In a certain admirable water-front location, where high-class houses have been built in considerable numbers in the last ten years, and only about a half hour's rapid-transit ride from the City Hall, building lots 40 by 100 feet go begging, though the prevailing price is only \$2,000 per lot. In less desirable but still very good locations, somewhat further from the centre of the city, such lots can be had for \$500; and \$500 means \$50 a year in the rent. It is not this \$50—say \$25 per family for two families, or \$17 per family for three families—that is keeping houses from being built in the suburban zone, "while the children of the city grow pale and anæmic in cramped tenements." The great reason why people do not go to these outlying districts is because the advantage or the necessity of being near the centre outweighs, in the minds of the people concerned, the undeniable hygienic and moral benefits that might be attained by living further out.

The *New Republic* admits that "some men are drawn toward the limits of the urban area by the hope that values will advance." But it adds that to one man moved by the hope that prices will rise higher there are ten who are "deterred by prices of land that are already too high." This is a matter of opinion, and we feel very sure that the fact is quite otherwise. But however this may be, it has very little to do with the question of increase of housing facilities for the hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of the poorer inhabitants of a city like New York. These people will not go out by ones and twos and build houses for themselves. Even such of them as may somehow be able to command the capital

could not afford to take the risk of loss when they may have occasion, as they all know they are likely to have, to change their residence and hunt for a purchaser for the house they have been living in. It is enterprise on a larger scale—the kind of enterprise that opens up considerable tracts for occupancy—which is substantially the whole question as regards this class of people. And it seems absolutely plain that the absence of the prospect of rising land values must greatly diminish the stimulus to such enterprise. The houses themselves in the nature of things decline in value. The increase of the site value is counted on to counterbalance not only this loss but the risk of mistakes in judgment in the first place, and adverse local changes which may occur in the future and which it is impossible to foresee.

Another consideration that is constantly overlooked by those who regard taxes on land as a panacea for high rents, is that on the face of it the tax operates not to lower rents, but simply to put into the public treasury what would otherwise go into the pockets of the landowners. We say "on the face of it," because in so far as the tax may operate to increase the supply of housing, it would tend to lower rents. That it would so operate is, as we have tried to indicate, highly doubtful; but the point that we wish to insist upon is that except in this way the tax would not even tend to reduce rents. Rents are determined by demand; if people can be found who are anxious to live in a certain kind of house in a certain location and are willing and able to pay a certain rent for it, that is the rent which it will command. The rents on Park Avenue or Riverside Drive are not what they are because the landowners wish to get that

amount of money, but because there are few locations presenting such attractions and many people willing and able to pay the price. If the full rental value of the land were taken by the city in the shape of taxation, the city treasury would be by so much the better off through this act of confiscation, but rents would be no lower.

If we are to do anything really helpful towards the solution of the housing problem we must concentrate our attention on the question of supply. Speculative holding of land out of use may not be wholly an imaginary obstacle, but it is certainly at most a very minor element in the case. To look for relief in that direction is to follow a false scent, and thus to divert attention from real possibilities of helpfulness. There is plenty of land to be had at prices so small as to constitute no hindrance to any well conceived plan of development. There is almost no limit to the amount of capital that could be obtained for the prosecution of great home-building enterprises, carried on primarily for the public benefit and offering only the most modest return on the investment. Two things are essential to the success of any such scheme—first, sound judgment in the choice of location and plan, and secondly, the enlistment in the enterprise of men whose names command the unhesitating confidence of the community. The practice of making subscriptions running into the hundreds of millions, for every possible kind of public purpose, has now become a habit; there is the best possible opportunity, before the habit wears off, for a great movement to supply, on a self-supporting basis, attractive and healthful homes for the masses. Never has the need been so keenly felt or so widely recognized.

The Anti-Submarine Campaign

OF the weapons of surprise developed in the great war,—the submarine, the armored tank, and poisonous gas,—the submarine was the most remarkable. Naval critics had generally regarded it as a useful defensive auxiliary. Certain alarmists, among them Sir Percy Scott of the British Admiralty, had falsely predicted that the submersible made useless every fighting ship of the older types. Nobody fully foresaw the rôle of the submarine as a commerce destroyer, not even the Germans, for they entered the war with only about forty U-boats. Everybody regarded the submarine as part of a fighting fleet. Its capacity as a piratical sea rover, defying the laws of war and the established practices of humanity, no one had fully grasped.

Its early successes were appalling, and its entire record is impressive. Taking total sinkings, the submarines sunk ship-

ping of 15,054,000 gross tonnage. That is about 40 per cent. more than England's entire steamship tonnage at the opening of the war. British merchant vessels were sunk to the number of 5,622, in about half the cases with the crews aboard. That is about a quarter of the number of vessels, steam and sail, registered as British when the war began. Expressed in gross tonnage, the British loss is far more serious. It amounts to 9,032,000 tons, or nearly three-quarters of the British tonnage of all sorts registered for the year 1913. Such figures show how uncomfortably near the Germans came to controlling the sea routes, and lend a great interest to those measures which finally thwarted the wolves of the sea.

The first measures were defensive, for the submarine had asserted itself as an appallingly effective weapon of attack.

Naval history hardly knows another such feat as Van Weddingen's accounting for three great British cruisers in hardly more minutes. The great fleet sulked at moorings. Harbors and the Channel were mined and protected by nets. The purely military issue with the submarine was quickly settled. England pursued her gigantic task of transporting troops overseas almost undisturbed, as the United States did later. It was soon plain that the submarine did not intend to fight, but to sink helpless merchantmen, and cut off England's food supply. What was intended was a lawless blockade as wide as the seas.

Soon the merchantmen grew teeth. The voyages were made with never-sleeping gun crews fore and aft. Sinking ships "without trace" became no longer an easy water sport but a dangerous business. A "sub" has to come up frequently to breathe and recharge batteries. It was found that any swift fighting vessel could make it uncomfortable for her on the surface. So the North Sea and the Channel were strewn with little eighty-foot motor launches, made chiefly in the United States and smuggled out in parts. It was the first development of a real counter-aggressive. Meanwhile, shipbuilding was speeded up in England and the neutral nations. This was a necessary counsel of despair, warranted only by abnormal freights which paid for a new ship in a couple of trips, and by the confidence that the war would be won on land before Germany should sink enough ships to starve England.

The answer of the submarine to such measures was emphatic. In 1917 they sank 7,624,000 tons, two and a half times what they had sunk in 1916, four and a half times the sinkings of 1915. It was Germany's maximum effort. We may estimate that she had no less than 146 submarines in operation, with nearly a hundred more under construction. To Admiral von Tirpitz and his advisers the problem now presented itself in this fashion:—Would the attrition of the submarines at sea work faster than the attrition by the Entente on land? There were reasons for thinking the submarines would win in the race. Against this hope stood the stern facts that the transport service of the Allies had not even been successfully assailed, while the sensational destruction of merchant ships by thousands had not brought famine to England.

From 1918 the submarines, remaining an annoyance, ceased to be a serious menace. For the first nine months of 1918 the sinkings fell to half the figures for the previous year. And the swelling volume of new shipping made monthly sinkings still averaging nearly 300,000 tons seem almost negligible. The counter-offensive against the submarine had

come suddenly to focus; the weapon of surprise had evoked its own offsets. It was no longer a question of meeting the torpedo by gun fire, of casually catching a "sub" in a net or bursting it with a stray mine, or scoring a lucky hit from the air, of blinding a periscope with oil, or escape in a smoke screen; the means of destruction were now manifold, systematic, and relentless. To review them is our task.

A mine barrier twenty-five miles broad was stretched from Norway to Scotland; the United States supplied more than half of the work and material. By bombing from the air and direct naval attack, the Belgian submarine bases were made nearly valueless. A new and terrible weapon, the depth bomb, made what had been the submarine's condition of safety one of extreme peril. The depth bomb made the smallest motor launch or submarine chaser potentially the destroyer of any submarine that could be detected below the surface. Probably only a few score "subs" were actually sunk by depth bombs. To be sure if an "ash can," as our Navy called them, exploded within a hundred yards of a "sub" it was likely to open up the plates, or, failing that, to disable the numerous rudders; but generally speaking the depth bomb worked after the German's own method, by *Schrecklichkeit*. It threatened a hideous death to all submarine crews, for a leaking submarine manufactures chlorine gas; it reduced the morale of the sea wolves immeasurably. German courage was unequal to a losing fight.

While the depth bomb was the striking weapon, it could do its work only when directed by the most extraordinary reconnaissance. For two years the Allies had fought the "subs" as a blind man might fight a pack of bloodhounds. Then the ocean developed ears and the air developed eyes. A heard "sub" was a threatened "sub," a seen "sub" practically dead. The air patrol and the listening devices in boats more than anything else hastened the end. Our submarines, with the British, listened from the bottom of the shallow waters, promptly reporting to the destroyers and mosquito fleet any submarine within a radius of several miles. On the surface, drifting patrol boats and trawlers did the same service of detection. The listeners were trained to recognize the throat of every sort of engine as the musician knows the typical chords. Soon the listening devices were so improved that they could be used on a boat under way. Then it became possible for a destroyer to hover over a "sub" and force her to use up her electrical power, while running the risk of a well-placed "ash can." The submarine service became intolerable. The Germans admit that fourteen U-boats were destroyed by

their own crews, and that hundreds of sailors went mad. The ocean was filled with ships whose wireless direction-finders intercepted the radio reports of the submarines and added one more element of danger. Meanwhile, for fifty miles at sea the dirigibles and flying boats, fully armed with machine guns and depth bombs, plied over the waters. Kite balloons tugged at the off-shore guard-ships and were towed out with the convoys. The observers from the air could see a U-boat far below the surface, could detect at great distances the oil slick or the surface furrow, and could attack directly while reporting by wireless what they saw. It meant destruction for a submarine to show itself in shallow water by day. The effectiveness of the U-boats was thus cut in half.

Few people realize the part played by the Navy air patrol in safeguarding the approaches to New York. It was a terribly arduous service. Planes ran out of gas, took the water, remained for hours gradually breaking up; the crews were generally rescued, sometimes not. Kite balloons were torn from their moorings by the Nor'westers and with their occupants went down the wind never to be heard of again. If the sinkings within fifty miles of Sandy Hook were held down to about 50,000 tons for the last four months of the war, thanks are largely due to the Naval air service. Without it, it would have been a question not of half a dozen supply ships and a cruiser, but of ten times that number.

What compacted all the anti-submarine methods into an invulnerable organization was the convoy system. To torpedo a ship requires that a future position can be predicted, to lie in wait for either a ship or a convoy means that its course is known. By the simple device of zigzagging on a smaller or greater scale it became as impossible to ascertain the course of a convoy as to predict for any few minutes ahead the position of any single ship. Convoys simply shambled about the ocean like a flock of worried sheep, following, however, a plan strictly laid down. U-boats, even though they had information about a convoy, were doomed to heartbreaking wild goose chases.

Had a convoy been without escort, it could pretty well have looked out for itself. It represented, however, from 60 to over 300 guns, with trained crews and vigilant lookouts. But a convoy actually went out with pearly kite balloons ahead and astern, a silvery dirigible hovering overhead with two darting sea-planes; boxed in by the sturdy serviceable craft of the scout patrol and submarine chaser classes; with a cruiser ahead, and a brace of destroyers circling about. It would have been utter folly for a big squadron of U-boats to attack

such an aggregation by daylight. To find it at night was difficult. As a matter of fact, convoys were rarely attacked. The U-boats hung behind and picked up an occasional laggard, like the unforgettable Ticonderoga; or limited themselves to the safe, if base and lawless device, of sowing stray mines in the high seas. Thus the negligible destruction off New York was effected. But prestige had passed from the submarine. It no longer was a formidable weapon of surprise and attack. From being the wolf it had sunk to the estate of jackal of the seas.

If we may trust the German figures, the submarine fleet in commission at the time of the surrender was 136. It was still near its estimated maximum of 146, but it was no longer formidable. The actual destruction of U-boats by war devices of all sorts may be roughly reckoned at over 150—about one-half of all that were put into the water. The *morale* of the remaining fleet had been greatly reduced. The necessary hardships and increasing terrors of the service had brought the officers and crews near to the breaking point. Had the war continued six months longer, there would have been no submarine problem. Camouflage, which has naturally caught the public imagination, had very little to do with this result. Many authorities regard it as mostly a waste of good paint and ingenuity. What brought results is what always brings military results—a suitable weapon, the depth bomb; proper tactics, the convoy system; and effective reconnaissance by the listeners of the waters and the lookouts of the air.

German courage cracked under the ordeal of a forlorn hope. The old exploits were still possible. A lucky and enterprising U-boat commander could have run amuck by night in a convoy with good chance of sinking several ships, or, for that matter, could have touched up during fog the great transports always anchored in our Lower Bay. No such attempt was made. The spirit of the sea wolf had been broken.

The sensational collapse of the submarine campaign proves first that mere terror is a poor military resource. At no time, from unarmed tramp to cockleshell scout patrol, was any seagoing man terrified by the "subs." Wrath and courage rose to meet the new peril. More important, perhaps, is the lesson that no war is likely to be won by a weapon of surprise, however ingenious. It seems certain that if Germany had had at the outset her maximum fleet of 146 U-boats, she could within two years have starved England into submission. But such calculations are always retrospective. The weapon of surprise is never provided in sufficient quantity, nor with adequate foreknowledge of its effects, and it never works quickly enough. In 1917, when the U-boat seemed to be win-

ning, its battle was already lost. Counter-invention had mastered the problem, and the purging of the seas was only a matter of time.

Education—Its Constant Values

AT a thousand commencements this year the war values of education will be properly emphasized. The colleges are proud of the way in which their sons did their bit. From the moment when gallant students hurried over to France to drive ambulances or guide fighting planes, it has been clear that the morale of the American college was sound. To exult in this fact is right and natural.

It is inevitable, too, that an accounting of service should be made. That technically trained college men should have won most of the glory was to be expected. The junior whose elective chemistry had given a smattering of the lore of high explosives was more immediately available than the philologist of world renown. But the unlikeliest specialties proved useful. Dean Keppel, in his address at the Columbia Commencement, remarked that an archæologist has invented the best trench helmet of the war. A British scholar formerly in charge of the School at Athens proved himself an invaluable intelligence officer at Salonika, most delicate of situations. A noted American Chaucerian as readily mastered the armament of fighting planes as he had the relations of 15th century manuscripts. Besides morale the university-trained man brought a surprising versatility. Education had not only not softened his fibre, it had not rigidified his thinking.

We like to dwell on these extraordinary cases of unconscious technical preparation, and of intelligent adaptation. We are likely to forget the thousands of college-trained men who were relegated to the smallest jobs, which they accomplished with fidelity and cheerfulness. The drudgery of Army Training Camp and of Naval Shore Station is nothing to talk about. Perhaps it is well forgotten. But it can do no harm to recall that if the college men readily rose to the greater and more conspicuous responsibilities, they also regarded no charge as too mean to enlist their best ability. The young poet who starved intellectually in the fo'c's'le of a submarine chaser deserves his moment of praise alongside the connoisseur of poisonous gases and the renowned ace. The duties were many, the luck most various; the spirit of service was one.

It is a pleasure to be sharply tested and to endure the proof. Thousands of liberally educated men have forever banished the fear which is the bane of their

class. In retrospect we do well to stress these painfully proved values. The danger is that we may continue to measure our educational values by the yardstick of overt efficiency. This is the spirit of the time. Our great adventure in the active life will have wrought harm if it sets scholars to doubting the undiminished value of the life contemplative. Education is not solely preparation for prosperity; it is also the best means of coping with adversity. It is upon this side of the case, which we fear few commencement orators will touch this year, that we wish to dwell.

To have resources against monotony and misery not simply in animal spirits or in stolid resignation is the privilege of the educated man. How many cases of the sage in prison the war afforded! Here were delicate spirits, adepts of the old philosophies and literatures, thrust into filth and semi-starvation, despitefully treated withal. At Ruhleben Englishmen and Americans of this type stood behind the cruelty of the prison management and the helpless mass of prisoners. Their balance and cultivation had protective value. The Germans were ashamed to do the basest things under their eye. These academic captives gave themselves loyally to the entertainment of their humbler fellow prisoners. One professor of Greek philosophy, who had won a new degree as an expert bomber, resumed his old occupation at Ruhleben, interested the "Tommies" in Plato and Plotinus, and had sufficient energy in reserve to produce a volume of sonnets. Compared with this, Boëthius's feat of writing "The Consolations of Philosophy" in a clean and well-conducted Roman prison sinks into insignificance.

Indeed are not the constant values of education of this sort? To keep a spirit superior to adversity, to attain a dignity that can not be abased by violence, to command recreation amid pain and misery, and joy as the body wastes—in short, as Boëthius wrote, to have a soul superior to fortune; this is the privilege of the man who is really educated. From a merely technical and utilitarian training no such resources can accrue. They imply a perspective of the past, values tempered through contact with the great thinking of all ages, a soul vividly conscious of its kinship with the great dead. An education that fails to give the soul superiority over fate is a poor education. A young student, a youth of high promise, wrote a few days before his death, from the western front, to a professor of archæology: "What you have taught me enables me to bear this life." The "confessors" of education before the world are not so much those who achieved greatly in the mechanics of the new warfare, as those who endured cheerfully the long martyrdom that war means to a gentle spirit.

New Pogroms for Old

THERE is a sinister cloud gathering over Russia. Its portent has been in view for many months, yet those who should have noted the impending storm and should have done the obvious thing to avert it, have fatuously beckoned it on. This is the storm of horrible pogroms that threatens the Jews of Russia with extinction. It is not enough that these hapless people had been downtrodden and oppressed for a century and a half under the Russian Bureaucracy; it is not enough that they had been harried most cruelly in the ebb and flow of war since 1914 as it rolled over them unceasingly; as if they had not already drained the cup of bitterness to its dregs, they must needs face the danger of a still more terrible fate.

It is no new thing, this menace of pogroms, but a new element, and a powerful one, has been added to the incitement. In the past under the old régime, the pogrom became almost an institution. Its causes lay deep in economic as well as cultural conditions, and it is a mistake to assume, as is frequently done, that the pogrom was simply instigated by the police at the behest of an autocratic government. Frequently as pogroms occurred under the consenting eyes of the police authorities, it may be asserted that they would have occurred oftener if the police had not interfered. Pogroms occurred in Austria-Hungary and Rumania as well as in Russia, and it is a striking fact that they were frequent in revolutionary Russia during 1917, at a time when the Provisional and Kerensky Governments were proclaiming religious toleration, and taking up the cause of the Jews as a race that had been oppressed under the old régime. There is no need here to dwell upon the various causes of the race antipathy which heretofore has caused such outrages in Russia. I have rather to point out that there has arisen a new situation destined to serve as a new incitement to fresh pogroms. This is the situation growing out of eighteen months of soviet rule.

The Russian people are not far from liberation from the hated Bolshevik yoke. Although they present the appearance of a herd of fatigued animals, crouching inert and spiritless beneath this crushing tyranny, there is a feeling among them that deliverance is at hand. Many risings have occurred and more will follow. Soon the brutal Red Guards and the Lettish and Chinese mercenaries, upon whose bayonets the Bolshevik régime has rested, will melt away, and the peasants, proprietors, and intelligentsia will again occupy their heritage and strive to restore orderly conditions of living; but it is too much to hope that

they will emerge quietly and peacefully from the slough in which they have been plunged. For the bitter sufferings of eighteen months of brutal terror, they will seek vengeance. That commissars and soviet members will be hunted down like wild beasts goes without saying, and no one will lament them. But it is not they alone who will suffer. In the minds of the mass of the Russian people the Bolshevik régime and its soviets have been associated with the Jews, and they hold all Jews collectively responsible for the Bolshevik horrors.

This is most unjust. It is true that most of the soviets are dominated by renegades and criminals of the Jewish race. Naturally the soviets, which are made up of the ignorant, the rowdies, and the ne'er-do-wells, the scum of the population, turned to the only literate and clever elements among them for leadership. But these men should not be termed Jews; rather are they internationalists, scoffers at religion and race. It is estimated that they constitute at least sixty per cent. of the commissars and members of the soviets. But certainly seventy-five or eighty per cent. of the Jews of Russia are against them. The Russian peasant, however, does not see this; to him soviets are run by men whom he takes for Jews, and he simply holds all Jews as a class responsible.

Even in the early days of the Bolshevik régime the Jews were alive to this danger. They were greatly disturbed by the prominent part taken by men bearing Jewish names. They emphasized on every occasion the names of Jews prominent in the anti-Bolshevik parties. They noted that it was a Jew that killed Uritsky, and a Jew that attempted to assassinate Lenin. When a well-known Russian asked Boris Kamenka, the great Jewish banker: "Why don't you call off your man Trotsky?" he replied: "Why don't you call off your man Lenin?" The retort was clever and obvious, but it did not meet the situation.

In the hope of averting the catastrophe which they saw impending, a delegation of prominent and representative Jews waited on Trotsky and begged him to withdraw, lest he should bring ruin and destruction upon his co-religionists. In his reply Trotsky stated his position clearly and cynically. He was no longer a Jew—he was an internationalist and had no feeling for race or religion. It mattered not to him if a million of Jews were sacrificed. If they stood in the way of the realization of the new world order, let them perish. And, as if to emphasize their position, the Bolsheviks have recently led out to execution one of the most prominent Jews of Russia,

Abram Varshavsky, the President of the Jewish Community of Petrograd.

What can the Jews of America do to avert the threatened calamity? They are at last awake to the danger, but when I spoke with them of it a year ago, they did not seem to realize its seriousness. I saw then that a number of them who were prominent in public life and were accounted close advisers of the President, were throwing the weight of their influence in favor of the recognition of the soviet government. I knew that they were making themselves responsible for the catastrophe that was almost certain to follow, for they were identifying Jewish opinion and policy with the Bolshevik régime in the mind of Russians. They may have been misled as to the facts. They may have honestly believed that the soviet government in Russia was a democracy and that to interfere with it was to promote counter-revolution. They may have believed that the soviet system would win out in the end and that the position of their co-religionists would be secure by reason of the offices they held and the power they wielded. But they had no right to believe thus, for the plain facts were again and again placed before them. If now you speak with any Russian concerning the American policy towards Russia, and the question is raised as to why America flirted with the Bolsheviks and was willing to see the Russian people subjected to their rapacious tyranny, he will shrug his shoulders and mention the names of these advisers of the President.

Can anything be done to avert this impending danger? Can any practical steps be taken that will save the Jews of Russia from vicarious suffering for the sins of the renegade Jewish Bolshevik leaders and their thoughtless supporters in America? It is useless to appeal to the Conference at Paris; the Russian people are beyond its jurisdiction. It is stupid to talk of exacting a guarantee from Kolchak and his Government as the price of recognition. Kolchak has already announced unequivocally his stand for religious toleration and race protection. But what can Kolchak and the Omsk Government do? They would be powerless in the face of the popular indignation that would follow such a demand from the outside. We have already exasperated the Russians enough with the suggestion of the Prinkipo Conference; with the Bullitt and Steffens Missions; with the proposal to feed Bolshevik Russia; with the disgraceful abandonment of Odessa to be plundered by the Red Guard.

As I look over the field, I can see but one course that promises any chance of success—if perchance it be not already too late. The Russian people must be made to understand that Bolshevism and

its works are not a Jewish product, but that the Jews as a class are unalterably opposed to the régime that has encompassed the ruin of Russia and untold sufferings to her people. Let, therefore, the Jews of America join together in the strongest possible pronouncement denouncing the Bolshevik government and repudiating those renegades who have brought dishonor on the Jewish name. The right note was sounded by Rabbi Schulman in his ringing Memorial Day sermon.

"Judaism, as a religion, can not tolerate the spirit of Bolshevism," said Dr. Schulman. "Judaism is essentially a religion of law, of the law of right, which distinguishes between mine and thine, of the law of justice, which seeks to hold the scales evenly between all the elements in the national life. Therefore, no one who understands the genius of Judaism will commit himself to the moral madness of Bolshevism. No one who has a right to speak for it dare so interpret the traditions of Israel, and so deny

the foundations of Jewish life, as to declare himself in favor of the madness of Lenin and Trotsky."

Let such a statement be circulated throughout Russia, at whatever cost. Let all loyal and patriotic Russians know that the Jews of America stand with them for humanity and civilization, for justice and order, and that they repudiate the evil counsel that has hitherto led our policy into devious channels. In this way perchance it may be possible to win the confidence of the Russian people and dispel from their minds the belief which now unfortunately possesses them, that the Jews are responsible for the Bolshevik régime and that the Jews of America are supporting it. It is already late in the day and the danger is very near, but by prompt and vigorous action, not along the lines of coercion from without, but of sympathetic coöperation within, they may hope to avert the storm that threatens to engulf millions of their hapless brethren in Russia.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Great Britain and Ireland

OUTSIDE the British Isles there are many who wonder why Britain does not readily grant Irish independence, if Englishmen really believe in political freedom and the Irish desire independence; reluctance to do so on the part of Englishmen must arise from a desire to oppress and tyrannize over Ireland. In former times, unfortunately, there would have been much reason to believe this, but it is neither the whole nor a part of the explanation at present. The primary reason is easy to state and not hard to understand. For the past three hundred years the developing nation states of western Europe have gone their way in rivalry and strife. To survive, to remain, to be great, it has seemed necessary to each of them to consolidate its resources, to increase its strength, to unite separate parts in one whole. If they ceased their efforts, if they relaxed attention, they would certainly fall behind in the race, they might be destroyed by more active rivals. Now, fundamental geographic and strategic considerations have in the past made it the first condition of England's greatness that all the British Isles should be held together in one strong state. As France and Spain were built up out of small kingdoms or feudal domains, so the English kings, after uniting England, first conquered Wales in the Middle Ages, then sought to conquer Scotland and, failing, gradually contrived to unite England and Scotland by peaceful agreement, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries completed the conquest of Ireland which had been begun long before. It was no mere lust for

dominion and conquest which urged them to do this; it was the soundest statesmanship, as things then were, and as they have generally continued down to the present. In former days Ireland was the natural and proper base for a flank attack upon England, and was generally used for such purposes by the Spaniards in the time of Philip II and by the French under Louis XIV and after 1789. And in the later age Ireland became in respect of these things more rather than less important to Great Britain. In the nineteenth century the population of Britain expanded with its industrial development, until finally its people could not live without constant imports of food and raw materials for their industries. These imports came very largely across the Atlantic and were borne past the coasts of Ireland, north and south. If Ireland were in the hands of the enemy, or if Ireland were independent and hostile, or perhaps even lukewarm during a war, then the essential communications of Britain would be destroyed. Had German submarines found bases along the Irish coast in 1915 and 1916, England would almost certainly have been starved and the cause of the Allies lost. This fact has been clearly recognized by Germans and their sympathizers, and explains much German ardor for Ireland.

It has been said that if Great Britain had given to the Irish actual or virtual independence, gratitude would have brought into being an Irish loyalty towards Great Britain comparable to that of South Africa. But it must be said

that the happy outcome in the case of the Boers could not have been counted on with certainty. Irish independence might not have been followed by such loyalty that the Empire in the midst of a great struggle would be as safe as if it still had military and naval control of the Island. Most probably a majority of the Irish people would have stood firm with Great Britain against Germany, but a minority might not, and in the confusion of a time of transition from the old union with Britain to a full measure of Irish independence, German propaganda and intrigue would almost certainly have worked among this minority with success. Had the Boers been ungrateful or unfriendly, they could have done no vital hurt, since they were very far distant; but if an independent Ireland had been only a little hostile to England, or only a little helpful to Germany during the Great War, it would have been a stroke at the very heart of the Empire.

It may be argued that even if all these doubts apply to the past, yet in the new era of the League of Nations such arguments savor of evils departed. If the very causes of rivalry and misunderstanding are about to be removed, why should not Englishmen be willing to let Ireland go her way in complete independence, even though she does lie across the essential communications of Great Britain? By all means, if one can be reasonably sure of the future. But can we be sure? Those who know the past can only hope and strive to bring better things.

But granted that surety with respect to Ireland has hitherto seemed fundamentally important to the people of Britain, so that very rightly they oppose Irish independence, yet in respect of world considerations ought not the Irish to have it anyhow if they desire it? Is not the Irish question essentially similar to that of Jugo-Slavia and that of the Czecho-Slovaks? This is more easily asked than answered. Indeed, it must be answered very differently according to the premises assumed. From the point of view of possible conditions or of conditions as they at present appear, many people consider that the irresistible and proper tendency is towards letting every well-recognized group of people be free to work out its own destiny as it sees fit. If all the old international and strategic relations are to be successfully replaced by something new, it will be safe for England to let Ireland go, very convenient for her to rid herself of Irish trouble, and unrighteous and unwise for her not to let Ireland do as she wishes. If this comes to pass, it is quite probable that later on an independent Ireland may of her own accord seek some union again with Britain, and find great advantage in getting it. On the contrary, if judgment

is made in the older way, from premises hitherto deemed proper and valid, the reasoning will be very different. As the result of a great war Central Europe has for the time fallen to pieces, and the discontented are finding solace in rearranging the fragments to suit themselves. Had the British Empire dissolved, doubtless this same process would be now going on with its remains. But actually Britain emerged intact and triumphant. In any difference about Irish matters there are on the one hand the interests and desires of the forty millions of Great Britain, on the other the aspirations and interests of Ireland's four millions. It is not just or proper to ignore either of them for the other.

If on general grounds of justice it is contended that, like the Bohemians, escaped from the tyranny of the Hapsburgs, the Irish should be aided by free peoples the world over to establish an independent state of their own, it may be answered that England does not treat Ireland in a way to make the comparison proper. In the past Ireland did suffer terribly from England, but the old wrongs, done in a time very different from ours, have almost entirely passed away, and at present Irishmen have as members of the United Kingdom exactly the same political status as other citizens in the British Isles.

Ireland was conquered in an age of religious persecution, when conquest meant subjection; she became a colony in an age when colonies were exploited in accordance with Mercantilist theories. Famine made Ireland bitter and oppression turned the bitterness against England. Time does not change it. Yet in the latter part of the nineteenth century a new, a kinder, and a democratic England, urged by the rising and angry insistence of Irishmen, strove to undo the past, and make as full reparation as possible. There is no longer any religious persecution nor any civil or economic discrimination; Irishmen have as complete control of their local affairs as the English and Scots have of theirs, and share as equals, so far as they are willing, in the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; the old power of the landlords has been broken, and the British Government has assisted the Irish peasants to buy the soil and become independent proprietors, until now most of the agricultural land is in the possession of Irish farmers. Not all of the past has been undone: it takes some time to uproot an old establishment and make a real and lasting improvement, unless one is a literary or professional reformer. The relics of the old government remain in Ireland; they are expensive and burdensome and are not properly controlled by the Irish people. Castle government and military occupation should be brought to an end,

and almost certainly will be in no long time, if the Irish people will assist. To meet Irish poverty, which Sinn Fein reformers believe Irish independence will quickly abolish, intelligent government assistance can do a great deal. But the truth seems to be that some parts of Ireland, like some parts of Scotland and England, are not very richly endowed with natural resources for either agriculture or industrial life.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Irish may speedily get what they really believe best for them; but it is evident that the principle of self-determination, like the principle of nationality, can be extended to a ridiculous infinity. The thirteen American States once had experience of this, and their wise and speedy decision to surrender some of their separatism and unite in a larger organization was the basis of later prosperity and power. For the British Isles this has been accomplished as the result of war and negotiation in the past three hundred years. The union of Scotland and England, completed in 1707, was opposed by a minority in both countries, but it has given security to England and prosperity to Scotland, and redounded immensely to the benefit of both. In the eighteenth century Ireland desired complete union with Britain, and while the act which accomplished this in 1800 was unpopular and was brought to pass through bribery and intimidation, it might nevertheless soon have been accepted as desirable, had not George III prevented the Catholic emancipation which should have gone with it. The various parts of the British Isles adjoin one another or lie close together, and for the most part they are inhabited by the same people—for while there is a brilliant and priceless Irish nationality, the best authorities believe that racially the peoples of England and Ireland are not very different. Therefore I can not but believe that the complete separation which Sinn Fein demands now is but one of the fervid things engendered in these late strange and passionate years, and that if Sinn Fein is to retain its present ascendancy it must moderate its demands and take a place more like that of the Nationalists who once followed Parnell and John Redmond. Indeed, there are signs of this already.

There is, notwithstanding, no doubt that Ireland has her own particular problems which may best be settled by her own people. If most Irishmen believe that their affairs can be better administered by an Irish parliament and a responsible executive in Ireland, there would seem to be no good reason now why they should not have them. Some competent critics believe that more efficient government will come when Scottish and Welsh affairs and also the affairs of various parts of England are adminis-

tered locally in the same manner, all the parts continuing to be united under one central government. I suspect there are not many Englishmen now who would oppose Irish self-government within the British Empire. "The England of the war is wholly unlike any England that has ever been," said Sir Horace Plunkett in 1917, and it was my opinion before the war that a majority in Great Britain had come to assent to Home Rule. Why, then, it may be asked, has Home Rule in some form acceptable to the Irish not been given, especially when Irish aspirations have been advanced so passionately these last five years? It is not difficult to understand why. The period of a death-grapple for the existence of the British Empire was no fitting time to effect a change which would for a while loosen if not alter the connection of Ireland and Britain. The European war postponed a settlement of the Irish question as it postponed many another thing very desirable. But difficulties come from Ireland itself. Whatever the merits of the case, the fact remains that a considerable part of Ulster has been so opposed to Home Rule that it was prepared to resist it by armed force, and in 1914 the British Government had to face the unpleasant probability that putting Home Rule into effect would entail the employment of the British armed forces to coerce a population that would fight to retain its membership in the commonwealth of the United Kingdom. I do not pretend to judge whether Ulster is wrong and unwise or has been stirred to its action by baneful politicians. Much of Ulster has insisted upon a continuance of the Union for herself, while the rest of Ireland insists that Irish self-government will be a failure without her. It is but fair to say that the people of Ulster employ against the rest of Ireland many of the most effective arguments used by other Irishmen in stating their case against Britain—a minority different in character and conditions of life which should have the privilege of going its own particular way.

The difficulties of the Irish problem do not justify despair. It is only in books and in debating societies that really difficult questions find complete and ready solution. In the midst of much noisy announcement by enthusiasts, the wisest and best people of Britain and Ireland are working at the thing patiently, as is their wont, and almost certainly success will come to their efforts. I make no predictions, but I believe that a freer and happier Ireland will remain part of the great group of British commonwealths, and that Irishmen and Englishmen, forgiving and forgetting, will like each other and assist each other more hereafter than they have ever done in the past.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER

Mr. Creel and the Non-Partisan League

I HAVE read Mr. Creel's article in *Everybody's*, entitled "Our Aliens, Were They Loyal or Disloyal?" The portion of the article dealing with the situation in Minnesota, with special reference to the activities of the Non-Partisan League, is so false that I feel it my duty as a public official to make a counter-statement. I can submit in substantiation of my statement letters, telegrams, and copies of court records which prove that officers of the National Non-Partisan League were indicted and prosecuted for disloyalty under the statute commonly known as the Sedition Law.

My attention was first called to the activities of the Non-Partisan League, soon after our entry into the war, by a large number of complaints made to my office. Its activities were generally confined to towns almost solidly German, the evident intent being to prevent men of German birth and descent from joining with other citizens in aiding the Government in prosecuting the war.

One Townley organizer, at a meeting held by the League on the 10th day of October, 1917, in the town of Sioux Valley, in Jackson County, told his audience that it was not safe to buy United States Government bonds, that the United States would soon be bankrupt, and would be unable to pay its financial obligations. This same Townley organizer at a meeting held later in the town of Minneota, in this county, said that those present ought not to purchase Liberty bonds, and that they had better invest their money in Non-Partisan League elevators. Later, and on the 25th day of January, 1918, this same Townley organizer tried to get one John Steiner to join the Non-Partisan League and to collect sixteen dollars for a membership therein. Freitag said to Steiner: "If you farmers will join the Non-Partisan League, we can make a law so as to stop your boys from being taken into the Army."

The meetings referred to were held during a Liberty Loan drive in this county and were attended by Judge Thoreson, the judge of the Probate Court of this county, J. G. Brauch, the cashier of the Farmers' State Bank, of Lakefield, Minnesota, and other citizens of unquestioned standing. Many complaints came to this office, as well as to the office of the sheriff, requesting that something should be done to stop them. On January 18, 1918, the heads of the Safety Commission, America First Association, and other officers of the county directed a letter to the National Non-Partisan League headquarters at St. Paul, advising the officers of the League

of the disloyal character of the Townley organizers in this county. In response to this letter the National Non-Partisan League sent Mr. Joseph Gilbert, the manager and director of the League, and several League officers and organizers to Lakefield, Minnesota, on the 23rd day of January, 1918, for the purpose of holding a Non-Partisan meeting. The sheriff of this county, the county attorney, the county auditor, the judge of probate, who was the chairman of the America First Association for the county, local representatives of the Safety Commission, Liberty Bond Committee and other officers met with Mr. Gilbert and other League members and officers and advised them of the disloyal character of the work which had been carried on by the League in this county for many months prior thereto, informing them also of the opposition by the Townley organization to the Liberty bonds, to the selective draft, and other Government work. They requested Mr. Gilbert not to hold a Non-Partisan meeting, for the reason that such a meeting would be likely to result in a great disturbance and possibly riot. Mr. Gilbert in his reply said, "You are a lot of provincials, but I know what my rights are; I shall defy the officers of the county and if they want to arrest anybody they can arrest me." Mr. Gilbert then requested that he should be allowed to address the persons present, possibly a hundred in number, as to the purpose of his coming to Lakefield. He was allowed to do so, and, among other things, he said, "The United States has never before drafted its citizens into the Army." Judge Thoreson, who was presiding, corrected the speaker and drew his attention to the fact that the citizens were drafted during the Civil War. Mr. Gilbert, however, allowed his statement to stand.

He then made an appeal to a large number of citizens who had come into the room not to pay any attention to the officers of the county, but to go with him for the purpose of holding a meeting. Accompanied by a large number of men, Mr. Gilbert left the hall and proceeded to Sand Kamp's Livery Barn, and there delivered a very impassioned and very disloyal speech, in which, among other things, he said:

All these young men in North Dakota and Minnesota ought to be left on the farms. . . . The boys shouldn't be taken into the army, they are better off where they are than in the trenches, five thousand miles away. . . . When the Government conscripted your boys, it didn't conscript wealth; if it had, we shouldn't have to have wheatless days, meatless days and heatless days. . . . You farmers are trying to produce more crops than ever before and you have had to subscribe to the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, and the Y. M. C. A., and on top of all that they now take your boys. . . . The Safety Commission, Judge Thoreson, and your other county officers

are a bunch of flag-wavers and shouters, they spell their patriotism to the farmers P-A-Y.

Before the speech was ended, the sheriff interfered, arrested Mr. Gilbert, and dispersed the crowd. This meeting and the disloyal things said by Gilbert at the meeting are the bases of prosecutions which are now pending against him in this county. After the arrest of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Townley, officers of the League tried to make it appear that the Federal Government fully endorsed its principles and that the League and its officers had the support of the President, as well as of other high officers in the Federal Government. To back up this claim an attempt was made to hold Non-Partisan League meetings in this county at which speakers furnished by the Committee on Public Information should speak.

We should have had little trouble with our foreign element had it not been for the disloyal work of the Townley organizers. Though many of the members of the National Non-Partisan League in this and other counties of the State were disloyal and pro-German, they were strengthened in their attitude by the speeches of Townley, La Follette, Gilbert, and hundreds of Non-Partisan League officers who went up and down the State preaching disloyalty and sedition, class hatred and social unrest.

If Mr. Creel really believes what he has stated in his article, he certainly was entirely duped by A. C. Townley. Mr. Creel, however, was in a position to obtain the facts if he so desired. We had no objection whatever to Mr. Creel's sending speakers into this county, but we did object seriously to the Federal Government sending speakers here under the auspices of a political organization whose every activity had been disloyal. Mr. Creel says that the opposition to the National Non-Partisan League was political in nature. This is absolutely false. There has been no time in the history of this county when political differences were so completely wiped out. All loyal men of this county, irrespective of their party affiliations, were greatly aroused by the disloyal activities of Townley and his organizers.

After this programme of disloyalty had been carried out in Jackson County for some months, a hundred men were summoned by the local draft board for service. Out of the hundred, eighty-five rushed from the rooms of the medical examiners to the local board and claimed exemption. There is no doubt that this attitude was occasioned very largely by the seditious and disloyal doctrine preached in this county by officers and organizers of the Non-Partisan League.

E. H. NICHOLAS

County Attorney, Jackson County, Minn.

Correspondence

“What Would France With Us?”

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

“*Lafayette, nous voilà!*”

Imperishable phrase—its validity attested by victorious American youth. Sanctified with the holiest human sacrifices, it belongs with the laconicisms of historical literature.

Yet will it—though engraved on brass—resist the corrosive acid of the Comic Spirit? Was Irony—the Gallic imp of letters—whispering in the ear of the soldier who uttered it?

Had some one put that question a brief month ago, we should have shouted, “Treason!” Were we not one with France? After an amazing myopia, had not our eyes been opened? Did we not perceive the flame, did not our dull ears detect the meaning in the music of the Marseillaise?

Undoubtedly! Observe the mercurial American: Behold libations! Lo and behold, loving cups; Hell Gate to the Golden Horn spouting with spontaneous emotions. A long-suppressed desire, a Freudian dream actualized and liberated in tokens, cries, and carnivals. Our Goddess, frantic for French fashions, exchanges her crown for the tri-colored cap.

Frankly, I watched with misgivings this orgy of enthusiasm. An American whose forebears were French, had I not mentally made note of our limitless capacity for reaction? Did we not all but deify a Dewey only to dethrone him? Had we not—? Attend!

In a New York club, whose mentor is Minerva, the thing occurred. For weeks the world's slain serpent, waiting sundown, had been wriggling with his woes. We heard the expiring hiss: Our Allies were at odds. France frowned at Wilson. French profiteers “bled” the American soldier. The “American” Mr. Hearst—booted by public opinion, hid by a buxom Britannia—thus spat, from Los Angeles, at France: “An American soldier can not take ten steps in the streets of Paris without being insulted by the crowd.” Thus, on a Sunday in Manhattan, removed his slouch hat in prayer meeting: “France is making \$75,000,000 a month out of the American occupation. . . . The only idea is to exploit the Americans.”

But in this New York club! Ready with applause for a woman lately in that devastated land, they waited for the word that might refresh them for laboring anew—for sustaining at least those Americans still toiling at reconstruction. They waited, and they heard: “France no longer needs us. Her

shopkeepers have been at work. She has taken toll from our army. Withhold all further help, and she will recover; continue to aid her, and we pauperize a nation.”

So, in substance, spoke the lady: a distinguished lady. An intellectual leader, in the front rank of her profession. She had gone, labored, observed, given—and returned to tell them this.

What did it mean? Kid gloves politely smothered gasps. Uplifted eyebrows automatically responded to long-imposed restraint. The lady was their guest. *Toujours la politesse!* France, you would receive them *socially!*

With infinite patience, Frenchmen had explained their own sufferings inflicted by these same profiteers. From our warm-hearted West came tales of shopkeepers grasping—not so much the hand as the dime of heroes home from war. . . . But the club guest was speaking again:

“France is her old self once more. She is as she was before the war. The combat exalted her. We saw her then as she had not been before—as she will not be again. She was *exaltée*; now she is normal, as in 1913.”

No German propaganda this—yet something, alas! as subtle. What the lady said—what too many other ladies and gentlemen, alas! are saying, may but be the sequence of our twin defects. Ah, my fellow Americans—justly proud of your public schools, of your sociable Universities, of your freedom conferred by the Constitution to be free to go your ways: reading all editions, and meditating not at all—blame not, I implore you, the Movies and the extra Extras. Ere ever Mr. Chaplin fell plump into a pie; ere ever one Hearst was hoist with his own petard—you were, O next of kin, addicted to two drugs. Clinical reports by our doctors of mental hygiene damn you doubly:

1. You swallow much sentimentalism.
2. You take printed matter in overdoses. Mushy with the one, you lust to rear an idol over-night that you may lynch it with the dawn. Muddled with the other, you can not or will not learn to think clearly.

As to sentimentalism, it has caused more crimes than the name of Liberty. Was it imported here by aliens sticky with the treacle of Werther? That is another inquiry. What it is doing for the stage, what it has done for fiction, essays, art, is obvious enough. Sentimental, our sentiment is too often false; thinking thickly, we should sit at the feet of the French.

What to do else? Ask some psychologist—umpire for all our ills. And then, better still, ask *yourself*. Meditate. With Bolshevism, it may be, lurking in your best friend's back parlor—reforming human nature while you wait; with everyone, from editor to errand boy,

competent to settle offhand the affairs of a wobbling world, better, we say, get into a quiet corner and pray a bit. Or, if prayer be only for that proletariat once pronounced “the poor,” well, then, it is Walt Whitman's centenary. Your parlor radical thinks he knows his Walt Whitman, the revolutionary—who praised the virtues of good Queen Victoria; who counseled that so long as there were anarchists, we needed the police. But your Whitman democrat does not know this: from Whitman he deduces welter; from Camerado, the chaos of Bolshevik brotherhood—originally introduced by Cain.

So, after all, suppose you try to pray. Then you might ask yourself: Would it perhaps be wisdom's part first to understand France before you admire her so; to realize that she can perhaps help us more—if only in the negligible arts, if only in the will to think—than we can as yet help her. That this is not unimportant I should like the space to prove—out of your own mouths. Scratching only the surface, there is left but a line to say:

“Avaunt, O Comic Spirit! Ironic Imp, *erump!*” Then we without uniform who also served in that we “stood and waited” may yet be educated to announce—without sentimentalism, having thought it over: “*Lafayette, nous voilà!*”

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED
New York, May 30

Poetry

Cain

And the Lord set a mark upon Cain,
lest any finding him should kill him.

CAN ye not make an end? The waiting
world

Grows restive o'er the terms that lawyers use.

Have ye no case, when multitudes have
hurled

Upon his guilty head their great
j'accuse?

What holds your hands? Do ye, perchance, debate

Of punishments—of exile or of death?
What lone sea-rock would be commensurate

In horror with a mother's drowning
breath?

Let him live on! Already hath been
passed

A sentence to which human tribunes
bow.

Let him live on—expatriate, outcast,
Bearing the mark of Cain upon his
brow!

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

Book Reviews

A New Liberalism

THE GREAT ALTERNATIVE. By Leonard J. Reid. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

A NEW liberalism or—chaos; this is what the author of this work means by the great alternative. Somehow or other there has got to be a better distribution of wealth and an infinitely wider range of opportunity for the masses of the people. If it does not come through wise leadership supported by enlightened voting power, it will come by the pressure of civil commotion, riot and perhaps civil war. This is written with particular reference to Great Britain, but if Mr. Reid has an informing word to utter on the subject he will find an eager audience in America.

Such a word he has, despite the shortcomings which minds of different types will discover in his work. His unbounded faith in the political and economic wisdom of President Wilson will not be shared by all his readers, and some of them will undoubtedly find in his remarks too much of the library and too little of the market place. With every allowance, however, there is here an exceptional amount of common sense, the one thing of which the world has greatest need to-day.

This is apparent in the chapter urging a better distribution of wealth. Much that is said will impress the cold and calculating economist, however just and generous, as verging on the sentimental. Yet in the following we have a declaration that easily covers a multitude of sins: "The first great step towards making a better distribution of wealth possible is to increase wealth, and the only royal road to the increase of wealth is by the increase of production. That is the great truth that we have to bear in mind." It is, indeed, and it is possibly a truth more effectually inculcated in terms tinged with emotionalism than in the soundest words of the classical economist.

The war has imposed an enormous debt on Great Britain, entailing most burdensome taxation. Labor sees this and the cry has gone up for a "conscription of wealth," or a "capital levy," to pay off the national debt. Capitalists are, of course, opposed to such a programme, and so is our author on a magnified scale. He appears, however, to be something of an opportunist, for, while holding that anything like a £5,000,000,000 or £6,000,000,000 levy would be little short of mere economic moonshine, he says: "Some form of capital levy, undertaken with the consent of the richer classes, would stand out before the world as a spectacular act,

a striking exhibition of the realization of the calls of patriotism and responsibility. Such a policy would blunt the swords of the wild men of the socialist extremists. It might even afford the only escape from the dilemma of revolution or repudiation."

Mr. Reid is confined in no pent-up Utica, and we can not in these remarks accompany him in all his journeys. Yet we can not refrain from citing a few of his observations. In discussing Liberty and the State, he says: "I can not see how in a general way we can, if we believe in individual freedom, logically deny the 'right to get drunk.' We condemn drunkenness morally, but can we allow the right of the State to dictate to us what our morals shall be?" National sobriety is a high aim of all right thinking people. But to take coercive means, to try to make the nation clean by legislation which incidentally will interfere with the perfectly legitimate and reasonable consumption of a large part of the population is, he contends, the wrong way of aiming at the desired goal.

With all his sympathy with labor, we find him saying that any attempt by the state to enforce agreement between capital and labor would be as futile and disastrous as an attempt to dictate to the people of another nation the form of constitution under which they must live. The events of the war period do not impress him as pointing to the superiority of governmental control of industry. On the subject of Industrial Self-Government he asks, "Have you no faith in human nature?" The essence of democracy, he adds, is faith in the prevalence of general good sense in the majority, provided hasty decisions are eliminated. Again, to insist upon good management of old and new house property and upon adequate comfort and modernity in new construction; to provide reasonable security of tenure and safeguards against exorbitant rent charges—these must be the guiding lines of the attitude of the new liberalism, which on the other hand will not tolerate spoliation of the landlord. The war has strengthened immeasurably his faith in free trade. He pleads for more efficient education, and declares that it is the rational course to consider education, first of all, as affecting trade and commerce and the "earning of living." In superintending education the state should superintend health, including pre-natal health.

The right of labor to share in the management of industry being conceded, it is a short and logical step to the acknowledgment of labor's claim to a right to share in the profits; that is, over and above wages. Mr. Reid is hardly as successful in dealing with this subject as with some of his others. He quotes certain well-known industrialists in sup-

port of his contention. Lord Leverhulme, who is perhaps better known as Sir William Lever, of Port Sunlight, is reported as saying that every reduction of hours that has been made since the Earl of Shaftesbury began his agitation for reduced hours has been accompanied by a reduced cost of production. That we may accept, as we may also the assertion that this reduced cost has been due to the greater employment of machinery and mechanical utilities. But we are at a loss to know what to make of the statement that "it has been estimated that capital invested in machinery is accountable, apart from the cost of raw materials, for more than 90 per cent. of the cost of production, and human labor engaged in the active process of production for less than 10 per cent. of the total cost."

This is meaningless when tested by the experience of this country. We have before us as we write, for example, the cost sheet of a mining company in Illinois, which shows the total cost of mining a certain quantity of coal as \$1,700,000, the human labor cost being about \$1,100,000. A discrepancy of this sort is regrettable; it impairs the value of a work which for many reasons is entitled to exceptionally high commendation.

Tin Soldiers and Paper Dolls

THE TIN SOLDIER. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

THE CITY OF COMRADES. By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers.

VICTORIOUS. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"THE TIN SOLDIER" has been among the most popular novels of the past few months. Perusal thereof will confirm, alas, the worst suspicions of the observer who has had reason to be skeptical of such phenomena in the past. "The Tin Soldier" is a book of vulgar conventions such as in our crowded places, the church, the theatre, the "forum," the press, are wont, from year to year and age to age, to be mechanically thumbed over, and recognized with a kind of dull comfort, without ever exacting the inconvenience of examination. The plot is based upon the most mawkish of absurdities, the sacrifice of living things, including common sense, to the keeping of a foolish promise to the dead. The young gentleman in the story whom we are to accept as hero (and this is the kind of yarns that must have one of those well-groomed and well-lighted gentry) has promised his dying mother that he will "never leave" his drunken but aristocratic father. Therefore, when the war breaks out, and every instinct and muscle of him longs to be off to the front, he is obliged to lop about in melancholy attitudes while everybody calls him a

tin soldier, *anglice*, slacker. He is mute, even with the girl of his heart, since honor, which compels him to stay at home as not over-successful watch-dog over the naughty old father, compels him also to another famous occupation of romantic heroes, namely, suffering in silence. This situation gives room for no end of artificial cross-purpose and submersible sentiment. Ere the end Derry is permitted to feel himself absolved of his vow, the old General his father is reformed, and the lovers are wed shortly before, by inches and watering his path with our proud and gentle tears, we speed Derry on his way overseas. It is right and noble of him to go. But oh, dear, what if he should get hurt?

All this, you say, is a very old-fashioned and feminine kind of thing. So it is; and yet in the current novel it is by no means solely a product of feminine hands. Here are the latest performances of two popular male romancers. They attempt something in the way of serious interpretation of our time, contain a good deal of realistic detail, as well as of preaching and direct commentary; but as stories they are frankly lashed to the wooden mast of romantic convention. Mr. King has his idea of the "Down and Outs" and their mutually regenerative functions; he has his ideas about the war, and America's part in it, and its influence on the future. He is one of those who believe that something radical has happened, that this particular war, by reason of its scale, has actually changed human nature: "Since we have thrown off our mental shackles in great moments, we shall see that we can do the same in small, and, having emerged on a higher plane, we shall stay there. Staying there, we shall doubtless go on in time to a higher plane still—a plane on which the mighty works that are now wrought in war will become feasible in peace." And so on: our author's eloquence now and then seems to be running its own show, in the manner of a pulpitier who prides himself upon being nothing if not human, and is not too proud to babble on occasion. But when, as always with this writer, we detach the story-teller from the keen observer and too fluent dogmatist, we find him about a very simple business. The younger son of a titled Canadian drinks himself into the gutter. He breaks into the house of some people in New York to whom he has held unrepresented letters of introduction, and nearly gets away with the jewels of the (beautiful) daughter of the family. But the girl confronts him, forgives him (because she sees that he has been a gentleman) and he withdraws without the jewels but with her casual blessing. Love at sight for him: now he has something to live for, and with the aid of the Down and Outs he is presently moving, as "a rising young

architect" in the lady's own circle. She must never know: whenever he thinks of the possibility, the vision of a revolver he keeps in a certain drawer comes to him pleasantly. They have arrived at an unspoken "understanding" when his sense of honor compels him to tell her the truth. She is not unnaturally annoyed for the moment, since he has represented her ideal of the perfect knight—no, "thoroughbred." He, while realizing his unworthiness, is greatly put out by her failure to forgive him offhand. He thinks of the revolver, and he thinks more favorably of drinking himself to death. But the faithful "buddy" of his gutter days steps in. Then the war handily arrives, and it is our hero to the front, followed, according to all the rules, by our heroine; and after a somewhat laboriously prolonged course of misunderstandings and coincidences, backings and fillings, we are almost permitted to see them go to the altar together and have it over. But there is the war, and their work that must be done; so that we do actually leave them still fiddling with the idea of marriage, after all we have been through with them. Does anybody get the impression that this pair are unreal? By no means: they are a real hero and a real heroine, going faithfully about the business to which the god of romance has called them.

The author of "Victorious" does one brave and, for his purposes, foolish thing. His Andy and Sylvia are put through virtually the same paces of cross-purpose and purblind fumbling with the obvious, that our other romantic pairs have been condemned to. But there are three ways of ending matters. The author of "The Tin Soldier" has not the heart to grudge us the spectacle of the young lovers wedded for a few days before the youth is off to war. In "The City of Comrades," as we have seen, love is put off till duty shall be done, the inference being that it will not be put off forever in this world. But the pair in "Victorious," after coming to the same noble abnegatory understanding, part to meet no more. Andy is permitted rather more than his probable toll of Huns, but is then brutally and treacherously slain by the romancer. There is our story. What else is in the book (and the else, after all, takes up most of it) is a thorough-going demonstration of the fact that our Government muddled things horribly during our first year in the war, that the censorship nearly lost the war for us and the world, and that it was won by a hairsbreadth through the efforts, against all odds, of our war correspondents, of whom Mr. Kauffman seems to have been one. However, he wishes it understood that matters have come out pretty well in the end; and is even at pains to convert his villainous lieutenant-censor and his venal

air-plane magnate, at Andy's death-bed. Patches of realism, thickets of controversy, and a harmless little tale of conventional sentiment running happily through them. But it wasn't right to kill off Andy.

H. W. BOYNTON

Landmarks of Americanism

THE WORLD WAR AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.
By William Herbert Hobbs. With an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PROFESSOR HOBBS delivered a course of lectures on Patriotism before the University of Pittsburgh last summer which with some additions, including a most valuable series of references to current history, form the substance of this volume. Not unnaturally did Mr. Roosevelt commend it as the one book above all others that he would wish the public to read at this time; for its spirit is exactly that of which Mr. Roosevelt was the chief exemplar.

It is a sturdy patriotism that Professor Hobbs preaches. He not only shares the views of preparedness, of America's relations to the war and to the peace and of the threatening dangers to our own liberties so often expressed by Mr. Roosevelt, but he also shows much of his hard-hitting fearlessness and his instinct for the essentials of a situation. Professor Hobbs makes no pretense of philosophic detachment. He evidently desires to be impartial, but is far removed from neutrality on any point at issue. With burning indignation he reviews Germany's attack on civilization and with scarcely less heat America's response to that attack. Leaving aside military operations and making no attempt at a diplomatic and political history of the war, he dissects out from the overwhelming mass of records the materials for a vivid and generally true picture of Germany and ourselves. His Germany shows a unity of policy from Frederick the Great to William II, a policy of violence and broken faith, of cynical oppression and tyrannical repression. As we review the story, we can only marvel at the blindness with which the English-speaking world followed the hero-worship of Carlyle in admiration of the false Frederick, hailed as noble statesmanship the baseness and brutality of Bismarck, and dwelt in a fool's paradise while the German military power with unconcealed truculence prepared for its subjugation.

The author makes clear the deliberation with which Germany forced the war and reveals the springs of policy actuating her. That policy neither ignored America as an ultimate enemy in Berlin's ambitious plans for world conquest, nor failed of elaborate preparation to undermine our patriotism. Professor

Hobbs's analysis of German propaganda and intrigue against this country, long antedating the war, is of great interest and value. The ingenuity with which philosophy, religion, and sentimental aspiration were used to mask thoroughly hostile operations should be remembered by a people peculiarly subject, as we are, to enthusiasm for phrase-making. Doubtless this propaganda had much to do with America's two years of confusion about its duty in the war, but failure of official leadership had more to do with it. It is frequently said that sentiment in the United States was not ripe for making the world safe for democracy before the President formulated that rallying cry. If so, it was chiefly because every natural moral impulse had been repressed and every simple issue confused by authority. The people had been told to be neutral in thought about the rape of Belgium, to be too proud to fight over the murder of their wives and children on the Lusitania, to feel that with the causes and objects of the war we were not concerned. They were asked to reelect the President on the ground that he had kept us out of war, and after that, within only a few weeks of our declaration of war, in the face of the greatest moral issue of modern times, when every element for a moral judgment was plainly in sight, they were asked to support a peace without victory between right and wrong. No wonder citizens were confused and listened to pacifists when they were suddenly called on to reverse every idea of the war, of our duty to the Allies, and of our own military policy that had been preached from Washington from the beginning of the struggle.

In dealing with the Administration Professor Hobbs is restrained in language, but severe almost to cruelty in the pitiless marshalling of the record. Less restrained is his characterization of others who seem to him to have been blind leaders, or teachers of false standards of patriotism. He speaks with wholesome candor about individuals and tendencies in our national life, and in striving for the concreteness of expression necessary for the platform he often turns to epithet. Sometimes he overshoots the mark. For example, to call Horace Greeley "one of the most influential of the Copperheads" is grotesquely to misuse that term. Greeley, for all his petulance and vagaries, was one of the most loyal and devoted lovers of the Union and had nothing in common with the Confederacy's Northern sympathizers and abettors, like Vallandigham, to whom the name Copperhead belongs. The statement immediately following, that Greeley edited "the great exponent of public opinion in the North," amounts in itself to a refutation of the epithet—unless the Northern people along with

their great exponent of public opinion were themselves Copperheads.

Much that Professor Hobbs says on peace terms and in favor of an alliance making a balance of power in preference to a general league of nations becomes academic in face of the actual work of the Peace Conference. The lesson on American patriotism that he draws from the war is, however, of continuing and vital importance. He sees a country in danger of forgetting its priceless heritage of individual rights, which power, whether of a monarch or a majority, may not invade, and committing itself to intolerant and meddling bureaucracy, which confounds loyalty to the nation with subserviency to administration. Notwithstanding his indignation over the opportunities given to pacifists and German intrigues here, he is concerned lest the spirit of loyalty may be misdirected to the fostering of personal government. The meaning of free speech, free press, representative government, protection from arbitrary exactions, and the reign of equal laws does not reveal itself untaught, and unfortunately many natives, as well as immigrants without traditions of these inalienable rights, learn nothing of their value, or their cost. The landmarks of the American inheritance are, Professor Hobbs rightly believes, worth searching out and guarding while we are seeking to spread free government throughout the world.

Pax Japonica

THE MASTERY OF THE FAR EAST. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN assuming as a basis for his interpretation of Eastern affairs, the supreme strategic importance to Japan of the Korean Peninsula, Mr. Brown takes the position so ably expounded for nearly twenty years by such keen observers as Putnam Weale and others of his mind. His method is first to "describe the country and people, and then discuss the struggle between China and Japan for the possession of Korea, and its culmination in the China-Japan War; the diplomatic and military struggle between Russia and Japan for the coveted prize, and its culmination in the Russia-Japan War; the supremacy in the Far East that Japan won by her victory in that memorable conflict; the policies and methods of Japan in governing a subject people; the characteristics of Japan as the Imperial Power in Asia and a world-power of the first magnitude; and the place and influence of Christian missions as one of the most potent of the enlightening and reconstructive forces which are operating in the Far East and which hold the promise of a better world order." But the significance of Korea's

position—a tongue of land jutting out from the continent to within 120 miles of Japan proper—is lost amidst the detailed description of rivers, towns, and mountains; only inferentially does one see why the Korean Peninsula became a highway of empire through which Genghiz Khan swept on his invasion of Japan, and which Japan, since 1894, has constantly used in the effort to penetrate to the heart of East Asia.

This lack of perspective extends to the political events unfolded in the period culminating in the annexation of Korea by Japan in 1910. The familiar story of China's relations with Japan, which precipitated the Chino-Japanese War in 1894, and the Russo-Japanese struggle in the ensuing decade, which hinged on the control of Korea, is rechronicled; but the high lights touched on are not new, nor are the historical judgments profound. For instance, in the discussion of Mr. Knox's scheme for the neutralization of railways in China we find dismissed as "a beautiful mirage" (p. 215) what is to-day pressed by the leading exponents of Chinese politics as the only solution for China's difficulties which duly recognizes the vested interests of the Powers and at the same time saves China from virtual partition. Mr. Knox's proposal also embraced concessions involving communications in China, something overlooked in this book and in other criticisms of Knox's diplomacy. Finally, it is not "all the more amazing that he should have allowed it to become public before he had confidentially ascertained the attitude of the Powers concerned." Those conversant with this chapter in American diplomacy know that Mr. Knox was the victim of much the same sort of premature announcement from which Secretary of State Lansing recently suffered in the case of the Ishii-Lansing Agreement.

In any discussion of the Japanese Empire's place in the world, it would seem that the economic structure on which its military power rests should be examined with relation to its strategic implications. Japan's effectiveness as a world Power turns on her ability to back up her military machine. But this is dismissed with the statement that "Japan realizes that its material resources are greatly inferior to those of other first-class Powers, and that the position and ambitions of the nation require wealth as well as an army and navy" (p. 274). Though Japanese statesmen know this, it appears that those men who at infrequent intervals turn from European realities to Oriental possibilities are not yet equally sure of it.

"However reassuring the public language of diplomacy may be," declares Dr. Brown in turning to Chinese complications, "any one who acts on the assumption that the Japanese do not

possess an ascendancy in Chinese matters which they intend to maintain is likely to have a rude awakening." Yet, as he demonstrates, Japan is using this assumed paramountcy to China's ruin; and he is rightly suspicious of China's prospects (p. 437). But the solution presented is startling:

Meantime, we can only urge Japan to be just and fair to a sister people in a trying period of transition and readjustment, and to refrain from taking advantage of proximity and superior power. . . . It would be well also if other nations would be careful to refrain from acts and policies which might intensify an already tense and somewhat inflammable state of mind in this part of the world, and which might strengthen the feeling of the Japanese that they must aggressively push their interests in self-protection (p. 446).

In other words, we must not advise Chinese factions to compose their differences, must not support China's claim to her own territory in Shantung, must not propose the cancelling of railroad concessions, must not protest infringements of our prior rights by recent Chino-Japanese contracts—for, though we are doing all these things, they are undoubtedly arousing the bitter hostility of the Japanese statesmen of the old school who see their handicraft in Asia threatened.

Reverting, however, to the problem of Korea, we find a measured survey of Japan's stewardship. The petty and the serious aspects of mal-administration are balanced against the undisputed material benefits conferred on the Korean people under Japanese domination. Korea is a touchstone of Japanese purposes and methods. Under present hands, the policy of denationalization initiated by Prince Ito's military successors explains why Japan could not do in Korea what the United States has accomplished in the Philippines. Japan came into Korea with the accumulated dislike of centuries for its people, and embarked on a policy of political disintegration which made certain the hostility of the Koreans. The character of the present uprising of the Koreans and the Japanese methods of repression show how far Japan's militant bureaucracy is from understanding the proper control of backward races.

When dealing with spiritual factors Dr. Brown gives the impression of speaking authoritatively; "spiritually regenerated Japan would mean much for the Far East and for the whole world." The political point of view, usually overstressed, is supplemented by this admirable survey of the religious quickening in which lies the hope of a unification of East and West. In this connection, the discussion of Japan's moral responsibility for debauching the Korean and Chinese peoples by the systematic trafficking in illicit drugs and the social evil

forms a serious indictment which has not been quashed.

Two actual misstatements may be referred to briefly. It is said that Princess Nashimoto was married on January 21 of this year to Yi, the ex-Crown Prince of Korea. This marriage, we are informed authoritatively from Japanese sources, has been postponed for one year on account of the death of the ex-Emperor of Korea.

A serious misstatement occurs in the following passage: ". . . If I were a Japanese I should feel that my country's claim to eastern Siberia and northern Manchuria was stronger than the claim of any Western nation. Russia has no title to these regions except that she took them under extorted treaties because she felt she needed them in the interests of national expansion" (p. 465). Russia's claim to predominance in North Manchuria, we recognize, is diplomatically not better than Japan's occupancy of South Manchuria. But to lump Eastern Siberia with Manchuria is flying in the face of facts of history. The treaties entered into between China and Russia embraced the region north of the Amur, a country which was peopled by tribes owing a divided allegiance of the most nominal sort and which the Chinese and Russian Empires both strove to control. Russia made good her claim because she colonized it effectively at the critical time; and Russia's possession of the Maritime Province was confirmed by arrangements with China in the middle of the nineteenth century because of this actual occupation. Siberia has been made an integral part of Russia in exactly the same way that the United States occupied the trans-Mississippi region and the Pacific Coast. Japan has neither racial nor historical claim to a foot of the continent of East Asia.

The Run of the Shelves

THERE have been many pilgrims to Palestine, from Sir John Mandeville, who didn't go at all, to Mark Twain, who journeyed thither from Missouri. But the two prime requisites of pilgrimage, that it be undertaken in a spirit of reverence and on foot, have seldom been more fully met than by President John Finley, of the University of the State of New York. Ostensibly a colonel in the American Red Cross he was quite right in calling himself and his book "A Pilgrim in Palestine" (Scribner). For this reason no one should quarrel with him for being sentimental; sentiment is the mother of pilgrimages. And if a pilgrim shall not be allowed to hang up a little tablet of verses at the shrine of his adoration, if he shall not have the right to think of—or to look up—every his-

torical association that clings to the places he visits, why go on a pilgrimage? President Finley exercises such privileges to the full, but his book is saved from being a rather thin mixture of archæology and rhapsody by reason of the striking military operations—the British liberation of Palestine, including the real battle of Armageddon,—of which he was a fortunate observer. His pedestrian feats are little short of amazing. He walked, doing sometimes sixty miles in twenty-two hours on end, from Dan to Beersheba—in reverse direction.

The large advance orders for "The Story of the Rainbow Division," by Raymond Tompkins, to be published this summer by Boni and Liveright, may be taken as an indication that readers, having got the atmosphere of the Great War from many records of personal experience, are now ready for more extended and connected historical narrative. The exploits of the Rainbow Division afford a striking opportunity to open this larger view. Major General Menoher, in command of the Division, writes the introduction.

Mr. Norman Angell observes, in "The British Revolution and American Democracy" (Huebsch), that "the real question which presents itself to western civilization on the morrow of its victory over the Central Empires is not the future of Prussian militarism or even of political democracy. It is the future of the institution of private property and the degree and kind of industrial democracy which we intend in future to permit." There is a good deal of truth in this remark—as he proceeds to demonstrate by a description of the demands of the British Labor Party. The war debts of the European belligerents and the taxation which these debts will require raise the whole question in an acute form, and it is to be remembered that it will be settled by agencies vastly more "democratic" than have ever before conducted *post-bellum* readjustments. Mr. Angell believes that the adventure of establishing a new social order of an economically egalitarian kind is likely to appeal to men who have risked all in the great adventure of war. He insists that the war has shown the way; all that is now necessary is that the people shall have the will. It is a case for applied pragmatism. And for the generation of that will he mainly relies on the "heretic" and his influence upon the "mass," or the "common folk."

What Mr. Angell thinks is needed is that the "premises of learned folk" concerning property shall be put to question by the "common folk," aided by the effort of the "heretic"—for which efforts there should be guaranteed complete freedom. He must be allowed to put

"fundamental questions concerning institutions like that of private property and the relation of social freedom thereto; we must ask why, if it is rightly demanded of the citizen that his life shall be forfeit to the safety of the state his surplus money and property shall not be forfeit to its welfare." Mr. Angell fears that there is a tendency to suppress such "heresies" as dangerous and he considers the removal of this tend-

ency absolutely necessary to progress. By all means let us have talk—plenty of it! No sensible man will ever hesitate to accept any proposal to "talk things out"—even though he may question Mr. Angell's theory of the infallibility of the "common folk" on all matters. But would the Bolsheviki accept this principle? Would the "common folk" accept it? Or is it only good on one side?

plea for social and political revolution. In Kingsley's work they carried no such suggestion. The revolution that he desired was a moral and religious one. The solution of the most vexing social problems lay in the acceptance of Christ's doctrines of brotherly love and mutual consideration. Modern reformers would consider such a programme as vague to the point of futility. Christian socialism, to be sure, had none of the precision and definiteness to be found in the articles of the great Charter, which seemed to open a sure road to human freedom. Yet we now realize that this comprehensive legislative programme would have had almost no ameliorating effect on the economic abuses which it sought to correct. Is it not possible that our soviets and communisms may seem to some future day as pathetically irrelevant to actual social improvement as the Charter does now? If so, we shall then treat with decidedly more respect Kingsley's belief that human happiness depends primarily, not on forms of social organization, but upon the spirit which animates all human relationships.

Charles Kingsley: A Centenary Notice

THOUGH Charles Kingsley was born a hundred years ago, our times are singularly like those which loosed his native vehemence and made it partially articulate in pamphlet and novel. The social unrest of which Chartism was a kind of irrelevant expression is not unlike that of our own day. The turmoil in Kingsley's world made of his art a vehicle for excited social comment and moral exhortation. Similar conditions to-day have given contemporary novels of this sort a sanction and a popularity like that won years ago by "Yeast" and "Alton Locke."

Popular fiction of the present is wont to take the form of thinly veiled propaganda. The vogue of Barbusse's "Under Fire" is due, not to its story, but to its exhibition of the brutalities of modern warfare. We are patient with the artistic crudeness of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" because we see in it a dramatic confirmation of our present notions of German character and German methods of waging war. And Mr. H. G. Wells enlists our immediate approval by merely setting his characters afloat upon a stream of conversation on current topics.

Kingsley's novels are just this familiar sort of discussion of contemporary concerns. He believed that therein lay their chief merit. His fiction was not mere art; it was an instrument of social improvement—an echo of the voice of God. His "artistic knack of utterance" was the gift of the Lord. And that he might constantly realize that it was to be used in His service, God had made His word like fire within his bones, giving him no peace till he had spoken out. Such is Kingsley's own description of the social responsibilities of his art.

He told his pupil, John Martineau, that it was the sight of the Bristol riots of 1832 that made him a radical. This spirit was doubtless kept aflame during his formative years by the decade of Chartist agitation from May 3, 1838, when the People's Charter was published, to its culmination in threatened revolution on April 10, 1848. During these fateful years he expected that great and terrible social convulsions would occur

in England. Consequently, he believed that the most important question for the nation was the condition, physical and mental, of the working classes in both town and country. Against the starvation wages, the filthy dwellings, the stifling workshops, and the foul alleys in which the poor lived he could, without instruction, hurl his indignation and his wrath. However, it is doubtful if he would have known into what moulds to pour his ardent sympathy, if he had not become acquainted with the philosophy of Frederick D. Maurice.

Maurice's religious achievement was his discovery in Christian theology of a Divine mandate for social reform. God, he taught, has a plan for the world and human civilization. There, is, therefore, a Christian ideal for society and a best social order towards which God desires the world gradually to move. To turn Chartism from destructive courses and to substitute Christian idealism for superstitious belief in a piece of political mechanism, Maurice and his friends organized the movement known as Christian Socialism. The adoption of this term was a direct challenge to the unsocial Christians and un-Christian socialists of the day. This organization offered scope and provided direction for Kingsley's belligerent activity. It showed him how, by fighting social abuses, he could perform one of the most urgent duties of a priest of God. In his "Letters of Parson Lot," contributed to the Christian Socialists organ, *Politics for the People*, which ran from May to July, 1848, all the force and fire of Kingsley's soul first found expression. It burned with greater intensity in his pamphlet, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," written to expose the horrors of the sweat-shop system.

These articles were considered at the time to be dangerously radical. Such statements as the following sound so even now: "The Bible says at once that 'he that will not work, neither shall he eat' and as the Bible speaks to rich as well as poor, so is that speech meant for the idle rich as well as for the idle poor." Such phrases in the mouth of a modern reformer would be a preface to a

The pamphleteering of these years, 1848-1849, profoundly affected the nature of all Kingsley's subsequent works. They were composed in the same spirit of lashing indignation and journalistic immediacy. As Charles Reade said of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," they were written with red blood and biceps muscle. His first two novels, "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," were dashed off while he was under the influence of Chartist excitement. Their reformatory intention is almost as obvious as that of "Cheap Clothes and Nasty." The characters are seldom given leisure to be themselves. Kingsley once said that an author must make his characters talk about all manner of irrelevant things as people do in life; but that "the general tone shall be such as never to make the reader forget the main purpose of the book." This is an excellent formula for a didactic novel, but Kingsley did not follow it. The irrelevancies which he permitted his characters are stiff and very brief precludes to the presentation of the main moral ideas. Lancelot and Claude Mellot sit down beside each other on a log athwart a stream. Before they are fairly met, we hear Lancelot informing his interlocutor that "prudish Manichæism always ends in sheer prudery." Lancelot, on meeting the game-keeper Tregarva, remarks, naturally enough, "Beautiful stream this," and in a moment he is asked, "Are men likely to be healthy when they are worse housed than a pig?" Thus do his characters become preachers before they have developed any clear personality. If the reader can be caught by the briefest concession to art, Kingsley is satisfied. He can then go about

his Father's business. For this reason the moral expositors in these books—Tregarva in "Yeast," and Sandy Mackay in "Alton Locke," are the most successful characters. It is of the essence of their natures to show violent anger at the horrible conditions in teeming city alleys and foul country hovels. Their sermons adequately characterize them.

As constructed wholes, the novels lack unity, largely because Kingsley did not know how to change the conditions which he holds up to our loathing. The spirit which was to usher in the new age was as amorphous as Shelley's Demogorgon. Men's hearts were to be changed through the sudden realization of the truth of the Scripture. Kingsley doubtless showed wisdom in realizing that vast social injustices can be cured by new forms of social organization only if they are animated by a fundamentally new social spirit. Yet this indefiniteness in his programme led to a corresponding indefiniteness in the goal of his narratives. They lead to places almost as near the shores of Avalon as the lonely wrecks of Paradise to which Shelley sailed so many times with his heart's sister.

"Hypatia" and "Westward Ho" did not emanate so directly from the spirit of revolutionary excitement. Less hurried and less heated than the novels of storm and stress, they are usually considered much greater works of art. That is an opinion which I can not share. Kingsley's divided allegiance is no less apparent in them. He says, himself, that in them he is fighting new foes with an old face. He might better have said old foes in new masks—masks which obscure the real enemies and make direct portraiture impossible. Only those who hold that a tropical jungle or a street-scene in Alexandria necessarily enlists more artistic skill than a waste of alleys in London will prefer these novels. Readers who are emancipated from these limited ideas of beauty will miss the tang of reality which it is the artist's business to communicate.

To be sure, Kingsley's bravura is in harmony with the dashing spirit of the Elizabethan adventurers and sea-rovers who stride through "Westward Ho." His Richard Grenville doubtless deserves some of the admiration that has been bestowed upon him, and the whole book readily enlists the enthusiasm of boys. To those, however, who have known the Elizabethan age from a nearer view, much of Kingsley's picture seems distorted. Amyas Leigh and his crew are a band of muscular Christians animated by mid-Victorian moral ideas. Witness the hysterical anxiety of everyone to discover whether Rose Salterne has been married to Don Guzman or not. The good ship Rose sets forth on her voyage of incredible hardships largely

that this awful question may be answered. Eustace Leigh is "taught the science of villany on the motive of superstition" to aid Kingsley in stemming the neo-Catholic drift to Rome. Often these Elizabethan heroes, enacting the drama of Kingsley's age, as he saw it, seem as unlike themselves as Falstaff in love. Set "Westward Ho" beside "The Cloister and the Hearth," a novel written by a fellow muscular Christian, who for the moment forgot his social duties and wrote pure romance, and it will seem the largely factitious thing that it is.

There remain his poems. Leslie Stephen says that Kingsley "was primarily a poet, or at least, a man swayed by his imagination and emotions." This moderate statement is undoubtedly true, but he wrote comparatively little poetry. The world did not need it so much as sound knowledge and sound morality; so he told his pupil, John Martineau. The preacher within Kingsley could be laid to sleep only on the comparatively rare occasions when he faced nature in holiday mood or recalled vividly youthful encounters with her. For this reason the purest poem that he ever wrote is a part of a lecture delivered on the prosaic subject of the drainage of the fens.

The lyrics are often bursts of intense feeling which just fail to be supreme art. He had a sense of form which came out in his drawing, a talent which he believed to be his strong faculty. "When I get into metre," he writes in 1852, "I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore." His short poems all show this sense for form. Unfortunately the bits of magic which they contain are usually strangely involved with commonplace sentiment. "Airly Beacon" ends "With his baby on my knee"; and "The Three Fishers," the most intense poem that he wrote, contains the line

And there's little to earn and many to keep.

It has been said that Kingsley's moments of sincere feeling in these lyrics were ill-sustained because of his unconscious desire to make them effective in a mid-nineteenth century drawing-room. Perhaps the most illuminating comment that can be made on these poems is that they are often perfectly wedded to the music of Ethelbert Nevin.

The truth is that only in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" does the whole nature of Kingsley find expression. There his strong power of artistic realization and his reforming zeal have been successfully fused. Elsewhere his pure feeling is diluted to suit conventional poetical gestures or perverted to fit characters in Alexandria of the fifth century or in Elizabethan Bideford. He was at his best when he followed most faithfully the advice which Sandy Mackaye gave to Alton Locke:

Which is maist to your business? thae

bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousands o' bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet? True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at home. If ye'll be a poet at a' ye maun be a cockney poet; and while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation and mourning and woe, for the sins o' your people.

In a recent number of the *Review*, Mr. Stuart P. Sherman has suggested that we are on the threshold of a new period of artistic endeavor. This he decides to call The Proletarian Millennium. He opines that the literature of such a time, preoccupied as it will be with economic interests, may be more humanistic than that of the Age of Biological Considerations from which we are just emerging. I venture to suggest that the character of such literature need not remain wholly problematic. Charles Kingsley wrote from the midst of an age that thought for a moment that it was on the way to a proletarian millennium. Labor then, as now, was afoot and Kingsley essayed to direct its march and to clear the path towards its goal. His work displays certain qualities that will probably inhere in all literature with the same preoccupations. Its limitations are the results of its exclusive interest, not in what man is, but in what he wants. Such a point of view is not conducive to veracity or fullness of artistic representations. The authors who regarded man as a specimen, at least kept him quiet enough to have a good look at him through the lenses of their microscopes, distorting though they may have been. If, like Kingsley, our socially and economically-minded artists of the future see man, not as he is, or even as he is in process of becoming, but behold him always on a forced march towards the satisfaction of his most elementary physical and economic needs, their art must have the essential characteristics of Kingsley's work.

Such a prospect is not a pleasant one for the humanist to contemplate. For he must become reconciled to the disappearance of well-tempered and well-rounded humanity and accord his welcome to the man whose faculties are all tense for a leap into the dark. He must learn to be satisfied with dissatisfaction, to expect from literature, not revelation, but conviction of economic sin. Finally, he must not hope to find in this art the repose which comes from emotional purgation. Instead, he must welcome a restless impulse to rush out to meet the future. Most disappointing of all, he must accept zeal and vaguely benevolent desires for human welfare as sufficient guarantees of the goal of his striving—the "one harmonious and truly human-life."

O. J. CAMPBELL

Dramatic Performances in London

IT is a far cry from the Five Towns to Bethulia, and Mr. Arnold Bennett, despite his prodigious literary agility, has not made the leap without misadventure. It was apparently Miss Lillah McCarthy who induced him to venture so far afield. She played Judith some years ago in a one-act handling of the theme by Mr. Sturge Moore, whereof I have vague but highly unpleasing recollections. It certainly was not adapted for presentation to the long-run public; but the actress seems to have taken a fancy to the heroine, and thought Mr. Bennett the man to popularize her. He may have succeeded in doing so; but he has certainly degraded her in the process.

I do not know whether the learned allow any historic authenticity to the Book of Judith; but whether it be historic or merely legendary, there is an unquestionable nobleness about it. Assassination, indeed, is scarcely approved by modern sentiment; but we must leave modern sentiment behind when we go back to the days of Nebuchadnezzar. No one pretended, in those days—at all events “east of Suez”—to observe any laws of war; and it would be affectation to profess ourselves shocked at the cutting off, in his drunken sleep, of a ruthless and reckless oriental conqueror. This granted, we can only admire the courage, the resourcefulness, and, above all, the dignity of the Hebrew heroine. It is her beauty, no doubt, that renders Holofernes so credulous of her not very plausible tale; but she uses no arts of seduction. She inspires the rude satrap with respect, and it is by that means that she obtains the freedom of movement which enables her to escape after the assassination. The Apocrypha, indeed, exempts her from the final sacrifice which she must have been prepared to face, by the rather naïve expedient of making Holofernes drink “much more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born”; but we feel this to be an artificial “happy ending.” The German poet, Friedrich Hebbel, is truer to the logic of the situation. His Judith, on her return to Bethulia, makes the Priests and Elders swear to grant her one wish—namely, that they will kill her should she demand it. Then she says to her handmaid—and these are the last words of the play—“Pray to God that my womb may be unfruitful. Perhaps He will be gracious to me.”

What Mr. Bennett does is to deprive the theme of all religious or moral elevation, the character of all dignity. His Judith greatly enjoys her adventure. She ogles, she wheedles, she “coos.” She plays the courtesan with evident relish,

and with a thoroughness which would repel Holofernes were he fastidious and arouse his suspicions were he astute. How far the author is responsible for the actress's costumes it would be hard to say; but there is certainly nothing in his text to discourage the “daring” approach to nudity achieved in what the stage-direction describes as Judith's “indoor attire.” Except for the infusion of triviality and sensuality, Mr. Bennett follows the text of the Apocrypha pretty closely; but he scorns the subterfuge of making Holofernes helplessly drunk. On the contrary, he carries the seduction scene up to, if not beyond, the utmost permissible limit, and then makes Judith produce a knife which she has secreted about her person, and as the stage-direction puts it, “kill him while she is still caressing.” The episode seemed to me quite revolting. For one thing, if the satrap's guards were so imbecile as not to search this Hebrew woman for concealed weapons, there is no reason why she should have carried the study in concupiscence so far as she did. She might have stabbed her victim at least five minutes earlier, with great advantage to public decency, if not to popular appeal. Both in the Apocrypha and in Hebbel's play, the point of the scene is that Judith has to possess herself of Holofernes's “fauchion” before she can behead him.

As if to degrade the theme as much as possible, Mr. Bennett makes Judith's maid Haggith parody her mistress's action, by ensnaring a thick-headed and loutish Assyrian soldier: not in order to kill him, however—only to henpeck him. A happy ending, too, is secured by letting Judith marry the Ammonite Achior; while a ballet appropriately welcomes her return to starving Bethulia. Finally, after the manner of Mr. Shaw in “Cæsar and Cleopatra,” Mr. Bennett enlivens ancient history with numerous topical allusions. An old man, for instance, on hearing that Holofernes has come up against Bethulia with 120,000 foot and 12,000 horse, remarks: “At any rate this will be the last war. Plainly war can not continue on such a scale. Or if it does mankind is destroyed. Nebuchadnezzar has made war ridiculous.” Without any superstitious respect for Hebrew Literature, one may fairly deprecate this “guying” of fine things.

The most remarkable success of recent years has been that of Mr. John Drinkwater's “Abraham Lincoln.” The play was produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, of which Mr. Drinkwater is manager. Then it was brought to the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, a tawdry little suburban theatre, in which, by the way, Mr. Arnold Bennett is interested. It was intended to run for a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks; and

behold, it took the town by storm. At clubs, at dinner-parties, in the Underground—wherever two or three are gathered together—the air buzzed with the question, “Have you seen ‘Abraham Lincoln’?” It has now run for well over 100 nights, and shows no signs of flagging. I saw it for the second time a week ago, and found the house crowded.

What is the secret of the attraction of this intensely serious, poorly acted, shabbily mounted play, at an outside theatre of which, until three months ago, no one had ever heard? It may be very shortly stated: the success is a personal success for—Abraham Lincoln. It is the strength and beauty of his character, together with the historic magnitude of the action he dominates, which so enthralled people that they go again and yet again into the wilds of Hammersmith—as who should say to Harlem or the Bronx. Mr. Drinkwater's merit lies in the sympathy with which he has studied the character and theadroitness with which he has seized upon typical episodes—his choice being obviously guided, in some instances, by the desire to point a moral in respect to events nearer home. One wishes that the whole Peace Conference—Big Four and Little Fifty—could be transported for a single evening to Hammersmith. They would learn a lesson in magnanimity that would be of incalculable advantage to the world. And by drawing upon common historic knowledge, and calling to mind the evils which flowed from Booth's “tyrannicide,” they might take warning against committing in Paris the crime of slaying anew the spirit of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Drinkwater, in a prefatory note to the printed play, disclaims all attempt “to achieve a local color of which he has no experience, or to speak an idiom to which he has not been bred.” In this, of course, he is wise; yet it is a pity he has not avoided one or two rather glaring anachronisms and blunders. In the very first scene, on the day in 1860 when Lincoln accepted the nomination for the Presidency, two of his neighbors are discussing the hanging of John Brown, and one of them says, “Stonewall Jackson was there”—thus showing a very remarkable prevision of the event of some eighteen months later, which earned for Jackson his famous sobriquet. Mrs. Lincoln dispensing afternoon tea at the White House is about as probable as Queen Victoria smoking a cigarette after a State Banquet; but this one readily forgives for the sake of the admirable scene in which Lincoln crushes the babbling wife of an *embusqué* profiteer, and shows his sympathy with a pacifist mother who has lost her son. Quite another matter is the dreadful transmogrification of Frederick Douglass in the second half of the same scene. He is made up like a comic darkey from

Margate sands, and expresses himself in a sort of pidgin English after this fashion: "Mista Lincoln live here. You his servant? . . . You not slave. You servant, but you free body. That very mighty thing." Mr. Drinkwater might really have informed himself a little more about so well-known a personality as Frederick Douglass, and not mixed him up with Robinson Crusoe's Man Friday.

I do not know whether any arrangements have been made for the presentation of "Abraham Lincoln" in America, but I hope a few suggestions on the subject may not be thought impertinent. The piece might, I think, be a great success if some of the more glaring defects of local color were remedied; if it were carefully and completely mounted; if the last scene, that of the assassination, were wholly remodelled; if the two "Chroniclers" who speak a number of lyrical intermezzos, mainly incomprehensible on first hearing, were ruthlessly suppressed; and if an actor of some real physical and mental fitness could be found for the protagonist.

The mounting at Hammersmith is ingeniously economical. Almost the whole action passes in one square room with brown-paper walls, which is made to do duty for Lincoln's home in Springfield, for the White House, and for Grant's headquarters at Appomattox, by simply changing the furniture and shifting the position of a window and a fireplace. All this is very meritorious in a repertory production, but it would be affectation to pretend that the piece would not gain by some approach to pictorial verisimilitude. As for the actor who plays Lincoln, Mr. William J. Rea, his performance is the theme of fierce controversy. Many people admire him enthusiastically, most people think him quite good, a small minority (to which I confess that I belong) hold him to be almost intolerably grotesque. The truth probably is that he acts with considerable skill, and that people who have no clear vision of Lincoln's personality are not disturbed by his insignificant figure, his skating strut, his chronic stiff neck, and his habitual expression of abject misery. Lincoln, no doubt, was melancholy; but had he commonly looked so suicidal as his impersonator, the North would infallibly have lost the war, by reason of the miasma of pessimism emanating from the White House.

If I were Mr. Drinkwater, I would place my penultimate scene on the field of Gettysburg, and let Lincoln speak his whole oration, instead of making him deliver fragments of it from his box in Ford's Theatre. On a more roomy stage, there is not the least reason why the last scene of all should be so unhistoric and ineffective as it is at Hammersmith.

"Cæsar's Wife," a play by Mr. Somer-

set Maugham, has made a great success at the Royalty Theatre. An elderly proconsul—British not Roman—has married a girl-wife, who falls deeply in love with his private secretary. But they are extremely well-brought-up young people, who would not dream of anything wrong; and the husband, who sees all that is going on, wins the day in the end by dint of sheer magnanimity. Mr. Maugham's psychology is rather superficial, and the proconsul's ineffable superiority to all human weakness becomes at times just a little exasperating. But there are some very well-written scenes in the piece, and the heroine is played to perfection by Miss Fay Compton, an actress who has come much to the front of late. Miss Compton belongs to one of those old theatrical stocks in which talent is handed on from generation to generation. Her grandfather, Henry Compton, was one of the group of fine comedians of the old Haymarket Company, and played the Gravedigger to Irving's Hamlet at the Lyceum. Her father, Edward Compton, was the manager and leading actor of a famous Old Comedy company. Her mother, Virginia Bateman, was a sister of Miss "Leah" Bateman, and acted with Irving at the Lyceum. Miss Fay Compton herself is the widow of Henry Pelissier, a much-lamented comedian, and is, if I mistake not, a sister of Mr. Compton Mackenzie the novelist.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, May 9

Mr. Dryden Meets Mr. Milton

THE meeting of Milton and Dryden makes an unusual appeal to the imagination because of the great and contrasting personalities of the two men, and because it is the one striking occasion on which the Elizabethan and the neo-classic periods of English literature came face to face and shook hands. Our sole record of this meeting has hitherto been these two sentences from Aubrey's *Lives* (first published in 1813; re-edited by Andrew Clark, Oxford, 1898, II, 72): "John Dreyden, esq., Poet Laureate, who very much admires him [Milton], and went to him to have leave to putt his *Paradise Lost* into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton recieved him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tagge his verses."

I have just come upon another account with some additional details, in one of the numerous eighteenth-century ephemeral periodicals,—*The Monitor, intended for the Promoting of Religion and Virtue, and Suppressing of Vice and Immortality perform'd by Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat to Her Majesty, Mr. Smith,*

and Others, which appeared in a single folio sheet three times (later twice) a week from March 2 to April 24, 1713. The seventeenth issue (April 6-10) contained an unrhymed poem to which was prefixed a defense of blank verse, with the following anecdote:

We shall here beg the Reader's Pardon for mentioning a Passage told a Gentleman of our Society almost Forty Years since by Mr. Dryden, who went with Mr. Waller in Company, to make a Visit to Mr. Milton, and desire his Leave for putting his *Paradise lost* into Rhime for the stage. Well, Mr. Dryden, says Milton, it seems you have a mind to Tagg my Points, and you have my Leave to Tagg 'em, but some of 'em are so Awkward and Old Fashion'd, that I think you had as good leave 'em as you found 'em.

This interview must have taken place about 1673, and, according to the account given above, must have been told by Dryden to the "Gentleman of our Society" shortly afterwards. The accuracy of any story which is repeated after forty years is open to serious question; but, if Milton really spoke of his lines as "Awkward and Old fashion'd," he must have done so with ironical reference to Dryden's own writings and the immorality, the smartness, and the monotonous mechanical finish of the new-fashioned poetry. If he had not been pleased by Dryden's visit and had not appreciated the compliment that the laureate intended to pay his epic, he would hardly have allowed the adaptation to be made, for what must the blind old Puritan have thought of the Restoration stage?

The most interesting new fact—if it be a fact—to be gleaned from this episode is that Waller accompanied Dryden on his visit; for there is no other evidence that the founder of non-dramatic blank verse and the supposed refiner of English numbers and the originator of the neo-classic couplet ever met. And what a meeting! There are few occasions in English literary history at which I should rather have been present.

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represent something like the Lloyd George threats. Nothing is more important than to have them placed unmistakably on the basis of the armistice agreement. The present statement not only does this, but gives assurance that the actual determination of the reparation due will be arrived at by fair, humane, and honorable methods.

VISCOUNT ISHII, Japanese Ambassador at Washington, leaves regrets behind him as he relinquishes his charge. He is said to have misrepresented the policy of our administration as regards the pretensions of Japan in China. He may be more truly regarded as a victim of the ambiguity of our Far Eastern policy. An Ambassador has to make reports, quite as a journalist may have to write even in the absence of anything worth writing about. That Viscount Ishii should have found our intermittent and vacillating attitude towards China confusing and should have been led into misinterpreting some particular phase of it, will surprise no American who has ever tried to fathom what Washington means towards the Far East. Whatever technical infelicity he may have fallen into, the Japanese Ambassador has faithfully performed his main duty of fostering friendly relations between Japan and the United States. He carries home with him plenty of American good will.

THE labor demonstration at Washington against strict enforcement of the prohibition amendment portends a storm. Mr. Gompers, speaking before the Senate Judiciary committee, pointed out the serious discontent that would follow the proscription of light wines and beer. Workingmen do not understand such meddling with their personal habits, and bitterly resent it. Mr. Gompers' remedy was for Congress to write into the enabling act that light wines and beers are not intoxicants. To teach a needed lesson to the fanatics who imposed the Eighteenth Amendment on a careless nation, one could wish for the strictest enforcement. Let the slightest stimulation be regarded as intoxication, let innocent conviviality be interpreted as drunkenness. Legislation of this tenor would teach a proper lesson to the Anti-Saloon League, but it would also work widespread harm and irritation. If Congress and the courts can see their way to such an interpretation of the

word "intoxicating" as Mr. Gompers urges, it will help the country round a pretty ugly corner. The alternative is bitterness, possibly violence, and the certain scandal of widespread disregard of law.

IT may turn out to the advantage of Alcock and Brown, who launched themselves into Atlantic fog and drizzle and, literally between morn and eve, pierced their way to the Irish bogs, that they concluded their magnificent venture at a time when the world was emotionally a little jaded to make full response. It may save them from the danger of tarnishing the splendor of their achievement by unconsidered oratory. "We had a terrible journey." Let it stand at that.

EVERYBODY is agreed that the removal of real grievances is one of the things that must be counted on for the lessening of industrial unrest. But very little attention is being paid to the question of the part that imaginary grievances have been playing in producing the general ferment. A startling instance of this is furnished in the closing article of a series by Sherman Rogers in the *New York World*. The writer was foreman in a logging camp near Seattle in 1917, and gives a detailed account of the way in which the lumbermen in the State of Washington were swept into the I. W. W. movement. They were getting, he says, an average of five dollars a day and were thoroughly satisfied not only with their wages but with conditions generally. Suddenly there was a change, the explanation of which seemed utterly mysterious until it was discovered that it had been brought about by I. W. W. emissaries who had filled the minds of the lumbermen with amazing fairy tales about the relation of their wages to the profits of their employers.

Both by word of mouth and by means of propaganda "literature," the men were made to believe that while they were getting five dollars a day their labor was worth sixty dollars a day to their employers; and nothing that Mr. Rogers or anybody could say to them was capable of removing the impression. Examination of the company's books or of anything else was of no avail, because the men had got it firmly fixed in their minds that everything that came from a capitalist source was deliberate lying, to protect those who were robbing the

workingmen of their just dués. The story may be an exaggeration, and in any case it is, of course, highly exceptional in the degree of folly represented by the credulity of the laborers. But the same sort of misrepresentation in a degree sufficient to do a great deal of mischief is going on all round us in a thousand forms.

"THE profiteers may well tremble," says Mr. Basil Manly, joint chairman of the War Labor Board, "lest the people avenge themselves for this shameless exploitation during a period of the nation's greatest necessity." The shameless exploitation in question is that which Mr. Manly finds to be shown by the figures of net profits for eighty-two corporations which "in the pre-war years had an average net income of \$325,000,000, had net incomes in 1916 amounting to more than \$1,000,000,000, in 1917 of \$975,000,000, and in 1918 of \$736,000,000," after the deduction of all taxes. These were large and extraordinary profits, but whether they were "profit-eering" or not, and whether they were "shameless exploitation" or not, depends upon an examination of facts which are apparently beneath the notice of the joint chairman of the War Labor Board.

The war necessitated a prodigious increase of industrial production. The only way to provide the stimulus for such an increase—involving as it did the creation of vast new plants and the utmost utilization of all existing plants, whether profitable or unprofitable in the past—was by means of a big rise of prices. Unless there were to be different prices for the same products at the same time, the concerns that were best equipped for economic production on a great scale were bound to make profits far greater than such of their competitors as were not so equipped. They might give away their profits, or their profits might be taxed away, but in the first instance the profits were necessarily there. The taxation was made as heavy as Congress thought best, with little or no protest from business interests.

To talk in this indiscriminating fashion about "shamelessness" and "vengeance" is to play the part of a reckless demagogue. Whatever profits may actually have been made by shameless methods should be exposed, but that is quite a different matter. By the way, does it happen to occur to Mr. Manly that the farmers of the country have been getting for the foremost of food staples about five times the price that they got in 1896? Can he point to any parallel to this among the great industrial staples? Does he think that the farmers also "may well tremble lest the people avenge themselves for this shameless exploitation during a period of the nation's greatest necessity"?

RENEWED evidence that our leading financiers are alive to the essential part which America must play in the restoration of prosperity in Europe is furnished by Mr. H. P. Davison's speech at a dinner of prominent financial and business men in Chicago. Mr. Vanderlip's recent address laid stress on the seriousness of the need and the urgency of the duty; Mr. Davison deals rather with the question of actual method, and bases his programme not on duty but on self-interest. It is because in this matter the dictates of duty and those of self-interest coincide that we can look forward to such enormous achievement as the case demands. Extension of American trade, security for Europe's obligations to America, and the rebuilding of European prosperity, all go together; and when the big business men of our country grapple in earnest with the problem of achieving these ends we may be sure that the results will be on a colossal scale. The central point made by Mr. Davison is that to meet the utterly abnormal conditions of the time, it is essential that both in Europe and America committees organized for the purpose shall systematically determine the legitimate needs of the various countries for our goods, and the amount of credit which can safely be extended to them; and that these credits should in a sense be pooled in each country by means of debentures guaranteed by that country. Upon the merits of this particular plan only an expert can pass any judgment, but it is safe to say that when the best thought of the American business world has been centered upon the problem a way will be found to make our vast resources and potentialities serve both the world's need and our own welfare.

CHAIRMAN HURLEY of the Shipping Board recommends the selling of the Government-built ships as fast as trade conditions shall permit. It is a counsel of economy and good sense. For the Government to continue indefinitely in the shipping business would be to stretch out unduly our special war expenditure. We need to cast up accounts with the war as soon as possible, and to begin the process of paying up with knowledge of what we are about. Every prolongation of war emergency activities obscures the necessary accounting. Nobody proposes that the Government ships should be dumped on the market, to the demoralization of the shipping trade. They should, however, be passed over to private owners as fast as American shippers can handle them. No sentimental consideration should delay or confuse the liquidation of our war bills. Mr. Hurley deserves thanks for a statement which required not merely clearheadedness but also courage.

LET there be no mistake—the Winnipeg business was an elaborately organized effort to "put over" a Soviet Government. The men locally in charge of the abortive revolution were of British antecedents—Ivens, Armstrong, Russell, R. J. Johns, even Robinson (Rubenstein), and for a few days they made a thorough job of it. Under the cloak of a general strike in sympathy with the Metals Trade Union which put forward as its aims the right to collective bargaining and a living wage, slogans by which some workers were doubtless really duped, the professional agitators set up an effectively unbearable dictatorship. William Ivens, pacifist, preacher, Socialist editor, and self-styled dictator, proclaimed to a mass-meeting in Victoria Park that Winnipeg was then under soviet rule. "The storm is about to break, and this time the lightning is going to strike upward and not down." That Winnipeg could abide the stroke, thanks to the finally excellent behavior of the soldiers and to the prompt formation of a Citizens' Committee of One Thousand, which drew its strength from all walks of life, must stand signally to the credit of the city. Our special correspondence makes it plain that the Federal Government is taking measures to insure that the storm now weathered shall not gather again.

A STREET car strike recently tied up business in the city of Pittsburgh completely for several days. The Public Defense Association of the city has brought suit for \$2,000,000 damages against the officials of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees and the receivers of the Pittsburgh Railways Company. This encouraging first manifestation of the public spinal column in the matter of the public's relation to strikes, whatever its outcome, deserves some quiet notice on the part of other American communities.

THOSE of us who have fancied that our "jazz" originated in Uganda or among the Igorotes are, according to the latest news, quite wrong. *Le Matin* of Paris maintains that the jazz band idea originated in Paris 120 years ago. "In those days as well as now," it says, "people did not know what to do to amuse themselves; so they made a noise. Those who had a great taste for noise went to the concerts of the Cat Orchestra. There were twenty cats with their heads in a row on the keyboard of a harpsichord. The performers by striking the keys worked a device which pulled the cats' tails, causing a caterwauling which—" *Le Matin* feels would leave us Americans little musically to desire. Is this an attempt to discredit us at the Peace Conference?

SECRETARY DANIELS has decreed in perpetuity for the navy the sartorial simple life which prevailed during the world war. Cocked hats and gold epaulets disappear from the quarter-deck and the ward room. If these departing glories are kept alive, thanks will be to comic opera. We can not contemplate without regret the eclipse of splendors that are as old as fleets. The various dress uniforms were good to look at, and did harm to nothing except the officer's pocketbook. Doubtless navy officers will regard the regulations with more friendliness than the sentimental layman. When wine was banished from the ward room, and regulations forbade to our navy the hospitalities customary among gentlemen, the old ceremonial uniforms became an anachronism. Service blues are good enough to drink water in or else sarsaparilla. Doubtless these changes make for efficiency. An admiral now travels with no more baggage than a broker, while his full-dress uniform, under the new orders, will remain slightly more impressive than that of the skipper of a Sound steamer. All's for the best in the best of navies, yet we are glad to have seen an admiral in special full dress—and not in the movies.

THE American Federation of Fathers and Mothers has petitioned Congress to drop all other business and repeal the daylight-saving law. The mothers contended that it was next to impossible to get the older children to sleep before dark. In compensation the fathers pointed out that the baby slept an hour longer in the morning. The mothers scored by demonstrating that under the present arrangement the fathers were always in the garden or on the golf field when they should be getting ready for dinner. A compromise was effected by unanimously adopting the mothers' motion for immediate repeal.

IN connection with the big figures of return-emigration which are appearing in the newspapers from time to time, there is one consideration that should not be overlooked. There is always a considerable percentage of our immigrants, especially from Southern Europe, who go back to their native land after having accumulated, out of their earnings as workers on the American scale of wages, enough money to put them on a very comfortable footing in the old country. The present outflow comprises not only the accumulation of such cases due to the stoppage of travel by the war, which of itself would account for an abnormally large showing this year, but represents also, no doubt, a great acceleration of the process of saving itself. The thrifty immigrant who designed to return as soon as he had enough money

to settle on the land at home was able, in the past three or four years with their phenomenal wages for unskilled labor, to save as much as it might have taken him eight or ten years to save in ordinary times. This is not to say that other causes—possibly more important—have not been at work. In particular, as has been pointed out, the new status of the Slavic and Rumanian populations of what was the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been a potent influence; and doubtless the impending régime of prohibition has been a factor.

SOME fifty Minneapolis business men have organized an association to undo the work of Ptolemy, Julian and Pope Gregory, all of which have had a finger in the pie of our never monotonous calendar. The American Equal Month

Calendar Association desires to do away with all such fascinations as February 29th birthdays and Sunday Fourth of Julys, and substitute for our fickle calendar a beautifully regular one of thirteen months of exactly four weeks each. The perfect symmetry of such a year seems attractive, and the simple thought that under its rule it will be unnecessary to have a lithographed calendar on any wall makes one fairly enthusiastic. Under this system it is necessary to even up the year by creating two extra "floating" days—one a New Year day placed between the last day of December and the first day of January and the other, called "Correction Day," inserted in leap years after the New Year day. But what, we ask, will be the use, after July 1st, of a New Year day even though followed by a "Correction Day"?

The Knox Resolution

At the opening of the present session of Congress the leader of the Republican party in the Senate, in a formal statement, declared that he was "satisfied that a majority of the Senate feel very strongly that the League, as now presented, must receive amendment, that in its present form, without any change, it is unacceptable and would not be accepted." The first and most essential thing to be noted about the Knox resolution is that it represents an attitude going far beyond the position thus indicated by Senator Lodge. The Knox resolution pronounces not merely against the acceptance of "the League as now presented," the League "in its present form, without any change," but against the acceptance of any League at all. To vote for the Knox resolution is to declare an intention to vote for the rejection of the treaty unless the League Covenant is cut out of it altogether so far as the United States is concerned. Clause 1 of the resolution declares that the Senate "will look with disfavor upon all treaty provisions going beyond" the ends for the attainment of which war was expressly declared, the formation of any League of Nations being evidently excluded from these ends.

Nor does the resolution anywhere hold out the possibility of its object being attained by a mere qualifying reservation appended to the treaty. A redrawing of the treaty is throughout implied, and in clause 3 is expressly called for. That clause recommends that "the treaty shall be so drawn as to permit any nation to reserve without prejudice to itself for future, separate, and full consideration by its people the question of any League of Nations"; an end which, of course, could not be accomplished without a reconsideration of the treaty by its European signatories as well as

by ourselves. Whatever, therefore, the merits of the Knox resolution considered in the abstract, and whatever the demerits of the League Covenant, there is no escape from the fact that to adopt the resolution, and to adhere to the position it declares, means to throw the whole result of the negotiations and deliberations at Versailles into doubt and to open up indefinite possibilities of renewed controversy and renewed delay.

These possibilities would have been sufficiently grave if the Knox resolution had remained as first presented. It was no doubt with a view to reducing the danger attending upon an upset of the existing understanding that the last clause, number 5, was put into the resolution. That clause was merely a declaration of national policy, but it was evidently designed to diminish, so far as possible, the impression that the intent of the resolution is to withdraw our country altogether from the responsibility of bearing its part in the future safeguarding of the world's tranquillity. The declaration was that "the freedom and peace of Europe being again threatened by any power or combination of powers, the United States will regard such a situation with grave concern as a menace to its own peace and freedom, will consult with other powers affected, with a view to devising means for the removal of such menace, and will, the necessity arising in the future, carry out the same complete accord and coöperation with our chief co-belligerents for the defence of civilization." This clause has now been eliminated; and the moral effect of the elimination will be to heighten that significance of the resolution which it was the intention of the clause to mitigate. As it stands, the Knox resolution will be understood in Europe as

pointing to a radical change in the relation of our country to the whole peace settlement.

To introduce into a situation like that of the world to-day a disturbing factor of this magnitude is to assume a responsibility the extent of which no man can estimate. The mere postponement which it involves, serious as that must necessarily be, is the least of its dangerous possibilities. With every country in Europe in a state of unparalleled unrest, with our own country by no means free from the menace of internal trouble, with Central and Eastern Europe full of misery and in a state bordering on chaos, there is no telling what disastrous consequences may follow upon a realization that the understanding which had apparently been reached by the leading nations of the world was to be made void so far as regards that one of them upon which the greatest reliance had been placed for its successful working out. No mere analysis of the precise part that might be played by any country or any combination of countries with the United States left out, no mere proof on paper that England and France can get along without us, will furnish any guarantee of the actual course of events. A treaty might have been made without immediate erection of a permanent League of Nations; in our own judgment it would have been infinitely better if that had been done. But as a matter of fact the League has been part of the negotiations from the beginning; and not only the governments but the peoples of the various nations concerned have taken it into consideration as an intrinsic part of the settlement. To suppose that its rejection by the United States will be viewed with complacency, that it will not open the floodgates to a thousand forms of discontent and revolutionary agitation, is to make a very hazardous assumption.

The only adequate justification for incurring a risk so tremendous would be the existence of some still greater danger which could be avoided in no other way. So far as the degree of the danger is concerned, it might be alleged in support of the Knox position that the perils in the Covenant, while not so immediate, are more far-reaching and more permanent. But it is not necessary to enter into this comparison. To avoid those permanent dangers, even granting that they are as great as the extreme opponents of the Covenant assert, it is not necessary to smash the Covenant or to hold up the treaty. From the beginning it has been thought likely that some form of reservation concerning America's participation in the League would be required in order to effect its prompt acceptance by the Senate; but those who expected the Senate to act with a true sense of its responsibility in this great

crisis have looked forward to a sincere endeavor to give to the reservation such a character as would leave the general structure of the League unimpaired, and as could be expected to command the tacit assent of the other nations that are parties to the Covenant. But of this endeavor there is no trace in the Knox resolution, nor in the attitude that seems at present to prevail among the Republican Senators. And if it be thought that such reservations, though covering the points that are most stressed by opponents of the Covenant, would not suffice, there is the further recourse of limiting the period of our obligations to a fixed term of years. Surely no one can pretend that our country or its institutions would still be seriously imperilled if these precautions were adopted. Just what form they should take, or whether they should be adopted at all, could be deliberately determined by the Senate when the treaty was before it. The chief argument for the Knox resolution is that the country has not had time to weigh the merits of the Covenant; but the resolution itself proposes to pass judgment against the Covenant without even the pretense of adequate consideration either of its inherent merits or of the effect which its rejection would have upon the state of the world in the present crisis.

That the situation which has arisen in the Senate has been in large measure caused by the methods that President Wilson has seen fit to pursue can not be denied. He has gone out of his way to provoke antagonism and resentment. Not only has he ostentatiously refused to take counsel with any Republican leader, but he has repeatedly announced his intention to make effective consideration of the League plan by the Senate impossible. He might, without offense, have urged that the interweaving of the Covenant with the peace treaty was an unavoidable necessity, that peace could be made in no other way. But it has evidently been his deliberate purpose to impress upon the nation not so much the idea that it was inherently impossible to get peace in any other way, but that he himself was determined to make it impossible—that he would so arrange matters as to give the Senate no choice but to accept the Covenant or destroy the peace. The Knox resolution may be regarded as the answer to that challenge. It flies squarely in the face of the President's defiance. It attempts to put the President into the dilemma which he had prepared for the Senate.

But while this may be an explanation of the attitude of some Republican Senators, it is not a justification of it. On the contrary, the more it explains the less it justifies. Unquestionably a large part of the opposition to the League is perfectly sincere; but if the Senate

should in any degree fail in its duty in a supreme crisis because of resentment, however natural, against Mr. Wilson's methods, it will do much more than merely pay him in his own coin. Mr. Wilson may have arrogantly flouted the Senate, but no one can pretend that his course was dictated by the desire to flout the Senate. He wanted to get the League, he thought that the only way to get the League at all was to put it into the peace treaty, and he thought that the best way to get the Senate to accept the League with the treaty was to defy it to do anything else. This was deplorably bad strategy, deplorably bad statesmanship; but it was a course which was directed, however mistakenly, to the attainment of a great end. Before the Republican party pits itself against him on the issue of the League, let it carefully consider the moral position in which it is likely to be placed. Can it show that it sought to do the best it could for the country and for the world? Can it convince the nation that the position it took was dictated by the vital needs of the case, and not by personal or party feeling? To demand some qualification of the Covenant is one thing; to reject the Covenant in such a way as to show that it would have rejected any form of a League of Nations that had substantial effectiveness is quite another. That is what the Knox resolution does; and upon this issue the President will be able to make an appeal to public sentiment which a more reasonable form of opposition would render impossible.

Prophet or President?

A SUBSCRIBER whose letter appears in another column expresses the hope that "the editorial in the second issue of the *Review* on 'The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson' does not strike a permanent note for the new journal." What the "note" is which our correspondent hopes will not be permanent is perhaps not entirely clear, but we take it that what he objects to is not any personal bias or unfairness as regards the President. The question is one of principle; and though our correspondent puts the matter somewhat naively there are doubtless many who in a general way feel as he does. In the article objected to we declared that if what Mr. Wilson said in such speeches as that of September 22, 1918, committed him to "an impossible programme, a programme which any clear and responsible thinker must have seen to be impossible, the good intentions by which Mr. Wilson's words were undeniably prompted afford little mitigation for his offense." It is this that excites the indignation of our correspondent. He finds it wholly laudable

that the President has been "a prophet rather than a politician," that he "refuses to be responsible to those still bound down by individual and national selfishness and blind to the world that should be," and that like Christ in the Sermon on the Mount he has "called for action too high for selfish humanity." The issue is thus quite clear; and the "note" of the editorial as brought out by contrast with the "note" of the letter we fully expect to be a permanent note in the *Review*.

Whether it is the business of the President of the United States to be a "politician" or not depends on the meaning that is attached to that much-abused word. But we take it that few will deny that he must be a statesman. It may be possible for the head of a nation to be a statesman and a prophet too; but if he has to choose between being a statesman and being a prophet there is no question as to where his duty lies. In point of fact we have no doubt that within the limits of his ability Mr. Wilson has not hesitated, when clearly confronted with the issue, to make choice of the right alternative. The trouble with him has been that he has not realized the responsibility that he was assuming when, in attempting to combine the two rôles, he filled the minds of multitudes with grandiose expectations which the prophet aroused, but which the statesman never had the faintest chance of bringing to fulfillment.

True idealism is the seeking of an ideal, not the promising of its attainment at a given date. The Sermon on the Mount makes no such promises. It does not even counsel any kind of collective action for the attainment of its ideals. It is an appeal to all that is best in each individual man, that he may strive in his own way to make the world better; it does not undertake to dispose of the fate of empires or to do away with the complexity of human laws and institutions. If the proposal of beautiful impossibilities—not as ideals to be patiently striven for but as programmes to be immediately carried out—were enough to make a statesman, without reference to the political consequences of the counsel, statesmen would be as thick as blackberries. We think we have seen more than one programme laid down by Dr. Frank Crane for the ordering of the world which would remake it "nearer to the heart's desire" than anything that Mr. Wilson has set forth. Yet it will hardly be claimed that Dr. Crane is a great statesman, and it will hardly be denied that Abraham Lincoln was one. But Abraham Lincoln did not "refuse to be responsible to those still bound down by individual and national selfishness." On the contrary, he felt it to be the chief part of his duty to take into account the limitations imposed by the actual state

of mind of men as they are. And so does Mr. Wilson when it comes to the scratch.

If the question were one affecting merely the personality of one man, even a man so important as Woodrow Wilson, it might be out of place to dwell upon it. In reality, however, it has at this time a most vital relation to all the issues with which we are confronted. If we are to think rationally about the League of Nations, or about Russia, or about the whole mass of questions which are indicated by the catchword of "social justice," we must firmly distinguish between desires and possibilities, between intentions and actions, between aspirations and achievements. It is right to think of "the world that should be," but it is folly to leave out of account the world that is. Even as to what the world should be, there is ample room for difference of opinion; but whatever our opinion may be, we must begin with the world that is. To refuse to do so may be high-mindedness, but it is high-mindedness of a kind that gratifies itself at other people's expense. The actual betterment of the world is a tough and tedious job; the utterance of fine thoughts about it is comparatively an easy and pleasant task. We would not for a moment belittle those who perform this task in a high and worthy way, but if it is suffered to take the place of responsible thinking about our duties and our difficulties the evil of it is infinitely greater than the good. It is well to have our eyes fixed on the distant goal, but to mistake it for the next object in our path, and consequently fall into the ditch, is a very poor way of advancing towards its attainment.

Kolchak and the Peace Conference

AFTER six months of negotiation and investigation, Admiral Kolchak's military dictatorship has been approved at Versailles as giving "satisfactory assurance for the freedom, self-government and peace of the Russian people and their neighbors." Apparently recognition as a *de facto* government is not yet accorded, presumably because Admiral Kolchak's effective control has not been fully proved. What the representatives of England, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States promise is a loan of \$30,000,000 and needed supplies, especially for the railroads. It may be assumed also that every facility for buying arms and munitions will be given to Admiral Kolchak. The Entente, with America, agrees to finance Russia's own war against Bolshevism.

Admiral Kolchak, on his side, having met the test of scrutiny as to his demo-

cratic intentions, agrees promptly to convene a constituent assembly and to proceed with the formation of a representative government. The question of the future status of Finland he refuses to deal with, leaving it to the constituent assembly. It should be recalled that except for Mr. Wilson's fear that Kolchak was a reactionary, he would have been recognized long ago by the Versailles Conference. The Admiral now brings a bill of political health from the most seraphic of doctors. To Americans the anti-Bolshevist dictator remains a man of mystery. He has had the force to spread his dictatorship over three-quarters of the former empire, and adroitness enough to secure the alliance of all the anti-Bolshevist military leaders. He controls not merely the bulk of Russian territory but the part that has suffered the least from revolution. As a future, to employ the stock market phrase, he looks good enough to invest in.

Since his stipulations as regards Finland and the particular form of the constituent assembly are certain to be unfavorably criticized, it is well to examine them. Offhand, his recognition of the principle of independence for Finland would have been welcome. Since Europe is to be partitioned along lines of self-determination, Finland, with a peculiar civilization and language and an exceptional racial unity, should constitute an independent state. But we feel Admiral Kolchak showed prudence in declining to recognize the present Finnish government. The political color of the present government of Finland is as yet undeclared. It is accused, to be sure by the Bolshevists, of being reactionary and even pro-German. To ascertain the character of the provisional government of Finland seems a proper task for the constituent assembly. The same reason that made President Wilson go slow in favoring the Kolchak government, properly makes the latter go slow as regards Finland.

The refusal to convene the constituent assembly elected in 1917 will again be severely criticized. It would seem as if a body which Lenin repressed as reactionary should not be too radical for Admiral Kolchak. He will probably be accused of wishing to pack the new assembly. There is no reason, however, to take any such sinister view of his policy. The delegates chosen in 1917 inevitably suffer from the discredit of the government, Kerensky's, which conducted the elections. Since 1917 Russia should have learned much. She should have a better idea of who are possible constitution makers than she had in the false glow of Kerensky's short prosperity. There are many sound reasons for creating a new body for the great task of making a constitution for free Russia. To-day Russia clings rather

to the idea of a constituent assembly than to the particular delegates elected before the terror. In his decision Admiral Kolchak presumably represents the sound political sense of Russia. This should be said in advance of facile accusations of bad faith which are sure to be made.

American confidence in Admiral Kolchak's strength and character rests chiefly upon French and English authority. This is as it should be. What has hastened Mr. Wilson's favorable decision is doubtless the spread of Bolshevism in Central Europe. The sound strategy of supporting every strong Russian movement that makes for justice and order can not be gainsaid. What has been done at Versailles is merely to recognize the fact that Bolshevist Russia is now hemmed in by Russian bayonets. To refuse to support the Russians who are fighting our fight against our foe and theirs would be very foolish. We see after long drifting the hopeful beginnings of a real policy towards Russia. The world has taken courage to indicate the kind of settlement it desires. The decision marks the end of a not very creditable episode—for which Mr. Wilson and Premier Lloyd George seem chiefly responsible—of playing fast and loose with Bolshevism, as a sop to revolutionary radicalism generally. The game was evidently dangerous and a losing one. The understanding with Kolchak is by no means a solution of the Russian problem. But at least it is a long step in the right direction.

Progress in Industrial Organization

IN this country, there has been no such organized government effort towards the solution of the problem of industrial management as is represented in Great Britain by the Whitley report, the work of the National Industrial Commission, and the labors of various other government bodies which have been engaged upon special phases of the problem. But real progress has been made towards its solution in America by individual business men and industrial leaders who have quietly gone about the job of helping to put the industrial organization of the country on a higher plane. They have been actuated by a new sense of the needs and spirit of the times, but have used, after all, chiefly the same kind of practical intelligence and resourcefulness that has characterized the growth of American industry from the beginning.

Recently a group of business men from many lines of industry met to discuss one such notable but unobtrusive independent achievement, a plan of industrial coöperation which for two years

has been in use in the plant of William Demuth and Company, the largest manufacturers of pipes and smokers' articles in the world. It provides for a representative body of employees and employers modeled on the lines of our Government, with a House of Representatives composed of elected employees' representatives, a Senate of foremen and department managers, a Cabinet of executives for the full discussion and control of all matters relating to working conditions, wages, hours, etc.

There is, of course, nothing in the central idea of this plan, and little in the details of its working out, that is new or essentially different from the various forms of works councils and shop committees which have been developed in England, and about which we have heard so much in the past two years. But the special interest of this type of American effort is that it is spontaneous and indigenous, and in some cases, like that of the Demuth Company, older than the British movement. And what is more important, it has revealed in its practical working out certain features which the British movement is not yet advanced enough or clear enough to show. In the Demuth plan the employee's profit from the plan is dependent upon his effective interest in it and in the prosperity of the plant, not upon his "bargaining power." His dividends, which are distinct from his wages, increase and decrease with the quantity and quality of output, individual and group efficiency, and market conditions. In this plant, therefore, the employee's representatives have not approached the question of hours dogmatically, but have experimented with various working schedules and adjusted them to output and market conditions with a view to the greatest profit to the company as a whole. In a similar scientific spirit they keep a close eye on labor turnover, have made a plant schedule of holidays for a great variety of races, and have set up their own Americanization classes. The plan was not introduced because of labor troubles, and there have never been any at this plant. During these two years it has been adopted by about a dozen establishments of varied types, including manufacturers of staple products, several textile mills, a piano maker, a chemical manufacturer, a copper producer and a manufacturer of metal ware.

This is merely one instance of the spontaneous and quite informal movement in American industry toward a closer coöperation of industrial factors on a basis of fairness and practical reason, and its value was so clearly realized by the business men present at the meeting that an organization was launched to assist the spread of the plan to other industries through coöp-

eration with all other efforts of the same kind and through systematic investigation into other experiments independently made in this direction. As Professor Seligman, of Columbia, has pointed out, there is acute need in this country now for an organization free from any dogmatic bias and commanding the confidence of all groups, which should be able to devote itself to the impartial and scientific study of these problems of industrial management and coördination.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has already undertaken such a work separately, and the National Industrial Conference Board likewise. Meanwhile nineteen of the twenty plants of the International Harvester Company in the United States and Canada, the Standard Oil Companies of New Jersey and Indiana, and the Endicott, Johnson Company of Massachusetts, largest shoe manufacturers in the world, have each worked out definite programmes of this sort suited to their individual plants, but in a general way similar to each other and to the plans worked out under government auspices in Great Britain. The Indiana Standard Oil Company's plan, according to its recent announcement, will provide effective communication between management and employees on all industrial questions; give employees a voice in matters pertaining to working and living conditions; maintain the principles of coöperation and confidence by providing regular facilities for access by employees' representatives to the management; and promote the common interests of both employees and employers in matters concerning work, organization, industrial efficiency, and social well-being. This is substantially the same as the plan introduced some time ago by the International Harvester Company. The Endicott, Johnson Company's plan puts more emphasis on profit sharing, and really belongs in that class of industrial adjustments. As these separate efforts spread and progress, there should be no difficulty in coördinating them with each other on a national scale, and establishing means to compare experiences and devise improvements step by step in a scientific spirit.

This whole field of industrial and social engineering is open to earnest and thoughtful experiment, in the spirit of scientific inquiry, rather than that of religious or political dogma. It remains to be seen whether these plans will lead the workers to take thought for the larger problems of industry, the problems of raw materials, of marketing and of competition, as well as those of intensive production. If there is to be an extended control of industry there must also be an extension of risk and of responsibility.

Parting the College in the Middle

THE undergraduate who remarked, "If you could have a college without a faculty, how bully it would be!" expressed a sentiment shared by many students and parents and by most alumni. The view has the high authority of Emerson. It is tacitly the feeling of the historic universities of England. They make gentlemen primarily and scholars as they can. A college, from this point of view, is a place where young men educate each other despite distracting and extraneous studies imposed by the professors. What a father wants for his son is the companionship of college life and its delightful activities. These are more keenly relished because to attain them the curriculum has to be reckoned with. Student life is the feast, the curriculum is the skeleton. One helps the other, but the feast is the main thing.

Against this view of the college as finishing school, faculties are in a quite hopeless minority. Indeed they are themselves halfway on the majority side. Nobody knows better how much college students do educate themselves and each other than he who for years has tried to educate them. Yet the professor hardly likes to regard himself as a necessary evil. In roundabout ways he tries to secure respect for his subject by hinting, perhaps, that it is of vocational value. In simple self-respect he is bound to keep alive the notion that a college is a place chiefly devoted to study. Few colleges, however, live up to any such ideal. They very rarely impose standards which indicate that they take their own teaching seriously. There is an unwritten compact with the students, parents, and alumni that studies shall not too much interfere with the joyous on-going of college life. They do not. To impose a West Point standard might be to lose about half your students. No college takes any such chance.

In the long contest college life has constantly won. At length a long overdue reaction has come about. President Meiklejohn of Amherst has just made the audacious suggestion that the academic minority should rule, that the faculty should work not under terms laid down by college life, but that college life itself should be possible only under pretty severe terms laid down by the faculty. Where standards have been nominal, he proposes real standards. He writes to his board of trustees:

I would propose then that at the end of the sophomore year we establish a set of tests, or one comprehensive test, to determine whether or not in their two years at college our students have been making headway toward intelligence, toward culture,

toward an apprehension of human knowledge as a whole. And at the end of the senior year we should have a second test which, taking the first for granted, should try to discover what students know of some one field of knowledge, what work is done within it and what it means. Passing the first examination would give admission to the senior college. Passing the senior test would qualify a student for his degree.

Here seems to be at least a reasonable compromise between college studies and college life. The popular theory of the finishing school is admitted to the extent of giving the student two years unmoled by difficult tests. This comes to saying that while it may be well worth while for an undergraduate to stay genially about college for two years, for the incidental advantages, it is a waste of time for him thus to put in four years. Accordingly a barrier is set up in the way of a comprehensive test midway in the path of his college life. He may not pass into the upper class years without proving that he has actually learned a good deal in the lower class years. Before trustees and administrators, dire visions of a depopulated college and a shrinking treasury will rise. We doubt if such losses would follow. Most students would work hard enough to qualify for the senior college.

For such as failed to qualify for the senior college, yet had passed course by course the freshman and sophomore studies, a *solatium* might be found in an invention of the late President Harper's, the degree of Associate in Arts. It would hardly be more popular than a silver chevron, yet it would show a clean record during residence and would keep the bearer's name on the alumni roll. The plainly poor yet tolerable student would be compelled to graduate as an A.A. at the end of sophomore year. The alternative would be to let him continue as a pass man, after the English precedent. President Meiklejohn, and we agree with him, thinks the weak brother should be eliminated after his probation of two years, making all students of the senior college (upperclassmen) really students.

What is most important in the project is the proposal of comprehensive examinations. The American college is the only institution of higher education in the world where such tests are not held. It is not possible for a Spanish student, or a Swedish, to "pass" Molière but not know French; it is possible for an American collegian to be in that paradoxical situation. The American college of today teaches nothing but courses. There is no guarantee that the student knows anything beyond the four or five courses he is following in any particular term. Normally he gets credit for a course and as promptly forgets it. Education under this system looks just about as impressive to a real student as the short smoke does to the real devotee of the weed. The

intermediate test proposed by President Meiklejohn would answer such questions as these: here is a representative student who, between college and preparatory school, has regularly passed courses in Spanish for three years, in mathematics for five, in Latin for six—does he know Spanish, mathematics, and Latin?

Surely an educational system that is unwilling to have such questions asked is worthy of little respect. Few people realize how much American collegiate education has been cheapened in the past thirty years. Courses and names have been multiplied. Education has become a series of billboards, picturesque in promise, pictorially alluring, highly variegated, and structurally most flimsy. The programme grows scholarship just about as much as widely placarded remedies grow hair. As regards reasonable control through examinations, the colleges have gone steadily backward. Sentimental objections to all examinations were inconsiderately obeyed. We actually reached the point where colleges exempted from examinations precisely the students who most profit from a review, the good students. Examinations have come to be regarded not as an essential means of education, but as a hardly reasonable imposition. Against such prevailing softheartedness and soft-headedness President Meiklejohn recalls the colleges to their real task of fostering scholarship. Harvard, in a large measure the creator of the present educational disorder, has made amends by adopting similar controls. The American college can not afford to stand indefinitely on its record as a finishing school, honorable as that record has been. It must meet the standards of education that prevail throughout the civilized world. To-day it does not begin to do so. President Meiklejohn's plan points the right way.

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FABIAN FRANKLIN
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The Italo-Jugoslav Controversy

THE controversy between Italy and Yugoslavia over the problem of the Adriatic has been, since the beginning of the Peace Conference, the most baffling task before the Allied delegates, barring only the still more difficult and vastly more important Russian problem. The question finally resolves itself into five parts: Trieste, Istria, Fiume, Dalmatia, and the Dalmatian Islands. Italy claims the possession of all five: the first, second, fourth, and fifth on the basis of the Treaty of London, the third on the basis of self-determination of the city of Fiume. Yugoslavia also claims the possession of all five, invoking historic and ethnographic reasons for her claim. The possession of Trieste and of most of the peninsula of Istria was conceded to Italy from the start. The controversy over Fiume and Dalmatia, still unsettled, reached its culminating point with the President's declaration, in the middle of April, that America could never consent to Italy's claims. Attempts to harmonize the divergent views and to find some grounds for a settlement have so far proved unsuccessful.

The question of Fiume has loomed largest in the public mind. Its solution depends on both ethnic and economic considerations. During the height of the controversy, I had an opportunity to discuss the problem with Signor Barzilai, the Italian Minister of the Occupied Regions, and a member of the Peace Delegation, besides hearing the views of many other Italian authorities and experts. On the other side, I tried to get the Yugoslav point of view from Dr. Trumbich, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Yugoslavia and head of the Yugoslav Peace Delegation. How these divergent views can be harmonized, I do not pretend to say, but it may be helpful to set them forth with some fullness and without prejudice.

Fiume consists of the city and three villages, all of which constitute what is known as the Commune of Fiume. The city itself consists of two parts. Fiume proper, the port and the town, lies on the right bank of a narrow river, and is predominantly Italian. On the opposite bank of the river lies the suburb of Susak, which is just as predominantly Croatian. Both Italians and Croats claim a majority of the city's population. But the only statistics available, based on the census of the Hungarian Government, are totally inadequate in the matter of classification.

Local feeling is well illustrated in the fact that on the banks of the narrow stream which cuts the city in two the Italians and the Croats live in voluntary segregation. There is much ill-feeling between them, and it is of old

standing. The Croats in Fiume tell you that they do not mind so much the Italians who come from Italy, but that they hate those who live in the city. This hatred is natural when we remember that this region was administered and ruled in accordance with the famous Austrian formula of keeping the different subject nationalities constantly at daggers drawn.

Whether through favoritism on the part of the Hungarian overlords of the city or through a more energetic nationalism, the Italian population of Fiume has succeeded in maintaining Italian as the official language of the city. The charter granted to the city by the Budapest Government is in Italian, and all the official communications between Fiume and Budapest have invariably been in that language. This is undoubtedly a stronger argument in favor of the Italian character of Fiume than its beautiful Italian architecture.

Controversy bases itself further on the historical status of the commune of Fiume. The Croats assert that Fiume had always been a part of the Kingdom of Croatia and belonged to Hungary indirectly through belonging to Croatia. The Italians, on the other hand, say that the city, Roman in origin, had always, through the ages, maintained the character of an Italian free city, and that it was under actual Croatian domination only twice in its history. Coming under the power of the Hapsburgs in 1471, Fiume was united with Croatia in 1776 by the Austrian Empress Maria-Theresa. But after three years the Empress changed the charter to the city, making it a separate political body, attached directly to the Kingdom of Hungary. Since then, until 1848, Fiume remained an autonomous commune under Hungary. In the year of the Hungarian revolution that city was occupied by the Croats and held by them until 1867, when it was again restored to the dignity of a self-governing commune, constituting, with Hungary proper and Croatia-Slavonia, the kingdom of Hungary.

There is no agreement, of course, in the Italian and the Yugoslav analyses of the economic significance of the port. The Italians prove by means of the shipping statistics of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that only seven per cent. of the sea-borne trade of Fiume could properly be called Croatian and Slavonian. The rest was accounted for by the trade from the interior, particularly from Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, show that most of the important branches of commerce are in the hands of Croatian business men.

Whatever the divergent claims as to the economic importance of the city, a

glance at the map will show that Fiume is really an outlet for the very important railway line running back to Budapest, through Lubiana, the capital of Slavonia, and Zagreb, the capital of Croatia. Even if serving nothing but the far hinterlands, Fiume unmistakably forms a part of this railway system. Whoever enjoys control over the city will always have to depend upon the good will of those who own the railroad for facilities in reaching it.

Of the solutions, barring those which would give the city outright either to Italy or to Yugoslavia, two deserve special attention. The first is that which would make Fiume an open port under Italian suzerainty for a number of years sufficient to enable the Yugoslavs to construct a new port, when Fiume would revert to Italy. The second is that which would make Fiume a free port under the control of the League of Nations.

The first of these plans is perfectly feasible. To the south of Fiume lies the good, sheltered harbor of Buccari (Bakar), entirely undeveloped, with only a small fishing village on its shore. I have not visited Buccari, but during my recent stay at Fiume I had an opportunity to see it from the heights overlooking the village and the harbor. A small mountain ridge separates Fiume and its environs from Buccari and the rest of the Croatian coast.

The plan is to develop Buccari into a harbor, the work to be done and financed by Yugoslavia and Italy jointly. Buccari would then be connected by a short railway line (a matter of a few miles) with the main railway line from Fiume to Budapest, which crosses the mountains just beyond Buccari. All these operations are technically possible. The result of the carrying out of this plan would be that the Yugoslavs would have a railroad running from their port of Buccari to Budapest and the rest of the hinterland, with a branch to Fiume. The entire line from the port to the borders of Hungary would pass through Yugoslav territory.

There is every reason to believe that Fiume would decline as a port under such conditions. Yet the Italians are willing to acquiesce in such a plan, believing, as they explained to me, that even under the conditions outlined they would still be able to compete with the Yugoslavs as far as commerce is concerned, at the same time realizing their aspirations for the possession of Fiume. The Yugoslavs oppose this plan on the ground that it would give Italy many advantages during the period required for the construction of the new port, even in the event that both Italy and Yugoslavia enjoyed equal freedom in the use of Fiume. Moreover, they consider the whole process economically wasteful.

The second plan would make Fiume

a free port and the commune of Fiume a small state under the control of the League of Nations. The opposition to this plan comes most emphatically from the representatives of the city itself. The present communal council, headed by Dr. Grossich, is entirely in favor of joining Italy. And yet, the second plan offers, it seems, the best basis for a settlement, for a more or less adequate and satisfactory solution of the problem lies undoubtedly along some such lines of international control; especially since the problem really involves the interests of other nations besides the two claimants.

LEO PASVOLSKY

Conditions in Canada

IN a necessarily limited space, it would be exceedingly difficult to give an adequate idea of the upheaval, political, social, and general, that is taking place in Canada. Politically, the situation is one of grave uncertainty; socially, clashing interests have brought about confusion almost chaotic; in the breast of the people—the community at large—a feeling of unrest exists such as has never before been known. And yet the situation is not hopeless. The struggle lies between constituted authority, on the one hand, and resistance to the existing governing powers, on the other. To grasp the meaning of this open warfare, as exemplified in strikes, sympathetic strikes, demands for higher wages, for shorter hours, for regulation of the high cost of living, cloaked efforts to overthrow constituted authority, be it Federal, Provincial, or Municipal, and the necessity of resorting to the most drastic legislation ever enacted in the Dominion, one must be upon the ground, in the centre of the volcanic disturbance, and be, like the creature of Ezekiel's vision, "wheel within wheel and glistening with eyes."

Leaving the thousand and one details to the imagination of the reader, I will attempt an outline of the situation. Immediately after the declaration of the armistice, the Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, was summoned to London as one of the Dominion's representatives in the preliminary peace negotiations, leaving the Finance Minister, Sir Thomas White, in charge as Acting Prime Minister. While he was still absent growing unrest throughout the Dominion made it advisable to summon Parliament on February 20, always in the hope that the peace negotiations would be sufficiently advanced to permit of the Prime Minister's return before the more important issues of the session were reached. An exceptionally large amount of public legislation was prepared, due to the cessation of war conditions and consequent reconstruc-

tion; but the one great feature of the session—the Budget, or yearly financial statement—was delayed. The delay was due in part to the prolonged absence of the Prime Minister and the uncertainty as to ultimate results in Europe, but the legislators, while making allowance for this cause, were becoming restive, and throughout the country the feeling of unrest was growing intense.

The high cost of living was becoming unbearable; the consumers were feeling the pinch more and more as the prices of all necessaries were going up by leaps and bounds; each element of the population was blaming the other, and all were blaming the Government; higher wages, shorter hours, altered conditions were demanded; organized labor menaced; local strikes were becoming more frequent; returned soldiers were individually expressing dissatisfaction; and a dark cloud was gathering in the very centre of the Dominion, at Winnipeg, and threatening to burst and scatter East and West, deluging the entire country. In Parliament there were rumors of grave differences between members of the Union Government. These rumors seemed to find confirmation in the outcries for the Budget coming from East and West. The West, with its agricultural interests, demanded drastic tariff reductions; the East, with its manufacturing interests and larger industrial centres, held its breath in the hope that the coming Budget would maintain a protective scale sufficient at least not to endanger any of the expanding industries. While both of these elements were thus restlessly awaiting a delayed solution, labor and capital were facing each other in an attitude that foreshadowed a terrific struggle.

Such was the situation when the news came that Sir Robert Borden was about to return to Canada. It was hoped that this information would check, at least until his arrival, the storm that had been gathering. But it was a vain hope. While the Prime Minister was on the Atlantic events moved rapidly towards confusion.

The situation at Winnipeg grew worse and extended to other centres, such as Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Lethbridge, Regina, and as far west as Vancouver. Toronto, meanwhile, was in the grip of a formidable strike; but the real storm-centre was Winnipeg. A kind of soviet government was there attempted; the mayor and municipal authorities seemed unable to cope with the situation; matters were carried to a point where the controlling power arrogated to itself the granting of permits to sell bread, milk, and other foodstuffs, to open theatres, restaurants, and places of public resort. All civic life was at a standstill. This was actual revolution against constituted authority.

At this juncture two Federal Ministers were sent to Winnipeg to lend their assistance in the solution of the knotty problem. One was the Minister of Labor, the other was the Acting Minister of Justice. Theirs was practically a fruitless expedition. While they did all in their power to bring about an understanding between the Unions on strike and the Citizens' Committee, they were handicapped on account of the lack of Federal authority to intervene.

Meanwhile Sir Robert Borden arrived at Ottawa. It was decided on Thursday, June 5th, to bring down the long-expected financial Budget. Expectancy was at its height; the fiscal statement was made; and the general debate on the same was fixed for Monday, June 9th. What effect the tariff announcements will have all over the country can be judged as the debate proceeds, which will reflect the opinions of the various groups of the Canadian people.

Some idea of the effect of the Budget speech may be gleaned from a few of the already evident results. Scarcely were the tariff changes announced when the Hon. Mr. Crerar, Minister of Agriculture, resigned his seat in the Cabinet, but retained his place in the House—in order freely to criticize the financial statement. This gentleman was President of the Grain Growers' Association of the West; he retired from that position to become a member of the Ministry; and now he resigns from the Ministry to mark his dissatisfaction with the readjustment of the tariff. It is presumed that several—any number from a dozen to two dozen—Unionist Government supporters from the West will almost certainly follow Mr. Crerar into the ranks of the dissatisfied.

While the Budget and the tariff changes have absorbed the attention of the financial world of Canada, the strike situation has become more acute than ever. The One Big Union has drawn to Canada from the United States a number of "Red," or social, political, and national agitators of the I. W. W. brand, and of the Hyde Park class, from England. There existed no Federal law empowering the authorities at Ottawa to deal summarily with this disturbing element. Urged to the very brink, the Dominion Government, last week, introduced amendments to the Immigration Act of a most drastic character. But it soon appeared that these provisions did not include immigrants from Great Britain. As it was discovered that some of the most dangerous of these revolutionary agitators were from England, a further amendment was speedily added. The bill was introduced, passed both houses, and assented to, in the record time of one hour and twenty minutes. That same night copies of the new law were despatched to Winnipeg. Thus the

prohibited classes now include not only those who advocate the overthrow of constituted authority, but also those who "in Canada, defend or suggest the unlawful destruction of property, or by word or by act create or attempt to create any riot or public disorder in Canada, or who, without lawful authority, assume any power of government in Canada, or in any part thereof, or who by common repute belong to or are suspected of belonging to any secret society or organization which extorts money from or in any way attempts to control any resident of Canada by force or by threat of bodily harm or by blackmail." Persons in the prohibited classes are liable to deportation except those who are British subjects either by reason of birth or of naturalization in Canada. Further, if a person by act or by word at any time

since May, 1910, has done the things enumerated, he would *prima facie* be deemed to belong to the prohibited classes.

The Government has been severely criticized for delay in interfering in Winnipeg. But it must be remembered that it is not the business of the Federal authorities to interfere until Federal law has been attacked or threatened. This new legislation places the Government in a position to deal effectively, by armed force if required, with all attempts to overthrow constituted authority. The sympathetic strike on the part of the Post Office officials has been dealt with by the dismissal of all such employees; but a drastic general law was necessary in all other cases.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada, June 9

Mobilized Philology

MEN have always felt the lure of the past, but the spirit and temper of their inevitable response to the appeal of yester-year has varied widely in different periods of their history. Man's way of looking backward has altered with the three stages of man's growth. The youthful phase of his interest in far-off things is romantic, not merely in its glad escape from the reality of the present, but in its transcendental disregard of historical truth and perspective. Romance, the great magnifier and magician, transforms its heroes, its Arthurs, its Robin Hoods, and its Rolands out of all likeness to their real selves; it leaps flamingly over all bounds of space and time, gathering in one close embrace worthies that flourished in different ages, Alexander, Cæsar, and Scottish kings; and grouping as what Mrs. Malaprop calls, "contagious countries," lands that lie as far asunder as Denmark and Mesopotamia. The response to history in man's second and more active stage is patriotic. Pride of country glorifies a Henry V, a Joan of Arc, a Washington; but as in Shakespeare's historical dramas, the strong national consciousness, which idealizes kings and captains, often recks little or nothing of the mighty constructive forces that are ever steadily at work beneath all the tumult and the shouting, the purport of Magna Charta and the true meaning of the Peasants' Revolt. And finally, when the years bring to the man and to the race maturity of thought and judgment, his attitude to the past becomes philosophical. The student striving to weigh and consider the thoughts and deeds not only of the great ones of the earth but of all sorts and conditions of men in every age has as the goal of his long analysis and reflection a sense

of historic continuity, the power of "grasping in a single firm vision the long course of human history." Man turns to his book no longer in a spirit of wonder or of ancestor-worship, finding in brightly colored pages a refuge from the dull familiar things of the present, but seeking a forecast of present happenings in a scientist's study of those long-ago sprouts and seedlings that are now leafing and flowering in their later growth. And yet such study is not less but more efficiently patriotic, when it is the product of a large perspective.

Hence it happens that the avowed intent of the present professional student of literature, the maker of the latest text-book or anthology, is not the quest of "l'art pour l'art," art for art's sake, the expression of emotions that are always old and always new; but the very definite adventure of tracing landmarks in the march of the Anglo-Saxon mind—the dominant ideals of the national life of England and of America. Printed large on a dozen title-pages are "The Great Tradition," "The Heritage of Freedom," "National Ideals in Literature." The concern of editor or critic is now the interpretation of the spirit of the race in the light of the reaction of its men of genius to the most vital of problems, the working out of self-government. Shakespeare is no longer exalted merely as playwright or sonneteer; but is eulogized by his latest interpreter, Professor Gayley, as a disciple of law and humanity, a champion of "the unity and married calm of states," an opponent of Machiavelli and secret diplomacy—above all, an aristodemocrat, a poet of personal nobility or *noblesse oblige*; and he is revealed to us in sympathetic converse with those patriots of the London Company who in 1609 purposed "to erect

in Virginia, a free popular state in which the inhabitants should have no government put upon them but by their own consent." Hereafter, I think, we shall never read our "Macbeth" without the reminder that here is exposed to all men's contempt the military autocrat, master of frightfulness and espionage, wading deeper and deeper in blood, until destroyed, by the aid of a very pretty bit of "camouflage," the moving wood; nor our "Henry V" without editorial comment upon the nice conscience of the English king who will make no war-provoking claim upon France, until fully assured of his legal right, and who, unlike the modern invaders of the same ground, gives express charge "that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language."

Nor have scholars limited their study of the political significance of great literature to the products of their own soil. Anglo-Saxon and German have each carried the war into the country of the other by finding apt illustration of the hated ideals and traits of the enemy in his supreme achievements of heart and head. What shall we say when three of our leading American philosophers, John Dewey and Santayana and Ralph Perry, independently assure us that Kant's categorical imperative, the gospel of moral duty divorced from all consideration of good and evil consequences, naturally lent itself to Prussia's adoption of universal service and to the thoroughgoing subordination of individual happiness and liberty of action to the state? And shall we protest when an English contributor to the *Hibbert Journal* asserts that in Goethe's "Faust" the workings of the moral law are not felt and that in the separation of reason and feeling, whenever Goethe and even Schiller discuss ethical questions, lies the explanation of Germany's crime and self-ruin? Can we find any occasion for wonder in the campaign of German scholars against the great traditions of our literature, in their felonious assault upon much that we cherish?

"Loved long since but lost a while," they now swarm back to the familiar corner of the library table—the busy, buzzing throng of German philological journals that gather their booty among the blooms of English gardens, *Anglia*, the queen-bee, and her attendant *Studien*, *Beiblätter*, *Mittheilungen* and *Sonderabdrucke*. Two or three years ago when we knew them last, they were loudly humming their self-satisfaction: "When a German scholar seats himself in his chair [thus Morf of Leipzig in October, 1914], he is able to contemplate with unjaundiced vision the ground of the enemy's culture and spiritual life,

for no matter how patriotic the *Gelehrter* may be in his heart, he is also a citizen of the *Civitas Dei*, the City of God, which means in the present age a world-fellowship of spirit. Only in Germany is such communion possible. Let scholars in hostile lands rage in their weakness of soul and purposeless hate against our *Kultur*. We shall ever give truth its meed of honor, for we alone are strong enough to do this." The refrain is, of course: "Thank God, we are big German bumble-bees, not English hornets, nor French wasps, nor American yellow-jackets." And yet alas for such vaunting, even then the Anglistic hive yielded little enough of honey and wax—infinite labor and search ending disappointingly in editorial murmurings, monotonously fierce, against both Britain and America, the sudden moral collapse of the one, the more gradual, but not less shameful degeneration of the other. *Anglia* indeed! In like bitterness of spirit, old Cato the Censor, a Teuton in his hardness, might have put forth for Roman readers a monthly *Carthago*, tagging each number with his damnatory "delenda."

Now the swarm is once more with us in stinging force. The sweetness and light somewhat scantily offered are gleaned not only, as of old, from dissertations chasing the panting word and the elusive source, but from fresher and more fervent monographs of 1917-1918 duly listed as useful to scholarly students of English, exposing "The Anglo-Saxon Conspiracy" and "British Breaches of International Law" (*Völkerrechtsverletzungen*), extolling in the name of all that is fearful and wonderful "Germany's Final Offer of Peace and Guide for all Nations to Reciprocity during Time and Eternity" (*Deutscher endgültiger Friedensvorschlag und Wegweiser für alle Völker auf Gegenseitigkeit für Zeit und Ewigkeit*, by one Görlitz) and yet flaunting last year's lively hopes of "A Field-gray Peace" and "A U-Boat Peace." Not content with such sallies "over the top," subtler Teutonic minds found congenial occupation in the task of "driving a wedge" between the literatures of the Allies by the publication of long-forgotten acerbities and asperities. Did not Taine, the Frenchman, accuse John Bull of suffering from "hyper-trophie du moi," or megalomania, and picture the British Junker class as having the snouts of bulldogs with rolling eyes and apoplectic faces? Did not Trevisano, the Italian, declare that "the Englishman thinks that there is nobody but himself and no land but England?" And what did the American, Ralph Waldo Emerson, say of the robbing and plundering forefathers of the British nobility? Mark the fatal ease of this method of attack, and its speedy exhaustion of munitions! Let us bring up some

other guns. What monstrous missiles have been hurled by Englishmen across the Channel at France: remember Tennyson's "blind hysterics of the Celt" and "blood-red fury of the Seine" and Landor's symbolic balloon, "flimsy, varnished, inflated, restless, wavering, swaggering." And as for America, Jonathan, Jefferson Brick and Sammy Slick, perennial butt of British and Gallic wit! Enough, and more than enough!

Most significant of all these German self-revelations is the shuddering dread of British imperialism, the quivering fear that the English mind, to the interpretation of which these so-called Anglists are themselves ostensibly pledged, may dominate the world. Hence *Anglia's* fortieth volume finds a fearful fascination in "Imperialistic Currents in English Literature." Such a study is epoch-making in its import, because it finally fixes, to the full satisfaction of the Teuton, the much-mooted responsibility of the World War upon a single person. This *monstrum horrendum*, heretofore unsuspected but now at last unmasked in all his specious criminality, is—though the betrayed innocence of the German shrinks from the impious horror of this tremendous exposure—one John Milton. And it appears that not the least odious feature of his guilt is his long and insidious deception of the *Gelehrte* themselves. A Shakespearean performance at Leipzig in the first October of the War was preceded by a prologue in which the dramatist was made to renounce his "first and native abode" and to adopt as his "only home" the genial and gentle land of his German audience—a defection which the rechristened "Schüttellanz" must now ruefully regret. In one of the very periodicals before me, an Anglist of repute marking the deep chasm that separates the idealistic philosopher, Lord Shaftesbury, from the English people, to whom he belonged only by the unhappy yet trifling accident of birth, claims him as intrinsically German in soul, admitting him to full spiritual communion with the children of light. Thomas Carlyle—so the Herr Professor tells us—long since parted with his British birthright for a mess of Hohenzollern pottage. And Milton very narrowly missed a Prussian reincarnation in 1914, when Alois Brandl of Berlin confidently affirmed of him that, "were he living at this hour, he would comprehend German championship of freedom, care of justice, love of truth." Fortunately for fostering *Deutschtum*, the revelation of iniquity was not longer deferred. As soon as the parentage of British imperialism had been traced by approved seminary methods to Puritan consciousness of victory at the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, who so blind as not to see

that its mother's milk was the Old Testament conception of the chosen people and of the New Zion, and that this Milton was its too kindly nurse (our infantile imagery preserves, we hope, all the original naïveté)? Then burst the mud-storm of a mighty academic wrath, and never was poor poet more besmattered and beluted.

To Herr Professor Friedrich Brie, whom I remember to have met at Weimar, a mild-mannered man enough, belongs the Hibernian honor of "tearing off the mask of godliness and revealing the cloven hoof"; and from Heinrich Mutschmann, writing "im Felde," comes a soldier's stern approval of the very efficient anti-Milton propaganda conducted by a pro-German Swede, Liljegren of Lund. A wondering world of Teutons thus learns how deeply the roots of Calvinism penetrated English soil, and what bitter fruit is borne. Milton exhibits all the detestable traits, only too easily developed in the Puritan nature of Englishmen—a measureless conceit, contemptuous of fellow-beings, a gross hypocrisy, which carries constantly in the mouth the words, "virtue, justice, truth" without ever practising them towards one's opponents, and a conviction that the ends justify the means. "Can such things be?" asks the kindly German audience. Milton was like all his tribe an individualist. The imperious Cæsarean temperament of his Satan in *Paradise Lost*—so declared these champions of the Kaiser's Empire—is the key that apparently unlocks the inmost recesses of Milton's own character. He, too, would rather rule in hell than hold second place in heaven. This passion, which burnt in his core, to lord it over and look down on a worshipping world at his feet was seemingly his deepest source of emotion and therefore irresistibly broke forth in the creation of a congenial mind, Satan. However faithfully Milton may have meant to work along lines befitting a Christian (mark the gracious concession), his irresistible sympathy with a personality, mind, cause, and fate all but identical with his own and those of his time elicited, in spite of his reason, the passion that centuries after his death emanates from the mouth of Satan. Through such logic as this, the German critic reaches a twofold conclusion damning to both England and her representative poet: that Milton was accursed with a Satanic megalomania, then and now a specifically English trait; and that the revolt of Milton and his Puritan fellows against a conservative, traditional, authoritative ruler can be matched in sacrilege only by the rebellion of the fallen angels against deity. At the very moment when German scholars are thus demonstrating Milton's diabolism, an American, Professor Dodge, is suggesting in the leading article of the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin Studies (1918) that "the theology of *Paradise Lost* to our modern apprehension has issued in a God who is a kind of super-Teutonic Junker and in a Heaven which is a kind of glorified Berlin." Here, it would seem, is a partial explanation of the German *animus*.

In the German impeachment of Milton, which I give just as I find it, there is undeniably an alloy of truth—the half-truth which lies loudest to high heaven. Milton and the men of the Commonwealth were individualists, nay more, rebels against royal authority. As Macaulay's schoolboy knows, "they bowed their heads in the dust before their Maker, but they set their feet upon the neck of kings." Their manly fortitude and self-reliance are undoubtedly Calvinistic. Wherever the influence of Calvinism has been strongest, a spirit of independence has been most active. Milton's heart cry of passionate devotion to "strenuous liberty," which the German pundits denounce as of the deuce damnable, men of English blood and speech are now proudly echoing, "Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind." In the long struggle that justice and law have waged against tyranny, Milton was a protagonist and hence a shining mark for imperial shafts. The furious Teutonic onslaught upon Milton strikes at the very source of our Anglo-Saxon tradition of personal freedom, for the liberal England of the seventeenth century, which spoke in the poet's organ voice, was, as has been well said, "the nursing mother of the triad of modern democracies—the United States of America, the union of free commonwealths styled the British Empire, and the French Republic."

It is the colonial and territorial policy of England that draws the heaviest fire of these fully mobilized German brains. They all agree that the very foundation of British imperialism is Puritanism. Carlyle with his theories of the right of the stronger to power and of mankind's mission of civilizing the world gave to colonial expansion a mighty impetus. But Carlyle was a Puritan, preaching the gospel of duty and exalting work into a religion. Hence it follows, as the night the day, that the spirit of British imperialism is also the spirit of Puritanism performing each task to the glory of God, working both at the merchant's desk and at the helm of state for God's kingdom which on earth is called England. This spirit, whose dark side (says the Herr Professor) is commercial greed and unscrupulous money-getting, has made England great. In contrast to the intolerable arrogance of this world-spirit, how modest seems the ethical German imperialism ("ethischer Imperialismus")! Carlyle and his disciples, Ruskin and Kingsley, are dear to true

German hearts, but they merit thus much of rebuke. Carlyle and Ruskin were panegyrist of war as a necessary contribution to human progress (how strangely this sounds in German ears!); in like temper the battle-loving, piratical, English imperialism of today (this was written in 1917) refuses to end the most frightful of all wars by a fair peace, which will be lasting. Nothing could be farther from the thought of either Carlyle or Kingsley than the present oppression of other civilized people (*Kulturvölker*) for the greater glory of England. And yet to both of them Spain's war against England in Elizabeth's days was nothing else than an assault of the Prince of Darkness upon the Light. Carlyle and Kingsley never asked whether the Spaniards had anything to say for themselves, and yet the very recent history of their own empire repeats that of Spain. Thus reason the Professors. Roman imperialism, Spanish imperialism, British imperialism—the German scholars apparently see no difference between them nor yet between a state rule like the English which follows, and a state rule, like their own, which precedes the task of colonizing and civilization. How many shattered hopes of Germany were based upon the delusion that the British colonies, like hers, were the victims of a tyrannical central government and hence ripe for revolt, instead of being, as General Smuts, who can speak with authority, said recently, "a system of nations, not an empire but far greater than any empire which has ever existed, a whole world by ourselves, consisting of all sorts of communities under one flag—a dynamic system growing, evolving all the time, towards new destinies"! Our purblind German Anglists seem to have read not at all or else to little purpose the English poetry of imperialism during the past forty years—magnificent verse, much of it, ringing with the notes of pride and affection and a sense of service to backward peoples. And German philologists might well consider such a figure as Oswald Sydenham, V.C., the directing agency of H. G. Wells's educational novel of 1918, "Joan and Peter," devoted to his task of making an imperial citizen according to the ideas that prevailed before the advent of what he calls "the base imperialism of Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes." He extols the works of the English colonist, a policeman, whose beat is all the world; he eloquently expounds the text of the great tradition of the race; and, germanely to our present discussion, he, too, quotes Milton. "It was Milton who wrote long ago that when God wanted some task of peculiar difficulty to be done, he turned to his Englishmen. And he turns to us today. Old Milton saw England shine clear and great for a time and then pass into the darkness. Church

and crown are no part of the real England which we inherit." Thus may mobilized philology be met with the weapon of its own choosing.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Correspondence

The President's Idealism

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Nothing but lack of capital keeps me from founding and editing an independent paper in Colorado—a State hag-ridden by a journalism always personal and often corrupt. Were I editing such a paper, nothing would be more appreciated by me than the frank expression of the views of my thoughtful subscribers.

I have watched with keen interest the launching of the *Review* and am in hearty sympathy with its announced purposes. I hope the editorial in the second issue of the *Review* on "The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson" does not strike a permanent note for the new journal.

You deny that Wilson is a "clear and responsible thinker" and speak of his "impossible programme" as an "offense." Fundamentally you seem to blame Wilson because he is a prophet rather than a politician. You would not deny the ethical and ideal elevation of the fourteen propositions formulated by Mr. Wilson? The blunder worse than a crime, is it that they are unworkable?

Is not the same true of the Sermon on the Mount? Would you deny that Christ was a "clear and responsible thinker" and say that the sermon was a "mistake," because it called for action too high for selfish humanity? The fourteen points are, so it seems to me, a step in applied Christianity. Was it a mistake to take this step because the Allies, though solemnly pledged to it in the armistice agreement, have since refused, some in part and others almost entirely, to carry out their agreement?

Is it not possible that Wilson, well aware of the suspicion and selfishness of Europe and the vitality of the old diplomacy based on international grand larceny, judged rightly, made no "mistake" in promulgating this new diplomacy? If only partly successful, will it not be a gain for civilization? That it may not be at once and completely successful is an indictment not of Wilson's programme, but of the nations which, though they agreed to it, have failed and refused in part to carry it out.

I am not a partisan in my feeling for Mr. Wilson. Born and bred a Republican, my "natural man" is averse to much of the Democratic doctrine, but this is not a partisan matter, not even a

national matter, but a world matter, and one on which hinges the future of civilization.

While it is true that this programme was formulated by Mr. Wilson, its essential doctrines were enunciated by Lloyd George in Parliament some ten days before Mr. Wilson's formulation on January 8, 1918. Lloyd George in his recent speech in Parliament said that, when he laid out these principles of settlement, he was supported by every shade of opinion in England. Would you say that Lloyd George and Bryce and Asquith and Cecil are not "clear and responsible thinkers"?

It is not that Wilson is not a "clear and responsible thinker," but that he thinks too clearly and refuses to be responsible to those still bound down by individual and national selfishness and blind to the world that should be.

CHARLES W. HAINES

Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 2

The Covenant

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In his able and comprehensive "Examination of the Covenant" Mr. Corwin seems especially to single out for attack the preponderant power assigned to themselves by the Big Five in the Council of the League. Two questions are really involved: whether such preponderance is proper when exercised with respect to the executive activities of the League, and whether it should be admitted in the settlement of international disputes. As regards the first question, one would be interested to know what alternative such an authority as Mr. Corwin would be ready to propose. Previous to the war, acknowledgment of the particular status occupied by the Great Powers was compelled by the fact that, in controlling more than three-fourths of the world's population, territory, and wealth, and very much more than three-fourths of the world's armaments, the Big Eight were plainly responsible for the well-being of mankind. With the disappearance of Austria-Hungary and the collapse of Russian government the Big Eight has become the Big Six; but the armaments of America and the British Empire have become so swollen, actually and potentially, that the power and responsibility of the Great Powers seem scarcely less than before. Is it desirable that authority should be in hands other than those in which rest both responsibility and power? And if not, where else in the League can authority rest than with the Big Five? Should we expose the League during its infancy to the strain inevitably involved by the immediate admission to the Council of Germany in her present state; or should the

decisive word lie with the warm-blooded and rather inexperienced statesmen not rarely produced by some of the smaller nations of both hemispheres? Mr. Corwin himself refers to the fate of the proposed court of arbitral justice in 1907 (a court, by the way, in which the Big Eight would have had a permanent majority) and thinks that the creation of such a court should have been "imposed" by the Peace Conference on the smaller Powers. After all, since the Big Five will have only a bare majority, our own representative on the Council will be able to break its domination at any time; unless we too shall develop the spirit of selfishness and the taste for combination under all circumstances which seem to be taken for granted in the case of the other four. And the Covenant, as Mr. Lovejoy has pointed out, will, in eliminating secret understandings, scarcely leave room for "Shantungs."

Mr. Corwin's objection to the settlement of international disputes by the Council raises other questions. Personally I regret that the framers of the Covenant did not see fit to accept the suggestion, made by Mr. Root and by several British publicists, that all justiciable disputes should be settled by arbitration or a court of arbitral justice, and that the court of the League, and not the disputants, should decide what disputes were justiciable and what were not. But, in the process of mediation which is applied to non-justiciable disputes, the "political and governmental" outlook of the Council would scarcely be a serious drawback. Moreover, since unanimous decision is required in the Council, and since either disputant is at liberty to secure the removal of a case from the jurisdiction of the Council to that of the Assembly, it is hard to see how "the adjustment of international difficulties, from whatever quarter or source arising," should "invariably be entrusted to a particular set of nations."

There are a number of points on which I agree with Mr. Corwin and several others on which I should like to argue with him, but only two of the latter seem of sufficient importance to justify my asking more of your space. He closes his article with a plea for American "independence," and elsewhere registers protests against our sacrificing the freedom of choice in self-defense, and against our having to "remain indefinitely the member of a coalition having for its primary purpose the maintenance of a solidarity of interests among its principal members and so a balance of power against another potential coalition." It is difficult for me to follow these arguments. Does a nation sacrifice sovereignty or free will in choosing to enter into a contract from which it may, upon proper notice given, choose to withdraw, suffering no impairment of

its former status? Were entrance into the League to involve immediate disarmament the case might be different. But the difficulties of framing a practical scheme of disarmament seem so nearly insuperable, and the task of securing the adoption of any scheme is likely to encounter such strong objections from states to which powerful armaments are far more necessary than to ourselves, that few even of the optimists expect reduction to commence within a generation. And, when the time for reduction does come, we shall not only be able to reject the plan proposed but shall be as free as ever to leave the League, if that should seem the better course. Our delegates need never in a single case be instructed to cast their vote with the other members of the Big Five. How then shall we be bound to the League, or, much less, to any "coalition" which it may contain? And is it not rather a mistake to treat the Covenant as though it possessed such finality? Does any one suppose that it will retain its membership unless there shall be radical amendments which others will be as likely, as competent, and as privileged to demand as ourselves?

Nor can I finally endorse Mr. Corwin's suggestions regarding the action of the Senate. Because we had the honor of giving unstinted and indispensable aid to the Allies when they delivered the knock-out blow to the leader of the Central Powers, it would scarcely be generous to demand a privileged place in the League. Yet, if we are to reserve a special interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, which is "based primarily, . . . upon the security and self-interest of the United States," we could scarcely refuse to allow similar reservations to other Powers. If we limit our period of membership in the League to three years, why should not others limit theirs to two, or four, or five? What a League we should have! But why any reservation of this latter sort when the privilege of withdrawal is at our disposal?

Our position in international affairs has indeed been a proud one; but other nations have contributed in like manner to the maintenance of the world's peace—with what results we know. And it seems to me that we have already resigned our old place in the world. By our whole-hearted and largely unselfish participation in the war we have attained a rank far higher than any to which we could previously lay claim. By whole-hearted and unselfish coöperation in the League, by sacrificing rather the feeling than the substance of independence, we may do much to shape the "coalitions" of the future and retain the moral primacy which we have lately enjoyed in the family of nations.

HERBERT C. BELL

Bowdoin College, June 10

Book Reviews

National Views of Industrial Reconstruction

LABOR AND RECONSTRUCTION IN EUROPE. By Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THIS is a book that will bring joy to the historian's heart because it contains, within reasonable compass, a fine collection of "sources," together with numerous references and a well-selected bibliography. More than half of the space is given to labor problems in England, half of the remainder to Germany, while a scant quarter of the book is allotted to the rest of Europe; but this lack of balance may be forgiven an author who abhors verbiage and padding, advocates no policy, sponsors no scheme, and offers to the reader the delicate flat-tery of presenting only the facts.

But the facts in question are nothing but a collection of schemes and policies designed to show, not the economic and social condition of European wage-earners, but the prevailing and increasing discontent, and the general agreement among those who know that something must be done to improve those conditions and to allay the discontent. Not labor leaders and socialists and politicians, merely, are asking for reforms; but business men and economists have something to suggest. There is, indeed, a bewildering array of proposals, although, fortunately, there is a certain unity in the multiplicity that shows a common origin of the troubles, and indicates broadly a common treatment.

Practically all the reports agree in advising that normal production be resumed, and that the armies of soldiers and war-workers of every kind be demobilized as fast as they can be absorbed in the arts of peace. There is general agreement in the belief that unemployment can be for the most part prevented, in the demand that the wealthy bear the burden of financial reorganization, and in the recommendation that the manufacture, import, and consumption of luxuries be for some time restricted.

Students of the problem in various countries differ in the general character of their suggestions. Gide, and other French economists, for instance, lay stress on the need of making good the wastes of war by encouraging the increase of population, by a new spirit of enterprise and daring in business men and statesmen, by developing water-power, encouraging export, and making France economically independent of enemy countries. For the traditional policy of *laissez faire* is substituted coördination of all forces, both public and private, for the upbuilding of the

country. Method in industry, rather than oratory in politics, is to be the mainstay of industrial reorganization.

Germans, on the other hand, seem to be more concerned about raw materials than anything else, although they are troubled also about the scarcity of tonnage, the loss of foreign commerce, the tremendous debt, and the badly deranged condition of foreign exchange—all this, of course, before the war turned decisively against them. It is worth remembering that on April 1, 1918, Prince Loewenstein proposed that Germany should receive, as part of the indemnity, large supplies of raw materials from the Allied countries. From all sides come demands for public control of private business, with compulsory syndicalization of the leading industries.

In England the cry is for a national awakening and a spirit of coöperation among all classes. The experience of the war has shown that production can be enormously increased if capitalists will be less grasping, and if laborers are willing to abandon unreasonable restriction of output. The Government has solemnly and repeatedly promised to restore the union restrictions after the war, but now even the laborers do not ask for this, knowing that England's foreign trade can not be maintained without increasing production and reducing cost. On the other hand, employers are beginning to see the economy of high wages, when the laborers are willing to do their best. Everybody calls for efficient management, and it looks as though the Taylor system and similar schemes, rejected by union labor in the United States, might become important in the rehabilitation of European industry. Even in soviet Russia we find Lenin preaching the advantages of scientific management.

Among the many plans for reconstruction in England the most complete are those of the Liverpool Fabian Society and of the Garton Foundation. The former of these demands maintenance of wages, labor exchanges, unemployment insurance, and the like, but no marked approach towards socialism. Even in his New Charter, Sidney Webb does not ask for anything more socialistic than workshop committees or shop stewards, and national joint councils of employers and employed for each industry. The Garton Foundation, of which the Hon. A. J. Balfour was a trustee, goes almost as far as this, and two committees of the British Association for the Advancement of Science agree in the main with their proposals.

The reports of the Whitley Committee, of which Professor S. J. Chapman and Mr. J. A. Hobson were members, take strong ground in favor of joint standing industrial councils, not for the purpose of introducing an element of state interference, but to encourage the voluntary

settlement of industrial disputes, and to set up joint representative bodies which can speak for the industries as a whole, expressing the joint opinion of employers and workers.

Altogether, the British proposals, though far reaching in their character, favoring more democracy in industry, and calling for a considerable degree of state activity, recognize clearly the necessity of doing justice to capital as well as to labor, if industry is to be established on a sound and permanent basis and the British Isles are to retain their primacy in foreign commerce.

A striking exception to this rule is the draft report on Labor and the New Social Order, submitted by the Executive Committee of the British Labor Party at the Nottingham Conference, January 23-25, 1918, and widely heralded in the United States as the voice of the British workman.

This report, which reads like an apocalypse, predicts the end of present European civilization and the speedy coming of the New Jerusalem. It bids goodbye to the old order, waves the private capitalist off the stage, and hails the coming of a "genuinely scientific reorganization of the Nation's industry on the basis of the common ownership of the means of production and the sharing of the proceeds among all who participate." Such thoroughgoing reconstruction from the bottom up will, as its protagonists hope and believe, cause "a great bound onward in the Nation's aggregate productivity"; but if not, they will have the satisfaction of blaming themselves alone.

The British Labor Party may wear the clothes of the British workman, but its voice is the voice of German state socialism. However, the party won seventy-five seats in the elections of December 14, 1918—a great gain over their former representation of thirty-eight. For all that, it is a far cry to the social revolution.

The Sinclairs and Jimmie

JIMMIE HIGGINS. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THE French critic Régis Michaud has found room for a study of Upton Sinclair in his recent "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons." But for the company of Jack London (romancier de l'énergie américaine) he might feel some awkwardness in appearing on the same bill with Emerson and Pater and Henry James as well as Mrs. Wharton. M. Michaud sees him in his place there as "the Zola of the United States." His books, whatever they may lack, are "touffus, emphatiques, pleins à éclater d'information et de petits faits selon la formule naturaliste." Moreover, like Zola, this socialist who began as a

romancer has never outgrown, even in the most realistic of his works, a certain lyrical and sentimental bent. He can never let well enough alone, never stop at the right point in his eloquence or his satire, never cease jumbling crude fact and passionate fancy, never, with the great artists, succeed in transfiguring without falsifying reality. All this has been said repeatedly by American criticism, which for the rest would agree with M. Michaud that Mr. Sinclair's work, for all its defects as art, is of immense documentary value, "d'un véritable intérêt historique."

This last is true in a special sense of his latest exhibit, "Jimmie Higgins." Here is an immense mass of data, the "little facts" of American life in our own time, the searching and dramatic time just past, or passing. They are facts upon the plane of the observer's peculiar experience and interest, facts concerning the proletariat, "the people" of America: at their toil, at their play, in their strife as a class against other classes. This is usual; what is not usual is our sense, during the first third of the narrative, of being permitted to observe these people, their sufferings, their virtues, their aspirations, their faults, with sympathy and yet without undue bias. We seem almost to be finding a clear path: if we have not yet set foot on it, our guide is confident of his landmarks, and presently. . . . Presently there is a shrill cry, and we perceive that the thing he has been carrying under his arm is a folding soap-box, and that he has suddenly mounted it, here in the open; and so an end of our inquiring ramble and our hoped-for path. Once again our worst suspicions are confirmed. The world is a muddle and a mess. All rich men are tyrants and profiteers, mean of spirit and filthy of habit; all poor men are venerable and honest, pure of heart and desirous only of their modest place in the sun; which in the end they will probably have to take by force.

However, we have had those first hundred pages, with their portrait of Jimmie, and may well be grateful for them. They are enough to justify the author in thinking this his best book. Jimmie is an insignificant atom of the industrial and social system, except as he represents a Cause. We see him through the eyes of that visiting Socialist candidate who stumbles on him in Leesville: "A bowed, undernourished little man, with one shoulder lower than the other, a straggly brown moustache stained with coffee, and stumpy black teeth, and gnarled hands into which the dirt and grease were ground so deeply that washing them would be obviously a waste of time. His clothes were worn and shapeless, his celluloid collar was cracked and his necktie was almost a rag. You would

never have looked at such a man twice on the street—and yet the candidate saw in him one of those obscure heroes who are making a movement which is to transform the world." Jimmie has taken a wife out of a brothel and made her a good mother of three children. He is a hard worker, a steady enough citizen, and the handy man of the Leesville "Local." He has an ardent faith in his kind (that is, his class) and in their eventual control of the world through orderly means. Already he feels himself a part of a new world order, with his host of comrades in Germany and France and Russia whom no petty cause of national passion or interest can sunder. Then of course comes the war, and the spectacle of German socialism hailing the Day of the Kaiser, not of humanity; of Local Leesville torn by racial controversy; of American industrial life diverted to the channels of war. Socialism, that mild counsel of perfection, has failed, and there remains a single choice for Jimmie's kind—surrender to the ancient fetters of class domination and to the sacrifice of the many for the convenience of the few, or joining the forces which plot for a violent overthrow of whatever is. Jimmie tries everything, is tried by everything: the insidious bribery of the war-wage; a revulsion towards the anti-war methods of sabotage and secret propaganda which he presently discovers to be pro-German; washing his hands of it all by turning hobo . . . and finally enlisting under the flag of America because he feels at last that her victory is tied up with all hope for the world's future.

Here, as we have outlined it, is the substance of a moving and a true story, which might be lifted without the change of a word from the larger bulk of the narrative—"separated" without loss of a single rich particle, as cream is separated from milk. We should have this human Jimmie, with his dreams, his toil, his griefs, his ultimate sacrifice of the treasured class-consciousness to something larger if vaguer than class: we should feel him as in his way typifying the pain, the doubts, the courage, the hopes of these last confounding years. The artist in Mr. Sinclair knows and shows him, with not a little skill, with not a little tenderness. But the other people in Mr. Sinclair, the Socialist, the reformer, yes, the muck-raker, would not put up with this. Great Heavens! are we to forget what dubious forces lie behind this war, quite outside of Germany? Are we to lose sight of the fact that the capitalists are at their old game, under the shadow of war? Shall we fail to mention the abuses of the police system and the possible brutalities of military discipline? Shall we leave our Jimmie, bound up with all this rotten fabric, anything to hope for or live for—or die

for unless as a pitiful item of protest "from the weak side"? Not if most of the Mr. Sinclairs know it. There is a melodramatist among them who is really their chosen spokesman. It is he who brutally murders Jimmie's wife and babies, who contrives and executes and gloats over unnamable vengeance on the young and foul-living capitalist of the story, who makes Jimmie out to have been the chief hero at Château-Thierry, and thereafter (lest we rejoice) ships him off to Archangel and has him tortured to madness by the American authorities as a pro-Bolshevist.

H. W. BOYNTON

An Autonomous Albania

ALBANIA PAST AND PRESENT. By Constantine A. Chekrezi. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE reputed dead nations are rising again, right and left, and some of them are very lively corpses. But among these the Albanians can hardly be reckoned, for, mostly under the name Arnauts, they have been known as soldiers of fortune everywhere in the Levant. Mehemet Ali of Egypt was one, and the readers of Sir Richard Burton's books will remember occasional references to "Arnauts and other ruffians." Mr. C. A. Chekrezi's book about them and their country professes to be the first written by an Albanian, and the claim is probably correct. The Albanian always has been a man of deeds and not of written words; even his ballad-notes have been few, and Scanderbeg's "bit of treason with the Scribe" was characteristic for his attitude to letters. The earlier part of Mr. Chekrezi's book is compilation, greatly from the Britannica article—some sentences verbatim; but the later part, from the Turkish revolution down, and especially from 1912, when Albanian autonomy was perforce recognized by Turkey, is a contemporary document of high value. Not that we are to take the author as an unbiased witness; he is far from that. Much he does not tell, and what he does tell is highly colored with lurid adjectives and adverbs. The great enemy is Greece; but Serbia, Montenegro and Bulgaria are nearly as bad; Italy is a friend, but to be watched. Yet he does give a feeling for the whole unhappy Balkan situation, with its millennial history of ruthless wars of extermination and its unescapable prospect of wars and yet wars to come. These were no wars of kings but of peoples, and through them there echo the lines,

Once there was the People,
And it made a hell of earth.

To deal with them a League of Nations would need to have behind it the Chancery of Heaven and would certainly

come to have a fellow-feeling for the tribulations of the Unspeakable Turk.

More hopeful is the story of the Albanian colonies in foreign lands and especially in Italy and the United States. There they have turned to the arts and crafts of peace, and the swashbuckler of the Levant is a mechanic in New England. Hopeful, too, is the fact that the Albanians, like all soldiers of fortune, are of an easy disposition in point of religion. The greater number of them have, to suit their own ends, embraced Islam—they are the only European race of which this largely holds—but it sits lightly and has not changed their national attitudes. Their non-Moslem kin are still their kin and even the Porte recognized that a Moslem Arnaut was still an Arnaut. The internationalism of Islam for once failed to work. But this same indifference has been an element in rousing against them the enmity of the other more perfervid Balkan races. Already marked as the household troops of Abd al-Hamid, they stayed out of the great rising against the Turks, and naturally, when all was over, the victorious allies turned upon them.

Yet some kind of autonomous Albania is coming, if not come, and there Mr. Chekrezi's book should do good service. With it should be taken, however, the Britannica article written in 1908 by J. D. Bouchier and chapter ix in the "Turkey in Europe" of "Odysseus" (Sir Charles Eliot). They are in many ways infinitely more exact. And why does Mr. Chekrezi call a mufti an archbishop? That is wilder than even the usual oddities of the Christian Levantine, pronouncing on Islam.

Dante and Moslem Mystics

LA ESCATOLOGIA MUSULMANA EN LA DIVINA COMEDIA. Por D. Miguel Asín Palacios. Madrid: Estanislao Maestre.

OF the many ways on which East and West meet one of the commonest of all is the pleasant path of story-telling. To the Story all the world is open; there are no barriers of politics or race or language or religion. The Story is truly catholic and because the Buddha's life made a good story he stood for a time as a saint on the Roman calendar. Through every age and along every road stories have worked their way. It might be only as mere folk-lore elements seeping through, carried by the unconscious memories and tongues of the people, or it might be by true literary tradition, the magnificent conveyers stealing in full consciousness their brooms ready made. And when these latter tales have reached us only in broken-down fragments, used and re-used and again returned to a life on the lips of the people, it is hard to tell whether they are simple folk-lore or were once literature.

We all know how in the Arabian Nights, the "Magic Horse" is the "Cléomédès" of Adenet le Roi, Camaralzaman and Budur are Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, and Tawaddud is the Doncella Teodor of the Spanish folk-tale and Lope de Vega's comedy. Not so well known is it that the Cave Xa Xa in the "Deutsche Volksbücher" goes far back through Italy to the East and to our Aladdin of the Lamp and the "Nights," that the legend of Virgilius the Magician is modeled on that of Avicenna and that the "old captive" who told the tale of Aucassin carried over from popular Arabic the form of the cante-fable, just as Straparola conveyed from more "refined" Arabic his ambiguous sonnets. The relation, again, of "Ali Baba" to "Simeliberg" and other German and Slavonic stories in Grimm is evidently by folk-lore only.

In so many ways and along so many paths the story-telling East has come to the West. But it is no such simple connection and relation that Professor Asín essays to demonstrate in the case of the Divina Commedia. With him the Story is the garment of theology, philosophy and the vision of the mystic. For more than twenty years his studies have led him along these paths in Islam, and it is largely through his publications that students of the philosophical theology of mediæval Europe now recognize the great influence exerted by Moslem thinkers, lasting even into the pragmatism of our own time. The vague Averroism, of which the histories of philosophy used to speak, has been indefinitely clarified, both as to its Plotinian origin and its Thomist effects, and names of theologians and their books, systems, and threads of influence have sprung into the light in almost bewildering detail. On the other side the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas has come again to its own, and it is not now possible to dismiss him with "the schoolmen" in a contemptuous phrase. As we find our modern questionings in Plato, so, too, we may find them in the Summa. Aquinas was struggling with the eternally put and eternally unanswered problems of ultimate human thought. In 1914 Asín, in a note (p. 120) to his "Abenmassa y su Escuela," a study of the origin of the mystical Spanish-Moslem philosophy and perhaps the best introduction to the whole subject, drew attention to some curious parallels of expression in Dante. It was natural, therefore, that when he looked for a theme of broad human interest to use in his *Discurso* on being received into the Royal Spanish Academy he should turn to Dante. The result is this book.

His thesis, then, is that Dante was no exclusive Thomist; but in philosophy was a mystical eclectic with strong leanings to Averroism and still stronger

to the Spanish-Moslem mystic, Ibn Arabi. He thus explains the placing of Siger of Brabant in Paradise and, indeed, the whole structure of the Divina Commedia. But his proof is not so much philosophical, like that of Bruno Nardi on the same question, as storiological; it consists in tracing the origin of elements, broad and minute, in Dante's narratives and descriptions to preceding Moslem accounts of visits to the regions beyond the grave. This he does in the most astonishing detail and with the most bewildering apparent success, in both points contrasting brilliantly with his predecessor, E. Blochet. It would be hopeless to attempt here to give any idea of this overwhelming detail. It makes the book by far the most complete study of Moslem eschatology which has yet appeared, and henceforth all Arabists will have to make use of it on that subject. And this value will remain, however much the Dantists—no peaceful folk—may arise and smite Professor Asín as a rash invader of their realm. He begins with Mohammed's Night Journey and Ascent to heaven and analyzes for the first time the different recensions of this legend. He then takes up the additional stories which occur in the theological commentaries on this legend and, in still greater detail, the later adaptations of it, mostly allegorical and mystical. Here the connection is made with Ibn Arabi, a mystic of the first rank, who had visions—real, or symbolical and allegorical—based on the Ascent of the Prophet. The parallels with the Commedia, both as to incidents and idea, even to the use of a Beatrice, a beloved lady as heavenly guide, and the Mystical Rose of Paradise and the whole impassioned spirituality of the conception, are so worked out that the hypothesis, to be sound, evidently requires a close contact between Ibn Arabi and Dante. Further, there has survived in Arabic at least one purely literary imitation of the Ascent by Abu-l-Ala al-Ma'arri. This is almost a travesty—at least an unbelieving use for literary purposes—of the religious legend, but it, too, furnishes an interesting quota of "sources" or accidental coincidences. From all these the topography of the Commedia is worked out; the four-fold division of Limbo, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise is found in Islam, but Professor Asín rather over-emphasizes the status of Limbo. Moslem theologians are still as dubious upon it as were those of Christendom in Dante's time; it is certainly not of faith. He finds Lucifer, too, plunged and held fast in the middle of the earth and supporting it; but that is a hard strain on his Arabic texts. The best to be said is that in this and in some other elements Dante must have seen the possibilities in certain concrete Moslem details and have

developed a meaning for them. Very dubious, too, in point of Arabic, is the Moslem source found (pp. 28, 38, 64) for the "little torch . . . coronal" in Par. xxiii, 94, and the Arabic parallel (p. 10) to Inf. iii, 26, 28, indicates only the howling of dogs, either real or metaphorical.

But what of the so-called precursors of Dante, whence did they draw their material? Here Asín brings out the curious fact that it was only in the twelfth century that these legends assume distinct form. That there was then a sudden leap in their development which European investigators, such as Graf, have been quite unable to explain. There are traces, for example, of the Seven Sleepers as far back as Gregory of Tours who used a Latin version of a Syriac text of their legend (p. 281), but it was more than six centuries before such legends of sleepers suddenly began to appear in Europe. So, too, with the visions of Tundal, Alberic, etc., and with St. Patrick's Purgatory. Details in the voyage of St. Brendan, *e. g.*, the whale-island with trees growing on it, he finds already in Jahiz, who died in 869. Here the difficulty, of course, is that those Irish *Imrama* are claimed by Celtists and used by them as a foundation for Celtic mythology. The question might also be raised as to what extent the Celts and Jahiz, for example, were not all drawing on the great reservoir of common folk-lore which antedates everything. But, however that may be, the sudden outburst, in the twelfth century at the earliest, of such voyages, experiences, and visions must be explained, and Asín has certainly produced an immense mass of evidence pointing towards Islam as the source.

But, as to Dante, a persistent question remains. If he was so deeply affected not only as to details but as to the whole structure of his poem and as to the essential culminating ecstasy in the Paradise by Moslem influences and especially by the system of Ibn Arabi, how have we no slightest hint of this, either in his life or in any express words of the poem? Asín develops very fully the different ways in which Moslem learning *might* have reached Dante, especially through Brunetto Latini. But have we any positive evidence as to *how* it did? We have the mysterious station of Siger of Brabant beside St. Thomas in Paradise; we have Saladin, Avicenna and Averroes in Limbo, but the description of Averroes, "who the great comment made," does not suggest deep knowledge; we have Mohammed and Ali among the schismatics in Hell. Again, there can be no shadow of doubt that Ibn Arabi's mystical odes, with their heroine and two-fold meaning and commentary in self-defense do most powerfully suggest Dante's "Canzoni" and

"Convivio" and move into new light the whole question of the "dolce stil nuovo." But why, then, is Ibn Arabi not somewhere in Paradise or, at least, in Limbo? These questions are for the Dantists to answer, who know elaborately Dante's environment. Professor Asín's mass of evidence, though it may be criticized in details, has left the case with them and they can not evade it. They and the Celtists are now to be heard from. But it may already be said that the coincidences are too many and too close to be explained away by common sources, Biblical, ecclesiastical or classical, or through elements of broad pre-historic folk-lore. The question comes down to this—How can we bridge from Ibn Arabi to Dante?

An English translation is already in preparation.

D. B. MACDONALD

The Run of the Shelves

IN the advertising pages at the end of his "Beyond Life" (McBride), Mr. James Branch Cabell makes the amusing experiment of quoting all the most unfavorable comments on his earlier books that American newspaper criticism could be made to yield. This reversal of the publishers' custom really shows courage, for though we all know that the *Squantum Journal's* or *Podunk News-Leader's* opinion of a piece of literature is naught, we are so accustomed to be fed with their encomiastic phrases that it is a shock to find there can be books they do not look upon as masterpieces. Mr. Cabell is not a quiet writer, he has more than a touch of the preciosity which the nineties esteemed and the present hour rather signally distrusts. Attitudes as well as objects and qualities have a value for him; it is plain that he does not see why the word pose need be said with a sneer. Therefore it is quite natural that a newspaper lad or lass who spontaneously adores the latest models, from "O. Henry" to Will Irwin, should be put out by this writer who is not satisfied with obvious ideas and plain United States. And Mr. Cabell is irritating. The idea and structure of the present book as a whole are of too patent an artifice. After all, there is health in our modern notion of whimsy—that it must go with a rush, as an ebullition and not a contrivance however artfully planned and adjusted. The mincing and supercilious novelist, John Charteris, who is supposed to utter the greater part of these pages in the form of a midnight or all-night monologue, is a somewhat distressing person. He serves, at least, as stalking-horse for a witty if eccentric commentary on modern life and letters. "It is well enough," he says, for example, "that 'earnestness' should have its little hour

along with the ukelele, just as the a 'red-blooded reversion to primal instincts' coincided in its fleet vogue with that other parlor-game called pingpong, and in the remote era of progressive-euchre parties pretty much everything was 'subtle' and 'perverse' and 'fiery-colored.' . . . 'Ah, yes, but just what, precisely, is my reaction to this?' is considered nowadays, I am informed, the correct attitude towards art and life alike, among all really earnest thinkers." Whether one likes its gesture or not, there is substance in this book.

"Robbia Heraldry," by Allan Marquand, is of more general appeal than the title would indicate. It includes all coats of arms on monuments by the Della Robbia school. In all 392 are registered, and 277 pictures. These arms often afford dates, and are useful in classifying the monuments. Such is the primary intention of a work of solid scholarship, which is carried through with Prof. Marquand's characteristic thoroughness and good taste. The coats of arms are frequently medallions or rectangular plaques, beautifully enameled, and made to be set in the walls of public buildings. The shields are often enwreathed with colored garlands of flowers, foliage, and fruit. By their handling of these incidentals, the various members of the Robbia family may be distinguished. Indeed, Prof. Marquand finds that even the punctuation of inscriptions is individual and valuable for attributions. Where a coat of arms appears incidentally on a larger composition, the entire monument is reproduced. So the illustrations cover pretty broadly the work of the Robbia clan. As affording many exquisite examples of elaborate heraldic design, often with inscriptions, the book will be useful to sculptors, architects, and decorative draughtsmen generally. It is a beautifully made quarto in the familiar format of the Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology. (Published by Princeton University Press.)

By far the greater part of the matter in George Moore's forthcoming "Avowals," to be issued for private circulation next month by Boni and Liveright, is new. Perhaps the world has pretty well traveled over Moore's mind, but he keeps remembering things about his Paris days which he hasn't told before or wants to tell again from a new angle. The world, apparently, rather likes being told.

An historical work which bears every mark of lasting merit is William Harbutt Dawson's "The German Empire, 1867-1914." It is in two substantial volumes, to appear this week under the imprint of the Macmillan Company; it

offers a scholar's matured consideration of his field.

American curiosity about the literature of Spain will soon be able to satisfy itself by means of "Outlines of Spanish Literature," by J. D. M. Ford, Smith Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard, to be issued by Holt. The book will possess at least one advantage over Ticknor's monumental work—it will bring the story down to the present brilliant group of writers for whom the American public is acquiring a taste.

Mark Twain was indisputably Mark Twain in 1870-1871, the period of the sketches from the *Galaxy* and the *Buffalo Express* which Messrs. Boni and Liveright were quite justified in reprinting. The "Curious Republic of Gondour," which extends its title like an awning over the whole volume, supplies the subject for only one of its seventeen divergent sketches. Mark Twain is there with his air of a fallen cherub (not strictly in the Miltonic import of the phrase), his effect of sapience in fatuity or fatuity in sapience, his bearing as of a wise man whose wisdom, after the fashion of a hat, has been accidentally mislaid for the time being. The quality varies of course. In the remark: "When I say that I have never composed but one poem in all the long third of a century that I have lived, persons who know me will be sincerely grateful," he is purveying journalism with the customary salts. But he is wholly himself in this account of a boy who has incurred the wrath of an energetic father:

"I kind of dodged, and the boot-jack broke the looking-glass. I could have waited to see what became of the other missiles if I had to, but I took no interest in such things."

Ignoring Modern Music

DOES a public indifference to modern music discourage the professional musician from performing it, or does the professional musician neglect modern music from either a personal prejudice or a mistaken notion of what the public wants? According to its initial announcement, the New Symphony Orchestra, of New York, was organized for the commendable purpose of supplying a medium through which the contemporary musician could reach the public. Why then, one wonders, did this organization abandon its original policy in favor of the stereotyped programme presented by it at its second concert? We had expected to hear Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," and instead, we were offered Brahms' C minor Sym-

phony, Debussy's "Faun" and the "Tannhäuser" Overture. The fact that Mr. Arthur Bodanzky's reading of Brahms' Symphony marked him as one of the two finest symphonic conductors in this country to-day was scarcely adequate compensation. Patently, Brahms' C minor Symphony, Debussy's "Faun" and the "Tannhäuser" Overture are of greater intrinsic importance than Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem": the point is that we have a half dozen or more orchestras playing these compositions for us season after season, whereas Mr. Loeffler's work, composed approximately a dozen years ago, has had, in so far as my memory serves me, only one performance in New York.

In earlier times, when orchestras and great soloists were far less numerous than they are now, it was obviously essential to discriminate in favor of music upon which the consensus of the best opinion had set its mark of approval. It was of more importance that the public should become familiar with Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, and Wagner than that it should be kept abreast of the extraordinary developments of the music of the last quarter of a century. But surely, under conditions obtaining to-day, there is room for a judicious exposition of modern music. Is it to remain unheard by our generation? Are we to be allowed no opportunity to familiarize ourselves with the wealth of harmonic development that has marked the progress of music from César Franck down to the immediate present?

There are in this country at the present time at least a dozen orchestras of admirable capacity. The country is literally overrun with pianists and violinists of pre-eminent quality. Never, perhaps, in the records of music were the opportunities for the exposition of musical talent as great as they are to-day. And yet the contemporary composer is ignored. By this I do not mean that an occasional novelty does not find a place on the programmes. Take the Philharmonic, for example. No good end could be served by placing American composers upon a programme haphazardly. The cause of American music may have been hindered by this policy of indiscriminate exploitation.

No doubt some one will say, Who shall determine what shall and what shall not be performed? Well, it is fairly obvious that if a man has sufficient musicianship to qualify as a first-rate conductor or pianist, he must possess some capacity for determining the essential importance of a composition. In the case of a composer of established reputation, a negligible piece of work possesses the historical interest of its relation, however incongruous, to the greater works of its creator; but what justification can there be for giving a sterile imitation of Debussy? I am concerned with our neglect

of men of a more or less established significance—Mr. Gilbert, for example, whose "Dance in Place Congo" I can not sufficiently praise. How shall we expect that Mr. Gilbert will try to progress, considering that the Metropolitan Opera House neglects to include this piece in its repertoire? Certain reviewers urged the importance of this work upon the consideration of the Metropolitan management, which, for some reason known only to itself, saw fit to retain, instead, Mr. Cadman's vacuous and banal "Shanewis." I am not sure that Mr. Gilbert is not the most competent musician that this country has produced, but I should not blame him if he had become somewhat discouraged.

No doubt Mr. Stokowski, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Mr. Stransky, of the New York Philharmonic, Mr. Gabilowitch, of Detroit, present their audiences with the works that are, to the best of their ability to judge, most representative of contemporary tendencies. The point I would make is that the intentions of these men are hampered by a kind of obligation that they feel they are under to supply a more or less stereotyped kind of programme. Tradition, on the one hand, and box-office receipts, on the other, exercise their restraining influence. The result is obvious. Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky continue to be played year in, year out; Delius, D'Indy, Loeffler, Scriabin, and the less familiar work of Debussy, such as "La Mer" and "Iberia," are almost neglected. As a result, not only the public, but the professional musician as well, is prevented from acquiring that degree of familiarity with a piece of music which is absolutely essential to forming a just estimate of it. Gabilowitch once told me that he never allowed himself to form an opinion of a new work from one hearing of it. He knows that he can not appreciate a musical composition unless he considers it with the utmost care. If such a musician admits this inability, we can hardly expect the average audience, ninety per cent. of which has no technical training, to form any estimate whatsoever. Consequently, works that might become popular in their generation, if they were given often enough, remain practically unrevealed to the public. Grainger's suite, "In a Nutshell," is an instance in point. With all that may be said against Grainger (and I am compelled to count myself an affectionate enemy of most of his preposterous idiosyncracies), the fact remains that the "Nutshell" is one of the most original and entertaining compositions of its kind that has been written in modern times. It is rhythmically vivid, melodically interesting, harmonically beautiful. (Observe the closing pages of the second and third movements.) I can not believe that the pub-

lic would not enjoy this work if it heard it often enough to become familiar with it. Instead, the work was performed at one pair of Philharmonic concerts in March, 1917, and has not been heard since. Under such conditions, we can not determine whether this particular composition or any other piece of contemporary music is important or negligible.

Some time ago, I very respectfully suggested to Leo Ornstein's manager that perhaps it was a mistake to make Ornstein play Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein, etc., to the neglect of Ravel, Debussy, Scriabin, and Ornstein himself. I was told that Ornstein's earning capacity had increased between fifty and seventy-five per cent. since he abandoned his preference for modern music and returned to the conventional Bach, Chopin, Beethoven programme. The thing that is regrettable is that the thankless effort of popularizing modern music should be left to the younger musicians, who are, in the nature of the case, incapable of commanding a public consideration for novelty. Would it not seem as though established musicians like Josef Hofmann, Paderewski, Gabilowitch, and Kreisler were almost under obligation to abandon the stereotyped formality of their programmes? Season after season, Mr. Hofmann plays in New York, and Carnegie Hall is sold out. And what does Mr. Hofmann play? A Beethoven sonata (the "Moonlight" or the "Appassionata"); a Chopin nocturne (and of all Chopin nocturnes, the one in E flat, Opus 9); a Liszt composition—in short, the kind of programme we have been hearing for the last twenty-five years. Mr. Hofmann is a very great pianist, the greatest, it may be, the world has ever known. It is natural we should be curious to hear his interpretation of Debussy, Ravel, etc. Does Mr. Hofmann contend that in all the great mass of music that has been written since Chopin and Liszt there is nothing worthy of his attention? Did piano music cease for Mr. Paderewski when Liszt penned his last rhapsody? Can Mr. Gabilowitch blame us if we suffer a bitter disappointment at the prospect of another one of his Schumann-Chopin recitals? And why does not Mr. Harold Bauer—who gives us more varied programmes, as a rule, than the majority of pianists give us—progress beyond a repetition of Debussy's "Estampes," "La Cathédrale engloutie" and "Les Collines d'Anacapri"? The bulk of the piano music of Debussy, D'Indy, Ravel, Ornstein, Scriabin, and Scott is practically undiscovered for the public. Can we not persuade Mr. Hofmann or Mr. Paderewski or Mr. Bauer or Mr. Gabilowitch to give to this music the attention which it manifestly deserves?

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

Drama

"The Jest," "39 East" and "A Little Journey"

AMERICAN managers are so successful in making the play a screen rather than a dais for the playwright that I was actually turning into the Plymouth Theatre before I grasped the fact that the "Jest" was the well-known "Cena delle Beffe" of Benelli. I had read it in Italian, and recalled the beauty of its diction through the sombreness of its catastrophes, like the Bay of Naples livid in some outpour of Vesuvius. At the Plymouth, it is not so good; in the transition from Italian to English, from the page to the stage, the leakage on the side of literature is considerable. The main motive is rather simple. Jest darkens into malignity in one of those ruffians who passed for nobles in the uncritical Italy of the Renaissance. It is matched and overmatched, in the person of the painter who is his victim, by malignity crisping into jest. Perhaps the subtlest, though not the most stirring, moment of the play as acted in English is the opening narrative, in which the painter lays bare to us that *moral* abasement of physical weakness before physical strength in which human nature reveals to us at one stroke its humanness and its irrationality.

After this the psychology is obvious. With the possible exception of the painter's forbearance with Ginevra, there is nothing further in the play which one would be distressed to explain to Mr. Rupert Hughes or Mr. Owen Davis or Mr. Jules Goodman. It is a contest of the vulpine with the leonine, or, even less, with the ursine, wherein the fox bears off the mixed honor and disgrace of a facile, though insidious, victory. The craft is not Mephistophelian. Too often in plays of cunning it is only the success of the plots that apprises us of their brilliancy. Neri, the bully, is artistically stupid. A double ration of brains to the dupe would have doubled both the dupe's humiliation and the triumph of his adversary. It is the wit in us that smarts at our folly, as it is the virtue in us that bleeds at our sin.

The dramatic summit of the play is the end of Act II, where the painter, having fastened the charge of insanity upon his enemy, with all the ignominies inseparable from that charge in an age without insight and without pity, insults him almost within earshot of the woman whom the trick has wrested from his talons. Triumph can go no further, and the play should end. Unfortunately, the clock points only to half-past nine, and an unsated audience, which reck-

ons its pennies by seconds in the theatre, is insistent on its money's worth. In the third act we have trills and quavers, variations on the original theme, and, at last, a preparation for the reascend for which the fourth and final act imperatively calls. A new contrivance makes the ruffian the inadvertent slayer of his own brother. The brother's concern in this act is negligible, though one suspects that it may have interested him; we are quite engrossed with its effect on Neri. That effect is presumably inadequate. The penal value of remorse clearly depends on the dominance in its subject of that human feeling the defect or destitution of which in Neri has been one of the capital points in Benelli's exposition. It is difficult to rehabilitate a climax.

The brothers Barrymore monopolize the interest of the acting; the other parts are acceptably taken, except where the itching to be powerful is consumptive of power. With all respect to Mr. Lionel Barrymore, I think the addition of bestiality to inhumanity in Neri was a mistake. We were prepared for the ursine; the porcine is too much. What do we want in an Italian miscreant? Plainly, polish in wickedness—a poniard in which, if the blade be dipped in venom, the haft is set with mother-of-pearl. Shakespeare did not put his Caliban in Naples, much less in Florence; he relinquished that novelty to Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

Mr. John Barrymore was successful in his impersonation of the painter who was hare and fox at the same time, first cowering and then crouching or couchant. It was this mixture that gave quality to his portrayal. The nervelessness of the first act gave point to the ensuing tensions, and one remembers (or imagines) a border of weariness and disillusion that added meaning and relief to his vindictiveness. His signal, though infrequent, error was the attempt to rival Neri in brutality, an undertaking to which the Shakespearian "Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou" might serve as placard. The contrast between himself and Neri was his weapon, and he erred in permitting that weapon even for a moment to dull its edge.

Playwrights, like other workers, are entitled to vacations, and no critic so friendly to Miss Rachel Crothers as myself would think of denying to her any perquisite of her guild. Employers, however, have long since regretfully observed that workmen are indisposed to spend their holidays in the workshop. Miss Crothers is peculiar in the fact that she is taking a vacation from the practice of drama at the Broadhurst Theatre in the play "39 East." I might vary the figure by saying with pointed literal

truth and beautiful symbolic propriety that she is spending the vacation in Central Park in the rehearsal of a skirt dance under the stimulus of ginger ale. Acerbity itself can not say of "39 East" that it is ill made; it is not made at all; the unborn can not be the guilty. I will spare its pointless and plotless fable the harshness of a summary. The comfortable theory that anybody can do anything under sufficient provocation has given place to the still easier theory that anybody can do anything anyhow. Composition on these terms becomes detectable.

Good workmen, however, are prone to work a little even on their holidays, and wit and force will peep in at the window of Miss Crothers's play, no matter how roughly the door is slammed in their faces. "39 East" is inane, but it contains a half-act—the first half of Act I—which is delightful, and which reappears, in lessened afterglow, in the first part of the concluding act. The opening of the breakfast-table scene in the pretentious boarding-house, which, lying practically outside the plot, is secure from the infection of its limpness, has been handed over to expert and racy comedians. Miss Skipworth as Mrs. De Mailley, Mr. Alberni as Count Gionelli, Miss Friderici as the inimitable Miss McMasters, capture us from the start, and Mr. Sutherland as Timothy O'Brien, in spite of his Judge Pyncheon smile and his Laurence Boythorn laugh, adds himself preemptorily to the list of our conquerors. But the principals supervene. It is as difficult to exclude the principals from a play as the bridegroom from a wedding. Miss Constance Binney furnishes all the beauty and rather more than all the fatuity which a part, exigent in both particulars, requires. In his trivialities as Napoleon Gibbs Mr. Henry Hull is artistically sound and serious, but, in rising to moral seriousness, he sinks to artistic triviality.

The play imagines itself to be morally tonic, an idea wherein, if nowhere else, the strength of its imagination is demonstrable. The heroine is a girl whom a few weeks' stay in New York has divested of all the shielding scruples of the country, without endowing her with even a tittle of the protective knowledge of the town. The play vindicates imprudence. Probably three girls fall from imprudence for one who is betrayed by sensuality; yet plays in which sensuality flourishes are decried, while those in which imprudence prospers pass unscathed and brag of their virtue. Morality might sometimes echo the Spaniard who prayed: "May God deliver me from my friends; from my enemies I can defend myself."

New York is probably not eager for a Westerner's opinion on "A Little Jour-

ney," at the Vanderbilt Theatre, on which its own ratifying seal of nearly two hundred performances has been emphatically set. My conciseness will respect that probability. "A Little Journey" is not unlike "39 East." A series of plump and agile sketches is transformed, at a skillfully retarded but always premature moment, into a meagre and sluggish play. A group of pictures which independence might have made respectable are reduced to the footing of dependents and parasites by the fobbing-up of an arbitrary relation to a makeshift play. The idealisms are very tedious. I do not mind worldlings; I do not mind church: but I hate to go to church with a worldling.

O. W. FIRKINS

Artists and the War

LAST winter, at the Anderson Galleries in this city, there was an exhibition of paintings by British artists, paintings made at the front, authentic records of actual warfare. At present there is another such exhibition of the work of Canadian artists. England, France, Italy, Canada, Australia have made lasting memorials of the war and of their part in it. They have recognized that photography does not suffice and that if art is made to touch life and to come into contact with events, a great and inspiring record can be preserved. The United States sent a few illustrators to the front, one or two artists, such as S. J. Woolf—patriotic men who managed with great difficulty to get to the front and paint—but we missed the great chance of having contemporary records in art of St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, and of the many other battles whose names will be an inspiration to future Americans. The lost opportunity can not by any possibility be regained, yet there still remains a chance, a vanishing chance, indeed, to do something of lasting value.

We have read recently that a \$9,000,000 memorial edifice is to be erected in Washington. I wonder what this edifice is to contain. Is it to hold Liberty motors, photographs, rusty relics? There is still time, though little of it, to send some of our foremost artists abroad to paint from actual observation our historic battlefields, the life of our Army of Occupation on the Rhine, the scenes of war, the stupendous results of our efforts in engineering, railway building, hospital equipment, shipping, and all the other branches of our war activity.

While time's rapid hand is obliterating these records to a great degree, they still remain to an extent sufficient to make it greatly worth while to undertake what is here urged. Such pictures in a memorial building would serve two purposes. They

would show, as photography can not do, the grim aftermath of war. Hoping for peace, our minds are beset to-day with endless problems. Is the League of Nations a League of Peace or is it a League of War? Who knows? When doctors disagree, how shall the ordinary man, the patient, know what is the remedy for the disease of war? One thing, however, is incontrovertible. Paintings of war's grim aftermath, of ruined orchards, of once fertile fields now masses of shell holes, of devastated villages, of tumbling churches, and all the wreck and destruction of war will be an object lesson to the eyes of future Americans, a warning as well as a reminder. So as an argument for peace, where peace can by any possibility be preserved, these paintings would constitute a most important record.

But there is another reason, and, indeed, a greater one. At a time when our allies were at the last ditch, their backs against the wall, we entered the conflict, and the tide of battle turned. It is well that future generations, not merely of Americans, but of the entire world, should remember what our country, without an army and without an organization, accomplished, and in how incredibly brief a time our great results were achieved, results which turned the scales of battle and determined the fate of the war. Such pictures would be reproduced in Sunday supplements and in magazines, not only in this country, but in Europe and would serve to remind the world at large, for many years to come, that America is a friend to be counted upon and a foe to be reckoned with. Treaties of peace are too long, too intricate, and complicated to be read by the average man. The treaty with Germany has finally been published after a great hullabaloo. How many men have read it from cover to cover? One in ten thousand? But the paintings of our part in the war would be a story clear and simple, so that he who runs would read. They would be an account for the average man of the war and of our part in it that would be a thing to be remembered.

Is it too late to send a dozen of our foremost painters to France? Can not a group of men be found who will be willing to furnish the small sum necessary to finance such a project? Hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured by us into the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., all to mitigate the suffering of war, but the war is over and memory is short. We forget that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Since our Government has failed to realize the invaluable services which art can render, may it not be hoped that the eyes of some Mæcenas will happen upon these words?

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THE REVIEW

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GERMAN acceptance of the terms of peace was a certainty; the only question was whether it was to happen at once or after an interval fraught with fresh calamities. That the world was spared this experience is owing solely to the unyielding pressure of the Powers at Versailles. In the *Nation* of a week ago there appeared an article by Norman Angell, under the flaming title of "Child Massacre as a Political Weapon," protesting against the threat of renewal of the blockade in case Germany refused to sign. But that threat has been a chief, probably the chief, influence in preventing a renewal of the war. A Weimar dispatch states that the Socialists expressly based their acceptance of the terms upon the impossibility of getting the working people "to confront worse conditions through a renewal of the blockade and an advance of the Allied armies." Would it have been more humane to send the armies into Germany and get assent a month or two hence than to secure that assent now by the threat of a blockade? But perhaps Mr. Angell and the *Nation* think that Germany has a right to get what she wants by means of a hunger strike—an

interesting view which might lead very far.

IN the cool rarefied air of the Harvard Commencement platform Senator Lodge remarked:

It is a melancholy reflection that the best assurance of the future peace of the world lies in the destruction of the German war power, which is worth all it cost.

Why is the reflection melancholy? The world is well rid of its worst nightmare. Irrespective of future arrangements, we have gained tremendously, in proving that the lust of universal empire is impossible. Whether or not the League of Peace is adopted, whether it works or not, no nation for a century is likely to repeat the German adventure. Germany's defeat is a lasting warning that the aggressor, however unrestrained by moral considerations, and with whatever superiority of military preparation, is in advance doomed. Bernhardt's dilemma "world power or downfall" (*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*) has been once for all settled, and settled right. Since our future benefits from the world war are highly speculative, it is well to remind ourselves hardheadedly of those great and enduring benefits which can not be taken away from us. Naturally we hope for more, but even if more should be denied, we agree with Mr. Lodge that the benefits in hand are worth all that has been paid for them.

THERE remained one untried ignominy for the German Navy. There now is none. The sinking of the surrendered fleet at Scapa Flow by the German officers is an act of singular treachery. They were treated as honorable persons, left in charge of their own ships, without British guards. In such a case, according to the law of war, the officers and crews are trustees of the surrendered vessel for the captors. The history of the sea shows very few cases in which this trust has been abused. The German officers who have planned or tolerated this treacherous act are, of course, liable to court martial and death. Their case is that of a commander who destroys his own ship. That the ship was interned does not alter the legal aspect of the case. What happens to these forsworn and dishonored officers does not greatly matter. At the moment when Germany is about to sign the peace treaty, they have done a good service in

giving a startling demonstration of the worthlessness of any German promise the execution of which depends solely on German honor. As for Admiral Reuter, since German opinion seems to regard his dishonorable act as gallant and clever, it would be well to hale him before the ordinary courts and imprison him for criminal destruction of ships at sea. As a naval officer he deserves no consideration.

IT is cold comfort to say that the sinking of the interned German fleet solves a difficult problem. The ultimate disposition of the vessels was not an easy matter, and it was perplexity over this which doubtless led to the internment of the fleet, with only German caretakers aboard, instead of their surrender to the victorious Powers. It is painfully evident that some way should have been found to make the latter course possible. For it is not good to be outwitted even by an action that according to all naval tradition is essentially base and stupid. To the perpetrators of the act it can not be made to appear in that light. When Reynard the fox gets out of a tight place, by whatever means, he is a clever fellow in his own conceit and in that of all who accept his ethical code. Germany from the beginning has played Reynard the fox. She now of necessity agrees to everything, but she does it with complete mental reservation. Hereafter her whole energy will go to the search for opportunities to wriggle out, and it may be accepted as axiomatic that no hole is too small for her to crawl into. The Allies can not for a long time relax their vigilance without grave risk that Germany will duplicate Reynard's ultimate triumph in defeat.

THE little police raid at Juarez is an unwelcome reminder that we still have to do with Don Pancho Villa—and Mexico. We have prevented the Villistas and Carranzistas from fighting too near El Paso, in conformity with our general policy that neither Mexican regulars nor revolutionaries shall shoot across our border. The administration has never strongly objected to the intentional shooting of American citizens domiciled in Mexico, but it properly objects to the accidental shooting of our borderers in their own homes. One may admit the distinction without taking much comfort

from it. The best feature of the case is that the army apparently acted on its own initiative without consulting Washington. These Mexican brawls require promptest action, and if it is generally understood that our army is on the trigger and unhampered by Washington, there will be fewer border raids. The difficulty remains that such irksome police duty can always be given the color of a political intervention. Villa, on his side, has once more put us in the position of supporters of reaction before his half-naked bandits. Meanwhile, the broader Mexican situation has been enlivened by the canard that England has asked the privilege of cleaning up Mexico as a mandatory. This absurd rumor has at least the merit of pointing out certain permanent features of the Mexican tangle, features which are not covered by persuading Don Pancho Villa to shoot south rather than north when he makes a diversion on the border.

NO better item of news has come over the cables for a long time than that which tells of President Wilson's decision to appoint a commission to investigate reported pogroms in Poland. If it be further true that the commission will be headed by Henry Morgenthau, our late ambassador to Turkey, and that two other members of the commission will be Jews, our grounds for satisfaction will be complete. Premier Paderewski requested the appointment of a commission and expressed the desire that its inquiry be thoroughgoing. Assurance to this effect could not be adequate unless the work of the commission were in large part in the hands of American Jews of the best type. Mr. Morgenthau's long and crucial experience at Constantinople, and the hold he has established on public confidence, gives the best guarantee that the findings of the commission will serve their purpose—that of establishing beyond reasonable cavil the essential truth of the matter. Details, of course, will always remain more or less in dispute. But the vital question, the question of the degree in which governmental connivance or negligence has been responsible for the atrocities, need not be left unsettled. And whatever the fact may prove to be, publication of the truth will be an effective protection against future outrages.

IT is no novelty for Senator Sherman to beat everybody else's record for silliness, but to beat his own is another matter. This difficult feat the gentleman from Illinois performed the other day in the wonderful speech in which he exposed the League of Nations as a scheme for putting the world under the rule of the Vatican and destroying religious liberty. The brilliancy of the idea is equaled by the convincingness of the

arguments with which the distinguished Senator supported it. In this collection of jewels it is not easy to select the prize gem. But apparently the discovery that Mr. Sherman himself values most is that of the malign significance of President Wilson's visit to the Vatican, of which the Pope said in an interview:

President Wilson put the matter so clearly that my doubts began to melt, and before our interview closed I agreed with him on the main lines of his plan. The President struck me as being far more interested in his League of Nations than in fixing the frontiers of the newly created States.

"The great pontifical dignitary gives no random interviews," says Mr. Sherman, and who can deny the truth of this profound remark? Would that it were equally true that United States Senators make no random speeches, and that United States constituencies send no random specimens of the genus *asinus* to represent them in the Senate.

THE article contributed by Mr. L. F. Loree to the present number of the *Review* affords interesting evidence of the prominence which the issue of the establishment of a budget system has come to occupy in the minds of all men who have given serious study to the problems of our national finance and administration. It seems proper to mention that as regards the initiation of the budget Mr. Loree's view is at variance in an important particular with that presented by Mr. John T. Pratt in a recent number of the *Review* and held, we believe, by most advocates of the reform. Mr. Loree's ardent desire to "eliminate executive control, either direct or indirect," is doubtless responsible for his proposal that the budget should originate with the Ways and Means Committee of the House instead of being prepared in the first instance by an executive bureau. Mr. Loree's article as a whole will be read with interest as the vigorous utterance of a stalwart Republican whose standing as a railroad administrator is among the foremost. His statement concerning the record of the Republican party and its unique claim on the confidence of the country is a presentation, of course, of his own views, not those of the *Review*.

THERE is only one way of dealing with such a case as that of the Sterling Accounting and Audit Company. The two men who have been carrying on its business, an accountant employed by them, and an inspector in the United States Internal Revenue Bureau have been arrested as principals in a conspiracy to defraud the Government of income taxes. If the charge is proved, punishment not only of these men but of any firm or corporation that has sought to avail itself of their services to escape taxation should be of most exemplary

severity. Leniency is utterly out of place in the punishment of such systematic fraud. The apparent absence of wholesale evasion of the income and excess-profits taxes has been most gratifying; but we must make sure that that absence is real. This assurance can be had only if terrifying punishment follows in every case of unmistakable intent to cheat the Government. Petty and harassing inquisition in cases where at most there may have been some minor inaccuracy is a thoroughly bad policy; it produces the maximum of irritation with the minimum of effective result. Heavy punishment in any clear case of deliberate deception, on the other hand, disturbs no honest man but deters a thousand dishonest men from the commission of fraud. With taxes on their present scale, such deterrence is essential to counteract a great and ever-present temptation.

IT should escape no one that the Winnipeg war cry, "one big union," is being bandied about freely in the United States. In Winnipeg it meant overthrowing the government; here it intends no less. In Winnipeg it was only an improvised union of the law-abiding forces that crushed the temporary dictatorship of the Strike Committee. It is at once a warning to those who believe in our democracy to stand on the alert, and a reassuring evidence that even without special organization the forces making for order are sufficient.

THE New York police are overdoing the work of exposing Bolshevism. To attack revolution in its secondary outposts is like suppressing the liquor traffic at the drug stores. Everybody knows that the various socialist schools are more or less dabbling in seditious literature. The revolutionary propensities of the I. W. W. are perfectly familiar. To ventilate notorious facts in a spectacular way does no good. To harry

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the remoter agents of revolution only gives an undue importance to people to whom notoriety is a great asset. Really to deal with the revolutionary movement one must go beyond its light advertising staff. One must reach the leaders who are taken seriously from the inside—not the vendors of seditious literature, but its authors, not the pink advocates of the social revolution but its Red leaders. In the endeavor to get quick and sensational results the New York investigation is in danger of stultifying itself. The result of its fishing, thus far, is a not very impressive catch of minnows.

THE overwhelming vote by which the American Federation of Labor, in convention at Atlantic City, rejected all resolutions of a Bolshevik color has a significance far beyond any question of the Federation's own stand. In a time of ferment like the present, there is always a tendency to magnify the extent to which revolutionary ideas have obtained real lodgment in the public mind. The revolutionists are extremely vocal, while the sober people for the most part say nothing. The Federation has not been, and is not now, notable for extreme regard for established institutions, and if these were really on their last legs the fact would be very apparent in a poll of its members. If the sympathizers with Bolshevism could muster only a corporal's guard at the Atlantic City convention, a poll of the American people as a whole would be sure to show them in a still more pronounced minority. But this will not prevent the dilettanti from speaking of everybody who thinks there is still some life in the established order of society as a hopeless survival from the past.

SECRETARY GLASS has announced that the sales of savings stamps and certificates will be indefinitely continued during the transition period and that the thrift campaign built up around them will remain as a permanent part of the Government's fiscal policy. Here is one of the good little things of the war, borrowed from Europe, that has proved astonishingly useful and that should not be lost. More than any other plan that has been devised, it puts the possibility of Government investment within the reach of everyone at all times, and, like the system that has made the French peasant so closely interested in the welfare of his Government, it is a small but highly effective weight in the balance against social chaos.

THERE will soon be in every American town of any size some kind of memorial to its living and its dead who gave themselves to the country's need. There could not be many better chances than this for an exhibition of intelligent

choice in the manifestation of patriotism, and it is to be hoped that more of it will be shown than appears in the monuments of the Civil War and the war with Spain. Few of the memorials of these wars bear looking at to-day, and none of them are of any considerable use to living Americans. If we are not to have æsthetic merit, let us eschew æsthetics and go in for utility. The Chicago Chapter of the War Mothers of 1917, in planning to build a \$2,000,000 hotel as a memorial to the Chicagoans who fought in the war, deserves congratulation for definitely leaving the era of cannon-ball stacks and village colosseums behind.

THERE is in the whole course of the war no episode more satisfying than the story of the will-o'-the-wisp little newspaper, *Libre Belgique*. Published under the very German noses to which it delighted to administer a hebdomadal tweak, it kept during four bitter years a smile on Belgian lips and hope inextinguishable in Belgian hearts. Its thrilling career, which makes Martin Marprelate and his flitting press seem tame by comparison, is admirably told in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Albert van der Kerckhove, who under the name of "Fidelis" was one of its important contributors.

Started at the beginning of the German occupation by the veteran journalist Victor Jourdain, then seventy-four years old, ably seconded by Eugene Van Doren, the little sheet, published in a "cave automobile" and advising prospective advertisers to keep their money for better times, was enormously successful. Under the most adverse conditions imaginable it eventually succeeded in issuing twenty-five thousand copies, nearly every week, which were finally worn out by the eager hands of some three hundred thousand readers. Van Doren carried the copy to the printer typed on onion skin paper and concealed in a hollow cane. It was set up in the bathroom of an empty apartment in a retired quarter, but a few feet away from the German guard, and printed in a skillfully devised hiding place in Von Doren's own factory. Wilhelm was on the free list and received his copy regularly, and it was promptly on the desks of the German Kommandantur. In the matter of distributing the sheet the Belgian people made monkeys of the Germans, in the case of Bissing twice a monkey, *bis singe* as they punningly put it. Try as they would they could not catch up with the little rag. German officers found it pinned to the skirts of their field-grey uniforms. Once on a very straight tip a squad goose-stepped to the Place des Barricades to apprehend the arch-offender in the person of one André Vésale and found that worthy literally turned

to stone. Beneath the statue which they had come to arrest they read an inscription in honor of Vesalius, the renowned sixteenth century anatomist. As "Fidelis" says, there were times when the Germans really exceeded their privilege to be stupid.

How they managed to furnish themselves with paper, even sometimes with illustrations, how the torch was caught up from the falling hand of one editor and passed flaming on by another, how Fidelis himself contrived to send regular contributions from the interior of a German prison, is beyond conceiving. It would have been impossible save for one thing, the unquenchable determination of all classes, from the cleric to the boy in the street, to preserve for a better day the country they all loved. If in some future day the world should be so unhappy as to be a little vague about the meaning of patriotism, it can set itself straight once more by repairing to some museum and there viewing, carefully cherished under glass, a worn and tattered fragment of *Libre Belgique*. Nowhere in the history of the world has its flame leaped hotter and more joyous, nowhere has it so refined the hearts of men, as in the days of which this little scrap of paper is the most satisfying relic.

Germany Submits

GERMANY has accepted the inevitable. Almost to the last moment there remained some doubt as to whether she would submit at once or take the chance of incalculable suffering for herself, and of possible disorganization among her enemies, which a temporary refusal would entail. But there was little doubt of what the decision would be. The absolute steadiness of our stock market has borne impressive witness to this state of mind among qualified observers, and has once more sustained the long tradition of the trustworthiness of that barometer in stress of weather.

If there was little of surprise in the fact of Germany's acceptance, there was still less in the form of its expression. Nor do we mean by this to harp upon the string of "German psychology," which has been decidedly overworked. We can not see in the brief note of acceptance and protest sent to M. Clemenceau by the German Foreign Minister that character of "whimpering surrender" which some appear to find in it. The Allies, he says, "have decided to wrest from Germany by force acceptance of the peace conditions, even those which, without presenting any material significance, aim at divesting the German people of their honor"; the German Republic, "yielding to superior force," accepts the Treaty "without re-

nouncing its own view of the unheard-of injustice of the peace conditions." This is not whimpering; to a fallen enemy, however guilty, we can not begrudge such little refuge for self-respect as a protestation of this kind may furnish. Nor do we find in the previous assertions of the impossibility of fulfilling the terms anything either contemptible or peculiarly German; one has only to recall the like protests which M. Thiers made in the name of France, when the billion-dollar indemnity was imposed upon her in 1871, in order to remind himself that some things which we glibly ascribe to German nature are simply human nature.

It is not in the manner of Germany's acceptance, but in the actual facts of the past and the present, that warning is to be found of the difficulties that are still before us and that will long continue to be before us. Germany will not willingly fulfill the conditions which have justly been imposed upon her. She will violate them soon if she can, she will bide her time if she must. The necessity of a strong and trustworthy agreement among the victorious nations to secure the result of their immense sacrifices has been manifest from the beginning. It is neither more nor less manifest to-day than it was on the day the armistice was signed. Fortunately, there is every reason to believe that the necessary watch will be firmly maintained. Whoever lightly promotes any move that will endanger it assumes a terrible responsibility. In every phase of the discussions that are still before us in this country relating to the peace settlement, this consideration must ever be kept firmly in mind.

But while Germany will have to be watched, this does not mean that Germany will have to be constantly cowed. On the contrary, within the limits imposed by necessity she must in every possible way be helped. Her punishment has been decreed by the terms of peace. To the honest fulfillment of them we must resolutely hold her. To go beyond this, to worry her by petty persecution, to thwart in any way her endeavors at economic and social restoration, to interfere with any chance of happiness that the situation in which she finds herself permits, would be at once unjust, inhumane, and inexpedient. The world is interested in Germany's prosperity not only because it is necessary to enable her to pay the indemnities, but because the happiness of sixty million human beings can not be a matter of indifference to mankind at large. And, not less important, it is after all upon the restoration of the German people to a normal frame of mind that the prospect of the future peace of the world largely depends.

For five long years the world has been

filled with amazement and horror at the spectacle which German ruthlessness and megalomania have presented. While those appalling facts were before us it was impossible, and it would have been wrong, to fix our minds upon the better side of the German nature. But to deny that there is a better side, and that it can be appealed to, is a counsel of despair. No reasonable person, we believe, deliberately asserts such a proposition. Unspeakably evil as has been the conduct of Germany, it has been the result not merely of ineradicable qualities of character, but in an immeasurable degree the outcome of false teachings. The gradual spread of teachings of a wholly different kind will be the natural sequel of the humiliation and disaster which to-day for the first time she fully realizes. Whether the better mind will ultimately prevail, only the future can tell. But surely the rest of the world can do no less than to give to those Germans who represent that better mind every possible chance to eradicate, among their countrymen, the poison of the past, and to make possible in a not too distant future the return of good will between them and the rest of the world.

Root versus Knox

THE hand of the master is visible in every part of Mr. Root's letter to Senator Lodge. It is as observable in the opening remark in which he suavely expresses approval of the general object aimed at in the Knox resolution, while gently but firmly turning away from it as a possible solution of the actual problem before the Senate, as it is in his powerful presentation of the case for the solution which he himself offers. Mr. Root would "be glad to see the peace terms and the League of Nations Covenant separated as proposed in the resolution offered by Senator Knox," but not another word does he have to say about that resolution in the whole of his lucid and comprehensive letter. Indeed, the letter was generally accepted on all sides as giving the *coup de grace* to the Knox proposal.

The contrasts between Mr. Root's position and that into which Senators Lodge and Knox had plunged the Republicans of the Senate are many. But the cardinal one is that Mr. Root fixes his mind first of all upon what the situation actually before us demands, while Mr. Knox and the Foreign Relations Committee acted as though the difficulties of that situation had little or nothing to do with the case. There is nothing contentious about the way in which this appears; it simply pervades the whole letter. The object of the Knox resolution, implied throughout and to some extent explicitly declared, was to compel

a reconsideration of the treaty at Versailles; Mr. Root is quite as distinctly animated by the desire to avoid such reconsideration. "The condition of Europe requires prompt action," he says; and his question is, "Under these circumstances what ought to be done?" The three reservations which he proposes are his answer to this question; and having stated them, he adds:

When included in the instrument of ratification they will not require a reopening of negotiation, but if none of the other signatories expressly objects to the ratification with such limitations the treaty stands as limited between the United States and the other Powers.

The effect of the Senate's action upon a world-situation of unexampled difficulty and danger is clearly the foremost subject of Mr. Root's concern.

This, however, is not the only contrast. Mr. Root does not make a lawyer's list of all the possible objections that there may be to the Covenant, but singles out those things which to his mind are of cardinal importance. He does not magnify all the possible troubles that may be involved in minor features. Moreover, he says not a word about any mortal peril to the Constitution in the general provisions of the Covenant. There are few public men who are more attached to the Constitution than Mr. Root, and it is safe to say that his silence on this point is due, on the one hand, to the fact that these perils are by no means so serious as they have been represented, and on the other, to the obvious consideration that the obligations necessary for participation in *any* effective League of Nations would be open to the charge of unconstitutionality on the part of strict constructionists of an extreme type.

Not less marked than the contrast between the two positions is the contrast between the character of Mr. Root's letter and that of Senator Knox's speech. The difference is not only that between the statesman and the lawyer, it is also that between the statesman and the campaign orator. "This League," exclaims Mr. Knox, "once entered upon and perpetuated, will under the compelling force of the combined armies and navies of the whole world control our destiny from now down through the full remaining period of recorded time." Such an expression would be as much out of place in Mr. Root's close-knit argument as a bit of jazz in a Beethoven sonata. Mr. Root says nothing about "recorded time." He takes account of the fact that withdrawal from the League of Nations upon two years' notice has been provided for in the amended form of the Covenant, but quietly insists that that provision be made more absolute by elimination of the attached condition that prior to the withdrawal all obligations under the Covenant shall have been fulfilled to the

satisfaction of the Council. In a word, Mr. Root places before the country a serious question to be discussed in a calm and rational way, and his argument sets the keynote for just such a discussion. This of itself is a public service of the first order.

The reservations which Mr. Root proposes are three in number. The second of them covers the point just mentioned. The third declares that nothing contained in the treaty "shall be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions, or to require the submission of its policy regarding questions which it deems to be purely American questions to the decision or recommendation of other powers." Of course the chief object of this is to remove all doubt as to the safeguarding of the Monroe Doctrine—concerning which the language in the revised Covenant is curiously inept—and also to place beyond doubt our freedom from interference by the League in questions like that of the regulation of immigration. Whenever an issue arises between ourselves and another nation upon any such question, it will naturally be regarded by us as a purely domestic question, while the other party will equally naturally regard it as an international one. We either do or do not wish to refer the settlement of this point to the Council of the League; if we do not, the only safe way is to declare our refusal in advance, as is done in this third reservation.

In favor of these two reservations there is every reason to believe that there will be rallied sufficient sentiment, both in and out of the Senate, to compel their adoption as a condition of ratification. And this for two reasons. First, the objects themselves are such as command the general approval of American public opinion; and secondly, there is no reason to fear that the adoption of them by the Senate will arouse overt objection on the part of other Powers and thus require a reconsideration of the Treaty. America's wholehearted assent is essential to the success of the settlement; a challenge of it on points of such distinctly American interest hardly comes within the range of practical probability.

The reservation which Mr. Root places first is open to more question on both heads. That reservation excludes Article X of the Covenant outright. It is thus a clear emendation of the Treaty, while the other two are in the main interpretative rather than amendatory. Both for this reason and because the European Powers have an incomparably greater stake in Article X than they have in the matters covered by the second and third reservations, it must be considered highly doubtful whether this first reservation, in the absolute

form in which it appears in Mr. Root's letter, would meet with that tacit acquiescence to which he looks forward. And aside from this the complete rejection of Article X withdraws our support from the immediate settlement of the war in a degree which it is by no means clear is justified. Mr. Root himself, in his letter of March 29th to Chairman Hays, proposed our acceptance of the obligation contained in Article X for a limited term of years; and it does not appear upon what grounds he has modified his position.

To guarantee the territorial settlement for five years is an undertaking not only less serious, but of a wholly different nature from guaranteeing it indefinitely. To bear our share, if it should be necessary, in preventing for a limited time the disturbance of the result which we had borne our share in bringing about is but to perform a duty that naturally falls upon us; to guarantee it for an indefinite future would be to enter upon an entirely new rôle. No part of Mr. Root's letter, perhaps, is more effective than that in which he points out that the obligation to take part, in an unknown future, in wars relating to territorial issues that make no appeal to the American conscience or to American patriotism is one which we not only ought not to assume, but which in point of fact we should find ourselves unable to fulfill. But, convincing as this is in relation to the unknown contingencies of the future, it applies with but little force to such undertakings as the mere temporary safeguarding of the peace settlement would involve.

There will, however, be ample opportunity for a full consideration of this point. In addition to all their other differences, the Knox proposal called for a snap judgment, while Mr. Root's is one that can be deliberately threshed out when the treaty comes before the Senate. Although Mr. Knox's leading argument was that the country must have time for deliberation, the adoption of his resolution would have meant the decision of a practically vital issue without deliberation. Theoretically, it might have given us unlimited time to consider the League; but it would have cut the Covenant out immediately, and nobody can say what would have become of the treaty. Under Mr. Root's plan the treaty is entirely safe for the present, and at the proper time the reservations that ought to be made concerning the League can be deliberately decided upon.

To the Republican party, as well as to the country, Mr. Root has done an invaluable service. If the party leaders in the Senate shall have learned a lesson from their experience, they will take steps to avoid a repetition of the tactics which have come so near to putting them in a most humiliating position. They

will use the time still at their disposal before the treaty is formally presented, to work out with due care a programme adapted to the actual situation with which they are confronted. And the first condition of their success is that it be a programme that will impress the country as embodying a sincere and single-minded effort to make the best of the material with which they have to deal. We can not undo what has been done at Versailles; we are not in a position to write our wishes upon a clean slate. But, as Mr. Root has so clearly shown, and as moderate men have felt all along, it is possible to safeguard America's vital interests without sacrificing what is good in the League Covenant, and without inviting the infinite possibilities of evil that would attend a prolongation of the world's unsettlement and suspense.

The Italian Imbroglia

NO one who has not studied the art of *combinazione* on the spot will make much of the Italian political situation. On one hand we have the fact that Orlando and Sonnino have suffered a disastrous vote of no confidence in the chamber for not being stiff enough at Versailles. On the other side we have the contradictory fact that the new ministry, with Signor Nitti as premier and the veteran financier Luzzati as leading associate, is emphatically a "soft" cabinet as regards the Adriatic claims. Orlando is rejected for lack of sufficiently resolute Irredentism and is replaced by a Prime Minister who can hardly be regarded as an Irredentist at all.

The simplest and probably truest explanation of the paradox is that it is a political trick with rather little international significance. Giolitti, to be sure, with diminished personal prestige, but with almost unimpaired political influence, has been waiting his chance to get back. He went into temporary obscurity early in the war for his pro-Germanism. The Italian political memory is short-lived. Since Italy learned to hate Germany she has acquired half a dozen newer grudges among her friends of the Entente. In short, Giolitti's offense has been pretty well outlawed, while his hold on the smaller strings of politics has never relaxed. It has been easy for him to capitalize in Parliament the general chagrin over the apparent failure of Orlando and Sonnino to secure any concessions in Istria and Dalmatia. We have no details of the adverse vote of 259 to 78 in the Chamber. But it appears that all groups except Baron Sonnino's stalwart personal supporters of the Right have fallen away. The parliamentary vote followed Premier Orlando's strong hint that he might be forced to com-

promise the Adriatic claims in the interest of loyalty to the Entente. This drew an uproar and the anti-ministerial vote. We may look at it as what the Italians themselves call a *sfogo*, a relieving of mind without ulterior significance. After relieving his mind vehemently, an Italian is all the more ready to do business.

The appointment of Nitti is undoubtedly an attempt to change the objective of Italian policy from territorial to commercial expansion. The parliamentary mind has grown too hot and one-sided, seeing everything in terms of ports and boundaries. Somebody has wished to cool things down, and has had the ear of the King sufficiently to obtain a moderate ministry. Unless it can advance a policy appealing enough to offset Irredentism, the Nitti Cabinet will be short-lived. It is possibly merely a transition to the rehabilitation of Giolitti.

Signor Giolitti's opportunism has been a powerful factor in Italian politics for more than a quarter of a century. He thinks publicly in trade figures, and privately in electoral districts. His vision is an Italy great through world trade. To this end he subordinates patriotism, and for that matter feeling of all sorts. He is the legitimate descendant of those Venetian magnates who carried to their height political intrigue at home and commercial intrigue abroad. In their spirit Signor Giolitti knows not friends and foes, but sellers of necessary raw materials and customers for Italy's finished products. He is a curious blend of a hopeful economist of the Manchester school and of an old-school New York boss. He represents a canniness permanent in the Italian character. It seems to be his calculation that Italy is tired of heroics and ready to settle down to business, in which case, he believes, Italy will have to come to him.

For the Entente, as for any League of Peace, the rehabilitation of Giolitti in Italy would be something of a calamity. He is capable of any kind of bargaining with foes of the Entente. For such tactics there are the richest possibilities, from Berlin to Sofia. It seems likely that the Nitti Ministry has been set up chiefly to do the disagreeable duty of surrendering on the Adriatic issue. It is, of course, easier to surrender what you have not fought for. While theoretically the new Italian Ministry is a feather in Mr. Wilson's cap, as likely to be more amenable than the old, practically the breaking up of the war unity of Italy is full of possible trouble for the Entente. Italian expansionism had its modicum of idealism, supported the principle of self-determination, was contingently an asset at Versailles. Had she been handled with any considerateness, Italy might have remained a moral resource for her Allies. As things have

actually turned out, Italy has been sharply alienated. If the *sacro egoismo* of Orlando and Sonnino has been trying at Versailles, it at least had something compatible with a general programme of liberation. The kind of national egotism which Giolitti represents, and into which Italy is ever prone to fall in moments of disillusion, offers very little that the Entente can use and much that may do the Entente harm.

Nobody who has dealt intimately with the Italians will fail to recognize the elementary fact that they generally act according to the amount of confidence you repose in them. They are scrupulously honorable when you trust them. Suspicion they will repay with craft. Italy is tired of being suspected. That is perhaps the simplest formula for a complicated political situation. A certain responsibility for producing this state of mind rests with the negotiators at Versailles. They have failed to do business with two singularly honorable delegates, Orlando and Sonnino, apparently because discussion was limited at the outset by an ultimatum as to Fiume. It is hard for an Italian, or for anybody else, to do business on the theory that his major contention is not negotiable. By letting the Orlando Ministry go to shipwreck an immediate convenience has been obtained at the cost of impairing the moral integrity of the Entente and the League.

Academe Unbends

SINCE Hawthorne described a New England commencement of the 30's that peculiar institution has run true to form. He saw an odd blend of the idealism of scholarship with the rowdy features of a country fair. With modern improvements the spectacle has remained unchanged in essentials, save that educational features have given place increasingly to mummery. Hawthorne's rather drunken crowd was after all ready to listen to all the orations of all the graduating class. The exhilarated alumnus of to-day is willing to listen only to himself and his own kind. We have fortunately been able to borrow the pen of a much experienced alumnus of several universities, the survivor and eye-witness of many commencements and reunions. For convenience he speaks of Suffolk University, but what he gives is a composite picture, the features of which with appropriate change of names and dates are true for any American college or university of established historic prestige and fully mellowed tradition.

Friday, A.M. A general raising of reunion tents in the open spaces near the Suffolk campus, the arrival of class secretaries, pianos, bands, crated goods, and a few girls.

Later. Arrival of several hundred alumni, among them the Rev. Cephas Smith, D.D., '65, for fifty years a missionary at Fiji, and now frankly afraid of his company. Bands play jazz melodies at the station, elated girls arrive in swarms with a modicum of mothers. Greetings, jollity, confusion, infinite motor cars.

Later, P.M. The great Norfolk Game. The Alumni have blossomed out as cowboys, highlanders, jockeys, pierrots, locomotive oilers, sailors, toreadors, and cooks. As a prelude to the game, there is a casual carnival, which continues informally for three days. Smith, '65, enjoys the spectacle with mental reservations, some of the mummies being already palpably in liquor. The game is won or lost. Corresponding celebration or consolation ensues in the reunion tents. Increasingly cacophonous singing of "Mother Suffolk."

Evening. The Boardman Prize speaking to empty benches. The winning undergraduate, a lad with a fine face and evident delicacy of character, is fervid on the topic of The Greek Ideal of Temperance. Nothing mars the proceedings except the charivari arising from the fact that in the neighboring naughty-six tent naughty-five happened to make its visit of courtesy while the speaking was going on.

Saturday, A.M. Class Day Exercises. Eager and able youths surrounded by an admiring multitude of mothers and sisters, celebrate in prose and verse the joys of friendship and the sorrow of parting. These eternal commonplaces gain new force under the Suffolk Elms. It is the only wholly real incident of the commencement celebration.

In the evening the banner reunion class of ninety-nine held a special celebration. President Mixer made a short address of welcome on the topic of efficiency, and then effected an opportune escape to meditate his baccalaureate sermon. The platform from which he spoke turned out to be a disguised boxing ring wherein, to the joy of a liberally educated public, the Fitchburg Pet proceeded to wallop the Newport Nipper into insensibility. Later in the evening a stranger, apparently efficient, though without academic affiliations, won \$1,500 at craps from "Red" Iverson and "Tank" Wilkins of the aforesaid banner reunion class.

Sunday. Baccalaureate sermon by President Mixer on the text "Hold fast that which is good." Attended by a small majority of the senior class, the remainder recovering from the hospitality of the alumni, apropos of the victory (or defeat) of yesterday. The seniors were exhorted not to think too highly of themselves as educated men, but to look forward to a career of service as bank presidents or Y. M. C. A. secretaries. As the President perorated on

the privileges of ideality, Snifter Robinson, ninety-eight, in the back rows broke into tears at the thought of his misspent life.

For the rest of the day a dampened enthusiasm befitting its sacred character. In the evening, Smith, '65, gets his innings at the Missionary reunion, very thinly attended, with an outer perplexing fringe of transient toreadors, cooks, and highlanders.

Monday. The usual doings of the Glee Club Dramatic association. In the evening impromptu snake dances and conflicting band concerts up and down Main street.

Tuesday, 1 A.M. A deplorable incident. Smith, '65, returning from his class reunion, looked in on the Prom. Having been for fifty years habituated to the modest ways of the Fiji Islanders, he was amazed at the way the girls dressed, and generally at their manner of taking on with the boys. It was his first experience of modern dancing to jazz music. Outraged in the deepest sensibilities of a missionary, he proceeded to the Presidential Mansion, got President Mixer up and demanded that the Prom be stopped. The President expressed sympathy, and promised to refer the matter to the Committee on non-athletic activities.

All night bedlam in reunion headquarters with heavy gambling. All join, hardened "townies" and downy undergraduates. The quiet citizenry cower sleepless behind closed shutters, while the savage snake-dance and the competitive band concerts consume the night. Smith, '65, and a handful of his superannuated classmates discuss the sainted character of old President Bradley, declining meanwhile pressing invitations from the cowboy class to limber up and make a real reunion of it.

Tuesday. Commencement exercises amid lassitude. Conferring of degrees ordinary and honorary. President casually announces gifts amounting to a quarter of a million, and firmly appeals for a three million dollar endowment.

Alumni luncheon. Half-hearted picking at the emergency ration provided by the graduating class. From the platform a mixture of appropriate anecdote and of inappropriate laudation of Suffolk University.

Followed by the President's Reception, thinly attended by the faculty, receivers of honorary degrees, members of the Phi Beta Kappa society, and their faithful women folk.

The end is folding of tents, collecting of bottles, taking of trains and departure of motors. The university settles down to a recuperative summer sleep before continuing the delicate task of liberally educating the youth of the land. Smith, '65, leaves in some bewilderment, asking his taxi driver if it had been a usual

commencement. The driver, a manly fellow lately out of a Whippet tank, thought it was slower than usual, and added philosophically "If we townspeople got up this kind of a show, what would happen to us?" On the train Smith, '65, met Lieut. Chevreul, late of the Blue Devils, former instructor in trench warfare at the Suffolk Student Army Training Corps. On being cautiously questioned, the Lieutenant said: "Ze debauch, I understand it pairfectly—but ze debauch among ze well educated—wizzout wit and based uniquely on a high procent of alcohol—zat I do not understand." Neither did Smith, '65.

Summer Reading

HOW far is summer reading, in the strict sense, really wanted? The demand for light reading the year round and the world round is undoubtedly very great. The human mind in the average person, being at once very restless and very lazy, insists that one and the same object shall provide it with repose and occupation. This demand, however, is unrelated to the calendar. The majority of the Four Hundred and the majority of O. Henry's Four Million are independent of season in the quality of their reading. The class of persons who, like Ariel, though in vehicles more commodious than the bat's back, "fly after summer merrily," for whom roses bloom in December and strawberries ripen in February, rejoice doubtless in a reading in which summer never ends. The man who works six days in the week from January 1 to December 31 has no occasion to thank the advent of July for a release from the obligation to study. The demand for light reading in relation to a specific season is the demand of a special class—the class which, while capable of serious reading, finds its leisure for books abnormally increased at the precise moment when its faculty of concentration is relaxed by heat and overstrain.

The relaxing of mental tension is right, but relaxations that last three months are unnatural. A mind capable of profiting by so long a furlough might almost be entitled to an honorable discharge. The body's interest in temperature is certainly far more vivid and direct than the mind's, but the modification of physical diet through the increase of heat is much less radical than the transformation in mental food which is indicated by the phrase "summer reading." Soup, fish, meat, salad, pastry—the broad features of the menu are untouched by the revolution of the year. More ices, more salads, more fruits, fewer fats—these changes are important, but not revolutionary. Why should the mind give up its sirloins and veal

cutlets for three months?

The sacrifice will be made in fact only by what might be called the consistently vegetarian mind. Let us by all means consume more salads and ices, and more light literature, when we are hot and tired, but let us avoid the exclusive or excessive assimilation of light reading as we refrain from the consumption of ices by the gallon or salads by the peck. The value of summer leisure to the lover of reading does not lie in the suspension of mental activity, but in the invitation he finds in it to the play of individuality along lines where that play has been restricted by the stringencies of routine work or, in these days of storm and stress, by the pressure of the world's news. Tastes, affinities, sympathies, have been denied or postponed. When leisure comes, he goes back to the lapsed taste, the suspended affection; he reverts to the faithful volumes that had solaced his youth; he reads the new book at which he had longingly glanced through a cleft in his preoccupations; he is restored to that part of himself which his vocation had paralysed; he reintegrates his mind.

Summer reading may even play its little part in the restoration of the mental balance of mankind. We may at last react against the coercion of that grim necessity which, in August, 1914, broke up not only the balance of Europe but the natural and wholesome equipoise of interests in the individual mind. It is quite possible that our mental picture of these calamities has been at the same time far in arrear of the facts and far in excess of what is normal and sanative for the human constitution. We have a double relation to the past or passing cataclysm. Its warning it is imperative to remember; its hideousness it is almost a duty to forget. In ordeals the human race probably owes its protection from insanity or suicide to the feebleness of its imagination and the shortness of its memory. When Perseus fought with the Gorgon, he averted his eye, while he lifted his hand; he feared justly lest the horror of the object should petrify the arm that was raised to overthrow it. War is a Medusa with whom the same tactics are expedient. Its exclusion as *picture* from the imagination, for periods at least, is as imperative as its inclusion as *datum* among the objects with which the understanding tirelessly wrestles. Let our summer reading persuade us of the actuality of the quiet and kind and gracious things which fled from our minds in 1914 as civilians fly from an imperiled town on the approach of a hostile soldiery. When the war is over, the civilians come back, and the reëtrance of grace and amenity and humanity into our shaken lives may find a symbol and a furtherance in the nature of our summer reading.

Debate on the League

THE President, speaking at Brussels in the Chamber of Deputies and in the presence of the King and Queen of Belgium: "Any nation which declines to adhere to this Covenant deliberately turns away from the most telling appeal that has ever been made to its conscience and to its manhood." And again: "You can not see one great nation violate every principle of right without beginning to know what the principles of right are and to love them and to form the firm resolve that such violation shall now be punished and in the future be prevented." Standing on the soil of that same Belgium which he, without one murmur of protest, saw so brutally invaded five years ago, Mr. Wilson now promises that no future President will urge the people of this great nation to be neutral in their thoughts if Might again attempts to hew its way past Honor and Truth.

President Wilson has a quick sense of the dramatic, and whether or not he regarded the Belgian Chamber of Deputies as a magnificent setting for a confession of former weakness, it was eminently fitting that as the representative of America he should take this occasion to surround this great issue of the day with the glow of moral fervor. For America, when permitted to react normally, has always responded to big questions with a feeling of righteous conviction, which is natural when one considers that the nation is not yet too old to remember its origin from the Declaration of Independence. However complicated the issues of the Civil War, the present generation at least thinks mainly of the slavery question; it likes also to remember that we freed Cuba and minimizes the possibility which existed of settling the dispute without war; John Hay's Open Door policy in China is regarded as something more than an economic settlement; and even in the campaign of '96, in spite of all the technical arguments used, those for or against free silver sought to magnify the *crime* which, to their thinking, their opponents were attempting to perpetrate.

A similar reaction was seen at the outset of the European war. The wrongs done to Belgium and France excited an enormous volume of righteous indignation. If, through the President's mistaken notion, it remained largely unorganized for nearly three years, he is at last determined that henceforth international dealings shall be placed upon a moral plane on which the technicalities of law and precedent shall not be viewed as permitting one nation to regard another nation's obliquities as none of its business. It is not rash to say that in this attitude the President is backed up

by the great majority of Americans. Whatever the opinion before our entrance into the war (and I believe it even then to have been highly sensible of our duty in the face of a great wrong), few Americans have had the experience of these past years without being confirmed in the belief that the future peace of the world is in a sense everybody's business.

Why, then, all this opposition to the League of Nations? Democrats still insist that objection to the League is actuated by party politics, Senator John Sharp Williams going so far as to call Republicans "this infernal gang." The question is bound in some measure to be colored by partisanship. Take the position of the Democrats themselves. Not to stand behind their leader in the matter which he has most at heart would be to repudiate him; it is quite conceivable that not a few in their ranks are striving to silence their doubts as to the practicability of certain features of the Covenant because of their fear that any lack of expressed conviction on their part might be used to overthrow the whole instrument. It is confidence or the absence of confidence in President Wilson which weighs most to-day.

How at present can it be otherwise? To judge the case as yet on its merits is manifestly impossible—Senators appear to be almost as much at sea as the layman. Said Senator McCumber of North Dakota: "Suppose we now refuse to join with the rest of the world in some scheme to prevent war, what will happen? As surely as the sun shall rise, every great nation will proceed to devise means for wholesale destruction of nations. So desperate will be the next war that all the hate and venom created by this struggle will be infinitesimal." I am surprised that some Democrat has not charged this Republican Senator with playing party politics by endeavoring to injure the League through an overstatement of its merits. Senator McCumber would doubtless have warned the survivors of the Flood that if they did not immediately surround themselves with a wall a mile high they would soon be overwhelmed by another flood reaching to the moon. For consider the implications of his statement. He infers, for one thing, that civilization has gone to the dogs and can only save itself by mechanical means. Now, plenty of men in the street know better, being convinced that civilization in this struggle has come off well, and think it cause for rejoicing that nation after nation which expected no immediate catastrophe from a German victory fell into line with civilization's magnificent host in order that the principles of jus-

tice and decency might be vindicated. They know, too, that the tremendous chastening administered by the war will in itself deter for many years to come any great nation from trying to impose its selfish ambitions upon the rest of the world.

Suppose the layman—or the average Senator for that matter—looking for guidance, attempts to follow the argument on details of the Covenant. So acute a mind as Mr. George Wharton Pepper's is not sure if in certain circumstances problems of immigration may not be regarded by the Council of the League as a matter for international settlement. Other shrewd men hold quite the opposite opinion. There is no agreement that the League's main weapon, the economic blockade, would be effective. Take the Balkans—the argument is the familiar one. Is it conceivable that a neighbor of Rumania (assuming the latter to be the offender) would cease importing her much-needed oil that the virtue of the League might not be impaired? Senator Knox, catching up the President's words to the effect that the Irish question might properly be the subject of consideration by the League, asks if we are willing that the negro problem shall be taken out of our hands. Adherents of the League insist that it will lessen hostility. Well, here is a passage from the London *Saturday Review*, apropos of the Senate's resolution of sympathy for Ireland. "Our politicians and our press prate loudly about the everlasting irrefragable friendship between the United States and Britain. Yet how easily might a serious quarrel arise over the subject of Ireland!"

The usual explanation of the friction arising these days is that all peoples, and especially the Conferees at Paris, are confronted, while the machinery is not yet in running order, with problems more perplexing than those which will arise in the future. And the reply to this latter is that the present should be the easiest time in which to reach agreements, since so many nations are still under the sway of the exalted spirit which prompted them to fight humanity's battles. Is it not to be imagined that, when the League gets to be a routine matter, selfish finesse will enter in, and may the League not then become a convenient medium for the expression of national grudges which would not otherwise have been aired?

The difficulties of the average man, or average Senator, trying to reach a decision may well be stressed. At first impressed by the fact that the American Federation of Labor, a body of plain people, has voted, 29,750 to 420, for the League, he remembers how the President has obligated himself to labor and wonders if labor is by this act heaping up

the President's obligations still further. A troubled correspondent in the *New York Times*, who regarded Mr. Root's analysis of the first draft of the Covenant as a masterly bit of constructive criticism, asks "What does Mr. Root say? . . . Let him speak before it is too late." Well, Mr. Root has spoken, and in a way which will probably bring sorrow to this lady. Another correspondent in this same paper asserts that Article X does not commit us to maintain the present territorial status of the world. Senator Knox evidently thinks it does. Which one is right?

It is not the disagreements of authorities which trouble the man in the street. The American way, in national crises, is to feel contempt for authorities, since usually one can just as well become an authority oneself. Many will recall what an entire nation of "experts" on monetary standards we were in 1896. What troubles the average man is that he has not been put in possession of the facts which must serve as the basis for his decision. That in this instance he must turn himself into a political philosopher gives him no pause. He would like nothing better than to have the opportunity. He is merely provoked that all phases of the problem seem to be up in the air.

Thus the man in the street is left with the problem still on his hands. Even so, he can be counted upon to feel that there must be new ways to pay old debts—that, if possible, wars must be prevented. As the arguments of most Senators have consisted largely of assertions and have failed to present issues that are really joined, his only hope now is to listen to

the words of the home-coming President. Here is Mr. Wilson's great opportunity. If he will abandon the language of nebulous idealism and of mere exhortation—his devices in all his speeches on the League hitherto—and will give of the abundant knowledge which he must now have concerning the practical advantages and drawbacks of the proposed organization, he will best serve his countrymen. After all, there is such a thing as being too idealistic to argue, and it is good solid argument which we all need. One argument which sounded cogent, and only one, the President has thus far vouchsafed us. In Boston he said: "If America were at this juncture to fail the world, what would come of it? I do not mean any disrespect to any other great people when I say that America is the hope of the world; and if she does not justify that hope, the results are unthinkable." Here, possibly (even allowing for the overstatement), is a powerful reason for our joining the League, a reason which has been somewhat strengthened by such a description of conditions in Europe as that furnished by Mr. Vanderlip. If the President, in his swing around the country, will play the part, not of the facile moralist, but of the convinced interpreter of Europe's dependence upon us, he may, perhaps, obtain for the League something more than a lukewarm popular backing. Having just recently shackled our convivial appetites through a good-natured indifference, it would be a thousand pities if we were to don this vastly more complicated harness owing to a similar habit of inertia.

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

The Example of British Labor

SOME impatient souls, who wish the action of the world to respond immediately to their preconceptions of economic righteousness, are inclined to think that the progress of events in the field of labor is going too slowly with us and that a lesson of greater speed ought to be derived from British experience. That their masters are going at high speed in a certain direction there can be little doubt; that the direction is what we should approve of is quite another matter. Moreover, at this time of political excitement, it is well to be watchful as to the accuracy of many statements made regarding British conditions. There may be some ground for thinking that they are being used as propaganda to support a widespread campaign for one special group.

There is good reason to believe that the attitude of British employers to the proposal that every laborer should come into the unions has not been rightly

stated. That this is the purpose of governmental agencies there can be no question. In the critical strikes of last spring the Government was asked why it did not step in and "do something." In satisfaction of this demand it has urged not only Whitley councils but joint industrial conferences between workmen and employers. Hence it wishes to see all laborers organized so that "responsible bodies" may exist with which negotiations may be undertaken. For political reasons such a policy may be advisable. But the manufacturers of Great Britain are far from being at one with this proposal, not only because it is not a remedy for discontent (being only machinery for joint discussion), but also because it introduces an outside interference—often of a political character—into the making of adjustments which can only be arrived at satisfactorily by the employees and employers directly concerned. From all this political pres-

sure the British employer is fervently asking to be relieved. It is true that many are now awakening to the truth that they have been negligent in the past as to labor conditions, and are now ready, especially since the scare of last spring, to enter on the work of amelioration. But the wisest and the most intelligent of them have come to believe that the only way to reduce friction between workers and employers is to establish a direct individual relation between the employer and his own men; to show a spirit of helpfulness in all matters of common concern. This is believed to be pivotal. Only in that way can suspicion, distrust, and misunderstanding on both sides be removed. To introduce by pressure a council containing members unrelated to local conditions works badly. But no employer can establish these satisfactory relations with his workmen who is not a good sportsman, sympathetic with his kind and willing to be open and frank in all his dealings. Hence to this end many employers need not a little education. As to the outcome, however, of all their experiences—for some of it has been very bitter—it has become clear that nothing in the way of a better adjustment is possible unless both sides show a proper and reasonable spirit.

Unfortunately, the attitude of organized labor has become uncompromising and militant. Nor is the reason far to seek. The workers have had at once a taste of high war wages with a new range of expenditure and been deluged with the most extreme doctrines of direct action. They believe they have only to ask and they shall receive. Convinced that old conditions of work are things of the past and that a "new social order" is spreading over the industrial world, their demands are limited only by the imagination and audacity of leaders whose tenure is dependent on their exciting new hopes. Such a state of mind, looking directly to a control of industry and nationalization—as practised by Sidney Webb—makes the efforts of even those employers who are trying to aid in getting a higher level of living for their workers almost hopeless. This situation might as well be frankly faced. It is not helpful to sentimentalize over the grievances of labor when ears are deaf to reason. It was Marie Antoinette who, when she heard of the bread-riots, expressed the feelings of a warm heart by asking why, if bread was scarce, the rioters were not given cake. It looks as if the British workers were caring more for cake than bread.

It is the general recognition by British employers of this state of mind in organized labor which has led them to fear any movement looking to a more complete unionization of labor, such as is urged upon them by the Government

for political reasons. If the unions are not to be trusted to keep agreements already made, a stronger union is only a greater menace to industry. That radical leaders are able to induce unions to throw over their contracts, whenever an emergency provides an opportunity for gaining an advantage over employers, is so well understood as to form an accepted part in union ethics. Therefore, the political propaganda urging unionization as a means of getting organizations with which employers can deal is viewed in many quarters with dread. And, as in the case of the decisions of our own War Labor Board, British governmental influence has been generally characterized by a policy of weakly yielding to labor demands whenever they have been urged with a threatening and uncompromising attitude. In the governmental game for solving labor difficulties the dice seem to be loaded. Hence the serious questioning by English and especially by Scotch employers. They urgently advise American industrialists to avoid the *impasse* in which they now find themselves.

The crux of the whole matter appears in the grim determination of organized labor to gain their ends by a policy of force. Their ends are not merely an advance in wages. That should be generally understood. They are working to the definite end of the control of industry. In this aim they will be joined by socialists—moderate and extreme—who wish to obtain a governmental direction of the production. But even socialists are frightened when out of the welter of disaffection are heard loud demands for the abolition of government and the existing order. The process of revolution is obvious. Once start the ball rolling down and it gains momentum; after that it is hard to stop it unless some violent cataclysm occurs which recalls the unthinking zealots to their senses. Here is the warning contained in the example of British labor. The departure from a reasonable spirit of adjustment to a demand for a "new social order" is portentous, because the differences between the various points of view down to actual revolution and anarchy are only differences of degree—once the given direction is assumed.

One may to-day stand at the point of normality, looking off over the field of conflict, and see awful possibilities, if we are to suppose that the British are no better than Russians. Mr. Vanderlip has said that the British are on the verge of revolution. There are various things, however, which may lead us away from this conclusion. The British, high and low, are a hard-headed, practical lot. They are convinced by facts. They can see the logic of facts. First and foremost, they are face to face with the worst conditions of industry that

have prevailed in a century. They know that cheap labor and cheap coal, with machinery, formed the basis of their commercial supremacy. They are everywhere, as a result of war burdens, expecting to be surpassed by American competitors. Confronted with that spectre, they are now realizing with dismay that they may have forever lost cheap coal. Certain it is that our steam coal can be laid down at our coast ports at \$5.50 a ton with a good profit to the mines, while it costs about 24 shillings in England at the mouth of the pit; and about 44 to 48 shillings in London. A few days ago Sir Auckland Geddes told the House of Commons that in the coming twelve months they must look forward to a reduction in the output of coal from the old figure (before the war) of about 270 million tons to about 215 million tons, and to a higher price of coal. To those who know what sufferings the British people underwent even in this last winter from lack of fuel to heat their houses; it is evident that this statement will have the force of a tremendous warning.

But this is not all of the matter. The scarcity of shipping at present makes the transportation of coal very high. Only nearness preserves to Great Britain the markets of France from the competition of American miners. But already, even at the high rates of freight, we are shipping coal to Italy and South America. To Buenos Ayres American exporters are now paying \$19.50 a ton on coal. What will be the situation when ships become more numerous and freights tend to fall to a normal level? Is it not evident that a decline of ocean freights will reveal to the British in all its nakedness their weakened power of competition in foreign markets? Also, high-priced coal at home inevitably means a higher cost of production for steel and textiles. Great Britain, unhappily, can not resort to hydro-electric power, as can Northern Italy, and escape the consequences of expensive coal. At the present moment, American steel can be laid down in England at a price one-third below the English cost of production. With these facts piling up on every hand, is it reasonable to suppose that British industry will remain blind to the results of exaggerated demands of organized labor? The policy of labor, to which much has been granted, has not in any way brought an improvement in industrial conditions. Quite the reverse; it has been found that the more concessions are made by employers the more are new demands made in the future. Peace does not come by concessions, because the objective of industrial control, no matter how far ahead, is always kept in mind by labor leaders.

Unless a new and better understand-

ing appears as to the ways and means by which industry can be so conducted that high wages may be paid and yet a prosperous industry be retained, there is trouble ahead, not only for Great Britain, but for every other producing country. Somehow a source of wages and interest must be maintained; but it can be maintained only through a sufficient production of goods so efficiently turned out that the public may have its needs supplied, but at a low cost. There is no other way out of a dangerous situation. Just at present, under the goading of their officials, the general purpose of labor is to ask for an advance without giving any *quid pro quo* in rising efficiency of production. Everywhere, in all ranks of labor, there is a spirit of unwillingness to work, to make fantastic conditions which involve less productive effort, and to regard any share in production, not as a part of coöperation with other factors, but as a favor granted by a superior power. Since the example of Great Britain is writ large for all to read, there will be no excuse if we follow it blindly.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

The Republican Party's Opportunity

THE history of the Republican party may be written with the conciseness of a telegram. It preserved the Union, it freed the slave, it resisted the green-back craze and restored specie payments, it stamped out the 16 to 1 heresy and established gold as the standard of value, it maintained a protective tariff under which industry was enabled to take root and grow and made possible the American standard of living. It set its face firmly against the popular fallacy involving the idea of the recall of judicial decisions and removed that menace to constitutional government. It encouraged the construction of transcontinental railways, thus binding the Pacific coast to the nation and making possible the settlement of the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains; it drove Spain from the West Indies, acquired Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines; its foreign policies made the United States a world Power and guaranteed protection for American citizens and American capital wherever situated. In a word, it developed pervasive, wise, and dignified Americanism.

But, as in Egypt, there came a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, so now in America the people seem interested not to find in the past the sources of their present security and comfort and the sure guide to their continuation, but rather to search the future to find in it by untried and too often by unconsidered

experiments the fruition of Elysian dreams, or to pursue the phantoms of false prophets.

The blind led by the blind fall into the ditch. The safety of this people rests now as truly in the hands of the Republican party as in fact it did at the birth of that party. To fulfil its mission of leadership and service, to dispose of the many problems with which we are faced, the Republican party must now promptly, resolutely, and courageously put its forces in array, subject them to discipline and drill. And of these the first to receive attention should be the Sixty-sixth Congress, which it controls.

1. The first duty of the present Congress is to restore its own powers and prerogatives. It should immediately recover to itself such of its powers as have from time to time been delegated by it to the President, to the departments, to commissions, and to boards.

It should definitely eliminate executive control, either direct or indirect.

2. The attention of the Congress should be restricted to the consideration of a reasonable number of bills. Probably not more than 1,000 can receive consideration by committees. In the Sixty-fifth Congress 22,594 bills and joint resolutions were introduced, of which only 453 were enacted into law. The great number of bills clutter up the calendars, waste the time of committees, impose needless study on those charged with following legislation, and entail large expense for printing. Bills which committees propose to report should be by them referred to a legislative draftsman with a view to practicability of enforcement, effect, clarity of language, and limitations of the Constitution.

3. All hearings before committees should be public, and the abuses, now flagrant, of pillorying witnesses and of employing outside counsel, too often made use of for self-exploitation, should be prohibited. Congress should provide a legislative bar, closely supervised and restricted.

4. The practice of commissions, boards, etc., created by Congress, of exploiting themselves, or seeking to perpetuate their existence by carrying on a propaganda for that purpose at the public's expense to influence Congress in their interest, should be prohibited.

5. Congress should enforce its rule against all lobbies, especially those now brazenly and impudently dictating to Congress and the Executive.

6. The fiscal problems of the next ten years will be most serious. With the utmost economy the expenses of the Federal Government, plus charges on account of the hugely augmented national debt and its accompanying sinking fund, will require the exaction of taxes which, even if most wisely based, must press heavily upon all the people and all in-

dustry. The difficulties will be great at the best; unless a budget system can be established, the situation is hopeless. Without one, it is impossible for the Government to have a financial policy. It has been truly said of our present system: "Compared with the minute and exact system of English budget our methods seem like the ignorant and disordered practices of barbarians."

As a basis of a budget system, there should be in the Treasury Department a permanent board the function of which should be to make a continuous and comprehensive study of the sources of revenue, and of the revenue laws and their application; their industrial, financial, and social results; the distribution of taxation, including its shifting and final incidence, and evasions of taxation, whether in violation of law or otherwise.

A budget system contemplates four distinct operations:

(a) *The preparation of the budget.*

This is the work of estimating expenditures, determining sources of revenue and rates of taxation, and estimating the results. The finances of the nation are considered and treated as a unit and a comprehensive plan is made showing in summary and in detail both prospective expenditures and prospective revenues. This would take the place of the present lack of system, under which fourteen separate committees of the House of Representatives and fifteen of the Senate, working independently of one another and of the executive branch of the Government, divide these functions. This situation has largely developed during the last twenty years, although the Committee on Appropriations was deprived of full control over appropriations in 1885. Prior to 1865, the Committee on Ways and Means had jurisdiction over the whole subject of expenditures as well as revenues, the first step in the wrong direction being the creation of a Committee on Appropriations which in that year took over the power to originate appropriation bills. The Ways and Means Committee should recover the powers of which it was divested, should sit during recess and should present its budget during the first month of each annual session of Congress.

(b) *The ratification of the budget.*

Debate in Congress upon the budget should be thorough and the heads of the executive departments affected should be permitted to attend and to participate without voting. The principle should be recognized that "the constitutional duty is not to augment but to decrease expenditure." More than two centuries ago, the House of Commons adopted a rule to the effect that it would consider no motion for a charge upon the public revenue unless recommended by the executive (in our case, the Ways

and Means Committee). This rule has remained continuously in force until the present time. No amendments are made in the Commons increasing any of the items of the estimates. Congress should have a similar rule.

(c) *The execution of the budget.*

Moneys collected by the Treasury should be placed to its credit in the several Federal Reserve Banks and not, as now, in any one of the nine sub-treasuries. Moneys made available by appropriation are disbursed through the Treasury of the United States upon requisitions from the departments. The accounts and balances arising are certified to the Division of Bookkeeping and Warrants of the Treasury Department or to the Postmaster General. The decisions of the Comptroller of the Treasury as to whether any expenditure has been authorized are of a quasi-judicial nature and are final, and binding upon all branches of the executive department.

(d) *Audit.*

The most important phase of legislative control occurs after the money has been spent under its authority. This phase is substantially neglected by the American Congress, and such auditing as takes place is executive; that is, it is in charge of those who have made the expenditures. Congressional control over the budget should be supported by the creation of an auditing committee, the chairman of which ought not to be a member of the party in power. This committee should meet frequently, should be free in its criticisms, and should have a permanent staff under an auditor-general. It should scrutinize expenditures, not only in order to ascertain whether there has been conformity to the ratified budget, but should look into efficiency and economy in letting contracts for purchase of supplies, the construction of public works, and other matters of administration involving expenditures. In the case of unexplained irregularities, the committee should be empowered to refuse to sanction payments of money. The auditor-general should be absolutely independent of the Treasury Department and of all executive control. He should have substantially life tenure of office and his duties should be clearly defined by statute. It is not proper that the executive branch, which spends the money, should also audit the accounts.

The whole business of Congress would be simplified by the adoption of the budget system. No legislative budget will be effective, however, which is not prepared by a single committee having jurisdiction over both revenues and expenditures and is not assisted by a permanent non-partisan board dealing with revenues and taxation. Congress can not deal properly with the budget without the first-hand information to be gained by the presence and participa-

tion in the debates on the budget of the heads of the executive departments affected. There can be no sufficient guarantee of the enforcement of the budget system without a legislative audit.

In all foreign governments the legislature controls the ratification and the audit, while the executive controls the preparation and the execution, but in the most successful of these governments the executive is actually a committee of the legislature subject to instant dismissal whenever it forfeits legislative confidence or fails to carry out the legislative will. Under our system of government the authority of the executive should be limited to the execution of the budget. The legislature should control its preparation and its ratification and the audit.

L. F. LOUER

Correspondence

A French View of Prohibition

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The prohibition of the exportation from France into the United States of our best wines and pure cognac is based simply on a misunderstanding. Of course there are good and serious objections to the abusive and deleterious use of alcohol, but none to the moderate drinking of bordeaux, bourgogne, champagne when you are sure of its origin, and the old brandies of Cognac and Armagnac. This was, furthermore, the opinion of one of your best chemists, Dr. Harvey Wiley, the author of your Pure Food Law, and of one of your most distinguished Catholic prelates. During one of my crossings of the Atlantic in the latter's company, I offered him morning and night a little glass of old *fine champagne*, as we sat round the captain's table, which he drank with a relish that showed him to be a good judge of wines. As we entered New York harbor and he sipped the last glass in the presence of Bartholdi's statue, the witty ecclesiastic remarked with a twinkle in the eye: "To think that to-morrow I shall have to admit in the presence of my poor Irish hard-drinkers that all this is poison!"

I feel sure that this detraction of our rare old French vintages will cease in America the day when the distinction is made, which is both logical and scientific, between alcohol and natural brandies, between pure wines and artificial ones.

ARTHUR GALNET,

Formerly Senator for Charente
Cognac, June 10

The Senate's Irish Resolution

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The action of the United States Senate in passing the resolution asking for a hearing for the Sinn Fein organization by the Peace Conference and expressing sympathy with the purpose to establish an Irish Republic seems to call for comment. Suppose the State of South Carolina, which from the first strenuously insisted on its right to independence whenever it chose to exercise it, should rise up in the present world crisis and say that it had been put down by brute force and now reasserts its privilege of self-determination and calls on Great Britain, from whence had come emissaries to stir up the people and encourage them to throw off the hated bond, to present their case to the Peace Conference; and that thereupon the House of Lords by a vote of 60 to 1 should pass resolutions urging its representatives at Paris to comply with the request, and expressing sympathy with the aspirations of South Carolina. What would we say?

We were angry, through and through, during the Civil War when Mr. Gladstone went so far as to say unofficially, that Jefferson Davis had created a nation, and bitterly resented expressions of sympathy by the ruling class in England for the South, though it was provocation of far greater moment which prompted the American Minister to say, "It is needless to point out to your lordship that this means war."

This vote of sympathy comes from our highest legislative body and is aimed at a country with which we have been fighting side by side and which is our friend, at a time when that country is carrying a fearful burden of debt and anxiety, and is almost overwhelmed with labor troubles. Whatever its purpose, it is calculated to precipitate open revolt and bloodshed in Ireland. The hot heads there are on the verge of it now, and the support of this country indicated by the resolution is enough to bring on a crisis. The character and bearing of this action on our part may perhaps be made a little clearer by a further illustration. Suppose Cuba had belonged to us for hundreds of years, that a large portion of the inhabitants had become disaffected and had during the late war, not only refused to take any part with us, but had done all they could to help Germany, and were demanding independence, while a large number comprising the most intelligent and prosperous of the inhabitants remained loyal and insisted on continuing their allegiance and connection with us; and suppose emissaries had come from England and encouraged the disaffected and that their Parliament had

passed such a resolution as our Senate did. We should have told them just what Great Britain ought to tell us, that we regarded it as a gross affront and a most unfriendly act; that we were meddling in what did not concern us and that we had better mind our own business.

The Sinn Fein people have not the slightest claim on our sympathy or help. They insulted our flag and our soldiers on their own soil, and while France, always the friend of Ireland, was bleeding to death, they refused to raise a hand to save her. Never was such cold-blooded selfishness. They would have seen the United States, which has always befriended and succored them, go to destruction sooner than have helped its cause. Now they have the unparalleled assurance to ask us, disregarding and wronging our loyal friends in Ireland, to help them cut loose from Great Britain, and our Senate, 60 to 1—thank God for that one—voted to aid them. Realizing that some excuse was needed, the Senate made a flimsy attempt to camouflage and palliate what was done by saying that Great Britain was questioning the Monroe Doctrine, which was not true. Never in history was there a more flagrant and unjustifiable affront given by one nation to another to whom it professed friendship, and never was there a more discreditable exhibition of reckless party politics—and the two parties are equally guilty.

The Republicans got their work in first by in effect concluding that, whereas there is a Presidential election approaching and whereas the Irish control a large number of votes, resolved that we are for the Irish. Whereupon the Democrats, exclaiming "so that is your little game, is it," resolve that we, too, are for the Irish. They both well know that it is preposterous to imagine that Great Britain will ever consent to the creation of a hostile independent Power just off her coast which could be made a naval and military base for Germany, and it is doubtful if there are half a dozen members of the Senate who would have voted for the resolution as an independent proposition with no politics in it; as it is, it will not fool even the Irish. It is such performances that make one pronounce the word "politician" with an undertone of contempt. Now, if the President is a statesman, he will ignore the resolution, and possibly Great Britain can not better show her opinion of it than by treating it in the same way. Twenty years ago it would have been impossible for the United States Senate, with statesmen of the stature it then contained, to pass such a resolution.

VERRRAN

Washington, D. C., June 18

Book Reviews

Man's Immortal Fortitude

THE UNDYING FIRE. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THINGS have taken place in the last four years which, if brooded upon, tend to chasten somewhat one's pride in belonging to the human race. The spectacles can hardly be said to have put its best foot forward. Viewed as a whole from the point of view of the recording angel or even from the point of view of an expert public accountant, the human race, it must be conceded, has made rather a mess of its business. In the present exceedingly snarled state of its affairs the outlook would be distinctly depressing but for one fact which comforted Homer in the reconstruction period following the Trojan war, and which has been faithfully reestablished at each dark and cataclysmic moment of history, namely, that the destinies have granted to the children of men an astonishingly enduring heart. They can stand anything—absolutely anything which does not require a sustained effort of intelligence. So far as their fortitude is concerned and their faith in their fortitude, the devil himself on the infernal lake excogitating his reconstructive plans with "courage never to submit or yield"—the devil himself can't surpass them. Their intelligence is a smoky taper; their sense of right and wrong is a feeble and uncertain glimmer; but their endurance is an undying fire.

If you feel that you have endured to the limit and must run up the white flag, reconsider Prometheus boarding the vulture on his liver or Job praising God among his boils or, if you like your tonic in brand new bottles, try Mr. Wells's latest prescription, consider the case of Job Huss, headmaster of the great modern public school at Wolding-stanton. In mid-career misfortunes fall upon Mr. Huss. Two boys of his school die through the negligence of a trusted nurse; an assistant is killed by an explosion in the laboratory; on the last night of the term two younger boys are burnt to death in the school house fire; Mr. Huss is threatened with cancer; his only son, according to report, is killed in the war; his wife becomes irrational and unsympathetic; a sub-master seeks to supplant him; and while he swelters and groans in a wretched lodging-house and waits for the London surgeon to come down and operate on him, the trustees of his school, Sir Elphaz Burrows and Mr. William Dad call upon him with Mr. Joseph Farr, his supplanter, to demand his resignation. To this visitation committee is added later Dr. Barrack, the local physician. All the details of this

painful situation, as the "prologue in heaven" informs us, are the consequence of a little wager between the Prince of Darkness and the President of the Immortals.

"Give me but the power," says Satan, "and you shall see his courage snap like a rotten string."

"Try man to the uttermost," is the reply. "See if he is indeed no more than a little stir amidst the slime, a fuss in the mud that signifies nothing."

As firmly as his Hebraic forerunner, Mr. Huss, it is superfluous to relate, sustains the grand human tradition of fortitude. Beneath the bludgeonings of chance and the more intolerable bludgeonings of the tongues of his visitors, he justifies himself and his school, and declares his faith in the divinity of the fire within. In the end he is swiftly restored to health and prosperity. In the Book of Job the restoration was doubtless intended as a significant part of the argument. In "The Undying Fire" the final restoration has no significance except as it illustrates Mr. Wells's fidelity in imitating his model, a fidelity which gives to the conversational drama a somewhat unusual compactness and symmetry.

Mr. Huss in his miseries grips the imagination like a strenuous, suffering neighbor. He incarnates and represents with a good deal of power the baffled, defeated, unconquered idealism of numberless fairly ordinary men in these times. His interlocutors, though animated by a vivid realistic stroke or so, impress one, as of course many of one's living contemporaries do, as but puppets stationed in emotional and intellectual immobility at certain points of view. Sir Elphaz stands for a literal child-like religious orthodoxy. Mr. Dad worships mere mechanical organization and efficiency. Mr. Farr conceives of chemistry and physics as helps to trading and is keen for giving education a resolutely commercial bent. Dr. Barrack is a fatalistic naturalistic "agnostic" committed to the necessity of competition and struggle for survival. Huss opposes to all these adversaries his own passion for "the unity and release and triumph of mankind" through an education that shall seize upon and bring out the generous social instincts and intelligence of men.

To those who have attempted to follow Mr. Wells's religious evolution the most significant thing in the book will be the increasing emphasis upon a special and rather mystical human insight, accompanied by a vigorous rejection of natural law as the model for human institutions. "Let us look squarely at this world about us," says Mr. Huss. "What is the true lot of life? Is there the slightest justification for assuming that our conceptions of right and happiness are re-

flected anywhere in the outward universe?" In his eloquent ninth chapter he exhibits the red teeth and claws of Nature much after the fashion of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." In a later impressive chapter on submarine warfare, he rejects one-half of man's natural impulses and tendencies as sternly as he rejects the law of the "outward universe." Thus Mr. Wells seems to cut loose from the facile captivating moralists of the day who preach the possibility of happiness through the wholesale legalization of natural instincts. He recognizes, like a despised Victorian or a Christian or an intelligent heathen, the necessity of an eternal war in the members. He dedicates this book to school-teachers, and, if he continues in this vein, he may safely address the next one to clergymen. But then let him beware of the wrath of Mr. Francis Hackett.

Geography and The War

DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITIES. By H. J. MACKINDER. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

PLUTARCH says that it is a very difficult matter to trace and find out the truth of anything by history, and we wonder if this is equally the case when geography is employed as an aid. The author of the present work recapitulates the geographical features of the earth in remarkably clear and entertaining language, and from these and certain facts of history attempts to deduce both the causes and the consequence of the Great War. In a study of this character we must keep always in mind the necessity of other things being equal. Historical development geographically initiated is a fascinating but by no means easy subject of contemplation. History is an amalgam of geographical and economic considerations and in an investigation of the past the discovery of the latter is frequently both arduous and baffling. Some one has said that the object of science is to reverse the appearance of things, and nowhere is this more likely to be true than in historical research. Conjectural history, to use Sir Henry Sumner Maine's phrase, must be read with caution, as things wear very different appearances to minds of equal intelligence (to say nothing of those of varying intelligence) in different generations.

If other things are equal, and we are not disposed to take issue with him, the present author may be said to have produced a work of great value and significance. The real question in his mind is as to which shall have the last word in the state—the idealists or the organizers. Democracy refuses to think strategically (the thought of the organizer is essentially strategic) unless compelled to do so for purposes of defense. The demo-

crat thinks in principles, be they—according to his idiosyncrasy—ideals, prejudices, or economic laws. The organizer, on the other hand, plans construction, and, like an architect, must consider the ground for his foundation and the materials with which he will build. Political moralists have been very fierce of late. They have preached the narrow way of “no annexations, no indemnities.” In other words, they have refused to reckon with the realities of geography and economics. Yet practical sense, declares our author, warns us that it would be wise to seize the present opportunity, when, for once, democratic nations are efficiently armed, to make the world a safe place for democracies when going about their ordinary business. We must reckon presciently with the realities of space and time and not be content merely to lay down on paper good principles of conduct.

Average citizenship is not a likely base for daring innovations. Adventurers, sole or corporate, must therefore be left to blaze the way to progress. To save democracy in its recent jeopardy we suspended the very safeguards of democracy, and allowed our governments to organize us not merely for defense but for offense. Had the war been short, this would have been a mere parenthesis in history. But it has been long, and social structures have wasted in part, and in part have been diverted to new uses, so that habits and vested interests have dissolved, and all society is as clay in our hands, if only we have the cunning to mold it while it is still yielding. But the art of the clay-molder lies, not merely in knowing what he would make, but also in allowing for the properties of the material in which he is working; his human initiative must reckon with reality.

In the work before us the author tries to depict some of the realities, geographical and economic, in their twentieth-century perspective. His fitness for the task is attested by the fact that he was formerly director of the London School of Economics and Finance, and an authority on modern geography.

To this day, he says, our view of the geographical realities is colored for practical purposes by our preconceptions from the past. In other words, human society is still related to the facts of geography, not as they are, but in no small measure as they have been approached in the course of history. It is only with an effort that we can yet realize them in the true, the complete, and therefore detached, perspective of the twentieth century. The war has taught us rapidly, but there are still vast numbers who look out on a vivid Western foreground, but only to a very dim Eastern background. The last phrase embodies a distinction which forms the basis of this whole work.

Here is the old antithesis of sea-power and land-power. The geographical and economic circumstances by which each has been governed throughout the centuries are portrayed with a very deft hand. In a survey of sea-power our attention is first called to Egypt. Then we pass to the Aegean. Was Crete the first base of sea-power? From that home fared the seamen who, sailing northward, saw the coast of the rising sun to their right hand and of the setting sun to their left hand, and named one Asia and the other Europe. Have we in Crete the first instance of the importance of the larger base for sea-power? The man-power of the sea must be nourished by land fertility somewhere, and, other things being equal—such as security at home and energy of the people—that power will control the sea which is based on the greater resources. It was reserved for the half-Greek, half-barbaric Macedonians, established in the root of the Greek peninsula itself, to end the first cycle of sea-power by conquering to the south of them the Greek sea-base, and then marching into Asia. They made a “closed sea” of the Mediterranean by depriving both the Greeks and the Phœnicians of their bases. That done, Alexander could advance light-heartedly into Upper Asia.

Then came the Romans, who united the western and eastern basins of the Mediterranean. After the battle of Actium the entire Mediterranean was a “closed sea,” and we think of the Roman Empire as chiefly a land-power; the command was not maintained upon the sea, but upon the land by holding the coasts. By penetrating to the Bay of Biscay and Britain the Romans eliminated the risk of the rise of a sea-power off the Gallic coast, and made the Channel also a “closed sea,” controlled by land-power. When the land-power of Rome waned, the seas ceased to be closed. The peoples of Latin civilization were hardened by a winter of centuries, called the Dark Ages, during which they were besieged in their homeland by the Mohammedans, and failed to break out by their crusading sorties. Only in the fifteenth century did time ripen for the great adventure on the ocean which was to make the world European.

In describing the landsman’s point of view our author makes frequent use of the term “Heartland,” by which he denotes those vast stretches of the great island—Europe, Asia, and Africa—that have practically no outlet on the sea. We may epitomize this description by saying that Europe and the Indies are regions of the ploughmen and shipmen; whereas the Northern Heartland, Arabia, and the Southern Heartland, have for the most part been unplowed, and are inaccessible to sea-going ships, though they are naturally adapted to the mobil-

ity of horsemen and camel-men, with their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The connection of the Heartland is much more intimate with Europe and Arabia than it is with China and India. For purposes of strategical thinking the Heartland incudes the Baltic Sea, the navigable Middle and Lower Danube, the Black Sea, Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, Thibet, and Mongolia. Within it, therefore, were Brandenburg, Prussia, and Austria-Hungary, as well as Russia—a vast triple base of man-power which was lacking to the horse-riders of history. The Heartland is a region to which, under modern conditions, sea-power can be refused access.

The last statement was obviously penned before November, 1918, but we may pass it without question—its importance can not be tested until the peace terms and their effectiveness are patiently studied. What our author seems most to have in mind is that during the nineteenth century Russian Czardom loomed large within the Heartland, and that towards the end of the century the Germans determined to subdue the Slavs and to exploit them for the occupation of the Heartland, through which run the land-ways into China, India, Arabia, and the African Heartland (south of the Sahara). With him the upshot of the matter is that not until about a hundred years ago was there an available base of man-power sufficient to begin to threaten the liberty of the world from within this citadel of the World Island; and that no mere scraps of paper, even though they may be the written constitution of a League of Nations, are, under the conditions of today, a sufficient guarantee that the Heartland will not again become the centre of a world war.

The recent Great War arose, we are told, from the revolt of the Slavs against the Germans. West Europe must necessarily be opposed to whatever Power attempts to organize the resources of East Europe and the Heartland. The region so designated has in the past lacked man-power to make it a productive base for the support of men. But Germany has taught the world how to overcome this shortage by means of organization.

We must have a balance as between Germans and Slavs, and true independence of each. We can not afford to leave such a condition of affairs in East Europe and the Heartland as would offer scope for ambition in the future. The German blunder having given us the victory, it is essential that we should focus our thought on the stable resettlement of the affairs of the region just mentioned. If we accept anything less than a complete solution of the Eastern question in its largest sense, we shall merely have gained a respite, and our

descendants will find themselves under the necessity of marshalling their power afresh for the siege of the Heartland. The essence of the resettlement must be territorial, for in east Europe and in still greater measure in the remainder of the Heartland we have to deal with regions whose economic development has only commenced. Unless we look forward, the growth of the peoples will, by and by, unbalance our resettlement. And it is well to bear in mind that German mentality is not likely to be altered by the German defeat.

Scholarly Realism on Eastern Europe

THE NEW EASTERN EUROPE. By Ralph Butler. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

IN these days of violent partisan propaganda, when each nationalistic fragment is pressing its claims to share in the questionable benefits of the ill-defined theory of self-determination, it is gratifying to read the scholarly work of a painstaking investigator who rises above such currents. The articles on the situation of Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and Ukraina, which Mr. Butler has contributed to the *English Review* during the past two years, have been noteworthy, not only for their freedom from the taint of special pleading, but also because they have brought out the relation between politics and economics in this confused section of Europe. The publication, therefore, of these articles, with additional timely chapters, in a single volume, is very welcome.

It is greatly to Mr. Butler's credit that even in the heat of the conflict he was able to write in this scholarly and detached manner, when to "give the devil his due" was to incur the suspicion of pro-German tendencies. This is particularly true of his treatment of Finland and the Baltic Provinces, in the case of which countries our strong prejudices have at times prevented us from understanding the true attitude of the people themselves in their difficult local conflicts. He sets forth admirably the true nature of the struggle in Finland that has been going on since the programme of Russification was started by the Czar's Government, and makes clear that the real rivalry was between the Swedish aristocracy and the Finnish industrial class. He also reveals the desperate situation in which Finland was placed when threatened by the sweep of Russian Bolshevism, and the natural gratitude which the people felt at their rescue from this by the Germans when other aid was lacking.

In Mr. Butler's book there is set forth, possibly for the first time in English, a clear analysis of the conflicting polit-

ical and economic currents in Estonia, Latvia, and Courland. The public has been so much misled by the identification of the Baltic barons with Prussia that the careful distinction between the several elements of the population will be found somewhat difficult to follow, but none the less essential to an understanding of the problems involved in the final disposition of the Baltic lands. Here, as elsewhere, he shows the part played by the fundamental agrarian problem.

The case of Lithuania is likewise a complex matter, and it has not been simplified by the violent nationalistic propaganda of the Lithuanian *intelligentsia*. Mr. Butler sympathizes, to be sure, with the nationalist movement of the Lithuanians, but he recognizes fully its weakness, in that it is of such recent growth and so poor in cultural development that it may possibly not survive the conflict of the surrounding forces which threaten its future. Here again the land factor is all important, and the political aspect is but the expression of the underlying economic factors.

The most valuable part of Mr. Butler's work is his treatment of the Polish question. He devotes three chapters to this, entitled "Poland, 1917," "Poland, 1918," and "Poland, 1919." The first two are published as they were originally written, at times when the Polish situation bore very different aspects from what has now developed as the result of the Allied victory over the Central Powers, but they are all the more valuable for this fact. In dealing with the Poles, Mr. Butler has the great merit of freeing himself from the thrall of romanticism induced in most writers by the tragedy of the partitions and the successive insurrections. There is nothing new in his analysis of the causes of the downfall of Poland, or of the part played by the land-owning aristocracy in the insurrections. What is noteworthy, however, is his valuable analysis of the rise of nationalism among the peasant class, and the sources of its resistant power. Perhaps the best feature of his book is his study of the development of economic efficiency by the 2,000,000 Poles in Prussia, a development from which he expects much in the new state, because it seems to show that the Poles, in spite of their Slav temperament, have latent capacities for constructive work and community action. Our propagandists have misled us greatly as to the true attitude of the Poles towards the Polish kingdom set up by Germany and the significance of Pilsudski and his Polish Legions, and it has remained for the writer to unravel the tangled skein of Polish politics through the kaleidoscopic changes of the past three years and render more intelligible the conflicts which threaten the new-born Poland. He is not sanguine as to the outcome of the

experiment, for he realizes that the internal problems, especially in Russian Poland, are more complex than those which await solution in the other states of eastern Europe. He remarks sagely that the strength of nations is a product, not of diplomatic machinery, but of biological growth; wherefore only the Poles themselves can make a strong Poland, and for the source of such strength they can only look, not to external, but to internal policy.

The chapter dealing with Ukraina is full of valuable information, but one could have wished that Mr. Butler had carried his investigations still further, especially as they touch the larger question of future Russian-Ukrainian relations and Russia's approach to the Black Sea. Very properly he calls attention to the fact that Ukrainian nationalism and separatism were confined to a small section of the *intelligentsia*, and that, with the inviting in of the Germans to stem the tide of Russian Bolshevism, this element fell between the upper and nether millstones, because it failed to realize that Germany's great object in the occupation was, not to satisfy Ukrainian aspirations for independence, but simply to obtain food. His analysis of the Cossack situation in Ukraina is a particularly good piece of work, and throws much light on the present agrarian troubles, which overshadow political issues.

Throughout his work the author emphasizes the importance of the economic situation, and especially the questions of land-holding and land-working; and he shows that he has made a careful examination of statistical material and recent German authorities, the only ones that have dealt with these subjects in a scientific manner. Altogether, this is a most valuable contribution in a field in which accurate information has hitherto been sadly lacking.

Two Ways of Faith

THE MIRROR AND THE LAMP. By W. B. Maxwell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE CONVICTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER STERLING. By Harold Begbie. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

W. B. MAXWELL is among the few contemporary English novelists who have kept clear of a brisk, chatty, more or less facetious style, on the one hand, and a fine-drawn, sophisticated style, on the other. He does not think it his main business as a novelist either to be amusing or to achieve that fashionable elegance of manner which every generation is prone to confound with "distinction." Nor does he scruple to pull a long face on occasion over the serious affair of life, as an affair of too deep irony for side-glances. It is not, to him,

an issue between absolute good and absolute evil for the control of human nature, but a subtle interplay of flesh, mind, and spirit through which the destinies of men are dimly guided rather than patently determined. Any good Wellsian would be afraid of the Edward Churchill of this story, as a prig about whom too little might hardly be said. He is a youth of strongly religious nature. His romantic devotion to his mother might be seized by psychoanalysts as a clue to his freedom from the ordinary experiences and temptations of sex. He takes orders and elects to serve as curate, for his soul's good, in a slum parish. He is of great use there; rejects preferment; falls presently in love with an abused wife; carries her off openly and is unfrocked; loses all faith; and only after many years finds himself restored, as if by chance, to the bosom of the church and to real happiness. For it is only as a priest that he is able to recover the tranquillity of his early years. All the arguments of his days of negation remain unanswered. Faith has retaken her own, and that is all. Are we to smile or to look grave at the means of her restoration—the kindly Bishop who comes along and, as a matter of personal judgment and special convenience, awards to Edward Churchill the right to wear ceremonial surplice and diurnal “dog-collar” once more? To his brilliant daughter, the daughter of his “sin,” this is matter for triumph—“rehabilitation, acknowledgment of her father's true worth at last, the lifting of that cloud upon his name.” The last in particular. . . . Somehow we are made to see what it all means to the man himself; being what he is, Faith does not exist for him save as the Church consecrates it. Cast out of the Church, he has sworn never to wear surplice or collar, “ugly yoke of superstition,” again. Being permitted to return, he gladly dons the churchly uniform: “That was not really himself. That was another man. In his rage and revolt he had called his priestly garb the devil's livery. Now he may wear it again.” So we leave him happy with his restored dream of faith in “the soul as a lamp which burns bright and clear, illuminating the mirror which is the mind”—so long as lamp and mirror remain within the shelter of the sanctuary. What Mr. Maxwell “thinks of” him remains uncertain, by no means to the disadvantage of the portrait. For to interpret a human character is neither to lecture upon it nor to judge it, as all great portraiture, literary and other, has abundantly shown.

“The Convictions of Christopher Sterling” is a story of not dissimilar temper. The motto is from Spinoza: “It should be the aim of a wise man neither to mock, nor to bewail, nor to denounce men's actions but to understand them.”

This is frankly a novel with a purpose; and when we have said that the central figure is a pacifist and conscientious objector who dies under the rigors of an English prison sentence at hard labor, we have prepared the reader for the worst rather than the best. But Mr. Begbie's purpose has been less to condemn the military treatment of conscientious objectors during the late war than to make intelligible the attitude of these men, the best of them,—and the attitude of their world towards them. He wishes to look at the ideals and practices of war and peace from as many different angles as possible. But he is not content, with Messrs. Wells, George and the rest, to run them through the kaleidoscope of a single mind, a Britling or an Oakley. He chooses rather (like Miss Sinclair in “The Tree of Heaven”) to embody them in clear-cut form, in the members of a single family.

Anthony Sterling is a pillar of finance who takes his burden seriously; he is not, however, the heavy Victorian father, but a man of sensitive feeling and warm devotion to his family. His wife is a woman of brilliant mind and unconsciously selfish interests—a skeptic of all religions but that of convenience in the best sense of the term. There are four sons, Christopher, Langton, Arthur and James. Langton is a sportsman and a soldier and a Churchman. He sees war as a purifier of society, is keen about his soldierly profession, and when the hour strikes welcomes the test with enthusiasm, though not lightly: a militarist of the highest type. Arthur, the third son, is a selfish man about town who contrives to play the slacker without incurring ignominy. Marriage and “war-work” are his sacrifices to the sacred cause of his personal exemption. James, the youngest, is a lad of fine intelligence and promise. He has an exquisite feeling for beauty: he will write, he may write greatly. He lays his loathing of violence and his life itself willingly at the feet of England, which he worships—an ideal patriot. Our chief person, though, is the oldest son Christopher. A most brilliant scholar, he leaves Oxford a man marked for high performance. But he is odd: his supernatural logic forbids his accepting the half-truths and half-policies on which civilization rests. He abandons his “prospects” and his family and his class, and goes down to life among the poor in London, not as a “slum worker” but as one of them. He believes that the only hope of the world lies in the literal practice of Christianity as its founder preached and lived it. He joins the Society of Friends, marries a fellow-member, his womanly counterpart, and gives over his rights as eldest son to a rich man. The war comes; he preaches peace, is labeled pro-German and traitor, is re-

fused exemption, though a Quaker; and is virtually murdered by the military authorities. And his soldier-brother Langton, with his military honors and his strong personal sense of duty done can only say of him, “Christopher died for England, and for something even greater than that.” On the whole, the storyteller has succeeded in his purpose to keep the balance of sympathy between all these conflicting points of view, and to be preserved from dogmatism by “the honesty of his own agnosticism.” It is in the name of freedom for all points of view that he makes his special protest, develops his special purpose to show that the ill-treatment of an English Quaker in an English prison is as abominable as the ill-treatment of an English prisoner-soldier in a German prison. We have said that these two books have something in common. They are both grave studies of the religious nature, but in strongly contrasting manifestations: the Churchman whose faith and practice as a Christian rest on an unbroken structure of dogma; and the lonely soul who finds his living Christianity only in that literal and personal obedience of the precepts of Jesus which has always remained somewhat beyond the powers of organized religion.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

NICHOLAS L. BROWN, under the title of “Last and First,” has brought together two essays by John Addington Symonds which have never before been reprinted. The former of these is an elaborate study of the Renaissance, “an analysis,” as the author calls it, “of the emancipation of the intellect in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.” It was published in the *Fortnightly* only a month before his death. The second essay is a criticism of the art and spirit of Clough, and appeared also in the *Fortnightly*, but in 1868, four years before Symonds's first book. The curious thing is that this early piece of writing is not only perfectly mature in style but really displays more thought and penetration into the heart of life than the latest product of the essayist's pen, written as the consummation of his long years of devotion to the history of the Renaissance. A comparison of the two essays confirms the opinion that somehow Symonds never fulfilled the extraordinarily brilliant promise of his youth. Something went wrong in the man. His study of Clough we can recommend to those who have forgotten how important a figure that poet was in the thought and literature of the mid-nineteenth century. The book is edited by Albert Mordell.

Those who, as good homœopaths, like to cure the soul of its hurts from science by dosing themselves with a little more science, may be directed to Dr. Robert W. Mackenna's "Adventure of Life." Here in a succession of well-written, well-informed chapters they will find all the old beliefs in free will, immortality, God, and eventual peace removed from the clutches of naturalism, and even confirmed by a deeper understanding of material things. The book is not profound, but it will be comfortable to a certain class of readers. (Published by the Macmillan Company.)

"A Peace Congress of Intrigue" is a compilation made by Frederick Freksa (and published by the Century Company) of some of the more important and piquant contemporary accounts of the famous Congress which could dance but not march. The lighter side of the Congress which followed Napoleon's abdication—the balls, dinners, masquerades, commemorative funerals, sleighing parties, living pictures, and wit—is effectively told in the selections from the well-known reminiscences of Countess Bernstorff, Countess Thürheim, Baron Nostitz, and Count de la Garde. In the serious negotiations of the Congress of Vienna the victorious allies were split apart through their jealousies and selfishness into hostile Anglo-Austrian and Russo-Prussian groups, which gave to Talleyrand, the ambassador of the vanquished, the ultimate balance of power and controlling influence at the Congress. (May Germany to-day be unable, through the attitude of Italy and Japan, to imitate Talleyrand's example in turning the tables upon the victors!) This more serious side of the Congress of Vienna is related in long extracts from the letters and diaries of Humboldt, Stein, Archduke John of Austria, and Talleyrand himself. Inasmuch as the Congress of a century ago presented all the undesirable features—levity, intrigue, hidden negotiations, dynastic selfishness, and disregard of peoples—which it was hoped would be absent from the Paris Peace Conference of to-day, there is much of interest in these extracts. A much more valuable work, however, could have been written if they had been studied critically and combined with the other material as well as with the remarkable secret reports of Metternich's Vienna police, to which Fournier has called attention. Such a volume would have been no less interesting in connection with the Peace Conference and yet would have had a permanent historical value.

President P. R. Kolbe's "The Colleges in War Time and After" (Appleton) is a sketch of the many and diverse places which the colleges filled in the war.

Under such heads as "The Student Army Training Corps," "War Service of Technical Sciences," "Colleges for Women and the War," "College Finances during the War," and similar titles, is given a succinct interpretation of the educational conditions, forces, and mixed results. The book is rather material for history of the American colleges in this great struggle than a history itself. In fact one-third of the volume consists of appendices. What one misses in this interpretation is the element of that imagination which filled the mind and the heart of the student and graduate as he reflected upon his duty and as he went forth ready to die for his ideals.

A volume of memoirs of a score of young men who gave their lives in British uniform has been made up by E. B. Osborn under the title "The New Elizabethans" (Lane). It is a record of lives brief but complete, yet there is left a deep sense of the pity of it, which one would gladly seek to evade for the moment by picking a good-natured little quarrel with the editor over his choice of title. True, they lived hard and died young, these men, and they were all excellent in their several qualities, both by promise and performance; athletes, writers, others with their feet happily placed well along the road of the public service, all alert to the world in which they lived, they are excellently representative of that world. But why drag in the Elizabethans? If there is one thing common to the young men who went to the wars in our day, most strikingly so of the group drawn together in the present volume, it is that with perfectly clear perceptions they dropped what they were doing to help in the finishing, as soon as might be, of a peculiarly dirty but necessary job. No doubt the love of adventure played a part, and with the less thoughtful a great one. With your true Elizabethan it would have been the whole thing, that and a rather calculating consideration of how this particular adventure might be made to serve as a step in a personal career of fame and fortune, precisely the things that were furthest from the thoughts of the elect spirits in Mr. Osborn's chronicle. They, too, have their grandeur, but it is not a grandeur of manner, it is not Elizabethan; it is—well, Time will find a name if one is needed.

The Oxford University Press, American Branch, has very recently published "The Oxford History of India, from the earliest times to the end of 1911," by Vincent A. Smith; "The Reconstruction of Russia: essays edited by Sir Paul Vinogradoff"; and "A History of Kanarese Literature," by Edward P. Rice, all works of importance in their fields.

Mr. Yeats and Others

I FIND myself always re-trying the case of Mr. Yeats. Not that I rescind my verdict or that the poet offers new evidence. He is Mr. Yeats—the same imaginative, poetic, individual, and remarkable Mr. Yeats—with a finality that should impart finality to criticism. But while I repose on my verdict, I am restless in my plea. I have to re-convince myself that poems to which nature has been so generous should be so illiberal to readers, that a man whom the immortals so unmistakably wanted should have missed—or dismissed—immortality. I am not closing the door of the future on Mr. Yeats; I am not the keeper of that door: but I think, if he enters, he will enter, not as pure poet, but as playwright or herald to the march of tendency. In perusal his poems melt into the mind and melt out of it; his reputation may yield in like fashion to the solvent of time.

Why do the poems in the "Wild Swans at Coole" seem to be rather breathed than sung or spoken? Are they vague? A criticism that began with that assertion would be false. When Mr. Yeats writes of "the freckled man who goes to a grey place on the hill in grey Connemara clothes at dawn to cast his flies," he is as definite as Walter Scott. But Scott's grey man would last, would stay; even if goblin, he would be stable. But Yeats's grey man would vanish, if you turned your back; even if man, if angler, he would vanish. He is an image. All figures in good verse are images. But in normal poetry, for the moment at least, the image claims to be a fact. In Mr. Yeats that claim is wanting. His images may be sharp, may even be real; the disappointments and disillusion on which these lyrics dwell with tempered bitterness are doubtless extracts from the acerbities of real experience. But the images are scarcely definable as true or false, because they *aver* nothing; they are, almost in the literal sense, *phenomena*. Mr. Yeats, in his preface, applies the word "phantasmagoria" to his own work. In a preface, this admission does not count; it is as harmless as the manager's confession in the foyer that the play is an illusion. But the same confession from an actor in his part would be a very different matter, and it is the misfortune or indiscretion of Mr.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.
THE SONG OF THREE FRIENDS. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company.
IN FLANDERS FIELDS. By John McCrae. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
THE NEW DAY. By Scudder Middleton. New York: The Macmillan Company.
THE TREE OF LIFE. By John Gould Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company.
SONGS AND POEMS. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
SERVICE AND SACRIFICE. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
ESCAPE AND FANTASY. By George Restorff. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Yeats's poems that they openly agree with Mr. Yeats.

The mixture of nature and study in this poet is another curious and tormenting problem. In "Major Robert Gregory," on the whole the best poem in the volume, since a major can not be vaporized so readily as certain other things, he says: "What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?" The preciousity is undeniable, but it is a preciousity, which, if bred in the womb of artifice, has slept on the bosom of nature. Is it the product of the lamp? Yes: the lamplight falls upon the crossed and blotted page, but behind the lamplight the dawn is peeping through the shutter. Mr. Yeats has a courtliness that has turned rustic, has fed on berries and couched among bracken, and surprises you now and then in the wildness of the heath by some gesture evocative of the salon. There is a finely-touched pastoral called the "Sad Shepherd," in which the goatherd's diction is sometimes simple enough to have angered Pope, sometimes artful enough to have delighted Virgil.

The most stirring book on my table for the month, a book under whose impact that table almost reels, to the trepidation of its lighter contents, is Mr. John G. Neihardt's "Song of Three Friends." The "Song" confirms and enlarges the impression created a few years back by the "Song of Hugh Glass" and weakened or overlaid by the publication, in the interval, of work that rather dazzled than convinced the public. As novel in verse, its success is only partial; it moves slowly, its proportions are weak, and its events are undersized in relation to the setting and our anticipations. The characters as organisms are superb, and are drawn finely, but the passage from body to mind is like the transition from high-bred horse to horse-jockey. The epoch and the continent—the eighteenth-twenties and the Trans-Missouri—are the true protagonists in Mr. Neihardt's robust drama, and Fink, Carpenter, and Talbeau are merged in its vastness, like trappers turning into fly-specks on the slopes of Tacoma or Pike's Peak. The men are half aware of their littleness. Their life is a fury tempered with awe, and in Mr. Neihardt's own original and forcible conception there is something cosmic, or at least terrene, serving as counterpoise to the seismic or spasmic forms which energy is prone to take in his pages. His exertions are a little too manifest. The heat comes readily enough, and I should enjoy its geniality all the more if I were less vividly conscious of Mr. Neihardt in the basement shoveling coal into the furnace with feverish assiduity.

Mr. Neihardt writes an unconfined and fearless diction, and subjects the old courtly and posturing heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope to the sort of discipline

which the tenderfoot is supposed to undergo at the hands of the unfeeling cowboy. He is intent on force rather than beauty, but the particles of beauty which fall in his way have the impressiveness of prayers on the lips of a highwayman. The passage I shall quote is among the quieter ones, but the strength is seen through the beauty like the rock beneath the mosses.

All day long the riders faced
A rolling, treeless, melancholy waste
Of yellow grass; for 'twas a rainless time,
Nor had the baby green begun to climb
The steep-kneed hills, but kept the nursing
draws.
And knee to knee they rode with scarce a
pause,
Save when the ponies drank; and scarce a
word,
As though the haunting silence of a third,
Who rode between them, shackled either
tongue.
And when along the sloughs the twilight
flung
Blue haze, and made the hills seem doubly
bleak,
They camped beside a songless little creek
That crawled among the clumps of stunted
plum
Just coming into bud. And both sat dumb
Beside a mewling fire, until the west
Was darkened and the shadows leaped and
pressed
About their little ring of feeble light.

Let me assure the people who find this passage tame that the book abounds in what they call vitality; Mr. Neihardt's fear of the commonplace amounts to panic. Greatness he has not reached in the "Song of Three Friends," but he has done an original and forcible thing.

In John McCrae's volume, the poem "In Flanders Fields" is supplemented by twenty-eight other poems, all short and lyrical. They are fit to be its retinue; not one of them perhaps could have headed a procession. They establish John McCrae's right to the authorship of "In Flanders Fields"; they prove that that poem was no accident, no gratuity of the indulgent fates. The poem itself sustains the test of re-perusal. It is not indeed the work of a man of exceptional poetic power. It is the work of a man of moderate poetic power in an exceptional moment. The rarities of minor poets are sometimes as precious as the normalities of major ones. The serene warning, the gentle authority, the melancholy challenge, of "In Flanders Fields" is a case in point.

The "Essay in Character," by Sir Andrew Macphail, has much the same function as the poetry—the function of attestation. Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, who died in France with the Canadian forces, was authorized by character and service to say for us what he has said in the "Flanders Fields" poem. The simple records do not lift John McCrae out of the class of normal men; they do what is far better—they lift the norm.

Mr. Scudder Middleton is a poet who

interests me. He is metrist, artist, classicist, stylist; he has all the defenses and palings: but there is a door in the wall of his park that leads into the forest. He writes richly, but what might be called garish in another writer is temperate in Mr. Middleton, as the same coloring which is florid in tapestry is chaste in marble. Sometimes the emotional and intellectual content seems a little slender; sometimes the thoughts seem a little too obviously shrined and casketed. I feel in his verse, as in the prose tales of Mérimée, a proud repose which affects to disown the feeling that it unquestionably shelters. But the disclaimer is unavailing. Mr. Middleton has heard "the clear, new bugles blow Over the English lanes and Russian snow"; he has tenderness for those to whom "war gave The bullet and the sword for bread"; and he can breathe a warning, "The low satanic voice is in your ears," to the peoples for whom recreancy lies in wait on the very crown and summit of their magnanimities. In candor I should add that this volume may prove a slight disappointment to those readers for whom the "Clerk in Heaven" is the kernel of Mr. Middleton's poetical achievement.

I would not say that in the "Tree of Life" Mr. John Gould Fletcher had arrived. He has, however, *set out*. Even that step has the excitement of progression for a man who has wasted so much time in merely pacing up and down the station platform. The "Tree of Life" depicts the relations of two lovers in a dim, rhapsodic fashion, the vague plainness of which is shadowed forth in such titles as the "Aster Flower," "Fruit of Flame," "From Empty Days," "Dreams in the Night," and "Toward the Darkness." So near is 1919 to 1819, after all, that the dim yearnings in these poems might have served as accompaniment or undersong to the laments of Byron for Thyrza or the apostrophes of Shelley to Jane. One can not forget that the noun, "revolution," is related to the verb, "revolve." The feeling in Mr. Fletcher's latest poems is neither vital nor robust, but it is feeling, and it imparts a meaning to his verse which hitherto his verse has lacked and craved. His poems in the past have been stocked with sensuous pictures, but the imagery has been exhibited like merchandise on shelves, or, at best, like bric-à-brac on a mantelpiece, in meaningless and disconnected prominence. A change has taken place. What were flourishes have become characters. They are employed; they are ministrant; they serve an emotion.

Much of the writing in the "Tree of Life" is in the old unprofitable vein. We all know the affinity of thunder and cloud, and Mr. Fletcher, where he is not vague, is often violent. But moments

arrive when he is neither violent nor vague. He can rise to a stroke of this quality: "Were the last kiss not bitter, the first would have been less sweet." In speaking of a weary soul's encounter with the beloved object in a spiritual world, he can say this: "Perhaps for a little while I might desire to seek you, but after I shall turn and hide my face," in which the justified reliance on the suggestiveness of a gesture is Dantesque. Were there not so many false dawns in literature, so many greys that are not the morning's eye, I should be tempted to say that in lines like the above the day broke for Mr. Fletcher.

If Mr. John Jay Chapman handles Victorian metres like a pupil rather than a master, he is the sort of pupil in whom masters delight. If the tradition is audible in his sentiments, it is chiefly that part of the tradition which has been vital enough to withstand the inroads of modernity—the patriotic part. Patriotism seems the enduring part of our moral vesture. Coat and trousers may show themselves out at elbows or out at knees, while the waistcoat which formed part of the original purchase is intact. A nation that acquired its outfit of patriotism, religion, and literature a half century or more ago finds its patriotism still usable while its religion and literature have fallen into disrepair. The flag is the one piece of cloth that is improved by becoming threadbare, and Mr. Chapman's high-hearted motto, "Love, Death, Our Country—Honor, Discipline" fits 1919 none the less for its consonance with 1861. Mr. Chapman is not a great poet, but he utters with dignity and taste, with measured and mellowed gravity, sentiments in which his countrymen avow their sonship to heroic ancestors.

Cleverness, like dulness, has its beaten paths. Much of Mrs. Robinson's work does not get beyond the beaten paths of cleverness, but she is capable of self-transcendence in rare moments of passionate analysis, moments that give an effect of high arrest or solemn pause before an emotion whose very intensity is tranquillizing. In this volume they are found in "If I Could Hold My Grief" and the two succeeding sonnets. Half the poems are amusing; the dedication and the prelude are funereal. The serious and the humorous are companionable enough, but the neighborhood of the facetious and the elegiac seems like mirth in funeral and dirge in marriage.

Mr. George Rostrevor, whose titles, "Escape and Fantasy" and "Stars and Fishes" are aromatic of his temper, has a good ear and a mellow, if light, voice. He has just seriousness enough to add the seasoning of variety to the blithe experiment of youth, and his poems are silvery in the half-light of a chastened mysticism.

O. W. FIRKINS

The British Press

THERE never was a time when the British public more needed the guidance of a thoughtful and responsible press, yet it is a feature of the age—an age of extraordinarily critical days, when the audience is sensitive and excitable—that the mainsprings of the London daily press are personal feelings and prejudice. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily News*, widely as they differ in every respect, are soaked with prejudice; honest it may be, but still one which prevents the consideration of any question of foreign or domestic policy on its merits. The *Times*, with its squire the *Daily Mail*, is neither more nor less than the reflection of the personal views of one man who has none of the temperament of the statesman and whose very success as a vendor of popular journalism is a sign that he is wholly unfitted to be a far-sighted national adviser. One can not say that in the case of the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* prejudice is at the bottom of the views, attacks, and defenses which are to be read in their columns. They are the expressions of a quick, changeable, energetic, and ambitious personality. The *Daily Chronicle*, which up to some months ago was unquestionably the honest exponent of the Liberalism of the centre, now apes an independence which is negated in every article that appears in its pages. It has become a new advocate of the Prime Minister. We are left with two morning papers only to complete this classification—the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Express*. The former, again, is personal, but it is unquestionably animated by public spirit, though, when a paper is the echo of personal views, the personality which inspires it must hold very definite opinions and be determined to press them on the public if it is to be an influential factor. The *Daily Telegraph* is like an honest man who has no very clear views and whose opinions are necessarily guarded and often doubtful. The *Express*, on the whole, is now the most independent of London morning papers, but as yet it does not appear to have the influence which its present individuality deserves. Of the evening papers the *Westminster Gazette* is the only sheet which even pretends to adequate discussion of foreign or domestic politics, and, able though it be, a certain mannerism, a tone of superior argumentativeness, detracts from the weight of its words. It is written, as the late Frederick Greenwood said of the first *Pall Mall Gazette*, by gentlemen for gentlemen. The stalwarts of the Liberal party prefer the gibes of Mr. Gardiner to the aphorisms of Mr. Spender.

Yet, while the daily press of London forms the daily reading of London and

of the country and towns to the south of the metropolis, those who are at a distance from England should never forget that some organs of the provincial press are the guides of opinion to thousands of readers in the North and West. The *Manchester Guardian*, prejudiced also as it too often is, the *Liverpool*, *Leeds*, and *Scotch papers*, and some sheets in the West and in Wales are written, not only with great ability, but with a desire to express seasoned opinions. The English provincial press, in fact, for the purpose of discussion, whether of political or social questions, is more authoritative than the London press, which run on what may be called Northcliffe lines, has lost in power what it has gained in popularity. The circulation of weekly papers is so small compared to that of the daily papers that their influence is also less, though this influence should not be too strictly estimated by the number of copies which are sold. For they form the food of political and social apostles. Views which appear in the weekly papers are subsequently uttered in but slightly disguised form by persons who are listened to respectfully and who pride themselves on their thoughtfulness and originality. But in the main, the two same factors may be noted at the bottom of the opinions of the London weeklies. The *Nation* is even more prejudiced than the *Daily News* and is more the expression of one personality than the *Times*. The same may be said of the *Saturday Review*, which a superficial smartness makes pleasant light reading. The *Spectator* still lives on the traditions of Hutten and Townsend, but the acuteness, insight, and critical power which at the time made it so influential and interesting have disappeared. It is a common-sense organ for common-sense readers on Sunday morning. Perhaps, when one touches on Sunday, the *Observer* should have a word given to it. Here again we are in contact with one man, with an able, excitable personality. What one reads in the *Observer* is the views of Mr. Garvin. Of the *New Statesman* it is not unfair to say that its mild socialism is well blended with some measure of statesmanship.

A summary such as the foregoing may be regarded as superficial. Every summary, however, is necessarily superficial. But, if the statement that the British press is more largely the reflection of prejudices and personal feelings be correct, it is obvious that the public to which it is supplied has no safe guide in very difficult times. But, after all, the public has always had to take care of itself, and when Swift, writing of the negotiations which culminated in the Peace of Utrecht, said the country must have peace be it a bad or a good one, he was just as unsafe a guide to

the readers of Queen Anne's times as are the journalists whose views eventually become the opinions of large numbers of British electors. The storekeeper and the newspaper proprietor, now alike, supply the wares which are acceptable to the majority of their customers.

E. S. ROSCOE

London, June 7

Anne Thackeray Ritchie

WITH the passing of Lady Ritchie the last link connecting us intimately with Thackeray's life has snapped, and all possibility of that inimitable biography which might have been is at an end. Lives of Thackeray have been written and more undoubtedly will be written, but his daughter alone could have given us his real portrait. That she did not undertake it was of course because it would have been against his expressed wish. A weighty enough reason, except that where such intimate glimpses of his life and character have already been revealed as in her own memoirs and in his published letters to Mrs. Brookfield, the consecutive story of his life from Lady Ritchie's pen would have been rather the amplification of material already familiar than a revelation of new facts. Had Thackeray realized how inevitable biographers of his life were to be, he might well have chosen her to chronicle it rather than others, since, not only was he the kind of man to have preferred a true account, but he also esteemed her literary powers highly.

In 1848, when she was only ten years old, he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, "I have got a letter from Annie, so clever, humorous and wise, that it is fit to be printed in a book." And when her first paper, "Little Scholars," was ready for the *Cornhill*, he is reported to have said: "When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it was so good, so simple, so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it." At that time, too, according to Melville, he tried to convince Dean Hole "that Annie can write ten times more cleverly than I."

Anne Thackeray, early in life, was evidently ambitious to write well and suffered the customary discouragement of budding authors, for in her recollections of Browning she gives a veiled account of herself as a failure and tells how much he once encouraged her by reminding her of the epitaph of the Roman lady who sat at home and spun wool. "All in good time," he said. "You must spin your wool some day, every woman has wool to spin of some sort or another." And she goes on to say, "I went home feeling quite impressed with the little speech, it had been so gravely

and kindly made. My blurred pages looked altogether different somehow. It was spinning wool—it was not wasting one's time, one's temper—it was something more than spoiling paper and pens." Farther on she adds, "Never has anything given more trouble or seemed more utterly hopeless than those early incoherent pages, so full of meaning to one's self, so absolutely idiotic in expression. In later life the words come easily, only too readily; but then it is the meaning which lags behind."

Between the years 1863 and 1885 she published twelve volumes, all fiction, with the exception of a life of Madame de Sévigné. Of these perhaps the best known are "Old Kensington" and "Miss Angel," which latter is the story of Angelica Kaufmann. But her most successful work was to be more subjective. In 1893 she wrote her "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning," and in 1894 she published the slight volume of reminiscences known as "Chapters from Some Memoirs," which of all her books is perhaps the one most sure to live. In it she gives a series of vignettes of herself and her sister in the early days at Kensington with their father, with their grandparents in Paris, or on some trip abroad. These little sketches are done with a light touch, are full of fancy and quaint humor, and have a charm that is always fresh, for in each she has etched in some well-remembered character or caught some distinctive atmosphere, so that they remain in the memory almost as if the things they tell of had been personally experienced. Fourteen years later, she published "The Blackstick Papers," a collection of varied essays, mainly literary, each admirable in its way and all permeated with the unconscious distinction of her own individuality, although less personal in substance than the contents of the earlier volume.

In many ways she had exceptional opportunities for gathering material for work of this kind, for during her father's lifetime people of note were constantly at their house and Thackeray also took her and her sister about with him a great deal. We meet most of the famous Victorians in her pages: the Carlyles, the Brownings, the Kembles, and the Dickens; Leach, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell. What is more, their portraits are never pompously drawn for us as notables, but are touched with little intimate accounts of characteristic incidents and peculiarities.

It will always be a matter of regret to those who appreciate the quality of Lady Ritchie's later books that she did not write more of the same kind. The reason is most probably to be found in the fact that the realities of life consumed so much of her time and energy as to leave her little margin for her own pursuits, since much of her life seems to

have been given to the service of others. Leslie Stephen, at whose home she went on living after her sister's death until her own marriage in 1877, wrote of her: "My sister-in-law, Miss Thackeray, continued to live with me, and she is one of the most lovable of women. I never knew any one who was like her—I may almost say in kind, not to speak of degree. She has, that is, a genius for sympathy, and has a greater capacity for loving many people, and yet loving sincerely and warmly, than I have ever known."

We get an amusing glimpse of Lady Ritchie's kindly disposition in Mr. Edmund Gosse's description of how he and R. L. Stevenson, when they were very young, once went to dine with Leslie Stephen and were the only guests. After describing the rather melancholy appearance of their host, he says: "The dinner was extremely quiet. Scarcely a word fell from either of the Stephens, and we two guests, although chatter-boxes engrained, were subdued to silence by shyness. Only Miss Thackeray, in her hospitable goodness, did her best to talk for us all, and in the twilight—for the room and table were meagrely illuminated by two or three candles—her voice was heard, holding a sort of dialogue with itself."

In "The Blackstick Papers" Lady Ritchie wrote: "It seems a pity when books pass away, as they undoubtedly do, delightful books worthy to be remembered. One day everybody is reading them and living in their pages, then their voice is silent suddenly and heard no more among us; they are mysteriously shelved—forgotten—consigned to oblivion." Her own best work may escape such a fate, since to be able to make the immediate yesterday of social history—which is wont to seem a little stale and out of date to the generation following immediately on its heels—vivid and fresh is a service which is recognized and usually rewarded.

B. U. BURKE

Books Received

FICTION

Ibañez, V. B. *La Bodega*. Dutton. \$1.90 net.

ART

Studies in East Christian and Roman Art. Part II. *A Gold Treasure of the Late Roman Period*. University of Michigan Studies. Macmillan.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Crowe, J. R. *Pat Crowe, Aviator*, New York. Nicholas L. Brown. \$1.50 net.

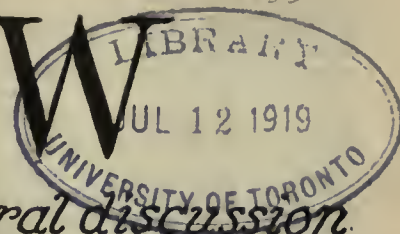
Thomson, E. H. *The Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York*. Lane.

Hazen, C. D. *Fifty Years of Europe*. Holt.

French, Viscount. 1914. *Houghton Mifflin*. \$6 net.

THE REVIEW

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THE President's cabled address on the peace treaty gave an impetus to the process of bringing to a focus the various currents of opinion concerning the League Covenant. A development of quite special importance is the expression by Senator McCumber of his belief that it will be necessary for the Senate to adopt "explanatory reservations" respecting some features of the Covenant in its ratification of the treaty. Mr. McCumber was the one Republican member of the Foreign Relations Committee who stood out against the Knox resolution. His position was so emphatic as to show beyond question that he would adhere to it. His present statement is in no way in conflict with that position. It indicates clearly his readiness to support that one of Mr. Root's reservations which takes out of the League's control the Monroe Doctrine and any question that the United States may regard as purely domestic. It is not so clear where he would stand on the reservation which makes absolute the right to leave the League on two years' notice, nor on the first of Mr. Root's reservations, which

eliminates Article X of the Covenant. What Mr. McCumber desires—and the same desire, we believe, will in the end determine the stand of a decisive number of Republican Senators—is to meet any serious objection to the Covenant that can be met without breaking up the settlement, but to go no farther than this. If leading Democrats and leading Republicans were to meet halfway in a genuine effort honestly to determine how this can be done, they would remove a stumbling block which threatens great mischief. To all who may meet the issue in this patriotic spirit the whole country, without distinction of party, will do honor.

NORTH DAKOTA, as a result of the popular vote on the programme offered by the Non-Partisan League, has undertaken our first experiment in some sort of State socialism. Of the seven measures voted upon, the operation of those creating a State bank, establishing an official newspaper in each county, and providing for State elevators will be watched with the most interest. Are they designed mainly to increase the power of the League? The political methods of A. C. Townley are so well known that one is right to be suspicious of proposals from him which centralize authority. That a majority of 7,000 or more was obtained for the League's programme while its leader was on trial for sedition does not conclusively prove that the measures have been considered entirely on their merits. To offset his irregular methods, Townley has long used the arts of the spell-binder, and he has succeeded in capturing the imagination of the State. Like many of our Eastern radicals he has kept out of pigeonholes. He is not a socialist, oh no, because socialism includes government ownership of land, and the threat of such an arrangement would estrange his best supporters, the farmers. But he stands for the taking over of other sorts of property, and if the North Dakota farmer is like other rural Americans, he will soon begin to ask just how far this here system intends to go. Once let it point towards State management of the farm, and it is likely to come tumbling down upon the head of its author.

THE *Nation* repeats: "The world is henceforth divided into two camps, radicals and reactionaries; the real, true

revolution which is to free humanity has but begun. It ought to come without violence and force, but come it will." That is, if you don't believe in a real, true, imminent proletarian millennium, you must necessarily believe in slavery, the Inquisition, "l'etat c'est moi," and all that kind of thing. There is no possible middle ground. And furthermore, if you don't help us in whooping up this real, true revolution, there'll be no meal ticket for you when it comes.

CONSUL EMBRY'S account of Bolshevik atrocities in Siberia will be read with feelings akin to those which were aroused by the Bryce report on the German terror in Belgium. As in the case of Belgium, so in that of Russia, the flood of tales of horror coming from miscellaneous sources did not in itself suffice to remove doubt; not until the evidence came in the authoritative form which the Bryce Commission gave to it did those finally become convinced who were desperately anxious not to be convinced. Mr. Embry's statement is only that of one man; but he is United States Consul at Omsk and has just returned from a service of eight months in that city, during nearly all of which time he was in charge of American affairs there. What he tells us is the result of his own observation and investigation. That it is substantially correct few will doubt; certainly it will be so accepted by all fair-minded men unless there be adduced some positive reason to question it. Mere general assertions that "we get nothing but lies from Russia," that "we don't hear the other side," etc., will not go down in the face of such evidence as this.

IT is impossible to do justice to Consul Embry's account of the Siberian atrocities by any brief summary. It is the appalling volume of horrors, as well as their barbarous character, that makes the story so frightful. One item may, however, serve to give an idea of the extent of the murderous slaughter:

Kurgan is a city of perhaps 35,000 people. It, too, was one of the cities liberated by the Kolchak advance. I officially know it to be a fact that while in control of that city the Bolsheviks murdered at one time—that is, at a single wholesale execution—more than 1,500 citizens of that place.

Other passages are more horrifying because they enter into the details of the barbarism—a barbarism that recognized

no claim of age, or sex, or personal worth, or religious sanctity. And yet we shall doubtless continue to be told by the heralds of the new day that everything we read about Bolshevik atrocity is the product of a lying capitalist press.

UNDER the Prohibition Enforcement bill the possession, as well as the manufacture, sale, transportation, etc., of liquor, is forbidden from the time the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution goes into effect. But on wading through its ten thousand words, more or less, one discovers that "to possess liquors in one's private dwelling" is not forbidden. However, let no one rejoice prematurely. For, firstly, "the burden of proof shall be upon the possessor to prove that the liquor was lawfully acquired and possessed"; secondly, "every person legally permitted under this title to have liquor shall report to the Commissioner, within ten days after the passage of this title, the kind and amount of intoxicating liquor in his possession"; and thirdly, the Commissioner is required to file all this information "in a permanent record alphabetically arranged, and to permit any and all persons desiring to do so to inspect the said statements at any time during office hours." We have no quarrel with the stringency of these provisions; if the country really means business this, no doubt, is the sort of thing that must be done. But it isn't pretty; and it is not long since every red-blooded American would have pronounced it outrageous and intolerable. However, we have made our bed, and it is not surprising if we have to lie in it. But what does interest us is this question: If this bill had been drawn by the Anti-Saloon League before instead of after the amendment had been passed, could the amendment have been passed?

THE New York *World* has been almost alone among the influential newspapers of the country in its stout fight against national prohibition. Its opposition was based upon great principles—the principle of personal liberty, the principle of local self-government, and the principle that the Constitution of the United States should not be degraded, but remain the fundamental charter that it has been during all our history. Now that the fight has been lost, it does not pretend to be pleased with the result or abate a jot of its scorn for the way in which that result was brought about. All the more weight, therefore, attaches to its urging all men to accept the fact and refrain from any attempt to defy the law. "The despicable cowardice of legislatures, national and state," as well as "the secret methods, the bullying lobbies, and the flagrant contempt of popular rights, of the Anti-Saloon

League" and "the almost inconceivable blunders of the entire liquor interest," come in for the *World's* retrospective denunciation, but it winds up with this warning as to the present:

Only one thing is needed to round out this sorry record in complete shame, and that is wide-spread defiance of law. Strong drink is doomed after next January, anyway. If those who profit by it wish to insure the same fate for light wine and beer they will work logically and unfailingly to that end by becoming lawbreakers.

This is advice which all sensible persons will approve, and which it is to be hoped few will be so foolish as not to follow.

ONE of the horrors of war—and by no means the least of them—is the spectacle of the discharged soldier begging his bread. The sort of thing that plagued Europe at the close of the Napoleonic Wars we were spared after our own Civil War by reason of the enormous undeveloped resources of the country, whose bounties were for all who would lay hold of them with energetic hand. Just at the moment we can not afford too confidently to abandon the returned soldier to his economic fate. Now that the war assumes something of the aspect of history, the man who left desk, counter or bench to help to make it, stands a bit hesitatingly, his new-bought trousers flapping dismally about unaccustomed shins, as he gazes at the eddying life in which he must again find his place. It is a moment at which he may too readily come to taste the bitterness of wondering whether it was all worth while; it is a moment at which he can be mightily comforted by finding that his old place is waiting him if he wants it. His employer was proud to display a flag starry with the hope that went forth to do battle for us; he should be even more proud to give a welcome to the man who was most worthily his personal representative in the high places of the field. A little thoughtfulness now will tide us over a situation and prevent it from becoming acute. Presently, it may be confidently hoped, business expansion will reach a point at which special considerateness of the soldier will no longer be necessary. At the moment he not only deserves but needs it. All employers who have not already done so are asked to communicate their willingness to help to Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, and receive in return the right to display on the service flag of the firm the shield of the United States.

NEITHER the protagonists nor their cosmic audience were in any mood for heroics when it came to the final signing and sealing of the treaty. It was a grim and necessary business to be got through with as rapidly as possible.

The mirrors reflected no such resplendent uniforms nor rattled in their guilt at the resounding "Hochs" as on a former occasion. The Germans departed protesting through the back door and Clémenceau, Lloyd George and Wilson lost themselves in the crowd. Of all the actors in the quiet drama one would have been most willing to have a place among the doughboys and Tommies who lined the hall. For them truly the end crowned the work. And for most of the world it is, with all its faults, about the kind of peace that was expected, and is correspondingly welcomed. Those who have already preceded the German envoys through the back door of an inevitable disillusion have now the privilege of railing at the iniquities of the peace while they enjoy its benefits.

MR. HENRY HOLT'S *Unpopular Review* changes its name with the July number to *The Unpartizan Review*. We know how to appreciate the difficulties of finding a name that will please everybody. And in this case we boggled a moment over the phonetic z. But we know what Mr. Holt means by his new title; on the etymological principle of *lucus a non lucendo* he will continue to wield pike and partizan sturdily in support of good sense and the relish of whatever else is good in life.

GENERAL SIBERT, Director of Chemical Warfare, left a big and painful question-mark in the minds of not a few Americans when he recently said before the Senate Military Committee that while gas was responsible for 30 per cent. of the American casualties in France only 4 per cent. of those affected died, that the gas left no bad effect upon those who recovered, and that he looked upon it as the most humane element in modern war. Many American families have brothers, fathers or sons who are fighting a slow and dangerous battle with the terrible after-effects of gas on the lung tissues which many physicians have said will show themselves under certain conditions for years afterward. A world that is experiencing these things now and that has joined in universal condemnation of the cruelty of Germany is first

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using this terrible weapon of modern war will not find it easy to accept General Sibert's statement, and in any case will want further light on a question which had seemed entirely settled.

THE representatives of the magnesite industry, the dye industry and the chemical glass industry, the tungsten producers, and the manufacturers of medical and surgical instruments have all recently been filing their pleas with the Government for tariff protection in face of the expected resumption of German competition. These industries and many others of vital relation to the needs of American life, and to our independence in time of war need as well, have achieved a start during the abnormal conditions of the war period and are on a fair way to success. On general grounds it is clear that the restoration of competitive conditions which obtained before the war may in some or all cases mean the wiping out of these important beginnings. But it is important to remember also that in no industry and in no nation is the status quo ante going to be completely restored. Every industry will face the necessity of adjusting itself to conditions which in almost every phase are new. It is clearly impossible to approach the questions of tariff policy involved in these cases with any political principles or prejudice derived from pre-war conditions. Each case will have to be met and dealt with on its own merits in the light of the new situation, in the spirit of scientific, point for point, adjustment.

TWO hundred years ago John Gay wrote a poem which, as the school-boy of every age but our own knows, was called "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London." Being abroad in the streets was a dangerous business even then, but danger threatened chiefly one's carefully curled wig, one's silken hose, one's peach-bloom waistcoat. There was the gushing spout, the swollen kennel, unpleasant contact with a greasy proletariat, or too slow a retreat to the protection of the wall when the upper windows discharged libation to the goddess Cloacina. But as against traveller by coach, or chair, or boat, Gay counted the pedestrian happy:

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state your happiness attends.

Why? Chiefly, apparently, because the pedestrian ran less risk of catching cold! The poet would nowadays doubtless be anxious to revise his estimate of the pedestrian's beatitude. With more wayfarers killed last year in the streets of New York than lost their lives on the Lusitania, brayed at by the passing horn in every form of noise that the ingenuity of man can devise, threatened at every crossing by the headlong vans

of a paternalistic Post Office Department, the lot of the surviving associate walkers is not happy. But neither is that of the millionaire who undertakes to navigate his flivver through the reefs and eddies of an uncharted humanity.

Something must be done to systematize the rules of the game on both sides. Meliorative proposals are in the air. Let them receive most thoughtful consideration. The suggestion that it be made an offense for pedestrians to cross the street at other than specified points might, if reasonably enforced, accomplish something. And let no pedestrian hold himself chicken-hearted in thus submitting to an invasion of his personal rights; this is his chance to show his intellectual superiority to other bipeds. The suggestion, too, that motorists form themselves into a sort of League of Caution promises well for the gradual weeding out of the driver who mistakes the wheel of his motor for that of destiny itself, his trump for Gabriel's. Better still, perhaps, would be an arrangement by which every citizen should, at least once a year, at the public expense if necessary, propel a motor through the street and learn what fools pedestrians can be, and every motorist at least once a week be made to pick his way through the accumulated fenders and exhausts of traffic, learning to hate his fellow who drives without consideration. In any case, the streets may quickly enough be made safe for democracy with the exercise of a little consideration on both sides. Tradition is of rapid growth.

HARVARD and Dartmouth have the right idea—compulsory athletics. Getting the cheering section out into the field to exercise something besides their lungs is only part of it, though a good part. The rest of it is more subtle, very subtle indeed. In the old days the undergraduate was drilled in Latin, Greek, and mathematics until a romp through the whole course of English literature proffered all the invitation of stimulatingly forbidden fruit. Since literature was put on the list of prescribed studies it has become a task even less palatable, if only because less exacting, than the trivium of our fathers or our elder selves. And there was nothing left by way of relaxation save athletics. Now the situation is to be reversed. The student wearied by the exactions of a not too considerate nor literate athletic coach, will he not repair with delight to the mellow professor and his healing discourse on Plato, will he not cut his compulsory athletics to steal a delicious golden hour by himself in an alcove of the library? The secret is, more prescribed athletics and still more, and no prescribed literature. Truly, said the wise man, the ways of skinning the millennial cat are many and delightful.

The President Returns

WITH the peace treaty signed, President Wilson returns to his country after seven months of strenuous labor and extraordinary vicissitudes. What he expected to accomplish when he set out upon his great undertaking we can judge only from his public utterances of that time; what he actually accomplished we are still less in a position to judge with confidence. The verdict of history is not in all cases sure to be more accurate than that of contemporary men, but in the matter of the negotiations and conferences at Versailles much will unquestionably be known, even in the near future, that is now at most matter of probable conjecture. Nevertheless, it is clear that between the Wilson who landed in France last December and the Wilson who left her shores the other day a great gulf is fixed.

The President himself bears remarkable testimony to this change in the following message sent by him to the *London Daily Mail* on the eve of sailing:

Many things crowd into the mind to be said about the peace treaty, but the thought that stands out in front of all others is that by the terms of the treaty the greatest possible measure of compensation has been provided for people whose homes and lives were wrecked by the storm of war, and security has been given them that the storm shall not arise again.

In so far as we came together to insure these things, the work of the conference is finished, but in a larger sense its work begins to-day. In answer to an unmistakable appeal, the league of nations has been constituted and a covenant has been drawn which shows the way to international understanding and peace.

We stand at the crossroads, however, and the way is only pointed out. Those who saw through the travail of war the vision of a world made secure for mankind must now consecrate their lives to its realization.

This is the language of a man who clings to his vision, but from whom its glamour has departed. It is not of a completed work that he speaks, but of a work which "in a larger sense begins to-day"; a work the achievement of which will require that men "consecrate their lives to its realization." And even this is less significant of the sobered state of Mr. Wilson's mind than is his confession that "the thought that stands out in front of all others" is not the thought of the magnificent structure of the League, but the thought of the reparation and guarantees "for people whose homes and lives were wrecked by the storm of war"—which, from the very beginning, had been declared by the Allies to be the indispensable condition of peace.

That Mr. Wilson has adjusted himself to what he found to be the unescapable facts of the situation is ground for praise, not blame. Nor have those who realized from the start that his expecta-

tion of an ideal peace were impossible any ground for exultation in the demonstration that they were right in their judgment. Such a peace as Mr. Wilson desired would be infinitely better than the peace we have got. That peace, he declared in his speech of September 27, 1918, must embody "not only impartial justice but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; and he was right enough in saying that only in the case of such a peace can it "be made certain that the agreements of the peace will be honored and fulfilled." Unfortunately for the world, however, the demands of "impartial justice" were found to be incompatible with "the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with"; and it is this incompatibility, and not any want either of skill or of sincerity on President Wilson's part, that accounts for the tremendous gap between his expectations and the accomplished fact.

Still another circumstance of the closing days of Mr. Wilson's stay in France deserves note in this connection. It is authoritatively stated that the President has entered into an agreement—subject of course to ratification by the Senate—under which the United States and Great Britain are pledged to come promptly to the aid of France in case of unprovoked attack by Germany. We are most heartily in favor of such an agreement. It is a natural outcome of the great war, and of our part in it. It does not show that the League of Nations is impotent, but only that it is not omnipotent, and that in any case its future is as yet uncertain. But if we turn to that same speech of September 27, 1918, we find that this agreement is in flat violation of the programme which the President formulated under five numbered heads. The third of these is: "There can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations." Of course Mr. Wilson was then thinking of a League which—as he still put it in his Manchester speech on December 30, 1918—was "a combination of all of us." But the special agreement with France is necessary not because Germany is not as yet a member of the League, but because, member or no member, she feels not "satisfied," but infinitely aggrieved, and would have been so even if the terms of peace had been vastly less severe than they are. Here again Mr. Wilson is to be praised, not blamed, for accepting the compulsion of unescapable facts.

It is not merely for the purpose of retrospect that we take this backward glance. The President has before him a task in which there enters something of the same distinction between abstract ideas and concrete facts, between world-embracing visions and national demands.

We would not prejudice the case that he may make out in favor of accepting the League Covenant without a jot or tittle of reservation. But it will be most unfortunate if he should undertake to press for this either upon the basis merely of general assertions or upon the strength of his own personal prestige. That partisanship, that even personal enmity or dislike, has played its part in the demand for reservations, is true enough; but to charge that this demand, or even hostility to the League idea, is animated wholly by such feelings, is a gross libel upon thousands of Americans of sterling patriotism, unimpeachable sincerity, and unquestionable intelligence. With outright opposition to the League, such as Senator Borah's or Senator Johnson's, Mr. Wilson can, of course, do little or nothing. It is impossible to *prove* that the League will prevent war and promote justice; the man who, after all these months of discussion, feels certain that on the contrary it will stir up war and perpetuate injustice can not be converted by mere logic. But with those who wish to give the League every chance for success, and yet who see in it possibilities of evil that might by careful procedure be eliminated, the case is very different.

Indeed, there is no little resemblance between the position of those Americans who insist upon special reservations for America and those Frenchmen who insisted upon a special supplementary treaty for France. To absolute believers in the League Covenant, the fears of the French were imaginary; but it was felt, nevertheless, that nothing could allay these fears except a specific guarantee of protection. It would be absurd to say that the state of mind of Americans in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, or immigration, or the possibility of being called on to fight in the Balkans, is like the state of mind of the French in relation to the German terror. But to dismiss the apprehensions professed by Americans on those subjects either as false pretense or as mere folly is to fly in the face of facts. The American people, we feel sure, are, by a decisive majority, in favor of the nation shouldering the responsibilities that it must assume if it is to play a worthy part in preserving the peace of the world; but while they recognize that the time for national isolation is over, they do not forget that our freedom from European imbrolios has been invaluable in the past, not only for ourselves but for all the world. And they are not prepared to throw away the benefits of that freedom for the future, except to such extent as is demonstrably necessary for the securing of supremely important ends.

It is this demonstration that it is now incumbent upon Mr. Wilson to furnish. Let him not plant himself upon the

ground of an assumed infallibility, but show himself ready to enter into the feelings of those who question his position. If he can not yield anything to their objections, let him show that his refusal is due not to a preconceived determination, but to the demonstrated necessities of the situation; and if he can yield, let him do so with good grace and in a spirit of coöperation. All this may be too much to hope; but it is along this line that, in our judgment, a speedy and satisfactory ending of the controversy is to be sought. Mr. Wilson may seek it in another way. He may, as he has done in the past, meet opposition with sheer defiance; and he may win. But it is also possible that he may lose, and in that case it will be little comfort to him, or to the country, to put the blame on the "wilfulness" of his opponents. How great a stake all the world has in the speedy ratification of the peace treaty, only the most thoughtless can fail to realize. To do all that can rightfully be done to bring about this great end is a duty that rests not only upon Republicans, but also upon Democrats—not only upon the Senate, but also upon the President.

Thoughts For Independence Day

FOR the first time in one hundred and forty-three years the anniversary of our independence finds the principles of our Republic on the defensive. Still believed in by the silent majority that actually rules the nation, a vociferous minority is seeking to discredit the principles of individualism and representation foreshadowed in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Constitution, as well as the motives and ability of the Americans who conceived these charters of our liberties. To hundreds of thousands of new citizens and aliens, to thousands of agitators of old American stock, our political tradition is valueless. For inspiration they look to European sages of yesterday, for example they look to Soviet Russia of to-day. What our fathers thought and their sons have wrought for four generations is condemned as so much blunder or hypocrisy. We should do ill to celebrate the day when we declared ourselves a free nation without taking into account the multitudes who believe we are not free; without considering gravely what grounds there are for alarm and for hope.

Our chief ground for resolute hopefulness is confidence in the intelligence and morality of the bulk of our workingmen. We believe that they see that to amend particular grievances by upsetting civilization really pays no one in the long run. We feel that they regard our sys-

tem of representative government as just in principle and flexible in application, that they are willing to assume the responsibilities of citizenship and to assent to the restraints of law. We are satisfied that they see the remedies for their ills rather in the ballot and legislation than in riot and confiscation; rather in the lawful activities of their own unions than in terrorism.

We are certain also that the mass of American workmen do not subscribe to the falsehood that labor is the sole producing class. The sons of ingenious American sires know well that invention, management, and capital have a large share in production and must, like labor, be paid for under whatever political or industrial system. We are sure that representative American labor will continue to assert its claims as against the inventor, manager, and capitalist along lines of honorable negotiation under the sanction of law, expecting not a Utopian finality, but a reasonable going balance between conflicting yet adjustable interests. We know that American labor has witnessed a great advance towards the limitation of undue profits, towards its own personal protection, and the legal maintenance of its rights and dignity. American labor, in our opinion, will not lightly forsake the course of law and negotiation which promises so hopefully and has already achieved so much.

Such is our confidence, and without it we should indeed despair. If the majority of American workmen are not of this mind, the case for civilization and for democracy is already lost. It would be idle to argue, or organize, or threaten, or do anything but await with resignation the impending ruin. For American labor is going to settle this question for itself. It is being arbitrated not by journalists and agitators, but by the moral standards and common sense of individuals. We do not believe that American labor will arrogate to itself in the specious name of comradeship all the good will and justice in the nation. It knows that trickery and rectitude, cruelty and kindness, insight and stupidity are pretty evenly distributed throughout mankind from poorest to richest. For this reason American labor is not likely to push a perfectly legitimate class consciousness to any fanatical extreme. It is just and hardheaded enough to cope with a world of diverse opportunities, talents, and rewards. Moreover, skilled labor in America has possessions and vested interests for which it has toiled and which it accordingly values. The heart of such labor may be proletarian, the head is bourgeois.

If this is the mood of American labor, it is the duty of invention, management, capital, to meet it half-way. Here we mean not coddling and doles for labor,

but a more frank and considerate discussion of common interests. A fuller publicity will do much to allay discontent. In its own interest, capital and management must be prepared to demonstrate the rightfulness of any apparently inordinate profits, while labor should be prepared to accept such wages as a business will bear. Labor, whether organized or individual, should have all reasonable opportunity for conference with its employers. Where a practical system can be worked out, profit-sharing should be introduced, and many American employers are seeking such a community of interest with their employees. On all sides we must learn to temper competition and class conflict with fairness; we must welcome any method that experience shows to be workable for bringing about a fuller understanding, by employers and employed alike, of matters of mutual interest. The experiment of systematic conference for this purpose with duly chosen representatives of the employees has already been tried with success by a number of American manufacturers; and while it must be recognized that for such success tact and patience are necessary on both sides, these will be forthcoming if both sides approach the problem in a spirit of sincere good will. And it is upon the strengthening of this spirit that we must rest our hope of the nation's future.

Revolution, New Style

THE preaching of revolution is becoming a favorite indoor sport. Commissioner of Immigration Howe presides at a pro-Soviet mass meeting, and is not even reprimanded. A Federal official need no longer be old-fashioned enough to decline to consider the overturn of the Constitution under which he serves. The Bolshevik "Ambassador," Herr Martens—since he was recently enrolled as a German citizen in England—is an honored guest at a meeting in Madison Square Garden, where protest is made against the raiding of his "embassy suite" by the New York police. Comrade Dennis E. Batt urged a jail delivery for "Debs and the other comrades who languish in prison." Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, lately condemned for disloyal activities, hoped the Social Revolution would come with "as little violence as possible," but insisted that "the opposition must yield or else it must be crushed." Comrade C. E. Rothenberg showed how "we can sweep this government out of existence." Mr. Max Eastman, prudently keeping within the law, rebuked the President for waging a "private war" in Siberia.

It has been the custom of England and America to ignore these performers in wild and whirling words. The good

sense of the people can be trusted to take such talk for what it is worth. This amiable attitude of *laissez-faire* had its justification so long as Americans were concerned all round. As to the meeting we have described, the police report that out of 6,000 present nine-tenths hardly understood the speeches in English. It is the presence of masses of aliens ignorant of our ideals or hostile to them, that makes the indoor sport of fomenting revolution far from tolerable. Former audiences at revolutionary meetings went to be amused and excited; to-day they mean business. This fact must change the attitude of the state and of law-respecting individuals. Both would do well to reconsider the whole morale of revolutionary agitation.

Since Grecian times revolution has been defended as a sacred right of oppressed peoples, but always on the supposition of an oppressor. Armed revolt and civil war were justified only on the theory that there was no peaceful redress for wrongs. Under all forms of absolutism that is true. Under free government every opinion which can obtain a majority may write itself into law and policy. In short, with the advent of democracy, the moral warrant dropped away from revolution. From being a high duty it became a political crime. For a citizenry which has the right of assembly and the ballot to rise in arms is merely to show that it is unwilling to play fair, is too impatient to live under its own laws while seeking to change them.

Thus heroics dropped out of revolution. It became an expression of political wrong-headedness, as in the Southern Confederacy; of lawless hatred, as in the Molly McGuire outrages; or of personal distress, as in the Italian bread riots of some fifteen years ago. Sporadic cases of armed violence there are always likely to be. Revolution in the grand style is obsolete. This has ever been the American view, that violence is intolerable in a state which lodges power in the people. The way of reform is not by clubs and stones but by gradual intelligent negotiation. Until lately nobody in America would have controverted this position; now hundreds of thousands of new Americans are in favor of direct action. England hears mutterings of revolution. Winnipeg has its political strike. France and Italy, with singularly free institutions, are constantly threatened with riotous revolt. A great deal of this is due to transient distress following the war, but the lawless tendency is sedulously fomented by wrong thinking in intellectually high places.

At the moment when, through the general liberation of Europe in 1848, political revolution reached its high tide, morally exhausting itself through its

own success, a new and questionable warrant was contrived. This was the theory of class warfare. Democracy is of no use to the workingman, was the argument, because the political cards are always stacked against him by the capitalist. His only permanent relief is the social revolution. Meanwhile the radical and socialist parties engaged in politics, and in all the free nations gradually beat out desirable reforms. Socialists actually dominated the law-making of France and Italy. They showed that the cards were not stacked. But the game itself was slow and intricate. A certain number of hasty reformers have ever been unable to make political men of themselves. It is they who have tried to keep alive, against the logic of democratic facts, the old moral warrants of revolution. To what was a heroic doctrine, that tyranny justifies extremest measures, they gave a twist semi-comic—but serious enough in its effects—that any kind of delay in achieving a needed social reform warrants an appeal to force. Revolution thus becomes a speeding-up measure. It is always in order when things don't go fast enough to please the most advanced thinker.

Such theorists as Mr. Bertrand Russell and such papers as the *Nation* are constantly intimating that political revolution is on the whole a normal and reasonable way of doing business. Of course they don't come out into the open with such a sentiment, but they express it through a kindly attitude toward particular revolutionary acts. Their emphasis is set not on training men to patience, but on encouraging the vital *élan* that expresses itself in club-law.

Such a notion is simply an irrational survival, a bad moral habit. By the same token the Naples Camorra and the Sicilian Mafia continue a rule of terror, simply because terror was once the only effective weapon of the humble against the tyrannies that used to be. A republic is no place for a revolutionist. For years the United States has tolerated sporadic preaching of revolution only because it was negligible. To-day that is not the case. While the propagandists of Bolshevism are working actively with our foreign-born population, the ladylike radical press warns us that nobody is convinced by bayonets and machine guns. Plainly a machine gun is not in order every time a fanatic mounts a soap box or circulates a treasonable pamphlet. As plainly no government can afford to tolerate widespread sedition. There is no right or privilege to preach law-breaking.

Those who are too impatient to wait on the orderly processes of political agitation and law-making have no place among us. For the merely ignorant, all patience is needed and trust in the gradual processes of education. With

traitors and avowed foes the case is different. Return them to the countries whence they came, countries which are at present enjoying any advantage that inheres in revolutionary violence.

The Wickedness of Invested Wealth

"ETHEL'S latest is that we must both earn our living by work, for we have no right to the income from our investments," writes an English widow, the mother of a high-minded daughter. This state of mind is not uncommon nowadays. Rarely, to be sure, does it result in actual abandonment of the unholy privileges of wealth; but the conviction itself is undoubtedly sincere. If every profession of principle were judged by its accordance with the conduct of the professor, reformers would by no means be the only persons that would have to bear the brand of insincerity.

It is not in moral but in mental soundness that these conscientious protestations are wanting. They are the result of emotion unguided by knowledge and unchastened by thought. In saying this, we do not mean to characterize the attitude of serious and competent advocates of socialism. These persons, as a rule, both know more, and have thought more seriously, about the subject than all but an extremely small minority among their conservative opponents. The thoroughgoing socialist, if he be intelligent, has deliberately come to a conclusion which, right or wrong, has respectable ground to stand on. He proposes to abolish existing institutions not simply because they are "wrong," but because he has a substitute to offer which he is convinced is better. And if he is sufficiently intelligent, and sufficiently fair-minded, he will admit that an institution, or a practice, which may be wrong in the sense that the world would be the better if a new order were established in which that institution would have no place, may be not only right but highly beneficent in the present state of the world.

The tender minds that are troubled over the wickedness of dividends are usually too delicate to subject themselves to the strain of this kind of thought. They do not ask whether the investment of private capital does or does not render to the world a service for which the interest or profit that it brings is the natural compensation; they do not ask what injury might be done to the productive capacity of the world if such compensation were forbidden, or even if its acceptance were merely discountenanced as immoral. Probably in nine cases out of ten the idea of there being

any connection at all between dividends and productivity does not cross their minds. They look upon their coupons and their dividend checks as fruit which drops into their mouths from the trees of some land of Cockayne, and they feel that they have no right to live in Cockayne when their fellow-humans have to dwell in this work-a-day world. Very pretty and amiable, no doubt; but very childish and ignorant.

So long as the productive activity of the world is carried on upon the basis of the institution of private property, returns on investments have precisely the same justification as wages, or salaries, or fees for professional service. The vast system of production and exchange by which we all live, and which provides us with the myriad benefits of modern civilization, is kept going—and on the whole kept going with wonderful smoothness and efficiency—through the holding out of such rewards to effort, to thrift, and to enterprise, as the play of demand and supply determines. It is open to anybody to believe that a better way is possible; but it is absurd to ignore the fact that if this way is given up some other way will have to be devised and adopted. So long as the present way endures, the justification of any part of it that is essential to the successful working of the whole is on precisely the same ethical plane as that of any other part. To carry on industry under a régime of private property, some people must set aside some of their property for use in the work of production—for the building of factories, the construction of machinery, the accumulation of raw material, the payment of wages. Everybody that has anything has a chance to do this. But not everybody is willing, without special reward, to set aside for the future what he might consume or enjoy in the present; in order to get the capital that the world's work requires, it is necessary to offer the inducement of interest or profits.

Those who, through the exercise of thrift and judgment, supply this need do not, in their dividends or interest, get something for nothing. They are compensated for a service as essential as that of the laborer, or the artisan, or the manager, or the engineer; and the amount of their compensation is determined by precisely the same forces—the community's need of the service as shown by demand and the community's opportunities for obtaining it as shown by supply. It is not those who furnish that supply for a consideration, but rather those who do not furnish it at all, that are open to a charge of wrong conduct. Let those who are squeamish about accepting the customary return for the use of capital give it up by all means, if it eases their minds; but let it be clearly understood that to accept that return

implies no more defect of conscience than does the acceptance of any wage, or salary, or fee, or profit, that the interplay of supply and demand assigns to manual or professional skill or to successful business enterprise.

The Passing of the Bartender

A NEW prognostication of evil from prohibition comes from a nerve specialist. Dr. L. Pierce Clark brought the matter up at the Atlantic City Convention of neurologists. It is the serious loss to society about to be sustained by the elimination of the conversational bartender. When you stop to think of it, what is it that makes a successful dram shop? Is it mere brass rail and mahogany, the inevitable oil painting of "Diana at the Bath," or even the free lunch? It certainly is not the intoxicants alone. They may be had at the grocer's. It is the combination of all these paraphernalia and that subtle something by which a good bartender is able to create a social atmosphere of hospitality and cheer for those who do not know they come for it and who are indeed scarcely conscious that they have had it, but who will miss it after July first.

When the bartender is gone, perhaps we shall appreciate him more. Perhaps we shall realize that on that fatal day passes an institution. Then will be destroyed the calling of men who have in humble place unconsciously and unostentatiously preserved the elsewhere lost art of conversation; that art of creating among adventitious paying guests a social atmosphere,—sometimes, alas! too exhilarating, but, on the whole, soothing and satisfying. When some college professor in later years writes, as he will write, a book on *The Influence of The Bartender upon American Political Ideals*, let us hope that it will contain some chapter on the influence of the bartender on American social life.

Dr. Clark is right. The loss of the bartender will have very far-reaching consequences unless, as is not likely, his talents can be snatched and translated, before it is too late, to other spheres of influence. If the Four Hundred were only wise enough to see an opportunity, if the hostesses, whose dull receptions pall upon sated guests, could only acquire from the serried ranks of the bartenders, soon, alas! to be broken, social secretaries or social managers, leisure would not be so appallingly unendurable to the rich.

But there are other and more menacing aspects of the matter. The loss of the bartender will fall, in the main, most heavily upon the lower bourgeoisie and the toiler. We shall have, after July first, no doubt, epidemics of wife-beating. This is not a pleasant thought, but

we approach it firmly and from a sense of duty. Let us frankly admit, and now, that the bartender has been one of the great bulwarks of the home. For every husband who in years past went to the dram shop and returning, over-stimulated, beat his wife, there are doubtless hundreds who would have beat their wives if they had not gone. Countless marriages would have been impossible of endurance without the bartender, who, at times and when needed, changed the tune of an everlasting matrimonial monotony. Has the bartender had any credit for this? Would any good woman ever admit that a bartender made her faithful dull aridity endurable to her husband? The answer is an insulted "No." She has unjustly hated him while he lived and ladled, but she will miss him when he is gone.

The passing of the bartender creates one of the most serious crises in American family life. Yet women, as a class, are blind to it. Women's clubs have not even discussed it. Night school courses on new ways to hold poor husbands are not even demanded by the woman suffrage party. This blindness on the part of women is easily explainable. They have been deceived into thinking in times past that the bartender was their enemy rather than their friend. Many of them have been so deluded by too easily succumbing to the baneful influence of that ancient drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and other similar plays. Under such influences they picture the innocent bartender, with his checked shirt and rhinestone jewelry, as a menace to the family and fireside. The rude shock coming will therefore be doubly severe when they learn that he was, and always had been, a supplemental agency for preserving the home.

The Rifle in the Army

WHAT won the war is likely to remain matter of debate. That good rifle shooting was a large part of our particular success is suggested by the interallied match of June 24 on the D'Avours range. In a field of 175 the first eighteen places went to representatives of the American Expeditionary Force. Out of our team of twenty-five the lowest took thirty-fourth place. It was a proud victory. Many have wondered how our half-trained army won its fight under the terrible difficulties of the Argonne. It was a success that defied all military probabilities. We think the answer may be read in the score at D'Avours. Under conditions of open warfare the rifle regained the importance it had had at Lexington and New Orleans. An army that believed in its rifle, soldiers that shot at particular marks with confidence in their ability

to hit, had an enormous advantage over believers in the unaimed shower of lead. Such a feat as Sergeant York's was simply a triumph of good shooting with rifle and pistol. Daniel Boone would have understood all about it, and so would the late "Buffalo Bill." Great credit is due to those who against scorn and incredulity maintained that the rifle is a weapon of precision, and gave our recruits the requisite training in marksmanship. We have only to recall that the rifle had come to be regarded as an expensive and clumsy handle for a bayonet, to realize the sort of opposition against which our apostles of the rifle had to contend.

The Argonne and the bloodless victory at D'Avours show also that our American tradition of marksmanship is still alive. No particular training could have effected so complete a triumph. Everybody has to learn the military rifle—the technic of which is quite different from that of sporting pieces—but a natural shot will master his piece more quickly and steadily. Evidently "Old Hickory's" squirrel hunters have left worthy descendants more generally than any one supposed. Good rifle shooting has also an advantage, beyond its value in the firing line, in encouraging precision and intelligence in the enlisted men. A careful estimator of elevation and windage, and the possessor of an untroubled "trigger squeeze," is not likely to be slovenly in his other military duties. We may guess that that citizen army of sharpshooters, the Swiss, can in a war of movement handle three for one from any of its neighbors and conceivable foes. A Swiss President was once asked by the retired Kaiser at national manœuvres what he would do should Germany send 200,000 men against the entire Swiss force of 100,000. "Distribute two cartridges apiece instead of one," was the smiling answer.

Good rifle shooting is the guarantee of the technical capacity of an army, and practice on the rifle range is in itself a valuable discipline. An American West Pointer, an advocate of the shower-of-lead theory, once argued that he would rather have indifferent riflemen in his command than sharpshooters and experts, because the poorer shooting "beat up more ground." A more experienced infantry officer answered simply: "I don't want to command men who have failed to become proficient in any difficult branch of military technic." Among rational measures for preparedness none is more effective and legitimate than well-organized rifle shooting. Merely as a sport it deserves high consideration. We trust the splendid victory of our Army rifle team in France will do much to reawaken an interest which is too likely to slacken with the coming of peace.

The Fall of Princes

ON May 13, three hundred years ago, Johan van Oldenbarnevelt, the greatest statesman Holland ever produced, died on the scaffold erected in the Binnenhof at The Hague. In front of the building where his will and his wisdom had so long wielded authority over the assembled states he bowed his head under the executioner's sword. What was his guilt that only with his life he could atone for it? The dramatists Fletcher and Massinger, who within three months of the execution had their "Tragedy of Sir John van Olden Barnevelt" produced on the London stage, could not account for such a fall but by assuming that the old statesman, in his dotage, had lost the power to control his ambition and had been carried away by pride and by jealousy of Prince Maurice of Orange into betraying the most vital interests of the very country that owed to his statesmanship its freedom and greatness. History gives a different version: a traitor to his country Oldenbarnevelt never was. He loved it until his dying hour with that same ardor which had inspired him through life in all the great and often hazardous undertakings by which he had led it on to victory and an honorable truce.

But that very truce became the origin of his later troubles. As long as the war with Spain was waged and the country had need of Barnevelt's political genius, his power was supreme and his right to it unquestioned. No sooner, however, had external dangers subsided than his authority in state affairs was bitterly attacked by such as envied him his high position. Those found a vulnerable side in Barnevelt's policy with regard to the internal affairs of the Republic. True to the letter of the Union of Utrecht, the Magna Charta of the Dutch Republic, Oldenbarnevelt insisted on the absolute right of each individual province to manage its own domestic affairs independent of any control by the States-General. But the Prince of Orange, who was the stadtholder of five of the seven provinces, was by these combined functions naturally inclined to view the affairs of the state from a Federal standpoint; and it was round him as the upholder of a policy opposed to the decentralization advocated by the great Pensionary that the latter's enemies began to rally towards the close of the twelve years' truce. That Oldenbarnevelt, in defense of his doctrine of provincial sovereignty, took steps that might have led to domestic war can not be denied, although he could claim in justification, of course, many a precedent from the days when he was young. He persuaded the municipal magistrates of Holland and Utrecht to enlist private troops

wherewith to withstand the forces of the Prince in case the States-General should wish to bring the rebellious towns to reason by violence. This was his heaviest, if not his only, crime, if crime it can be called, seeing that precedent had sanctioned such a measure. His opponents made the most of it. They formed for this exceptional case a special court of twenty-four judges, mostly personal enemies of the accused, and by these men he was found guilty and deserving of death. To the minister who came to visit him in his cell the night before the execution, the old statesman accounted for the severity of the sentence with these philosophical words: "I governed when I was in authority according to the maxims of that time; and now I am condemned to die according to the maxims of this."

In that fine remark is summarized the whole tragedy of historical greatness. The fall of princes, that favorite topic of mediæval lore, was not held due to the accidents of a people's ingratitude or of envy's intrigues. The same destiny that made them rise was brought to its fulfillment in their ruin, and the rebellious mob, the assassin and his abettors, the biased judges, are only the unconscious instruments in the hands of fate. They may sometimes, as in the case of Oldenbarnevelt, seem to out-Herod Fate in cruelty, but no human heart can be more inexorable than history's inevitable course. If Oldenbarnevelt had not died on the scaffold he would not have thanked his judges for his life. His time was past, and to have to live on in the next, which was no longer his, would to his proud heart have been a bitterer trial than the violent death that crowned him with the glory of martyrdom.

It is not otherwise in the case of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern. Far be it from me to imply that the judges who should find the ex-Kaiser guilty would commit a political crime similar to that which blots the memory of Barnevelt's four-and-twenty judges. The declaration of war, that magic word of the *Oberste Kriegsherr* which made the whole of Europe crumble into ruin, is in itself a sufficient crime to condemn him to death. But by taking the office of judging him out of Destiny's hands they could only relax the severity of her doom. If condemned by his judges, he would at least have the satisfaction of proclaiming himself a victim of illegal proceedings according to the letter of the law: "Nul ne peut être puni qu'en vertu d'une loi établie et promulguée antérieurement au délit et légalement appliquée," runs the eighth article of the Declaration des Droits de l'Homme of August 26, 1789. Scrupulous adherence to that old and

universally accepted maxim would preclude all possibility of prosecuting the ex-Kaiser, for to declare war has ever been a sovereign's prerogative, and he could appeal to the letter of the law to justify his execution of that constitutional right.

In his case it would have to be discarded for a new, and perhaps higher, principle, which up to now has escaped definition. There lives, indeed, in the hearts of the peoples an undeniable but vague conviction that somehow justice must be done and that the new law under which the crime shall meet with its atonement will be the crystallization of that universal craving for a just requital. But that new law will be a product of the League of Nations, and this League, as long as Germany remains excluded from it, is the league of her former enemies, and a court of justice appointed by that league would be open to the charge of partiality. The Netherland Government will probably not reply to a request for Wilhelm von Hohenzollern's extradition with a refusal based on the holy right of asylum, whose sancity depends on tradition rather than on established law. But it would very likely make its compliance with that request dependable on certain conditions which it might be difficult to fulfill. Among these would be the formation of a tribunal independent of and not influenced by the accusing parties, and the recognition of the accused's right to call witness for the defense, not only from among his former subjects, but from whatever nationality he chooses. The League of Nations has the power to impose its will on a recalcitrant Netherland Government, but the use of that power would impair the confidence of the smaller nations in the integrity of that international jurisdiction which is to transcend the existing national codes of law. Why, then, should the League, at the risk of its own prestige, enter upon a course which would be a needless and less perfect anticipation of the working of Destiny?

For who shall say that, unless the League should call the criminal to account, the crime would not be expiated? Think of the man who thought himself God's Deputy on earth, the Champion of Christendom, the Protector of Islam, the Ruler of a Germanized world in the near future, think of him now caged up in a small Dutch castle, its garden wall the limit of his daily walk, deprived of all influence on the trend of the world's affairs, a nervous, futile reader of newspapers, a broken man, a cipher in the sum of humanity. Could man devise any punishment more terrible than fate has dealt to Wilhelm von Hohenzollern? Why call him to account before a court of justice? That would be exaltation to him beyond his desert. When Olden-

barneveldt, in the play by Massinger and Fletcher, has received sentence from his judges, he takes leave of them with these words: "I shall not play my last act worst." Indeed, that act became his apotheosis, in his case the just reward for his great and noble life. But has the ex-Kaiser deserved the distinction of such a tragic exit? The actor in him would rise to the occasion. Once again he would feel himself the centre of the world's attention, notorious where before he was famous, but to a man like him

notoriety is better than oblivion. He would know how to exploit the theatrical possibilities of that last act. Rescued from the inglorious darkness into which he had fled a disgraced coward, he would grasp this opportunity of rehabilitation, and leave the scene of his ambitions with this thought to console him that the world deemed him too great, even after his fall, to leave him alone.

A. J. BARNOUW

The Hague, May 30

Is There a Huge "Social Surplus"?

IT appears to pass for an axiom with many earnest and well-meaning social reformers and not a few leaders of organized labor that, under modern methods of production, there annually accrues to society a surplus income vast almost beyond calculation, and adequate, if it were more evenly divided than at present, to assure a high standard of well-being to all. A passage from a recent book by Professor Harry F. Ward of Boston University ("The Labor Movement," 1917) is a fairly typical expression of this assumption:

We have to-day a great social surplus that has been built up by the improvement of scientific knowledge, methods of industrial organization and agricultural production. For the first time in human history, the human race is now living on a surplus instead of a deficit basis. Here are being piled up not only the necessities but also the luxuries of life. Now labor stands looking at this immense social surplus. And labor stands also looking at the place where it is going; sees it going for health in China (as labor's voice has recently said), for pensions to university professors, and for the feeding of birds; while at the same time the labor that has helped to make that surplus, in these very industries, is not able to properly nourish and adequately educate its own children.

It would seem to be because of a similar belief as to the abundance of the product, even of the present industrial system, that Mr. Bertrand Russell has recently proposed a scheme of reform which rests upon the optimistic assumption, made almost without argument, "that, with the help of science, and by the elimination of the vast amount of unproductive work involved in internal and international competition, the whole community could be kept in comfort by means of four hours' work a day"—and could be so kept even though a "vagabond's wage, sufficient for existence but not for luxury," were granted freely to all who preferred to do no work whatever.

But is it a fact that even the wealthiest of modern nations possess any considerable "social surplus"? The question is plainly one upon which the laborious inquiries of the statistician, and they alone, can throw any trustworthy light.

There have recently appeared two important studies, by statisticians of recognized competence, of the amount and distribution of the national income of Great Britain and the United States respectively. This is, it is true, a branch of statistics in which estimates only indirectly verifiable play a considerable part, especially in the case of the United States. The margin of possible error, therefore, is wide. Nevertheless there is no good reason to doubt the correctness of the broad general results of these studies. Certainly the conclusions realized by the cautious and critical methods of the statistical expert, in a matter of this kind, are of incomparably greater value than the easy assumptions, unsupported by any serious inductive inquiries, of such writers as Mr. Ward and Mr. Russell. Unfortunately, one of the studies in question appeared during the war, and the other immediately after its close; so that neither has received an amount of attention commensurate with its importance. There have been few books published during the turmoil of the past five years which bear more significantly than these two upon the problems of reconstruction which the civilized world is now facing.

The figures for Great Britain have been brought together and illuminatingly analyzed by Dr. A. L. Bowley, Professor of Statistics in the University of London, in a brochure issued a few months since ("The Division of the Product of Industry," Clarendon Press, 1919). They are based chiefly upon the income tax returns for the year 1911, and therefore represent a very much more favorable situation than the present one. Mr. Bowley finds that the total income produced in the United Kingdom in that year amounted to about one billion nine hundred million pounds sterling. Of this sum, it may be noted incidentally, 60 per cent. went to persons whose annual income was below the exemption limit for income tax—*i.e.*, below £160. Out of the remainder (£742,000,000) came almost all of the savings necessary for capital and for the ex-

penses of Government. When these are deducted, there remains some 1,450 million pounds as the total income produced by British industry which would be available for individual expenditure. If this sum were pooled and equally divided, the per capita share would be £32; the share of the average family of four and one-half persons would be £145, or £154 if income from foreign investments were added to the total to be divided. In other words, if all so-called "unearned income" had been abolished, and the "national dividend" of the United Kingdom had been distributed share and share alike, an average British family would, in 1911, have received an income of less than \$750; and it could have received so much as this only upon the assumption—which is almost certainly contrary to fact—that the productive efficacy of the nation's industry would not have been diminished by so sweeping a change in distribution.

For the United States, no figures approaching these in probable accuracy will be available until the new income tax returns (with the lower limit of exemption) have been analyzed. In 1915, however, Dr. W. I. King, then of the University of Wisconsin, published a careful study of the data at that time available ("The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States"). The total income for the year 1910 of the people of the Continental United States was reckoned by Mr. King at 30 billion, 530 million dollars. Necessary capital savings were estimated at two billions, leaving as the national dividend 28 billion, 530 million dollars. With a population of 92 million, this sum, if equally divided, would yield a per capita income of \$310; or for the average family of four and one-half persons, \$1,395; or for every actual family unit, \$1,020. Reduced to its value in terms of the average prices of all goods consumed during the decade 1890-1899, the national dividend for 1910 amounted to 22 billion, 552 million dollars, *i.e.*, to \$245 per capita, or \$1,102 for the average family.

Unless the results reached by the careful investigations of Professor Bowley and Dr. King are very wide of the mark, it is evident that the belief in the existence of a vast "social surplus" (if by that is meant, as should be meant, surplus *income*) is quite unsupported by the facts. A society which produces only enough to yield each family, upon an equal division, a (tax-free) money income of less than three pounds sterling a week, or even one which can, on a similar division, give to each family of four to five persons twenty-seven dollars a week, can hardly be said to be rolling in collective affluence. In such a society, if the transfer of income could be accomplished without loss, all could subsist with a certain measure of comfort;

but it would not be possible, if the national income were equally divided, that any should enjoy even a moderately high degree of material well-being, still less such a standard of living as many hopeful but ill-informed reformers expect to obtain for all by a mere change in the distribution of the present product of industry.

It must in justice be remarked that at least one group of radical social reformers are innocent of illusions as to the magnitude of the so-called social surplus. The state Socialists, or the more instructed among them, are well aware of the inadequacy of the present social income and of the consequent primacy of the problem of production. Mr. John Spargo, for example, has recently acknowledged this truth with admirable, if somewhat indiscreet, candor:

Every serious student of the problem has realized that the first great task of any socialist society must be to *increase the productivity of labor*. It is all very well for a popular propaganda among the masses to promise a great reduction in the hours of labor and, at the same time, a great improvement in the standards of living. The translation of such promises into actual achievements must prove an enormous task. . . . [It] will require such an organization of industry upon a basis of efficiency as no nation has yet developed. If the working class of this or any other country should take possession of the existing organization of production, there would not be enough in the fund now going to the capitalist class to satisfy the requirements of the workers, even if not a penny of compensation were paid to the expropriated owners. ("Bolshevism," 1919, p. 287.)

It is easy, no doubt, to draw false inferences from the facts concerning the amount of the present national income which have been here recapitulated. There is some danger that these facts may serve as an excuse for selfish indifference on the part of the well-to-do. The self-indulgent man of wealth, seeing that the sums which he spends upon luxuries would, if equally divided among the less prosperous, add very little (at least by the rich man's standards) to the income of any one, may lose even such compunctions as now, perhaps, occasionally visit him. He may argue that, since his superfluity could not do much good to everybody, there is no reason why he should be concerned to have it do good to anybody—except himself. So far as the individual's obligations to society are concerned, such an inference would be as bad logic as it is bad ethics—would, indeed, be bad ethics because it is bad logic. In a society which, as a whole, has little surplus beyond what is necessary to provide a merely decent existence for all, he who wastes any part of the social income in extravagance is far more unpardonable than he would be in a society collectively so rich that a certain amount of waste was negligible. Nor, of course, can the statesman or the

social philosopher rightly infer from the limitations of the present national dividend that no reforms in the distribution of it are needful or practicable. No man of good sense can doubt that some re-apportionments of income are socially desirable; that at present there are those who receive a greater share of the wealth annually produced by the collective effort of the community than can be justified by any consideration of social expediency or of equity, and that there are others who receive less than every consideration of equity and of social expediency would require. Even without increased production, changes in distribution are possible which would make a happier and a more genuinely human existence possible for considerable numbers of persons; and the fact that the benefits attainable by all such purely distributive reforms are narrowly circumscribed is no reason for regarding them as negligible or unimportant.

Nevertheless, the results of the statistical studies which have been cited are of primary and decisive significance for any rational programme of social betterment; for they show us what is *first* in importance and potential fruitfulness in such a programme, and what is secondary. In our own day more than ever before, multitudes of men have been beguiled by the hope that the condition of the masses of mankind may be vastly altered for the better by simply altering the ratios in which the present social income is divided. Our statisticians now remind us, on the basis of careful quantitative inquiries, that this hope is illusory; they offer definite evidence of the truth of a too much neglected maxim—a simple and commonplace but pregnant maxim which should hang in illuminated lettering over the desks of all reformers, social workers, "socially-minded" clergymen and journalists, and labor leaders: "*the social problem is not primarily a problem of distribution but of production.*" When all who honestly seek the permanent and substantial increase of human welfare bear this simple and elementary truth steadily in mind, we may expect that fewer of them will subordinate the first commandment of the law of social progress (on its economic side) to the second; we shall less frequently see the pathetic spectacle of earnest reformers and passionate agitators who remain subject to the most naive illusions as to the comparative significance and the possible scope and beneficence of the exclusively distributive changes in which they are interested—who base most ambitious hopes for mankind upon projects which, even if successfully carried out, could not possibly effect any large or general improvement in the average conditions of human life.

Never, certainly, more than in these days of reconstruction did this plain and

sobering gospel of the primacy of the problem of production need to be preached. For nearly five years a great part of the civilized world has been busily engaged in destroying vast quantities of the wealth which had come down to it from the past and in diminishing to an incalculable degree its own productive capacity for the future. And now, amid this scene of ruin, men have fallen to quarreling so bitterly over the division, between classes or between racial groups, of what remains, that yet greater ruin threatens to follow. In more than one European country large bodies of men are so obsessed with the pursuit of what they conceive to be a juster distribution that they seem likely to carry out with a tragic literalness the programme, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. Now "social justice" in distribution is, it is very true, a consummation towards which man can never cease to strive. Yet it is hardly unimportant, either, that there should be something to distribute; and it will appear to sensible men very far from clear that the hasty realization of some nicely reasoned, but much debated, philosophic scheme of distributive justice is worth having at the cost of the general impoverishment of the community, and the wholesale sacrifice of other values, both moral and material, which belong to the life of civilized man. Yet it is at this cost, apparently, that some great nations are destined to learn the elementary wisdom of judging all projects of distributive reform in the light of their probable effects upon production—though not, indeed, in that light only.

If increase of production is the first article in the economic programme of the rational social reformer, there can be no question as to what practical endeavors he will rank first in urgency and importance. For the means upon which we must chiefly rely for any increase of production worth having is plain. It is only through progress in scientific knowledge and in the application of such knowledge to the satisfaction of men's needs and desires that the lot of the average man can be greatly bettered. To pile up material goods at the cost of greatly increased or intensified labor would, for the mass of mankind, mean no real gain. A good deal may no doubt be done by better organization of industry, by the avoidance of wasteful methods, and by the better education and increased efficiency of labor. But just as it is the work done during the past four hundred years by men in laboratories, in quiet studies, or in inventors' workshops, which is the primary source of most of the wealth by which modern Western society surpasses antiquity, the Middle Ages, or the Orient, so from those sources alone may we hope in the future to gain any substantial and cumulative increase in the means of well-being of

society as a whole. For all those, then, who desire a genuine and widespread amelioration of the conditions of human existence, nothing, on the economic side of the problem, can seem quite so important as the more adequate endowment and the more methodical and better organized prosecution of the enterprise (in Bacon's words) "of extending to a greater distance the boundaries of man's power and dignity" through the enlargement of his understanding of nature.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

Has Civilization Failed?

MANY "emancipated" clergymen and irresponsible humanitarians, both of which groups, owing to the reputation they earned for themselves during the war, may be conveniently referred to as pacifists, are still rumbling with discontent. For them, in spite of all the warnings which they have issued these past five years, civilization has miserably failed. Until shortly before the peace settlement they had high hopes of a new civilization which should wipe out the old order and instal a peaceful brotherhood. They looked for a sign here and for a sign there. At first they thought they espied it in the midst of the enemy's camp, in the soul of the German people. It was only necessary to encourage the spirit of the incipient democracy there apparent in order to disarm the guilty autocrats and thus to bring a snowy dove of peace out of the battered hat in the ring. They have not said much lately about this "might have been." Then in President Wilson they temporarily found the heaven-sent controller of the new destinies. But they renounced him when he did not live up to his promise of a peace without victory. They have not yet given up the thought that the germ of their golden dreams is to be sought in the Russian soviet.

In all such speculations there is one startling inconsistency. For why should our pacifists have inferred that peoples which—not in a moment of impulse but during five long years—had permitted the ideals of civilization to "break down" would have the wisdom or the inclination to set up a new order freed of all evil? No doubt because of the great object-lesson of the war. The war has indeed taught a lesson, but one which never would have been learned if the preaching of pacifists had been listened to. By means of the war a Power which sought to impose its selfish will upon the rest of the world has been shackled pending regeneration. It has been seen that the wicked pretensions of force are futile because force can be mastered by force. It has transpired that the pacifist was living in a fool's paradise because of his

notion that there were some things to which a people, a whole people, would not stoop. Germany drove that lesson home. And a prouder lesson of the war teaches that there are some things to which the collective human nature of the world will not submit. The vast union of Germany's enemies made that perfectly clear.

Civilization has learned its lesson aright. If the issues of the war had been less distinct, there might indeed have been the danger of chaos resulting from so big a conflict. Fortunately, the spectacle of a nation stifling every instinct of sportsmanship and adept in piling up needless human anguish made it unnecessary to doubt the wickedness of Germany's case or to look for remote causes of the war. The feeling, at least for the last two or three years, has been that "guilty" will be as sternly pronounced by future historians as it is by the present generation. By virtue of this clear-cut situation the question of international dealings has been brought poignantly to the attention of the entire world. The plotters not only of such overt brutalities as Germany's but of the covert hypocrisies of former years will now understand that they have a more sensitive public conscience to reckon with. If it shall come to pass that the dealings of peoples one with another assume somewhat the semblance of the intercourse practised by honorable individuals, shall it be said that civilization has failed?

All this does not, however, quiet the pacifists' grievances. They would reply, Why could not more be learned from so tremendous a lesson? Civilization has acquired more wisdom than the pacifists will ever possess. For it knows that human nature, while capable of vast heights in a crisis, has in the run of years to keep eternal watch over itself, lest it stoop to pettiness and dishonesty. Let not pacifists imagine that the intercourse of nations, from being just now callous to the nicer points of honor, can be made superior to that of individuals. The world should be thankful these days for precisely the thing which brings the pacifist sorrow: the growing conviction that solid progress can not often be obtained by short cuts. This country, in particular, may have reason to feel proud of the practical reservations which it bids fair to make to the offer of a tempting programme. Though led by a President susceptible to the vaguer reaches of idealism and availing himself of a world-wide reputation, it is not likely to advocate a policy which transcends the teachings of common sense.

The President, having found it difficult to make up his mind as regards the part this country was to play in the European war, wishes us unreservedly to join a league by which our minds will be

made up for us automatically. Is it not a hopeful sign that Article X has created so much discussion among us? In reality it is one of the best indications that civilization has not failed. A mute acquiescence in this article would have implied that we were ready, without reason being shown, to forswear that freedom of choice in our sympathies which has made us traditionally an asylum for the oppressed and a nation confident of its ability to reach right decisions on international disputes.

And yet, and yet! There are many persons not pacifists and not Presidents with reputations to live up to who are facing the future with misgiving. The war is over and after all the sacrifices they begin to catch the lineaments of the same old world which in the past was too much with them. Thus they are left disappointed over the big price paid for the small gain, if gain there was. Their feeling is, of course, part of the big crop of disillusion which it has long been evident would be reaped of too great expectations. When the prediction passed current that the world would never again be anything like what it was before the war, there were at least a few persons who emphatically dissented. For it seemed cruel that vivid hopes should be fostered only to be dashed later on. Reason is at length beginning to dispossess emotion of the deciding voice in the public mind. And if it hurts to reason after months of looking towards the future through golden lights, that, too, is reasonable. If the horrors of the war still cast their hideous shadows across our paths and will not be gone, there is the comforting thought that when the world learns lightly to throw off such tragic memories as those of the period just closed it will then be time enough to despair of civilization.

H. deW. F.

Correspondence

"Kolchak and the Peace Conference"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the editorial article on "Kolchak and the Peace Conference" in the *Review* of June 21, you say that Kolchak "has had the force to spread his dictatorship over three-quarters of the former empire." Permit me to point out to you that Kolchak controls Siberia by virtue of the presence of foreign troops there—American, Japanese, Czecho-Slovak, Canadian, etc., etc.—who are warding off Bolshevik attacks upon the Trans-Siberian railroad, without which Kolchak could not last forty-eight hours. He has not sufficient force to hold even the limited territory under his actual con-

trol, as his recent defeat at Ufa shows.

You also say that "the political color of the present government of Finland is as yet undeclared. It is accused, to be sure by the Bolsheviks, of being reactionary and even pro-German." You do not seem to know that Gen. Mannerheim, the head of the present Finnish Government, invited the Germans to occupy the country in the Winter of 1917-1918 and that they stayed there until the armistice, in November, 1918. As to its being reactionary, the execution, imprisonment and exile of thousands upon thousands of workmen after the revolution is sufficiently convincing proof. Is it necessary to be a Bolshevik in order to appreciate these facts?

Lastly, I would like to correct an inaccuracy in the same article. You give as a justification for Kolchak's refusal to reconvene the Constituent Assembly the circumstance that "the delegates chosen in 1917 inevitably suffer from the discredit of the Government, Kerensky's, which conducted the elections." That is contrary to fact. Kerensky's Government was overthrown on November 7, 1917, and the elections were held several weeks later, when Russia was under Bolshevik rule.

While I must concede your right to support a monarchist dictator and even call him "democratic," I believe that in fairness to your readers your editorial comment on the Russian situation ought to be based on better information.

GREGORY YARROS

New York, June 24

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have read with especial interest the letter addressed to you by Mr. Gregory Yarros, criticizing the editorial article "Kolchak and the Peace Conference" in your issue of June 21, because it reflects a type of opinion which is prevalent in certain circles here, and which I believe to be based upon most vicious misinformation.

While I do not concur entirely with the editorial article in question, I must regard it in general as a very fair and moderate estimate of the whole situation. Most assuredly the points raised by Mr. Yarros in regard to it are not well taken.

His first criticism has to do with the nature of the control exercised by the Kolchak Government over Siberia and its basis, and in this connection he makes the statement, frequently seen in our irresponsible radical press, that Kolchak could not last forty-eight hours without the presence of foreign troops. Now there are something less than 9,000 American troops in Vladivostok and vicinity. These troops are certainly not supporting Kolchak, but rather constituting an irritant so great that the Kolchak Government has requested that

none of them be sent westward. In eastern Siberia there are probably between 20,000 and 25,000 Japanese troops. They are, to be sure, hunting down scattered bands of Bolsheviks, who are nothing but brigands thriving in a wild country and existing on the plunder of peaceful villages or by railroad holdups. These Japanese troops are to-day perhaps of some service in this way to the Kolchak Government, but in the past greatly hampered it through the support accorded to such chieftains as Semenov and Kalmykov. The French and British troops referred to are only a handful, something less than 2,000 and not more than enough to guard a few miles of railway. The Czecho-Slovaks last summer performed one of the most brilliant and romantic feats of the war, when they resisted the treacherous attempt of the Soviet Government to annihilate them, and in so doing gave the people of Siberia the opportunity to free themselves from the hated Bolshevik rule. But failing the Allied support to which they were entitled, and which they had reason to expect, decimated by continual fighting and by disease, they have become homesick, discouraged, and demoralized, and to-day, so far from being a support of the Kolchak Government, constitute one of its most troublesome problems.

It is very evident that Mr. Yarros does not know Siberia or understand its conditions. If he did, he would realize that there are two entirely different Siberias. Western Siberia, a region from the Ural to Lake Baikal, is an agricultural country peopled by industrious peasants who own their farms. It is progressive and has no agrarian problems such as trouble European Russia. Altogether, it is politically the most wholesome portion of the Russian Empire and must be a source of beneficent influence in the coming regeneration. Siberia east of Lake Baikal is wild and mountainous. Agriculture is but little developed. The population is sparse and made up of native tribes, adventurers, and ex-convicts, with a comparatively small proportion of good immigrants from European Russia. It will be a long time before orderly conditions prevail there, except along the railroads and navigable rivers; the so-called Bolshevik activities in this region are nothing but banditry.

Mr. Yarros is utterly mistaken in his statement concerning the elections to the Constituent Assembly in 1917 and his conclusions in regard to them. As a matter of fact, the elections were held months before the Bolshevik Revolution of November in that year. That Admiral Kolchak should decline to call together, for the purpose of making a constitution, the surviving members of this first Constituent Assembly is both wise and just. It was elected under conditions that

made neither for fair representation nor for sane judgment, and if to-day the survivors were convened, they most certainly would not represent the Russian people either territorially or politically. As many survivors as could be got together at Ufa last summer participated in the Convention there, in which the present Omsk Government had its origin. As to the desirability of calling a Constituent Assembly at all until after order is restored in Russia, and the people, by returning to their ordinary tasks and regaining a degree of economic prosperity, acquire the possibility of sane judgment as to their political future, there is grave question, and it most certainly can not be decided by outsiders.

Kolchak is not a "monarchist dictator" (*sic*). He is a patriotic non-partisan leader without ambitious personal designs, who is to-day supported by all the best elements of the Russian people. That some of the elements supporting him are reactionary is true, and this situation constitutes at times a serious problem for him, but thus far he has shown his ability to deal with it. At all events, the question of whether Russia is to be a republic or a constitutional monarchy is one for the Russian people to decide, and it is entirely secondary to the question of the regaining of their fatherland from the alien Bolshevik tyranny.

The reference made by Mr. Yarros to the situation of Finland shows an equal ignorance of the facts. He refers to the execution, imprisonment, and exile of thousands upon thousands of workmen after the revolution, but what he does not seem to realize is that this was the natural result that followed the horrible unprovoked Bolshevik outrages of the Reds. The Finns are neither pro-German nor pro-Ally, but pro-Finn; that they should be grateful to the Germans for assisting them in overcoming the wild orgy of the Bolsheviks, when the Allies and Scandinavia declined to help them, is but natural. General Mannerheim is first of all a Finnish patriot; he has conducted himself in such a way that his poor little country, threatened on both sides and passing through many difficult situations, has reason to be grateful to him.

JEROME LANDFIELD

New York, June 30

The German Lease from China

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the second paragraph of the *Review* of May 17, I notice a little slip which I take the liberty of bringing to your attention.

The German lease was extorted from China not on the pretext of the slaying

of the German Ambassador by the Boxers. Kiao Chow had been in the possession of Germany several years before the killing of the Ambassador, which occurred during the Boxer War, and the alleged reason for the Kaiser's demand for Kiao Chow had been the murder of two obscure German missionaries, so-called, though I have been told they belonged to an Order which was under ban in Germany.

The slaying of the German Ambassador was atoned by a large money payment, by the sending of a special embassy of Chinese nobles to Berlin with a personal apology, and by the erecting of a pylon near the site of the Ambassador's murder. This pylon stands to-day in the thought of the Chinese people as a memorial to the men who killed the Ambassador rather than as a memorial to the Ambassador himself.

GEORGE A. BACON

Boston, June 24

The Great Powers and the Covenant

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I agree entirely with Mr. Bell that the Big Five should exercise the preponderating influence in carrying the terms of the Peace Settlement into effect. But I certainly do not agree that they should exercise any such influence in settling international difficulties generally; and I do not see how, under the terms of the Covenant, preponderance is withheld from them in the one case, if it is assured them in the other. My contention is that the Powers to which must fall the enforcement of the Peace Settlement must first of all stick together, and that this predominant concern must prejudice their disinterestedness, and therefore the disinterestedness of bodies in which, whether by votes or influence, they preponderate, for the performance of mediatorial and quasi-judicial functions. Indeed, had the primary interest of the framers of the Covenant been the setting up of suitable machinery for the peaceable adjustment of international difficulties—I refer especially to those of a non-justiciable character—they would hardly have overlooked so completely the superior adaptation to this task of *ad hoc* bodies in the creation of which the parties to the dispute have an equal voice. This is certainly the lesson to be drawn from the history of international arbitration, and, I believe, from that of labor conciliation as well.

Mr. Bell asks whether a nation sacrifices sovereignty "in choosing to enter into a contract from which it may, upon a proper notice given, choose to withdraw"? The question obviously ignores the fact that a member may not withdraw from the League so long as, in the

judgment of a single member of the Council, it has not fulfilled its international obligations. And, by the way, would a member vested with a mandate from the League ever be in the happy situation of having "fulfilled its international obligations"?

Mr. Bell urges that the United States should not, by reservations attached to its ratification of the Covenant, "demand a privileged place in the League." In the preceding paragraph, however, he himself admits that certain states are likely to cling to their "powerful armaments" for a generation to come. Now I ask whether the states referred to will not in fact enjoy "a privileged place in the League" just as distinctly as the United States will in consequence of reservations meant to safeguard policies which have hitherto been essential to its security? But this is not to deny that it ought to be easy to construct a league which the United States would consent to enter without reservations, a league which, moreover, would be a far more promising creation from the point of view of securing international peace than the proposed ramshackle arrangement.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Princeton, N. J., June 24

Book Reviews

Brand Whitlock's Picture of Invaded Belgium

BELGIUM. By Brand Whitlock. Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

HOW rarely a great historic spectacle finds the eye to see it. What would we not give for the impressions of some cultured cleric of the fifth century, A. D. concerning the barbarian invasions of Italy! In the case of Belgium, the rarest good luck sent opportunely to Brussels as American Minister a sensitive man of letters. Mr. Whitlock has given the actual picture of great and dire events of which he was a large part, but has kept withal something of artistic detachment, moderation, irony, and humor. Wisely he has reshaped his day-by-day notes in the light of memory and of general proportionateness. What we have is an extraordinary unfolding, a gradual and cumulative revelation of depths of baseness and heroism. The narrative proceeds, touch by touch, with an imperceptible heightening of sentiment, patiently and almost indirectly building up the picture of a nation's martyrdom. It is an extension of the method employed so ably in fiction by William Dean Howells. The result is a singularly living bit of history.

When Von Kluck's field-gray assassins

were sweeping westward towards Brussels, Minister Whitlock and his friend the Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Villalobar, decided to stay. Their place technically was at Havre where the Belgian Government had taken refuge. During the military occupation they had no kind of official capacity. The Germans simply didn't dare molest the representatives of two conceivably useful neutral Powers. The two gallant Ministers remained to be the eye of civilization on the dark deeds of the conqueror. On Von der Goltz and Von Bissing they were a constant restraint; to the Belgians a symbol of the world's sympathy and aid. We doubt if history shows another instance of an entirely anomalous position so long and ably maintained.

Mr. Whitlock's narrative must be read slowly and in its entirety. Quotation does no kind of justice to it. We propose to touch only a few main points of interpretation. It was clear to Mr. Whitlock that the Germans came in prepared to terrify all hands by Berseker rage, yet affrighted themselves by visions of atrocious partisan warfare. What disturbed them most was their failure to convert their rage into personal impressiveness. By a most curious twist in psychology, the Hun with Belgium under his heel suffered as a slighted person. He fully expected admiration from his victim. This grotesque, barbaric vanity produced the most sinister effects. Mr. Whitlock has shown that every massacre of the dozen perpetrated in Flanders followed closely upon a German reverse in the field. Louvain, Namur, Dinant, Termonde were so many ways of restoring the Hun's self-respect.

This trait of German thinking, which caused the worst woes of Belgium, actually made it easier for the fine diplomats of Spain and America to deal with the military Government. In the desire to be stern and impressive, Von Bissing and his subordinates constantly put themselves in impossible situations. They offered the Marquis of Villalobar, instead of the unlimited pass due his position, a pass "for the purpose of inspecting grain supplies." He sent it back with the reply that he was not a "flour merchant." Later they requested Mr. Whitlock to bring the Japanese secretary of legation to headquarters, and Mr. Whitlock sent a memorandum to the effect that he was not a gendarme. The German military Government was equally embarrassed by the wit of the Belgians. It was easy for Von Bissing to forbid commemoration of the violation of Belgium, but it was impossible, on the anniversary, to prevent all Brussels from wearing a symbolic scrap of paper in its button hole. Nothing simpler than to forbid the display of the national colors, but how deal with a Belgian mother who took her three daughters to church

dressed in orange, black, and red? When all Brussels was ordered to deliver up its bicycle tires, instead of doing it quietly, the wheelmen made a ceremony of it, clattering to the depots on the steel rims with the detached tires uniformly worn as bandoliers.

Soon famine came near. Belgium used her extraordinary communal organization to form the Comité National, for provisioning and charity of all sorts. It was the distributing agency for the neutral Committee for Belgian Relief. Neither could have functioned had not Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish Minister been on the spot to deal with the German military Government and to guarantee the proper distribution of the food. Through the dullness and ill-will of the Germans, the work was from time to time imperilled. It was carried through chiefly by volunteer agents, under conditions of appalling difficulty. Mr. Whitlock had to explain to a well-meaning American worker that when a Belgian, writing French, "demanded" a favor or "ignored" a fact his intentions were entirely civil. Besides the gigantic labor of the Relief, Mr. Whitlock had to deal with a special crop of war cranks—among others with a society organized to disinfect battlefields promptly after the fighting.

For a while the military Government was chiefly meddlesome and offensive. Proclamations so abounded that even on hazard of death the Belgians paid little attention to them. On the sinking of the Lusitania, it was officially posted that the terrified passengers had been induced to sail by a rebate of ten dollars per ticket. On one occasion an entire girls' school was cast into jail, the offense being the refusal to continue music lessons under a German professor. Even in terror the Belgians indulged a malign curiosity as to what would be the next vagary of the *mentalité allemande*. On this subject the Edith Cavell case shed the fullest light. German honor was illustrated in the official lie to Minister Whitlock; German insight in the confidence that where distinguished persons were involved in an identical accusation with an obscure British nurse, to kill the nurse would make least trouble; German justice in the posting of the military order legalizing the shooting of Edith Cavell—after she had been shot.

An heroic chapter, first fully elucidated by Mr. Whitlock, is the moral resistance of the Belgian civil Government to illegal encroachment of the German military tribunals. Everybody knows about Mayor Max's assertion of those ancient rights which, under successive foreign occupations, Brussels had never failed to enjoy. Cardinal Mercier's heroic protests against the atrocities and deportations are still ringing through the world. But who knows of the adroit and resolute

campaign that M. Théodore, head of the Belgian bar, waged in behalf of the rights of civil courts under military occupation? His letters to the Military Governor are so many legal classics. He failed to carry his point, but he established the law for all time.

Into the inferno of the deportations Mr. Whitlock is a lucid guide. The cold terror of those days, when men were herded more casually than cattle ever are, and sent to forced labor and death—all that lives anew in this book. We have no heart to attenuate the record through selection or condensation. These chapters are both history and great literature. Worse than the deportations was the hypocrisy with which the Germans defended them. "Laziness is the family's worst enemy," wrote Von Bissing to Cardinal Mercier, justifying the tearing of husband from wife.

Mr. Whitlock's book is rich in original documents, and is in every sense necessary to the historian. On the literary side he has achieved what would seem the impossible; he has enriched and deepened the sympathy of the world for Belgium, and for Imperial Germany he has provided not greater indignation—the utmost limit had been reached—but a more understanding and discriminating contempt.

Scientific City Government

EXPERTS IN CITY GOVERNMENT. Edited by Edward A. Fitzpatrick. (National Municipal League Series.) New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A NEW MUNICIPAL PROGRAM. Edited by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. The same.

THE first of these volumes may be described as an elaboration of its statement that "there is emerging the idea of a profession of city administration." Its object is to stress the need for that idea, to show how far it prevails in our practice, to discuss its limitations, and to consider the forces working in its favor and those against it. That the expert is gradually obtaining a firm foothold in city government in this country is happily apparent by many signs. It is less and less easy to surprise a class in Civics with the information that in Europe a city often advertises for an official, or that a man living in one place may be appointed to office in another. Some of our largest cities are doing both of these things. But the expert is no more a perfect remedy for the ills of city government than was the merit system, and this book, while it emphasizes the growing indispensability of the expert, does not fail to take into account the necessity of co-operation between him and the community that he serves, and the necessity of keeping him under control. There would be little gain in exchanging the boss for the bureaucrat.

Considerable space is given to the question of the training of the expert, and our public service is severely criticised as being unattractive to the very kind of man the community needs. This lack of attractiveness, which has always been noted by observers of our government, affects all positions, and not merely those demanding the expert; but the increasing appreciation of the value of the latter may be expected to raise the ideals of public service in general. The book is a practical handbook, being crowded with details and illustrations. Its chapters are contributed by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, Delos F. Wilcox, President Lowell, and other authorities of similar standing.

The "new" municipal programme of the second of these volumes is the successor of the programme adopted by the National Municipal League in 1900. It differs from the first programme in adopting the "commission manager" form of government, the first programme having been decided upon before this development in the commission form had occurred. The new model city charter which it embodies differs from the old in being a home rule charter instead of one framed by the Legislature for all the cities of a State. The programme includes the merit system, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall, consolidation of city and county, strict control of public utilities and city planning, and provides a section on preferential voting for cities that desire it. The volume is not a mere exposition of this programme, but brings together facts and arguments bearing upon its various policies and items. In both books there is a healthful divergence now and then between editor and contributor.

Exit the Superman

VOLLEYS FROM A NON-COMBATANT. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THESE essays, written during the period of the war and reprinted from various publications, are singularly interesting as depicting a truly academic mind under the stress of emotionalism. They voice a righteous indignation in terms adequate to an extraordinary occasion. Though most of the subjects under discussion have been thrashed without ceasing since 1914, the author of these essays succeeds better than most in getting at the real pith. He says, "I lay no more claim to serenity than to neutrality," yet the fine balance of the historian is everywhere apparent.

This work might fittingly have been entitled "The Barbarians," for the war is pictured as a contest "in which Germany strove to destroy civilization and to substitute for it the barbaric German

Kultur." The fine flower of Kultur is the superman and it is to him that our attention is first directed in these essays. The superman was made in Germany, though Mr. Bernard Shaw might, if he were in an assertive mood, dispute the fact. Obviously the superman could not be satisfied with the philosophy, ethics, or religion by which ordinary men lived. The giant must have the giant's robe, not the swaddling clothes of an infant. So a philosophical system was devised which embodied the ideals of supermania, and a deity was created called Gott—"a strangely composite creature, who, when analyzed, turns out to be four parts war god of the Goth-and-Vandal type and one part Frederick the Great." The Kaiser was appointed custodian of Gott. Let no one think this ribaldry, for did not Professor Ostwald, the first of the German exchange professors at Harvard, say in 1914, "In our country *God the Father is reserved for the personal use of the Emperor*"? He did indeed, and added, "In one instance He was mentioned in a report of the General Staff, but it is to be noted that He has not appeared there a second time."

We are continually perplexed in our study of the superman. Which, for example, were the supermen—the German centre of Prussian Guards and Saxons, who crumbled before Foch's Frenchmen, or those Frenchmen themselves? Would it be correct to define a German superman as one who can not stand up against a mere ordinary foreign man? The ninety-three professors who certified to the moral, not less than to the military, perfection of Germany would dissent from this; and yet how does it profit you to be a superman if you run before any smaller variety of men?

German supermania has been based biologically on "the survival of the fittest," but apparently without sufficient reflection on the different kinds of fitness. After nearly eighteen hundred years the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius survive, but the names of the victorious gladiators in the Flavian Amphitheatre are forgotten, as those of Hindenburg, Moltke, and Mackensen will be when other standards of fitness than those of slaughter are reestablished. In days like these it gives solace, says the author of these essays, to reflect that we can still hear Theocritus singing his idylls among moonlit groves, while all the atrocious tyrants of Syracuse are merely names or even less. And if to-day we had to choose between preserving the art, literature, and history of Athens and the *Kultur* of Germany under William II, can there be any doubt which we should jettison? In blotting out the Sieges Allee we should deprive posterity of many a smile, and in throwing over the records of Pan-Germanism and super-

mania we should deprive it of the spectacle of an otherwise incredible racial hallucination; but after all, Treitschke, Nietzsche, and the Hohenzollern Kaiser are but for a generation, whereas Thucydides, Plato, and Pericles are for all time.

In fairness we must, of course, judge the Germans by their achievements in the activity which they pronounce supreme. That activity is war. But in war the Germans have revealed none of those transcendent qualities that should form the martial heritage of supermen. In 1914 the Kaiser commanded the most stupendous army the world had ever seen. He swept on, apparently irresistible, for thirty-six days; then a crevice was found in its armor, a sword was plunged into it, and the monster reeled backward. Four days later it was in full retreat. After a few weeks the Kaiser sent half a million of his best troops on a "promenade" to Calais, but on the way they met a hundred thousand "Contemptibles" at Ypres and got no farther in the three years that followed. This is confusing; if one Britisher can check and virtually defeat five Germans, which is the real superman?

So, too, in the matter of German eagerness to buy victories by bribery rather than by fighting. Admitting that we must go back to the Renaissance to find the equals of the Germans in mendacity, we must also remember that the most extraordinary aptitude for cunning and mendacity would not entitle its possessor to pass for a superman. No one argues that the Renaissance delinquents were supermen.

Lovers of fact can not fail to be grateful to the Germans for their complete demonstration that there are no supermen. The collapse of the superman myth will bring relief to those who saw that the superman creed, if true, meant the negation of whatever moral and spiritual ideals mankind has laid hold of in the course of its painful ascent from savagery. When Professor Haeckel and Professor Harnack and all the other ninety-three incarnations of German veracity tell us that the Germans are the Chosen People, instead of being convinced, we begin to wonder whether Haeckel, Harnack, and the rest have been cultivating their special fields of science with the same disregard of fact that they display in their finally tested theory of the superman.

The cult of the superman could flourish only in a time and among a people given over to materialism. There are two sorts of education: the one endeavors to liberate the spirit; the other to train those faculties which spring from the physical nature of man. It is the latter to which the Germans have devoted themselves. Their gross materialism, with all its implications, is the funda-

mental theme of all the essays composing the work before us. Whatever the specific subject, we always get back to that. Hence, throughout, the work abounds in observations that are calculated to solace and reinvigorate those who, while prizing the things of the spirit, have found it hard to escape from the depressing influences of the last five years.

"Straight Goods"

TWELVE MEN. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright.

WINESBURG, OHIO: A GROUP OF TALES OF OHIO SMALL TOWN LIFE. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

HOWEVER we may assess Mr. Dreiser as a story-teller and a critic of life, for his portraiture we must value him above most of his contemporaries. There his extraordinary zest for detail is relatively under the control of an instinct for significant detail. There he is interested in the trees because they make up the wood, and in those trees alone (well, not alone, but chiefly!) which give the wood its character. We mean of course its character in his eyes, for this writer is not more able than other writers to see or to paint an object without refraction or tincture from his own temperament or "philosophy." We know that in art there is no such thing as dry fact or casual incident; that the most naturalistic fragment of still life owes its effectiveness to composition; and that, as for life in action, no story-teller takes a slice of it with his eyes shut. Mr. Dreiser has been convicted long since of an almost unparalleled slackness and diffuseness. But a portrait, like a sonnet, lies plainly within bounds, and carries, in a way, its own safeguard.

There is diffusion in this book. A few of the chapters become tedious with items. "Culhane the Solid Man," which has to do with a certain ex-wrestler and a famous training establishment in Westchester, is, with its fifty pages, little more or less than a "write-up" on a colossal scale. But most of these studies do, with their cumulative method, build up a clear and solid presentment of certain fellow-beings whom the writer has deeply known. Mr. Dreiser has been accused of animalism and even of diabolism. One fact becomes clearer than ever in the light of these pages: that at the bottom of his philosophy—the will to accept and record the thing as it is, and the tendency to see it with a cool and skeptical eye—lies a spring of that Teutonic emotionalism which it is so difficult to distinguish from sentimentality. This, let us say, is a book of admirations. And we get the effect of his being concerned not more, certainly, with the special traits of his twelve typical American personalities than with

the common denominator of simple human goodness and loveliness with which he credits them.

These are men, all of them, in whom he pays tribute to some dominant or saving virtue—energy, generosity, efficiency, faith, genius, sacrifice to an ideal, youth . . . there perhaps we touch the key-note; since the object of our worship in these pages, however manifested, is the childlike heart. The virtue of the book itself is pretty well concentrated in the best though not the longest of its studies, "My Brother Paul." It is an amazingly sympathetic portrait of Paul "Dresser," as he called himself, author of "On the Banks of the Wabash" and a hundred other popular favorites—a typical hero of Broadway, and something a good deal closer to us than that. For he is so presented to us here, in his grossness, his tenderness, his vitality, his vanity, the innocent banality of his taste, which was the taste of his huge following, that we can not resist him as a fellow-creature worthy of affection and even respect. Nothing of him is willingly suppressed or glozed over. We are to know him as he is, and so to take or leave him, as we may. One passage, amusing in itself, represents a lapse into the characteristic prolixity of our chronicler—the several pages which record an evening pilgrimage of the brothers up among the bars and restaurants of Broadway, from the Gilsey House to Forty-second Street, in the interests of a vulgar story—"a new one" Brother Paul is determined to be the first to spring along this laughing thoroughfare.

The publisher's "blurb" expert does an uncommonly good piece of work in connection with the "Winesburg, Ohio" of Sherwood Anderson, but rather gives himself away in his final sentence: "Honesty of purpose and refusal to compromise elevate this book to such a plane as to renew our hope for an American fiction comparable to the Continental product which, in our barrenness, has hitherto been our sole recourse." That is (one gathers) we who have demanded a real interpretation of life have had to go to the French and Russians for it; here is an author who means business, who sets to work with a grim "refusal to compromise"—and a consequent settling down to the Continental method. This does injustice both to recent American fiction as a whole, and to Mr. Anderson's work in particular. Our earlier attempts at "realism," our experiments in the nineties, say, were quite clearly based on French and Russian models. Frank Norris was so fully saturated with foreign method that he could not keep clear of foreign idiom even in so deliberately American a study as "The Octopus." And something like this has continued to be true of the later British novelists—the "younger school" of the past dec-

ade or two. But the hopeful thing about our own novels of the past few years, a considerable group of them, is their development of an indigenous realism which, without specially pluming itself on its honesty of purpose and without any conscious refusal to compromise, has proceeded to show us as we are. It is almost as if these writers were calmly assuming that America also is a Continent, with a racial character not to be interpreted in terms of any other continent! And Sherwood Anderson is one of these. You may easily have discovered foreign influences in his first novel, "Windy McPherson's Son," and they may have been consciously yielded to there.

In the sketches or episodes of "Winesburg, Ohio" they lie well in the background. We feel the author's impulse is positive, is a will to perform and not a refusal to compromise. And yet "uncompromising" is likely to be the word in the reader's mind as he reads these chronicles. A kind of prose "Spoon River" commentary, probing beneath the surface of American small town life for its real substance . . . or rather probing beneath the small town life for the individual lives and consciousnesses of its friends and fellow-citizens. Winesburg, Ohio, is as disconcerting as Spoon River was, because we see it for the first time without its mask of official decorum. Physically, as a place, we recognize it to the least item. The map on the inside of the cover gives merely the landmarks of that topography with which we become intimate. Kate Swift's walk of a winter night becomes our walk to the last inch: "First she went to the end of her own street and then across a pair of hay scales set in the ground before a feed barn and into Trunion Pike. Along Trunion Pike she went to Ned Winter's barn and turning east followed a street of low frame houses that led over Gospel Hill and into Sucker Road that ran down a shallow valley past Ike Smead's chicken farm to Waterworks Pond . . ." and so on. It is our town; we are there with the fading school-ma'am, know what drives her towards young George Willard, and what, that same night, heals, through her passion, the Reverend Curtis Hartman of his soul's sickness. These tales, or sketches, are linked, like the Spoon River numbers, by cross-allusion and the repeated appearance, in foreground or background, of the same persons. Young Willard is, in no very brilliant way, the central figure—the lad of somewhat more than ordinary ability and imagination who is among the few destined actually to escape from Winesburg and to try conclusions with fate on more open ground. With his departure our curtain falls. We board the train with him and drift away from the town of Winesburg, perhaps

forever. "His life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of manhood." There is much of "sex" in this book, and it would not have been judged a book for the "young person," when there was such a thing. But it is a book which that quaint creature's enlightened successor might well read as a caustic offset against the elaborate prurience of the current magazines—or even for that breath of sturdy Scottish idealism which animates it, by way of offset against the mental and moral smudginess of a Russian using a microscope, the shrugging cynicism of a Frenchman applying the scalpel, and eke the Teutonic sentimentalism of a Dreiser sawing wood. H. W. BOYNTON

A Partly Reformed Rebel

KEELING LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS.
Edited by E. T. With an Introduction
by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

WHEN Mr. Wells introduces a radical agitator as "egotistical, rebellious, disorderly," describes him as "a wild, loose thing," and speaks of his "wildly speculative methods" in politics and his "manifestly disordered nerves in the matter of sex," we should not expect to find ourselves in the society of a peaceful and well-regulated citizen. It is fair to say at once that Keeling's letters, at least those that are printed, are not indecent or degenerate. He was loose in his ideas of sex, as he was generally, through his earlier years, irresponsible in matters of personal relationship. Apparently on the impulse of the moment, he married the daughter of the Mrs. Townshend to whom most of these letters are addressed and who now gives them to the public, lived with his wife for a short time, grew restive of restraint and left her, but remained on good terms as a visitor and had several children by her. Mr. Wells regards the publishing of the letters revealing this affair as an act of heroism; to us it seems merely bad taste, but Keeling's language, though frank and explosive, is not morbid in tone or repulsive in detail.

His attitude towards free love was, in fact, not so much the effect of disordered nerves as a manifestation, among many others, of an undisciplined mind. Frederic Hillersdon Keeling was born of a good family in 1886. His childhood was unhappy. Mrs. Townshend, in her prefatory Memoir, explains the situation by calling him a "frank, generous, turbulent creature, full of fierce energy," set down by a blunder of fate "in a decorous middle-class home where all the conventions of Victorian propriety were rigidly observed." We know what that means. Alas, for the Victorian proprieties, how shocking they are to the liberated souls of this heroic Georgian age!

At Cambridge the young Keeling for his studies made a specialty of modern history, and for his life threw himself heart and soul into the organizing of Fabian societies. On going down he continued his studies by devouring Blue Books and extended his socialistic activities by devoting himself to the work of various labor unions and relief associations. Where there was a strike, there was Keeling. He had great power of work, though at times he needed the complete relaxation of travel. Much that he accomplished may have been good, but his ideas of society and government in these early years were merely emotional and anarchical. Yet he was honest with himself. Mrs. Townshend speaks more than once, as indeed does he himself, of his intense desire to get at the naked fact of life; and this characterization, though it may seem to be contradicted by vehement partisanship, we are inclined to accept as true. His sincerity is proved by his power of development and by his frankness in admitting his changed point of view. He began as a mere doctrinaire; before the war called him away from political activities he had thrown over most of his academic theories, and was preparing, in good British fashion, to act with the regular Liberal party for the slow and practical reform of abuses. From the army in November, 1915, he writes these significant words: "The dividing line in politics now seems to be largely one of temperament, and for all my erratic habits I have, I believe, a good deal of rock-bottom English instincts in me. I do not like Welshmen or hustlers, or phrase-mongering do-the-trick demagogues, who damn the Cabinet, etc." It is about the same as if he had said, I do not like all that I used to stand for.

He was still young—he died when only thirty—but the question that naturally arises is why one with this rock-bottom of English character should have passed through years, few though they were, of such turbulence. Mr. Wells, attributing the trouble to Keeling's education, "is left wondering if university history is indeed any sort of mental training at all"; and we rather agree with Mr. Wells, though our remedy would probably seem to him worse than the present evil. Mr. Wells would say, we suppose, that the study of modern history as Keeling got it at Cambridge was academic and dead, and that it should have been enlivened by a more immediate concern with current affairs. What impresses us is the fact that his education in this field was not academic enough. It is only too clear that Keeling went through his university years without receiving any large views of human nature, any steadied intuition from the experience of the past, with no thorough training of the imagination, or discipline of the understanding, with no

real education. We do not mean to press this view too far; there was, as he himself came to know, a vein of eccentricity and rebellious egotism in his nature. The pity of it was that his almost exclusive study of modern history and modern untried problems did nothing to chasten his mind or instil modesty; for such chastening the university turned him over to the perilous school of the world. He was, in large measure, merely one of the innumerable victims of the regnant system of education.

When the war came, it found Keeling an admirer of Prussia and a believer in the mission of pan-Germanism, but still a sound Englishman. He enlisted early, served ably in the trenches, rose from the ranks, and gave his life for the cause. Just how he reconciled his patriotism with his undiscarded Teutonism does not clearly appear; but he did not waiver in action.

The Run of the Shelves

GOOD enough to read anywhere, yet not too good to read on the train, "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page), offers a blend of a modern reader's guide with a regulation love story complicated by pacifism and a German bomb plot. The whole is held together by a whimsicality and humor owing something to Sterne and more to Robert Louis Stevenson. Excellent summer reading for the moderately bookish.

War gives a decided impetus to spiritualism. Itself the purveyor of death, it is thought to furnish sustenance to a cult to which death is the purveyor. Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," in which communications from that author's dead son were believably reported, was published in 1916. Barrie's "Well Remembered Voice" is merely or mainly artistic in its outlook, though the artistic interest in the subject is probably closer to the scientific or pseudo-scientific interest than many artists and many scientists would be willing to concede. "Thy Son Liveth" (Little, Brown and Company) reports the messages "which an American soldier killed in France sent to his sorrowing mother." Miss Lillian Whiting in "They Who Understand" (also Little, Brown and Company) is refined and fervid in her effort to supply momentum for spiritualism from the powerhouse of war. Mr. Horatio Dresser, in his "On the Threshold of the Spiritual World" (George Sully and Company) does not go so far; for him communion rather than communication would define the intercourse between the dead and the living.

Now believer and unbeliever, differing widely as to the sanity of this movement,

may agree that it is seasonable. If spiritualism is true and is to prove itself, this is its time. The conditions under which the barrier between the dead and the living is to be passed (if it be passable) are presumably one with those under which the passage of any natural barrier, a mountain-range, a river, an ocean, is effected in the material world. The *means* may be as wide apart as the poles, but the conditions which elicit the means are similar. People in a crude age settle on both banks of a hitherto impassable river. Individuals on both sides want to cross. *A pressure on the barrier* follows. Now let some special circumstance multiply by ten, by a hundred, by a thousand, the seekers for a ford, a ferry, or a bridge. The pressure will be intensified, and the probability that in some particular brain the desire will find itself in the company of the mechanical faculty of a Daedalus, a Stephenson, a Fulton, or an Orville Wright are proportionally heightened. When that occurs, the river will be crossed.

The point is that the conditions just named coincide exactly with the spiritistic conditions of the moment, if, for the sake of argument, we concede to the spiritualists that the dead exist and crave intercourse with the living. Death and bereavement, both operative on an almost unexampled scale, have accumulated on both sides of the barrier multitudes to whom, on the spiritualistic theory, the passage of the barrier is a point of vital interest. Spiritualists would of course contend that the gulf has been already traversed. But the majority even of that cult would admit that transit has never been rendered easy, general, or secure. If there have been Leif Ericsons, there has been no Columbus. This is their opportunity; it is also, in a more limited sense, their ordeal. Never before perhaps in recorded history has the pressure upon the barrier been so great. The torch never burnt so high in Sestos; now, if ever, let Leander swim the Hellespont.

In his little book of one hundred and fifty pages, "An Introduction to Early Church History" (Macmillan), Mr. R. Martin Pope undertakes to furnish a convenient introduction. His point of view seems to be determined mainly by the influence of recent studies in the history of religion and of religions. He thinks of Christianity as one in a group of competing efforts to satisfy the individual spiritual longing of peoples dissatisfied with the inherited traditions of the ethnic cults. His narrative tends steadily towards the aim of explaining why Christianity succeeded in overcoming the rest and in displacing the great dominant system of the imperial state religion. Of originality, either in thought or method, there is little trace. References

to modern authors of good reputation abound, and it is clear that the author has read intelligently in the sources. On critical points there is often a refreshing decision of judgment, as, for instance, that the tradition of an unbroken apostolic succession has no foundation in Scripture and that the dictum: "Where there are no bishops there can be no church" is equally unwarranted. The origin of creeds is assumed to be late, the Apostles' Creed and the canon of the New Testament are placed in the fourth century. The conjecture that we may be on the point of dropping the Old Testament altogether from its association with the New is perhaps a little bold. The origin of the episcopate as a development out of a college of presbyters is accepted, but with full recognition of a fairly early differentiation.

The view of state persecution of Christianity is inadequate and not fair towards the government. The name of Diocletian is not "stained" by his harshness towards Christians. The worst that ought to be said of him is that he had not the insight and foresight to perceive the value of Christian support in his overarduous task of administering his unwieldy empire. It is rather a pity that the space devoted to Mr. Walter Pater could not have been given to a more careful analysis of Pliny's puzzling correspondence with Trajan. It is a little startling to be told that the early Christian basilica was modelled on the Roman private house. It is not very enlightening to hear that there is no evidence that infant baptism was *not* practiced in the apostolic age and that it is probable from the first. The suggestion that the "perils endured by the hero of *The Cloister and the Hearth* in his journey from Deventer to Rome" are the embellishments of a romancer betray a cheerful lack of acquaintance with the sources of that veracious narrative.

In a word, this book, like most of its kind, attempts too much and too little. It is neither manual nor essay. It must be taken, at best, for an introduction, as its author intended it, and to this end the lists of authorities will serve fairly well.

Francis Rolt-Wheeler, in "The Wonder of War at Sea" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston) continues successfully the consecrated formula for a boy's book. Jed, a thrice blessed Yankee lad, is "mined" in the British Channel in the early hours of the war, and by virtue of that happy accident passes through every phase of North Sea service with the British mosquito fleet. A similar intention to bring the war home to young folks inspires "The Battle of the Nations," by Frederic Arnold Kummer (Century), a straightforward and vigorous account of the causes and course of the war.

Poetry

The Fête of the Snore

THE Rinktum-Winktum of Hindustan
Was a most polite and elegant man,
With a nose that spread like a Chinese fan.

The Burma-Wurma of Sarawak
Was a queenly dowager, dreadfully black,
Who rode to meals on a piebald yak.

Now both were invited to Singapore,
To the fête of the Chief Mohammedan Snore,
In his wonderful palace that had no floor.

They spied each other. "Oho!" said the Rink-
Tum-Winktum, letting his gold teeth clink,
"Dear Madam, what will you have to drink?"

"For breakfast, they give me temperance tea;
For supper, the juice from the cocoa tree.
Nothing at all between, for me."

"Oho," said the Rinktum, "adorable Burm-
A-Wurma, what if we dance a term?"
"As you are so kind, let's try one squirm."

Gravely the Rinktum said, "Begin!"
They danced to the door, they danced right in,
They danced where the palace floor—
should have been!

Kerflop! And the Rinktum-Winktum's shoes
Hit on the beach at Vera Cruz.
He fell through the earth, as true as true's!

Kerflip! And the Burma-Wurma's knees
Splashed in the Caribbean Seas.
"We'll sit out the next dance, if you please."

The people of Rinktum-less Hindustan
Hunted in vain for the vanished man.
Gone was the nose like a Chinese fan!

The woeful women of Sarawak
Wept for a queen who did not come back
To ride to meals on her piebald yak.

But the crafty Chief Mohammedan Snore
Sneered six times at Singapore,
"Who'll dance in my palace that has no floor?"

CLEMENT WOOD

NOTE—Readers of this striking little allegory may welcome some elucidation. They readily see, once it is pointed out, that the Rinktum-Winktum stands for the stolid Russian peasant, the Chinese nose indicating his pacifist Tolstoian proclivities; the

"dreadfully black" Burma-Wurma represents the anarchist-soviet forces; the Mohammedan Snore, a plain allusion to His Interned Majesty's Turkish connections; the "palace that had no floor" signifies Bolshevism; and the wind-up at Vera Cruz and the Caribbean indicates the abortive attempts to embroil Mexico in German plottings.

More tender-minded readers, "socially minded," as the phrase is, may prefer another avenue of escape. To such the royal Rinktum-Winktum may stand for monarchic reaction, the black Burma-Wurma signify the Kolchak forces, the floorless palace unrestrained capitalism, and the Snore the continued menace of militarism. In this case, the Caribbean seas may refer to prohibition, to the espionage law, or the Federal Post Office Department.

The possibilities, indeed, are quite infinite and irresistibly alluring.

The Canadian Situation

THE Canadian Parliament, amid many pressing matters, finds time to debate the question of protection and free trade. At least, it finds time to debate whether that question is a proper one to discuss at the moment. Two free-traders of the old Laurier Liberal party, who joined Sir Robert Borden's Unionist Ministry in support of conscription and the energetic prosecution of the war, find themselves constrained to follow quite different courses of action, now that the Finance Minister has brought down his tariff proposals. Mr. Calder, the Liberal party's organizer for the West, retains his place as Minister of Agriculture in the Unionist Cabinet, adroitly arguing that he does not consider the obligations of the War Ministry fulfilled until peace is signed, ratified, and established, and that it is no time to play with tariffs or politics in the face of the grave dangers threatened by a general election. Mr. Crerar, on the other hand, late President of the Grain Growers' Association, resigns as Minister of Immigration because he does not regard the proposed tariff reductions as sufficiently drastic.

This is but another instance of the old conflict between theory and expediency. Theoretically the Conservative or Tory party has been protectionist and the Liberal party free-trade. Yet neither party in power has during the last fifty years advanced to a rigorous application of its theoretical policy. Sir John A. Macdonald, though not a protectionist, introduced protection under the title of the "national policy." When Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power in 1896, it was on a free-trade wave. He had proclaimed himself a Liberal of the British type, a follower of Richard Cobden, yet during the eighteen years of his administration he adhered more or less closely to a protectionist programme. He came nearest to the realization of his professed ideal, when, in 1911, he attempted to bring

about reciprocity with the United States. His Government went to defeat ostensibly on that issue. But it was not a repudiation of lower tariffs. Regional, linguistic, religious, and other differences were deciding elements in that struggle. And the proof that a low tariff was not held to be repudiated by the Canadian electorate may be found in the fact that from 1911 to the present day the Borden Government's annual financial statements have bit by bit included all that the projected—and supposedly rejected—reciprocity agreement contained.

Under the present proposal the customs war taxes are abolished, the duty on coffee is reduced five cents a pound, tea from the Empire, three cents, free wheat and potatoes are confirmed by statute, and agricultural implements are assessed on approximately the scale of the reciprocity agreement. A resulting reduction of revenue by \$17,000,000 will be met by raising the income tax to the level of the United States rates and by setting the corporation tax at ten per cent. on profit in excess of \$2,000. These changes work out strikingly to the profit of the West as against the East. But Mr. Crerar is not to be satisfied with anything short of the radical demands of the Dominion Council of Agriculture.

He would apparently risk a general election. Most sober-minded people would just at this time risk almost anything else. For at the moment there are no political parties in Canada. There is no longer a Liberal party; its illustrious leader is in the grave and party division alone survives. There is no longer a Conservative party; it has been swallowed up by the monster, Unionism. No group could hope to emerge from a general election with strength sufficient to control the situation.

In a few weeks, three at most, the present memorable session will be over. I dare to risk a prediction of what will immediately follow the prorogation without much fear of events failing to bear me out. The Government is practically certain to have a substantial majority on the Budget, which will exorcise the phantom of an election. It is quite possible there will be a majority of forty for Sir Thomas White's tariff—even granting to Mr. Crerar more followers than he seems likely to win. Then will come the organization of a permanent Union party, supplanting the old Conservative party of Macdonald and Cartier, and consisting of thoroughgoing Conservatives, and a big percentage of what we may call War Liberals. There will be a reconstruction of the Cabinet. One minister's retirement opens the way for Sir R. L. Borden to prosecute his long-conceived idea of replacing the older men of his ministry with younger, more active, and more up-to-date supporters.

The recent attempt to form a third party—a Free-Trade-Radical-Labor party—will certainly fail. The old, or Laurier's, Liberal party will be revived—with solid Quebec behind it—and, if no other complications set in, within a few years Canada will be back to the old-time party government.

Meanwhile, a serious crisis is still on. If Borden can bring this session to an early close—as is most probable—he will have a session in the autumn, during which further tariff changes will be made, a Franchise bill will be put through, and, the pathway being cleared, a general election will come early in 1920.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada, June 17

A Voice from France

AT a time when the organs of radical opinion are spattering abuse on the "four old men at Versailles" and doing all in their little power to shatter the traditional friendship between France and America by bitter denunciation of supposed French imperialism, it may not be without interest and value to the sober and liberal thinker to listen for a moment to a voice from France. At a dinner given on May 28 by the Franco-American Union to the new Ambassador from the United States, M. Gabriel Hanotaux, scholar, diplomat, and statesman, delivered an address which was reprinted in *Figaro* on the following day. Particularly interesting at the present moment are his little portraits, in the best French manner, of "Les Quatre," the Big Four. It would be absurd, of course, to expect that in an after-dinner speech M. Hanotaux should anticipate the coldly judicial verdict of history, but his characterizations may be taken as expressing the most enlightened opinion of contemporary France. Even those of us who, having seen our President at closer range than M. Hanotaux, are less disposed than the kindly Frenchman to put implicit trust in his devotion and self-abnegation may listen not displeased to a tribute which is offered not alone to the President but to the nation which he represents. Even more valuable at the present hour is the speaker's picture of France, still bleeding from wounds that are perhaps incurable, her Northern and Eastern districts in ruins, a third of her man-power lost, and with a still powerful and unrelenting enemy at her very gates. His proud yet pathetic plea for the permanence of that mutual trust between the two republics which dates from the time of Washington and Lafayette should go straight to the heart of every right-thinking American.

In the following paragraphs the attempt has been made not so much to give

a literal translation of the whole speech as to render the sense and spirit of those passages which seem to the translator to be of special interest to the American public to-day.

T. M. PARROTT

You are now taking over, Mr. Ambassador, the high diplomatic functions which the wisdom of President Wilson has confided to you at a time when the classical type of diplomacy is not in general favor. You are going to participate in the great work, the work of the Four, who are dictating the future laws of the world, and who are making valid, for long years, let us hope, our common victory. You will see at close range that Council of Four which history will look upon only at a distance.

First that patriot, keen of eye and sweeping of gesture, who unites in himself all of the qualities and perhaps some of the faults of our race, that man from the border of Brittany, that republican "Vendéen," eager, subtle, and wilful. At an age when nature ordinarily demands repose he has the most alert intelligence and the most brilliant vivacity. His arm is nerved for action, his head is clear for command. He has a powerful jaw, high cheekbones, a heavy mustache of the French fashion; he is all life, all explosive vigor; in a word his temperament is that of a man, our man, Georges Clemenceau.

Next to him as the representative of Italian eloquence and generosity is Orlando. All the splendid and fruitful traditions of ancient Rome radiate from him. Great orator, great democrat, and great statesman, wise even in his enthusiasm, grave even in his passion, he is the strong defender of a people and a dynasty, who by risking their existence in the cause of the rights of nations have rendered to Europe and the world such a service that to thank them there is no sacrifice great enough to be the measure of our gratitude.

In material power it is England who dominates the war. England has guarded the freedom of the seas which those who sank the *Lusitania* pretended to assure. And England, always mistress of the world in the art and science of politics, has confided her powers at Versailles to a Welsh minister, a son of the oldest European race, a son of the people, yet one whom the most brilliant natural gifts have raised to the first place among the men of his country and of all countries, Lloyd George. Lloyd George represents the new humanity grafted on the oldest and the strongest of existing stocks. Brought up, like so many Englishmen, on the Bible and Shakespeare, Lloyd George has noble thoughts and high aspirations. But his designs, which betray a high sensitiveness and an extreme tact, have at the same time a practical reality and applica-

tion in which are recognizable that conqueror of the world, the English sailor. Lloyd George is the adventurer who pushes on, sounding-lead in hand. To the art of convincing he adds the art of pleasing speech. When he speaks his genial temper seems to caress his audience, but when he wishes to make friends, this incomparable orator knows how to listen. All things to all men, he bides his time, weighs and judges in his mind, and then pronounces the deciding word. Under the versatile leadership of Lloyd George England to-day has assumed the motto of ancient Rome, *Tu regere populos Anglia memento*. Europe has Clemenceau, Orlando and Lloyd George, but America has Wilson.

It is not my business, sir, to pronounce a judgment on him here in your presence. I do not even wish to try to draw a portrait of President Wilson. You would laugh at my rash folly. But you will not laugh at my faith in him or at my respect, and these have never changed. He is the man who for the profound reasons found on every page of his political and oratorical works determined the intervention of America in the war. He is the man who furnished the army of four million soldiers, the immense amount of material, the huge sums of money, and above all the new note of morale necessary to assure the final defeat of the enemy; the man who could give that historic "knock-out" blow, if I may use language as rough as the blow he gave our enemies; that man was unwilling to let Europe fight alone through that terrible struggle. And yet I may say in passing that it was in a spirit of perfect disinterestedness that America took part in the fray. His high position did not tie him to his own shores. He has come to us; he has left for months the government of the greatest republic in the world. He has left behind him urgent necessities, accumulated difficulties and the harsh criticism of party spirit, and he has come here to put his hand to the work of ideal justice which he himself conceived. Could anything be finer? And how can we suppose that history will not recognize and repay, with glory, her only recompense, and such devotion, such self-abnegation, and such greatness?

But once peace has been signed, in the flood of joy and universal relief that will follow, our pain will only be sharper, our distress more insupportable and our losses more deeply felt. France, who has suffered so much, will still need her allies after the world has regained its calm and has everywhere begun again, even in the land whose dire ambitions have interrupted the peaceful labors of the world. France must long endure the after-effects of wounds that are perhaps incurable, for she alone of all na-

tions has been struck at the very sources of her life. A huge part of France is torn to pieces. Our industry and our agriculture must be remade from the beginning. A third, perhaps, of our men are dead. A powerful and populous enemy is at our very gates who may once more invade our land.

It should be clearly understood that France remains weakened and exposed to attack. She is accused of imperialistic aims; history, perhaps, will rather accuse her, as it has so often done, of forgetting herself, of showing too chivalric a spirit and too imprudent a generosity. And that is the reason, since she can not become to-day greater than she was in 1870—while other lands have grown out of all proportion—that she turns to her friends and says to them, "Keep on. Do not stop what you have started. Stay to the end to help me, to guard me and yourselves." For France is at the very limit of the effort which freedom can demand of her. She can not fight a battle of the Marne every ten years.

I know, sir, that America does not need to be called. She is at hand and she will continue to be at hand whatever happens. The Franco-American Union can testify from experience, and that in the most critical moments, that your motto is Fidelity. A hundred, a thousand times we have found you ready and we shall always find you so.

Whether it is a question of intellectual and social intercourse, of monetary and financial dealings, of the furtherance of a common culture by the interchange of students, or more especially of the relief of our sufferings, public and private, the United States has not failed us, for she is more than our ally, she is our friend. Her heart is always open and benefits pour out from it like water from a spring. And it is because there are such feelings on both sides of the ocean that the friendship and trust which had their origin in the time of Washington and Lafayette have survived all trials. It is to you, sir, that the task is given of prolonging their life.

Books and Debarkation

WHAT is the present work of the Library War Service of the American Library Association? What is to continue to be its work, now that demobilization is proceeding so rapidly? And, looking still farther ahead, are the soldiers, sailors, and marines of the Army and Navy to have, as a part of the new order of things, a Library Peace Service similar to the existing Library War Service? To gather the facts in answer to the first of these questions would make it necessary for the inquirer well-

nigh to girdle the earth. To find the answer to the second he would have still to journey far. To the third question an immediate response can be given in terms which, if not precise, at least afford the hope that the present library service is to be made a permanent affair. A librarian on a holiday, who was personally conducted to several of the Association's points of service at the port of debarkation at Newport News, and in the territory thereabouts, here reports things that he saw and heard which suggest the fuller answers to all three of the questions that have been put.

Newport News itself is a town of throbbing hearts and marching men, of perpetual welcomes, and cheers, and music of countless bands for the incoming stream of men returning from overseas. Abroad the American Library Association is supplying reading matter to the American Expeditionary Forces, and plans to do so as long as a soldier wearing the American uniform remains in France, Germany, Russia or Siberia. Here at Newport News the American Library Association Dispatch Office is supplying its material to the men on the transports returning home, to the debarkation camps, to the troop trains on the way to demobilization camps, and to naval vessels of all descriptions; it is performing on its premises a local library service for men in uniform; and it is serving upwards of forty army and navy posts within a radius of a few miles,—as the crow flies, be it added, for the library workers conducting this service have many a mile to travel, as trolley cars or motor cars run, as ferry boats or launches go, in order to cover the entire area allotted to them. For months to come there will be work on shipboard and on shore like that now going on, which must be continued until the last man and the last of the supplies and stores have been returned from France.

Debarkation and that which follows are all very simple. One man, newly arrived at Newport News, described it with sudden and appropriate Rooseveltian emphasis in a telegram he sent to his people at home: "De-barked, de-loused, de-lighted." But the disinfecting process is not an enchanting one, and the waiting around in a debarkation camp with nothing to do is wearisome enough. Books and magazines are now a blessing which civilians can hardly imagine unless they have seen the demand for them in one of these camps, or on a troop or a hospital train.

In the hospitals themselves one can more easily realize what the demand for reading matter must be, though the variety of subjects covered by the requests coming to the hospital librarians constantly show something going on far different from the light reading that is



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usually supposed to engage the convalescent. Technical, educational, and vocational books are among those most wanted, as well as good stories of the "rattling" kind. An unexpected testimony of appreciation of the American Library Association's work in hospitals was offered by a patient who did not want to leave the hospital at the time of his discharge because he had never before seen such a library as he had been using there. Men at one hospital were heard by the visitor now reporting, clamoring for newspapers from their home towns. One of the men came from Atlanta, one from Chicago, one from St. Louis, one from Denver, and all were supplied with their home newspapers. The visitor got a new idea from the scene of the human impulse behind this whole library service.

The men come in such numbers to the

library at the naval operating base, on the site of the Jamestown Exposition, opposite Newport News, that on Saturdays and Sundays, when their free time is greatest, the chairs are all filled, and the overflow sit around on the floor. Much reading is done by the men collateral to the courses of instruction that are given in the Naval Training School located here. A few of the subjects on which the librarian had been issuing books included electricity, machine-shop practice, navigation, algebra, arithmetic, dentistry, bee-keeping, embalming, and poetry, including the poems of Lowell, Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." The authorities have set aside a piece of land at this naval base as a site for a library building; so here a library is to be a part of the permanent establishment.

The trained librarians who are carry-

ing on all this work have, of course, their full representation in the American Library Association Dispatch Office at Newport News. Here a large part of the activity of the staff is given over to sorting and distributing books for transports, troop trains, naval vessels, hospitals and camps, and for the use also of the various welfare organizations operating in Newport News. Sorting naturally means leaving out a book like "Dying Testimonies," a copy of which, on the morning in question, had just come to hand, and leaving in the books that can be used, so bringing together the best that are available for purposes of distribution. That best, assuredly, is of a very high order. On this particular morning of sorting and distributing, an officer from overseas, who had been landed from a transport only a few hours before, made a bee-line for the library

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housed in the dispatch office, and while at first crestfallen because two books he wanted, Quiller-Couch's "Studies in Literature," and McFee's "Aliens" were both in circulation, later uttered an expression of pleasure to get a book, "The Education of Henry Adams," which, he said, headed a list of books he had made up in France. Various other readers later came in, and, among them several Anzacs, representing a contingent in port, who presented a request, readily granted, for books to be lent to them for the remainder of their voyage to New Zealand. On board their ship, they said, there were over a thousand men, about 130 married couples, and perhaps 50 babies. There were, too, some older children on board, and the commanding officer wanted books for them as well as for the men and women passengers.

Whether library service such as is now being conducted at the army and navy posts in the vicinity of Newport News, typical indeed of the service rendered elsewhere at numerous places throughout the country, will go on permanently is, as has already been said, a matter of hope. To be sure, some posts already have established libraries, maintained sometimes under conditions which limit their wider influence. At Fort Monroe, for example, there is the large and important collection of books possessed by the Coast Artillery School. But

the collection, excellent as it is, includes technical books almost wholly, and in practice its use hitherto has been largely restricted to officers. A liberal number of recreational and vocational books were added by the American Library Association, and interesting results followed immediately, soldiers who had never before used the main library now coming in and securing for it a greater degree of usefulness than it had previously known. The American Library Association, as manifested in repeated expressions of interest and desire, is eager and willing to cooperate with the army and navy to make the present service permanent in the interests of America at peace, no less than in the interests of America at war.

WILLIAM ADAMS SLADE

Books Received

FICTION

- Harry, Myriam. The Little Daughter of Jerusalem. Dutton. \$1.90 net.
 Hay, Ian. The Last Million. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50 net.
 Hodges, Arthur. The Bounder. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.60 net.
 Madam Constantia. Edited by J. Carter. Longmans, Green. \$1.50 net.
 Morley, Christopher. The Haunted Bookshop. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50 net.
 Wood, Michael. The White Island. Dutton. \$1.90 net.

ART

- Hoppin, J. C. A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Foulke, W. D. Fighting the Spoilsmen. Putnam. \$2 net.
 Thayer, W. R. Democracy: Discipline: Peace. Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.
 Walker, G. L. Capitalism vs. Bolshevism. Boston: Dukelow & Walker Co. \$1.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Noyes, Alfred. The New Morning. Stokes. \$1.35 net.
 Tolstoi, L. N. The Living Corpse. New York: Nicholas L. Brown. \$1 net.
 Wilbur, R. J. Theodore Roosevelt. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Ackerman, C. W. Trailing the Bolsheviks. Scribner. \$2.00 net.
 Biddle, C. J. The Way of the Eagle. Scribner. \$2.50 net.
 Blankenhorn, Heber. Adventures in Propaganda. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.60 net.
 Boak, A. E. R. The Master of the Offices in the Later Roman and Byzantine Empires. University of Michigan Studies. Macmillan.
 Bond, A. R. Inventions of the Great War. Century. \$1.75.
 Cattell, J. McK. Carnegie Pensions. New York: Science Press.
 Farré, Henry. Sky Fighters of France. Houghton Mifflin. \$7.50 net.
 Nordhoff, C. B. The Fledgling. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.
 Yard, R. S. The Book of the National Parks. Scribner. \$3.00.

THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion



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IF President Wilson has been unfortunate in his methods of dealing with Congress, he is exceedingly fortunate in the methods which his Republican opponents in that body are adopting in dealing with him. The latest instance is furnished by the sensational statement that Representative Graham, Chairman of the Select Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, rushed into print on the eve of Mr. Wilson's return from Europe. There may be ground for some of the accusations contained in that statement, but this makes the statement itself no better, but on the contrary worse. Its tone and whole character are those of a campaign screed, not of what it purports to be, the result of an official inquiry. Instead of putting the country into the attitude of gravely inquiring into serious allegations of wrong, it is calculated to excite only partisan rejoicing over the prospect of scandal on the one hand, and condemnation of its slapdash method on the other.

EVEN as a campaign broadside, Mr. Graham's screed is anything but a model, unless of the boomerang variety. What could be more inept than to insist, again and again, upon the atrocity of the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission having prepared an elaborate series of war measures before we went into the war? Are the American people going to demand the impeachment of President Wilson because he got ready for the possibility, or probability, instead of wasting precious time after war had been declared? "Weeks, and even months, before the Congress of the United States declared war against Germany," says Mr. Graham, "a committee of seven men chosen by the President . . . designed practically every war measure which the Congress afterwards enacted." Would it have been better to spend that same number of "weeks and even months" in developing the plans *after* war had been declared? Congress did its part splendidly at that time; it adopted with patriotic promptness and unanimity the selective draft and the other measures which Chairman Graham now finds to have been criminally hatched by Mr. Wilson's secret advisers. Why, with such a record of superiority to partisanship behind them, should Republicans now seek to place upon themselves the brand not only of partisanship but of silly and stupid partisanship?

ABOUT the worst thing the Republican managers in Congress could do, at this formative time in the shaping of party issues, would be to undertake an "omnibus" tariff bill of the old-fashioned kind. The Payne-Aldrich performance seems a matter of a hundred years ago, instead of ten; but it would take no time at all to make the country feel as if it had been only yesterday that the Republican party suffered the humiliation which that ill-omened measure brought upon it. There are plenty of perfectly just reasons for objecting to that kind of tariff revision, but there is something far more powerful than logic that would make any attempt in that direction disastrous to the party. A general revision of the tariff in the interest of protection is indissolubly associated in the public mind with two things—raising of prices and exploitation of special advantages. If there ever was a time when both these things stood

at a lower depth of popular disfavor than they do at this moment, it would be interesting to know when it was. Before Chairman Fordney goes any further with his alleged programme, he would do well to think this over most prayerfully.

THE special defensive treaty with France deserves all consideration on its substance. The United States could not permit a sudden and unprovoked attack on France. The Covenant of Nations is not conceived to meet urgent military cases. A new Von Kluck could reach the suburbs of Paris while the League was deliberating. In view of what actually happened in the first weeks of the world war, it is natural that the French should wish especial military guarantees from Great Britain and the United States. For these nations no new obligation is really involved. The special treaties merely sanction an aid which would in any case be called for both by the interests of the parties concerned and by the wider interests of the world. While the contingency contemplated in the treaty, an unprovoked aggression on France by Germany, is a very unlikely one, there is enough rancor in Germany to justify the precaution. It should be understood that the neutral zone of 50 kilometers along the right bank of the Rhine can not be maintained indefinitely. Sooner or later Germany must be permitted to resume full sovereignty. While the substance of the special treaties is admirable, their form is infelicitous. At all points the special treaties imply the existence and authority of the League of Nations. If this is a manœuvre to commend the Covenant, it is a maladroit one. The two agreements have no necessary connection. If the Senate should reject the Covenant, the special treaty with France would still be desirable and workable.

ONE or two Senators are quoted as saying that they are unwilling to ratify the special treaty with France unless Congress shall have entire freedom to determine whether or not the contingency has arisen which calls for our going to the aid of France. But there is no doubt whatever upon this point. Although a number of references are made in the document to the League of Nations, nothing of the kind occurs in this connection. The United States

simply promises to come to the assistance of France in the event that, in spite of the provisions of the general treaty, Germany should make an unprovoked attack upon her. Our country can not go to war except through the action of Congress. The proposed treaty, like any other treaty of the kind, imposes a moral obligation upon Congress to declare war in the event of a certain thing happening, but that moral obligation imposes no requirement upon the country, or upon Congress acting for the country, unless that contingency has actually arisen. Whether it has arisen or not will be at any given time a question of fact, and it will be for the President and Congress, and not for any outside Power or organization, to determine that question of fact.

GENERAL SMUTS'S statement of his views on the peace treaty is impressive in its sagacity as well as in the humane and lofty spirit which animates it. The most salient passages in it were given in the daily press, but it is to the journalistic enterprise of the *Nation* that we owe the cabling of the full text to this country. Of course the *Nation* is not to be understood as subscribing to General Smuts's estimate of the merits or demerits of the treaty. It may be assumed, however, that a special motive for its transmission was furnished by the strong expressions which the South African leader used in regard to the severity of the terms imposed upon Germany. But between those expressions and the habitual talk of the *Nation* there is precisely the difference that separates the sober talk of a statesman from the hysterical outcries of a fanatic.

General Smuts asks himself not what could be done if all men were virtuous, if all passions had died out, and if all evils were capable of being exorcised by incantation, but what can actually be done in the world as it is, and what may be hoped for in the world as we may succeed in shaping it in the future. Accordingly, he looks forward to the growth of considerateness and forgiveness for a gradual bettering of the settlement as time goes on. In the meanwhile he accepts the treaty as "simply a liquidation of the war situation in the world." In order to make the settlement an enduring one and a blessing to the world, two things are requisite: The Germans must make "a real honest effort to fulfill their obligations under the treaty to the extent of their ability," and "our Allied peoples must remember that God gave them overwhelming victory, victory far beyond their greatest dreams, not for small, selfish ends, not for financial or economic advantages, but for the attainment of the great human ideals for which our heroes gave their lives, and which are the real victors in this war of

ideals." In other words, while General Smuts could have wished something better, he does not rage at the treaty as a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. To persons habituated to the piercing cries of the *Nation*, General Smuts's grave and sober words must give a feeling akin to that which one experiences when "silence like a poultice comes to heal the wounds of sound."

IT is immensely comforting to read Secretary Baker's reply to the soft-hearted lady who on behalf of the Chicago Amnesty Committee, whatever that may be, appeals for the release of the "group of young men who have held aloft the torch of idealism through all the prejudice and hatred of the war period; who took the first effective step toward the abolishment of future wars." "You must realize," she says, "that these men will be the heroes of future generations." The Secretary meets the conscientious objector on his own ground and, as everybody but the objector and his misguided abettors will agree, drives him ignominiously to some undefined position in the rear. He says:

Meantime, the group of young men to whom you refer ought not to forget that the torch of idealism which they sought to hold aloft was threatened with extinction by the most menacing materialistic force the world has ever seen. The abolishment of future wars, for which I share your fervent hope, was immeasurably more advanced by the conscience which led young men to give up their lives for it than by the conscience which in the presence of vast and crushing destructive force found itself limited to protest.

A practical application of such views appears in the transfer from Fort Leavenworth, where they are causing trouble among lesser offenders, of some seventy conscientious objectors to prison barracks elsewhere. Such segregation might have been resorted to earlier with distinct benefit on all sides.

WE return the snappy salute of *The American Legion Weekly*. As the official bulletin of an organization of unguessed power, it can not for a single moment be left out of the reckoning. Thinking Americans everywhere welcome it and wish it success in its large undertaking. All the more will they watch it closely to see how it discharges its mission. This is no less than to provide a forum for clarifying the thought of some four million men, conscious of a solidarity born of participation in a tremendous enterprise and acutely conscious of having as a group and as individuals a stake in the game. The aims which the Legion professes are in themselves most laudable:

To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our

association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and masses; to make Right the Master of Might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.

It is heartening to contemplate a great body of men, full of life and refined by a peculiarly concentrated experience of it, who, in reaching out for the good that may be brought into the world, do not lose sight of the priceless things which the world has already obtained for itself. We wish to be counted among those who hope for fine things, and even great things, from the American Legion and its weekly.

EDITOR WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE returns from Europe with the conviction—at any rate, the prediction—that England will soon resort to a soviet government. He found a copy of the *London Daily Herald* in the library at Buckingham Palace, and that apparently settles it. But why he expects the position of the King to remain unaffected by this upheaval is not clear, except on the theory that the British always compromise. It is possible they may hit on some sort of compromise which will render a soviet superfluous. But in any case Mr. White will be interested to find a soviet already established in the United States. Here we call it the Anti-Saloon League. By a soviet we understand a small group determined to give the people what they want, whether they want it or not.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly* explains the colossal jest of Bolshevism. The revolution, it appears, is over, and in Russia there is to-day a republic, a democracy owing more to Jefferson than to Marx, presided over by a "middle-class Triumvirate of rulers: Lenin, the intellectual; Trotsky, the journalist, and Tchicherin, the son of a noble." "True, there was a class war, but it was a war not against the bourgeoisie as bourgeoisie, but against the bourgeoisie as slackers." The intellectuals sit high in the councils of the Soviet. That is, Lenin has fooled Russia and the world with a phrase. He persuaded the Russians to establish his political democracy in the fond belief that they were bringing about a proletarian communism. And everywhere else he has fired genuine believers in proletarian domination, as well as the soft-headed intellectuals who think that something of that sort would be interesting, with a belief that the time is at hand to destroy existing democracies and substitute for them—the kind of government Russia is not getting. Thus, in the

end, Russia, with a strong democratic government at home and countless armies of phrase-mad proletarians pouring out from her borders, will be able politically to dominate a world distraught by frantic pursuit of the mirage of Lenin's inventing, which in the seclusion of his palace he admits to be a mirage. It could not be more nearly perfect, this view of the matter, if it had all been excogitated in the German Foreign Office. But unfortunately, as things work out, there may prove to be a bitter residuum of truth in it.

THE *Literary Digest* does a good service in bringing before its great circle of readers an instructive collection of facts and opinions concerning high prices. It quotes, to be sure, nonsense as well as sense, but not in such a way as to confuse any reader of even moderate intelligence. The conspicuous example of nonsense is the statement of Mr. Brisbane's *Wisconsin-News* that the whole difficulty "is that there are a lot of persons who do not care what trouble comes to the country as long as they keep up their profits." The best example of simple and effective statement is an extract from an editorial in the *Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter*, part of which is as follows:

The inevitable consequence of this greatest of all wars was to destroy billions of dollars' worth of merchandise and property, and at the same time to induce the creation of \$36,000,000,000 of new paper money. Thus commodities have become scarcer and dearer, while money has become more plentiful and cheaper. . . . In considering the price question we must begin to think in terms of depreciated currency rather than in terms of higher commodity-prices.

The last remark has reference merely to a question of language, but psychologically the difference is important. And still more important is the difference between habitually speaking of the cost of living and speaking of high prices. Unfortunately, for a great many of us the two things are identical; but they are not identical inherently. If the present level of prices is going to be permanent, everything will sooner or later adjust itself to that level; and though in the interval much hardship will have been suffered, the real cost of living when the adjustment has been completed will be no higher than it was on the old level. This is one of those things that "every schoolboy knows"; but hardly anybody acts as though he knew it.

THE world clash of arms which has saved some of the racial minorities of Europe from extinction by the oppression of megalomaniac imperialism has put out of view the silent but dramatic struggle here at home to preserve from extinction by the even more ruthless powers of disease our own most appeal-

ing racial remnant, the American Indian. The few thousands of glorious tradition that remained on the various Government reservations have for years, despite the best efforts of Government experts, been dying at a far greater rate than they increased, although as a whole they have been economically prosperous and well cared for. They seemed clearly a dying race, pining away amid new conditions, without hope or future in a land that knew them not. But after a sustained and intense battle of years, whose dramatic strategy lies buried forever in Government reports, the latent vitalities of the ragged band were somehow roused to new life, and diseases difficult to cope with overcome. In 1916 Cato Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was able to announce that, for the first time since they came to know their white brothers, the birth-rate of the Indians in the United States exceeded the death rate. And as further voucher that the American Indian has taken a new lease of life Mr. Sells recently said that of the 10,000 Indians in the war, 75 per cent. had volunteered, and that the Indians in the country had bought over \$25,000,000 in Liberty Bonds, more than \$70 per capita.

ONE of the new and extremely difficult problems which the vast expansion of international trade and the newer development of international advertising have brought with them is the protection of the trade-marks of articles or firms with international reputations in foreign countries. The full importance of this problem has not been revealed and will not be until the foreign trade competition following the war comes into full play. But already the piratical use of trade-marks in foreign countries as a weapon in trade competition has gone very far, especially in the Latin-American countries. The official "Lista General de las Marcas" and the "Boletin Oficial" of the Argentine Republic show that many well-known American brands have already been registered by natives, or registration applied for: "Hupmobile," "Stutz," "Cadillac," "Vitagraph," "Bon Ami," "Boston Garters," "Welch's Grape Juice," "Old Dutch Cleanser," were among the miscellaneous American articles registered. Some American products have been registered by German concerns. Attempts at the international protection of trade-marks have so far met with small success, despite the efforts of such agencies as the international registration bureau at Berne and the Pan-American Union Trademarks Office. Here is a matter of serious bearing on the peace and amicable intercourse of nations in which it would seem the League of Nations, through a permanent commission, could render a real service and prove its practical effectiveness.

The Pact with France

THE special agreement by which the United States, in concert with Great Britain, promises France that it will "come immediately to her aid in case of any unprovoked act of aggression directed against her by Germany" should command the approval alike of those who do and those who do not place confidence in the League of Nations. There is, indeed, one element of American opinion to which any such agreement is obnoxious; the element, of which Senator Borah is the leading spokesman, that is in favor of a complete return to the traditional policy of American isolation. Between those who honestly take this position and those who believe that national duty and national interest alike demand the adoption of a new attitude towards the world's problems, there is no common ground for argument. Conversion, to be sure, even upon fundamentals, is conceivable; but here is a question that must be decided in the course of the next few weeks, and unless we are to look for miracles it will be idle for any one to attempt such conversion. In saying that the pact should command the approval alike of those who do and those who do not place confidence in the League, we are leaving out of account the irreconcilables who stand squarely for American isolation.

When the Peace Conference was about to assemble, and throughout its early stages, representative American opinion was in the main divided along a fairly definite line. Comparatively little interest was taken in the specific terms of peace—the determination of boundaries, the fixing of indemnities, the claims of races, were felt to be questions so complex in themselves, so fraught with rivalries and jealousies, and so entangled with previous promises and understandings, that Americans generally were content to let them be settled by the pulling and hauling at Versailles. But in the transcendent question we all took a profound interest—the question of the stability of the settlement, whatever it might be. And here came in that line of division to which we have referred. On the one hand were those who placed

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their trust in the League of Nations; on the other hand were those who looked elsewhere for that assurance which all were agreed must be found somewhere. And the place where they looked for it—the only place where they could look for it—was in the continuance of a cordial understanding of the strongest possible kind between the great nations that had won the war. To the cry for a new-made League of Nations, a League to be created by pen and parchment, the answer was that the only safety lay in the maintenance of the league that already existed—the league that had been born of the world's mortal need and which had been vitalized by united effort and common sacrifice upon a scale unparalleled in history. And one of the chief objections urged against the scheme of making the formation of the League of Nations part of the work of the Peace Conference was that it diverted attention from the supreme need of the time, the preservation of the working union which the war had brought about among the Powers that had won the great victory.

In the eight months that have gone by since the armistice was entered upon, the aspect of things, from either of these standpoints, has undergone an undeniable change. The League of Nations, whatever its future may be, presents to no one's mind that character of firm and unmistakable achievement which its sanguine advocates had hoped it would assume. Nobody looks upon war as henceforth a moral impossibility; everybody feels that the future will have to be watched with solicitude. Many doubtless think that France entertains exaggerated fears of Germany, but nobody maintains that the mere existence of the League makes those fears absurd. There was a time when the proposal of such a guarantee as the special treaty is to give to France might have been objected to by champions of the League Covenant as casting doubt upon its efficacy; to-day that proposal involves no admission that is not freely made without it by all candid friends of the Covenant. Its adoption will not lower the standing of the League; on the contrary, it will raise that standing. The Covenant does not profess to be capable of bringing force swiftly to bear against a determined violator of the world's peace; it reckons not upon instant and irresistible repression, but upon the deterrent effect of the fear of ultimate consequences. If there is danger of a resurgence of the old spirit of defiant German aggression, the League's arrangements need the aid of such an agreement as that proposed between France, Britain, and the United States to meet that danger effectively; if the danger does not exist, the agreement will never be brought into action. The agreement

adds strength to the League in the event of its being subjected to a certain extreme strain; apart from that eventuality the League is entirely unaffected. And it is hardly necessary to add that the mere existence of the agreement is the best possible insurance against the occurrence of the event; if the danger be exceedingly small that Germany will think of again plunging the world into war by attacking France, the agreement will reduce the danger to zero.

From the standpoint of spontaneous alliance the change in the aspect of things has been hardly less marked than from that of the League of Nations connection. Every man whose whole soul was in the cause must cherish as deeply as ever the union of hearts between the nations that stood shoulder to shoulder in the great struggle. But the world has gone through many months of wrestling with the problems of the treaty—months of difficulty at home in each country, as well as of divergences on the issues of the settlement. On the surface at least, if not in the depths, there has come more or less of a chill over the feelings with which, in the first flush of the joint triumph, all hearts were filled. Things which last December were looked upon by everybody as certainties are now viewed by many with the eye of cold skepticism. Where silence might then have been regarded as sufficient assent, overt assurance is now felt to be decidedly preferable. Of course, it may be said, we shall go to the aid of France if she is attacked; of course we shall stand by the side of England. And yet there has already been a good deal of snarling about England, and even about France we have sometimes talked as though there were other things in our minds besides her terrible sufferings and her glorious fight for her freedom and the world's. She asks us to make this simple pledge—that we will stand by her if she is wantonly attacked. We can not refuse unless we have already forgotten the lesson of the war; we can not refuse if we mean to be true to her boys and ours who died in Flanders' fields.

The North Dakota Coalition

IT is a far cry from North Dakota to New Zealand, but there is a striking similarity between the Non-Partisan League and the late Lib-Lab Party in that country. In New Zealand, after the failure of the maritime strike of 1890, the small farmers, in league with organized labor, secured the election of John Ballance, and soon thereafter a double-barreled programme of legislation was put through which, to some minds, foreshadowed the coming of the industrial millennium.

The small farmers had special grievances against the big landowners, so Parliament passed a series of acts to force the subdivision of the great estates and to supply the farmers with capital at low rates of interest. Progressive land taxes were established with special taxes for absentee landlords; large estates were purchased and subdivided by the Government; and favorable terms were offered to farmers wishing to settle upon Government land. The railroads, of course, had been in the hands of the Government for a long time.

For the benefit of the laborers acts were passed providing for employers' liability, prohibition of payment by truck, proper conditions in factories, compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes, old-age pensions, workers' dwellings, loans to workers, and many others. Both laborers and farmers were well satisfied for a time, and New Zealand was as much talked about as North Dakota is to-day.

The alliance, however, did not endure. As the farmers prospered they gradually lost their affection for their landless brethren of the towns, and although they had coquetted with the single tax, when it was freely offered they would none of it. As to the laborers, while the Arbitration Court was raising wages they were pleased, but when the limit was reached and prices began to go up they suspected a conspiracy against them in which their old allies were involved. So the farmers, having something to lose, grew more conservative, and the laborers, accumulating nothing, grew more radical, until the "Lib-Lab Party" of Ballance, Seddon and Ward disintegrated and lost the election of 1912, after which the so-called "Reform Party" under Massey came into power.

In the very next year the left wing of organized labor—the "Red Fed"—attempted a revolutionary strike, involving wharf laborers, seamen and miners, and for a time the shipping business was paralyzed. Then the farmers, threatened with serious loss, took the matter into their own hands, supported by the Government and by all the opponents of direct action. Coming down to the chief seaports they formed themselves into two sections—the one a body of special police, empowered to keep the peace—the other a band of volunteer wharf laborers, who loaded and unloaded the ships. The strike was broken, but the farmers and their former allies have not since been fully reconciled, even by the war. Will such be the fate of the Non-Partisan League? It is unsafe to prophesy and futile to moralize, yet it may be worth while to consider the experience of the past.

The Non-Partisan League is primarily a farmers' organization, but from the first it has held out a friendly hand

to labor, and its advances have been heartily reciprocated—as might be expected in an agricultural state like North Dakota. Quite early in the game the North Dakota Federation of Labor endorsed the League. The city labor organizations did the same; and after the election of 1916 Samuel Gompers telegraphed his congratulations. The march of events is rapid nowadays, and quite recently an important step was taken towards the creation of a labor party for the purpose of advancing the cause of labor in coöperation with the Non-Partisan League. This action was taken at a convention of the Federation at Minot in the first days of June, and the plan is to be consummated at a convention at Fargo on August 31st and September 1st—Labor Day. The meeting at Minot was a veritable love feast. Resolutions of thanks were offered to the farmers for all that they had done for labor, and it was stated that their several interests were in the fullest harmony. Every law asked by union labor had been passed by the Legislature, including workmen's compensation, insurance, inspection and safeguarding of coal mines, limitation of the use of injunction, protection of railway workers, provision for full crews on trains and for putting the union label on all state printing.

Governor Lynn J. Frazier made an interesting statement on behalf of the League and the State:

I am glad that the organized workingmen and women of the State are going to link hands with the organized farmers in the advancement of their common cause. The interests of the farmers and laborers are the same. Both laborers and farmers are going to benefit by the state-owned industries we are to establish. The farmer will get more for his products and the cost of living will be cut for the consumers when the industries begin to operate.

Of course, the Legislature did not neglect the farmer—the acts passed for their benefit provided for the Industrial Commission, the Bank of North Dakota, the North Dakota Mill and Elevator Association, and the Home Building Association. Besides these experiments in state socialism—or “state capitalism,” as Mr. Walling calls it—the Legislature of 1919 revised railway rates in the farmers' interest, made amendments in grain grading and inspection laws, exempted farm improvements from taxation and provided for a graduated income tax.

The political revolution in North Dakota is the result of an alliance between the farmers and the laborers, supported by many small capitalists and others who have felt oppressed by the railways, the milling interests, the banks, and other large associations of capital. It is a sort of class struggle, though not of the regular Marxian type. The *Non-partisan Leader* puts it thus:

The country is not divided into wage

workers and capitalists, but into special-privilege capitalists and the common people. The man with a little working capital, such as the farmer may have, is just as much exploited by the special interests as the man of no capital. The men of little capital, such as retailers and manufacturers in lines that have not been monopolized, have for years been fighting a losing game against the plutocrats. Every year sees more of them dropping into the maw of the trusts, just as every year shows more and more of the farmers replaced by tenants or by the corporation farming which is under way.

This conception of the class struggle has, like North Dakota itself, a very slight proletarian element in it. It is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. And yet the situation corresponds almost exactly to that in New Zealand in the early nineties, when organized labor was the tail-end of the Lib-Lab Party. The alliance between the two elements was unstable from the beginning. They tried many experiments in state socialism—all more or less disappointing—but they parted company when it was found that mere wages did not satisfy the laborers, and that the farmers balked when politely asked to give up their land. The farmers of North Dakota have their grievances, of course, both real and imaginary, but if they can have a few more years of “profiteering,” their animus against the plutocrats may sensibly diminish, especially when they invest their savings in banks, packing houses, mills, etc.—outside the State. By that time organized labor may have to paddle its own canoe.

Religion Pure and Undefined

“THE Community Church shifts the basis of religion from God to man.” At first blush this pronouncement of the Pastor of the Church of the Messiah is startling. It is, after all, about what Confucius did in China centuries ago, and Auguste Comte in France when he reduced religion to a cult of humanity. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, however, accepts no religion which looks either backward, as Confucianism and Comtism do, or upward, as the theological religions do. In a recent sermon he insists that it is necessary that religions should meet “not on the plane of the past, nor even of the present, but on the plane of the future.”

This means, of course, that the religious person is wholly practical, ever planning the good works of the morrow. Religion itself is in its individual aspect comradeship, in its institutional aspect social service. The members of the Community Church are free to hold any belief or none in God and immortality. “Neither the acceptance nor the denial of a creed is recognized as having any

significance or interest.” Accordingly all beliefs are welcome. Whoever is a member of the community is a member of the Community Church. Old-time Christianity encouraged progress in the spiritual life and recognized degrees. Not so the Community Church. Even the distinction between communicants and outsiders democratically vanishes. “We abandon the idea of an inner group of members, who have reached some spiritual eminence not attained by others. Of course, in our body the sanctification aspect of church membership has disappeared from our apprehension. . . . What is essential is organization and fellowship on the basis of simple brotherhood.”

The programme—we are forbidden to say the creed—of the Community Church is interesting as a resolute and consistent attempt to reduce religion to its lowest terms. Unlike the Modernists of France and Italy, who regard the religious sense of the individual as fundamental, and creeds, ceremonies, priest-hoods and churches as shifting adornments of the religious sense, Dr. Holmes wishes religion without any theology or illusion. The Modernist is willing to get any legitimate glamour for his religious sense out of any historic church, accepting its teachings as so much poetry or symbol; the Community Church wants essential religion free from glamour and austere stripped for action.

No reader of the late William James's “Varieties of Religious Experience,” and for that matter no observer of life broadly, will declare offhand that the basis of the Community Church is unreligious. At least one may say that it is uncentral. To substitute social compassion and service for worship of some kind of god is to deprive religion of its chief component, awe. We conceive no religion, from Plato's to an Alaskan Shaman's, which does not venerate something vastly higher than man. Or if with Confucius and Comte religion attempts to substitute for the idea of God, man's highest nature, it too is conceived in terms of awe. It is a deity existing in the abysses of the individual soul. Awe, the sense of moral immensities dimly perceived, but revered, this is the basis of even the moralistic religions. They never sink to an unqualified humanitarianism. Such a conception as the community constituting and ruling the church is new in the world. So is the equalitarian notion that all have equally attained spirituality. Almost without exception religion emphasizes the idea of salvation. Sinful man is extricated from error and set in the path of truth and righteousness. All human churches have represented this progress as various, loving to stress the hazard of the arduous ascent. The whole con-

ception implies inner and outer circles, more or less successful followers of the pathway of faith. For faith in God, or in the highest aspect of man, the Community Church apparently substitutes faith in a good high average of socially-minded men.

Such a conception naturally leaves theology out. Theology becomes merely an oratorical adventure of the preacher towards the outstanding mysteries. It is, to borrow the pragmatic parlance, only good for so much. Dr. Holmes assures us: "The sermon, if well done, will be as fascinating as a novel. For nobody will know, as they know now, what conclusion will be reached. The minister may work out a belief in God, or he may not." From this point of view, theology is indeed a gay science. But theology in its last analysis means simply that the believer takes his religion seriously. He cares enough about it to want to think straight while living religiously. Without the assent of his reason, the divine part of him, his religion is defective. To substitute for this loyal exercise of the intellect perception of the high average temperature of mass morality, is to reduce religion to impulse.

On the side of mere morals the theory of building religion on comradeship ignores some of its important and permanent features. The business of religion is not merely to excite, it is largely to calm. The picture of a piety solely engaged in politics, charity and social betterment would equally repel a Buddha, a Mohammed, or a Christ. All religion implies seeking a harmony in the solitude of the soul. How the pastor who is organizing post-impressionistic picture shows and Freudian conferences in his vestry house, while generally keeping in the latest movements, is to have leisure to invite his own soul, or anybody else's, does not appear. Precisely the difference between religion and practical life has been that religion did not much look to the future in this life. It looked rather to the past, to the great examples of endurance and virtue; and to the present as requiring insight and vigilance. Taking small thought for the morrow is not merely a Christian maxim, it is broadly religious.

What the new social religions completely lack is otherworldliness and all sense of supernatural standards. We can not believe that any church can last which does not see a mystery in life and does not seek the solution on any other than human plane. Such organizations may represent a great reforming activity and, at their best, an enlightened common sense. If they are churches and religions, then the Boy Scouts and the Campfire Girls are the great churches of the day, while our Free Masons and Odd Fellows derive from Peter and Paul in purest apostolic succession.

Admiral Scheer Speaks Out

THROUGH the enterprise of the New York *World*, Admiral Scheer, the German high commander in the battle of Jutland, has been persuaded to relieve his mind of much perilous stuff. As to the sinking of the surrendered German ships at Scapa Flow, the Admiral rejoices because "the last act was true to the best traditions of the German Navy." Here all seagoing folk will say amen. The treacherous last act of the German fleet was indeed in the best tradition of that navy which sowed the high seas with floating mines and sunk unarmed merchantmen without warning, and riddled survivors in the small boats with machine-gun fire.

It is more difficult to follow Admiral Scheer when he likewise rejoices that "the stain of surrender has been wiped from the escutcheon of the German fleet." It will be recalled that the German fleet surrendered after a strike by the crews. They refused to go down fighting. Other fleets than Germany's have generally avoided the shame of surrender by going down with battle ensigns flying. Short of that, Germany could have avoided the shame of surrender by sinking her ships in her own waters. That would have been a breach of the armistice, but for the Navy itself it would have entailed no dishonor. What the German Navy actually did was to sail three hundred miles to a British roadstead, haul down its colors under British orders and accept internment. The German officers and men staid aboard in the capacity of paroled persons. Their obligation was no longer to Germany but to Great Britain. In military circles an officer's parole is sacred. How the failure of the German sailors to obey orders and the singularly ignominious surrender of the fleet can be atoned for by an act of treachery towards the foe we fail to understand. It doubtless is one of the profounder mysteries of the German mentality.

Under military law every German officer who was concerned with the sinking of the ships is subject to court martial and liable to the death penalty. His status is that of any naval commander who sinks his own ship. It would be an error, however, to give these scuttlers the treatment of officers. Let them be tried before the admiralty courts for destroying their own ships. Give them the punishment of ordinary criminals at sea. Such treatment might teach Germany something she sadly needs to learn. To gain honor by scuttling surrendered ships without risk may do for the German Navy, or for any navy of yesterday without accrued honor and tradition.

But it would be good indeed to hear the shades of Hawkins and Nelson and Dewey and Farragut express themselves when they learn of an Admiral who rejoices that his officers broke parole and sunk ignobly surrendered ships at their moorings.

Admiral Scheer's observations on the general naval strategy of the war are amusing, if quite without value. He sketches the German plan for a final successful battle off the Thames to be fought early in November. The British fleet was to be lured down against a left wing comprising the whole U-boat flotilla. To any one familiar with the anti-submarine preparations in the Channel the notion that a submarine fleet could be kept intact off Dover while the British fleet was approaching from the Orkneys seems highly fantastic. It is at least interesting to learn on high authority that such a naval forlorn hope was planned by Germany with hope of victory, and only prevented by the sailors' strike. To put submarines in battle line without support is a novelty in naval tactics. Every naval theorist will regret that the experiment was not tried.

The German Admiral also believes that a swift blow by the British Navy at the beginning of the war would have settled matters against Germany within a few weeks. This retrospective vision grows less brilliant when one notes that the mission of an aggressive British fleet was to be to land Russians on the Pomeranian coast. One can imagine the wink with which such a plan was outlined before the sympathetic correspondent of the *World*—it might serve to make the British victors uncomfortable. No consideration could ever have justified risking the British fleet in a general action the unfavorable outcome of which would have given Germany control of the sea. Even Admiral Scheer admits the complete correctness and success of the British naval blockade. Even theoretically, it is difficult to see how a general engagement could have been forced upon the German fleet, lying as it did at the entrances of the Kiel Canal. Evidently this would have involved sending a great British fleet into the Baltic—a movement about as difficult tactically as it seems strategically vicious.

In general, Admiral Scheer's sensational remarks should not be taken too seriously. Fundamentally they only illustrate certain depths of naval bad breeding. Even worse than to laud your own officers who have broken parole is it to hint that your completely victorious foe after all lacked enterprise and valor. Such comment merely shows that the German Navy was far too new and socially raw ever to have got its moral sealegs. Having sunk itself without trace, it will not be greatly missed. Nothing became it like its taking off.

Germany Not Russianized

IN many a Catholic district of the old world the Feast of the Innocents on December 28 is a happy time for children. They change parts with their parents, who, for that one day, yield authority to their offspring. Dressed up in the clothes of father and mother the girls and boys, rattling a huge bunch of keys, search the house for hidden treasures stored away in cellar and cupboards. It is Anstey's delightful story *Vice Versa* coming true once a year, a pleasure dearly bought, in the remote past, by the death of the little martyrs of Bethlehem. Such a feast of the innocents was the ephemeral rule of the proletariat at Munich. The naïve, the simple-minded, the unwitting, ousted the politicians of mature experience from power and revelled for a while in the pleasures of topsy-turvydom. But whereas the little children's feast has its origin in the massacre of the innocents, the Munich travesty ended in murder. Real children make sport of death and its terror, their grown-up equals make terrible earnest of their sport.

Spartacism is hardly a movement, it is the wild prank of a raw unbalanced class. In a country like Russia, where the bulk of the nation seems to consist of childlike, untutored enthusiasts, the momentary prank may grow a habit, vitiating the people's character for generations to come, but in countries of a maturer culture it is doomed to be short-lived. The Russian Bolshevik leaders themselves recognize in the well-organized social-democracy of Western Europe a formidable enemy. Twelve years ago Trotzky, in his book "*Our Revolution*," expressed himself thus: "The European Socialist parties, especially the most powerful of them, the German one, have developed a conservatism of their own. That is why the Social-Democracy as an organization forms, in some respects, a direct obstacle in the way of the open collision between the workers and the bourgeoisie."

The party routine of the Internationale, in the eyes of Lenin and his followers, shelters the bourgeoisie from the just vengeance of the proletariat. The disturbance of that party system and of the government supported by it is part and parcel of Bolshevik policy. By the secret action of their agents they aim at making unrest and revolt a chronic disease of the body politic in Germany, in order to accelerate the process of decomposition which is the *conditio sine qua non* for a successful importation of Bolshevism into Western Europe. In the troubled waters of German domestic

warfare the emissaries of the Soviet Government had good fishing; the return of order and domestic peace would deal the death-blow to their expectations.

The success of the Government troops at Munich was the first victory of organized democracy over Russianized anarchy, and in this well-begun offensive the Government of Ebert and Scheidemann has unexpectedly received support from a quarter from which they could least of all have hoped for help. The drastic terms of peace prescribed by the Entente have suddenly sobered the nation to the recognition of the hard reality of its defeat, and brought home to it the necessity of national consolidation. Far from bringing grist to Lenin's mill, as pessimists and tender-hearted pacifists predicted, the severity of the Entente seems to make for an internally pacified Germany under the social-democratic régime, which will prove a safer barrier against the Russian danger than a cordon of Entente troops would be. While making front against the hard terms of Versailles the Germans are making themselves immune from Bolshevik contagion. In the hour of its deepest humiliation the people has recovered its self-restraint.

Motor Boating After the War

THE war proved that the motor boat had about four times the endurance generally credited to it. About ten years ago the occasional ventures of power-boats across the ocean passed for and were the maddest hazards. Captain Crapo's feat of making the crossing in a whaleboat with jury rig seemed far safer, and rightly so. During the war, scores of the submarine chasers (110-foot class) made the crossing under their own power, some in winter time. The eight-foot motor launches of the British Naval Volunteer Reserve kept the North Sea—perhaps the worst mixing of waters in the world—in all weathers. Hundreds of still smaller power-craft, built for slipping from port to port in fair weather, proudly assumed their war gray, mounted their popgun and kept going in our turbulent coastal waters, under conditions that would have seemed impossible before the war. The emergency forced such a test as could never have been given otherwise, and the power-boat was not found wanting.

It was proved as well—notably in the submarine chaser class—that of similar hulls, one propelled by gas motors and the other by steam, the steam-driven vessel is incomparably superior. This was already the conviction of all deep-sea men, as of merchant seamen and fisherfolk generally, but even they had to

concede that the motor-boat was no longer to be regarded as merely a dangerous toy. Grudgingly they granted it its place on the great waters.

Besides proving the toughness of the motor-boats, the war trained thousands of young men in their management. There may be, we judge, no less than five thousand young Americans with pluck, skill, and experience to take a power-boat to Europe, and probably double the number of competent engineers. This must have a distinct influence on the future of motor-boating as a sport. For the moment, young America is probably pretty well "fed up" with motor-boating. It was possible to keep the seas amid the tide rips off Nantucket and Block Island, but memory does not as yet certify such a feat as a pleasure. It will probably never be precisely a privilege to cross the Atlantic in a power-boat, at least until invention gets rid of the dangerous and distressing "gas" fumes. What we may expect is that our thousands of new vikings will no more permanently remain ashore than Ulysses did after his seven years of sea travail. Adventure will make her appeal anew. The old tame pleasures of motor-boating will largely be left to the aged and dufferly. There will be ocean races, distant travel, audacious exploration. Our yachting flag, now a rare apparition abroad, will be seen up and down the Seven Seas, and it will enjoy a respect it never before commanded.

The convenience and relative economy of the gas engine are likely to keep it dominant for all smaller craft. By reaction, however, a certain number of old sub-chaser officers will promote themselves to steam yachts, while a chosen few, wishing the full flavor of pleasure and hazard at sea, will go into big sailing yachts, which generally will have the handy auxiliary motor apologetically concealed below. Thus all forms of large yachting should in the long run profit through the vindication of the motor-boat.

The record of the scouting and fighting Scout Patrol—consisting chiefly of converted power-boats—is a splendid testimony to the conscience and skill of the American boat builder and motor maker. Without any thought of war conditions, they provided an unbelievable margin of safety. The hulls and motors stood up under conditions completely unforeseen and terribly trying. No one who has staggered home rudderless through a November gale, in a craft built for summer seas and engined for easy "day sailing," will fail to be grateful to the boat builder who provided extra strength in the slight hull and to the engine maker whose motors under the most untoward conditions continued to furnish steerage way, headway, and safety.

The Attempt to Discredit Kolchak

IT'S a hard fight, a fight to the finish, the struggle between civilization and Bolshevism. The adversary is cunning and cruel, and fights foul. The battle-line encircles the globe, but the key-point is Russia. This is why we can not wash our hands of Russia and leave her to stew in her own juice.

Russians themselves are struggling on. In America, generous but unseeing America, they are trying to make the issue clear. They are not numerous and they labor under the disadvantage of an unfamiliar tongue. They have no money with which to engage journalistic and forensic talent. Arrayed against them are men whose purses are plethoric with the loot of Russia, their own property. Most of all they fear, not their avowed adversaries, but those who profess to be their friends only to stab them in the back.

The latest and most insidious of these attacks by the false friends of Russia is an article in the current issue of the *New Republic* entitled "The Rise of a New Russian Autocracy." The article in question is well written, and since its author, Dr. Joshua Rosett, has been connected with the Committee on Public Information, it will appear to many people as a sort of official pronouncement and public opinion may be sadly misled thereby. For the statements contained therein are not only full of misrepresentations but they are cunningly arranged to do the utmost damage to the present Omsk Government, in which the hope of the regeneration of Russia rests. It is therefore necessary that these misstatements be corrected and the public be informed of the truth.

In the first place, Dr. Rosett creates an entirely false atmosphere by quoting a conversation with a Russian, possibly imaginary, whom he met on the steamer going from Japan to Vladivostok. In the mouth of this man he puts violent monarchistic phrases and then proceeds to hold Kolchak and the Omsk Government responsible for them. Of course Kolchak never heard of the man and would disavow such views if they were brought to his attention. There could scarcely be found a more unfair method of attack than to pick out some reactionary supporter of the Government and then play him up in such an authoritative manner. But this is characteristic of the whole article.

Dr. Rosett has attempted to judge the Siberian situation from Vladivostok. Any one who knows this city and the character of its population at the present time knows that it is about as suitable for judging Russia and Siberia as El Paso would be for judging America. This probably explains the author's

lamentable ignorance of the Zemstvo Institution and its situation in Siberia. The Zemstvos of Siberia were instituted, not by the old Imperial Government, as stated by Dr. Rosett, but by the Provisional Government after the first Revolution. Many district and provincial Zemstvo Councils were formed during the Bolshevik upheaval and were conducted under the banner of the Left Socialist Revolutionaries. These, of course, were openly hostile to the non-socialistic Omsk Government and many of their members were openly Bolshevik. To entrust the government of districts or provinces to such bodies would have been suicidal. Furthermore, these councils did not in any way represent their constituents and were frequently made up of strangers and outsiders. What Dr. Rosett does not say is that these non-representative bodies were replaced by Zemstvo Councils that were representative.

What he says concerning the coördinating of several Siberian Zemstvos at Tomsk is utterly absurd. On the other hand, a convention was summoned at Ufa (a town on the European and not the Siberian side of the Ural mountains) in which participated all the members of the original Russian Constituent Assembly who could be got together, as well as representatives of the various local provisional governments that had been set up. This convention evolved a form of government to include all Russia and designated as members of the Directory of Five men who represented the chief parts of Russia and Siberia, freed of Bolshevik rule. The dominating factor at this convention was the Samara Government, which was very socialistic. When the government was moved to Omsk, whose local provisional government was non-socialistic, there was considerable friction, which was temporarily alleviated by the formation of a Cabinet of Ministers to act under the Directory. In this cabinet, Admiral Kolchak was Minister of War.

The friction between the socialist and non-socialist elements came to a climax in the middle of November last year. The armistice with Germany had just been signed and the Czechoslovaks, who up to that time had been the mainstay of the Russian defense against the Bolsheviks, were anxious to return to their native land. The Russians were in a panic, for Avksentiev, the President of the Directory, and his socialist colleagues not only had done nothing to build up an efficient Russian army, but were undermining and disintegrating such troops as had been got together by a dangerous propaganda aimed at overthrowing their non-socialist colleagues. It was further

discovered that in company with Chernov they were negotiating for a *rap-prochement* with the Bolsheviks in accordance with the plan of the left Socialist Revolutionary Committee at Moscow. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time and some army officers arrested the plotters. Admiral Kolchak was asked by the loyal members of the Government, as a patriotic duty, to assume supreme command. At the time he was at the front and knew nothing whatever of what was taking place at Omsk. On receipt of an urgent telegram he at once returned and undertook the task imposed upon him. He assumed command of the army and navy and associated the Cabinet with himself for all administrative work. How all of this was garbled in the Vladivostok press is well known to all students of Russian affairs. What is particularly disgusting is that Dr. Rosett should quote these garbled reports as if they were serious accounts of the affair at Omsk. His account of the *coup d'état* is not only utterly false but his reading into the record his conversations with Bolsheviks in Vladivostok, is an example of his innate unfairness and lack of reliability.

Another example of the character of Dr. Rosett's testimony is his statement in regard to the January election in Vladivostok. Mr. Zimmerman, whom he speaks of as "the hated Commissar," is a well-known public worker of the Far East, who was Mayor of Vladivostok, Director of Associations for Mutual Credit and prominent in other public-spirited enterprises. It is true that he struck off from the ticket the names of a number of candidates and it is further true that he eliminated from the electorate a number of men who had voted at the previous election. The reason was simple. The Bolsheviks had voted the soldiers and transients, and the new Commissar restricted the franchise to the regular residents of Vladivostok. Further, he eliminated from the list of candidates those who were out-and-out Bolsheviks, and not to have done so would have been stupid in the highest degree.

Dr. Rosett's mention of "the shrewd M. Agareff, Mayor of Vladivostok," is delicious. This is a Bolshevik from America who was parading under an assumed name. The only pity is that the Commissar did not imprison him at once for the criminal that he was, instead of allowing him to continue in office. It may be mentioned in passing that the Nikoforov mentioned with approval by Dr. Rosett is a criminal who had served a prison sentence. Dr. Rosett makes the statement that Kolchak has either jailed, exiled or murdered every member of the Russian Constituent Assembly upon whom he could lay his hands. This statement is simply a down-

right falsehood. How utterly false it is may be seen from the fact that he has employed a number of Constituent Assembly members as officials and representatives, and that he himself was also a member. On the other hand, certain members of the Constituent Assembly are Bolsheviks and one of them—Chernov—president of the Constituent Assembly, is a Bolshevik Commissar in Moscow at the present time. It is hardly to be expected that such would be welcomed by the men who are striving to free their native land of the terrible Bolshevik régime.

These instances should be sufficient to indicate what degree of credibility is to be given to Dr. Rosett. But worse than his direct misstatements and misrepresentations is his persistent effort to create a false impression through the misuse of casual conversations and ephemeral newspaper articles.

The Kolchak Government at Omsk is naturally far from perfect. It has made many mistakes itself and many more have been made by its agents or officials. But this was to have been expected. Its task is exceedingly difficult and to ask that it should function in a perfectly orderly and efficient manner under the conditions confronting it, is to ask too much. What is true, however, is that it is an honest effort to establish orderly conditions, rebuild economic life and restore Russia. Socialists and Bolsheviks hate it because it is non-socialistic and they are using every effort to arouse unjust prejudice against it. But loyal Russians feel that it is their one great hope and that if this effort to set up a Russian Government should fail, there lies ahead black chaos, from which Russia can only recover after years of anarchy and frightful suffering.

Very interesting authoritative testimony as to the splendid work being done by Admiral Kolchak and his Government, in spite of tremendous obstacles, is brought by Mr. John A. Embry, who has just returned to America after serving many months as American Consul at Omsk. He was at Omsk at the time of the *coup d'état*, had frequent conversations with Admiral Kolchak and was a careful observer of the Omsk Government's Administration of Siberia. Consul Embry brands Dr. Rosett's article as an outrageous slander of Admiral Kolchak and an utter misrepresentation of the character of his Government. He visited Admiral Kolchak immediately after the Commander-in-Chief had issued his splendid declaration to the Russian people, outlining the policy to which he had pledged unswerving allegiance, and he testifies that throughout the period that has elapsed since that time he has personally witnessed Admiral Kolchak's faithful adherence to the principles laid down in that declaration.

Although this declaration has already been published, it is worth while repeating it here because of Mr. Embry's definite, personal testimony. It is as follows:

To the people of Russia—the All-Russian Government has dissolved. The Council of Ministers, after accepting the full power, has transferred the same to me, Alexander Kolchak, Admiral of the Russian Fleet.

Having decided to take up the cross of power under the exceptionally difficult conditions of civil war and complete disorganization of national life, I declare that I will follow neither the road of reaction nor the road of party struggle which leads to oblivion.

I hold as my main objects the creation of a fit-for-battle army, the conquest of Bolshevism, and the organization of law and order so that the Russian people may select unhindered the form of Government they desire, and be enabled to achieve the great ideas of liberty that have lately been proclaimed throughout the entire world.

I appeal to you, citizens, for united action in the struggle against Bolshevism, for work, and for sacrifices—Kolchak.

How well Admiral Kolchak has performed his difficult task is shown by the testimony of Mr. Adam Leya, of Omsk,

for many years the Russian representative of the International Harvester Company, and who at the present time, in addition to his duties to that company, is Honorary Treasurer of the Western Division of the American Red Cross in Siberia. Mr. Leya stated to Mr. Embry that, although he had never taken part in public life, yet as an intelligent and patriotic Russian citizen he had closely studied the events in Siberia since the 1917 Revolution, and that, having known the black despair of Bolshevism, he was once more filled with hope by the wise and sound administration of Admiral Kolchak, which presaged to him that Russia would soon master the forces of disorder within her borders. He declared unreservedly that notwithstanding the incompleteness of the reorganization of Siberia's economic and political life which Admiral Kolchak and his Government have undertaken, Siberia at the present moment is enjoying the best government it has ever had in all its history.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Hungary's Communist Experiment

SINCE that day in March when the weak but honest Government of Count Karolyi fell because of its failure to preserve what Hungary demanded as its national boundaries, enough news of the Soviet Government has come out of Budapest to give the world a fairly clear idea of what applied communism actually means. Comparatively few people have the picture, however, because few put together the bits that appear in the Austrian and the German and the Hungarian papers; yet everyone who is interested in world progress and in the future of our civilization ought to understand what is going on, if for no other reason than that the unrest in other countries may lead to the communist experiment elsewhere. Hungary is a far better field for study than Russia, because the people are better educated and because there has been comparatively little terrorism. It is on this aspect of communism that one's attention is riveted in Russia, yet terrorism is in no sense a necessary part of the philosophy of the movement. The communist would, of course, say that Hungary is not a fair example because there is so much opposition to the new régime. If this is true we can never have a fair example, because in no country in the world could communism be adopted without opposition.

Hungary is at present governed by thirty-two People's Commissaries. It may and it may not be accidental that twenty-five of the number are Jews. By far the best known is Bela Kun, partly because in the Foreign Office he comes into contact with the world outside. He is a Jew, a friend and follower of Lenin,

a fair orator, uneducated, an inveterate self-advertiser, a good bit of a charlatan. Georg Lukacs, one of the Commissaries on education, was formerly a professor of philosophy in Heidelberg. He is honest and an idealist. It was Lukacs who had the happy thought of taking all children away from their parents and educating them in the palaces which had been made the property of the state. Joseph Saxe, who has charge of the press propaganda, is a Hungarian Jew who has spent a good part of his life in Germany, part of the time as a reporter for *Vorwaerts*. The Commissary for Foreign Affairs is Joseph Pogany. He is a clever man, suspected in Hungary, and perhaps with justice, of being in reality no communist at all but an agent of the German military party. The rest of the Commissaries are men of no particular importance. The real governing body is the executive council or "Directorate of Five," consisting of Bela Kun, Bela Varga, who was a writer on economics and in the Karolyi Government, Joseph Pogany, Sigmund Kunfi, and another. A very important man is the secretary of the Directorate, a Jew named Alpari, who has all his life been an extreme radical and in consequence has often been in prison.

Theoretically the supreme authority rests in a National Congress, chosen by the various Councils. Every 50,000 of the population is entitled to one member of the Congress. But the right to vote for the local councils, which in turn choose the members of the Congress, is limited to actual workers, either on the land or in the factories. Women

workers as well as men have the franchise and in practice no work is recognized as conferring the franchise except manual labor. Among those specifically excluded from voting are merchants, priests, people with private incomes, employers of labor—and this would exclude even the family which employs one servant—criminals and lunatics. Probably it was the restriction of the franchise which led one of the Commissaries to complain of “the ingratitude of the masses toward the communists who have removed from them all causes for worry.”

In this remark lies the secret of the failure of communism—for even if the communistic Government in Budapest should continue in existence for a few weeks it must still be judged a failure in that the vast majority of the people hate it. And they hate it, as the Commissary naïvely says, because it has removed all worry. The main worry of life is ambition, and in a communistic state ambition can not exist. One can never have more money, because there is a maximum as well as a minimum wage. One can never improve one's position in business because it is never permitted to change from one trade to another. One can never have a better house because all houses are to be just alike. The only scope for the ambitious man is in politics, and the only man who can hope to succeed in politics is the unscrupulous man.

These may seem to be broad statements but they are proved by the published laws. Take, for example, the question of housing, which has been worked out in some detail. All houses, of course, belong to the state, and everyone must pay rent to the state. The proletariat is placed first on the list of allotments for rooms, but even so the hardest-worked proletarian may never have more than the prescribed number of rooms, theoretically one room to a man and never more than four rooms to a family. When rooms are allotted in houses already built, as they have already been wherever the communist rule extends, people are allowed the use of the furniture that happens to be in the rooms, and joint use, with other tenants, of the kitchen. Rent must be paid within three days under pain of eviction. The scandals connected with this allotment and the misery caused by it so far have been endless, but this is all to be righted as soon as the state builds its own houses. These are to be nineteen houses to the acre, all exactly alike, all containing a kitchen, a pantry, a sitting room, two bedrooms and a small piazza. The rent for these houses will be 600 kronen a year and later it is planned to build others with three bedrooms and a bath, the rent for these to be 1,000 kronen a year. The idea of the Commis-

saries is that it will be impossible not to be happy in these houses—presumably, unless human nature is to be regenerated, because none of the neighbors will have better houses. There will not even be the normal trouble of house-keeping, since commissions will be established to do all the necessary marketing for blocks of houses and to pass on requests for any extras in the way of kitchen or other furnishings that individual lessees may want to buy. Naturally nothing will be permitted unless real need can be shown. The housewife, therefore, will have nothing to trouble her because her larder will be filled by the house commission and her children will be taken away to live in one of the state schools. Nor will she find time heavy on her hands, because women must work as well as men.

Laborers will be perfectly satisfied because their entire lives will be guided by rules laid down by the state. There will be no strikes, because strikes are not permitted. There are workers' councils for all the trades and also a Commissioner for Production appointed by the Government. In case of a dispute between the workers' councils and the commissioner, the decision of the latter is final and if the workers refuse to accept it the Red Guard will be called in to compel obedience. Rates of pay are settled by the state. A man working in the fields will have 25 to 30 kronen a day and the woman 20 to 25. In factories a skilled laborer may earn from 2,000 to 2,500 kronen a month, the ordinary rate being 1,800 kronen. Work is compulsory for all who are physically fit, and although no laborer will be likely to save money because he would then become a man of independent income and therefore not allowed to vote, he need have no fear for old age since insurance is compulsory, half to be paid by the man himself and half by the state. Conditions in all factories and shops will be identical; those employing more than ten people have been taken over by the state, and smaller shops are so closely watched by the state that the owners can not make more profit than would be made by a skilled laborer. If a shopkeeper conceals any goods he is punished by death and if he sells to anyone who does not produce a ticket certifying his need he will be removed and put into a factory. Naturally no shops selling, or factories producing, luxuries will be permitted to exist, and as a corollary to this the state is taking over all articles of precious metal of more than 500 kronen in value. Every worker will be satisfied, because he can never expect anything better.

People who happen to be owners of property are relieved of all their worries by the benevolent rulings of the Government. If a man has income he is permitted to draw from the bank 10 per

cent. of his account monthly, up to 2,000 kronen, the rest going to the state. All private safes have been opened, and any foreign currency replaced in Hungarian money. Valuables have, of course, been confiscated. In this way it is thought to level the classes; the troubles resulting are viewed as merely temporary, because the next generation will be made up entirely of workers. In the meantime the Government makes much of its generosity to the holders of property, in that, although under no compulsion to do so, it gives them something. If all property belongs to the state, it is clear that no individual claims have any standing in the eyes of the law.

The administration of justice is exceedingly simple and effective. Courts, still called Revolutionary Tribunals, are made up of a president and two members, with minor officials appointed by the local soviet. The law setting up these courts says specifically that no special qualifications are necessary for appointment to these courts. The man suspected of crime is to be brought immediately before the court, his case tried without any formalities. The judges vote secretly, and the only limitation on their power is that if the sentence is death they must be unanimous. There is no appeal from this sentence and no plea for clemency will be considered. The sentence is executed immediately. Labor courts are conducted in the same way, the only restriction on the appointment of members being that two must be of the laboring classes. It is quite clear that nowhere in the world is justice meted out so swiftly, but it can hardly be maintained that there is no room for error.

All children of the proletariat—it is to be noted that the laws ignore the very existence of other children—are to be educated in state schools, and to assist those who are too old to go to school but still young enough to learn, special instruction is to be given during working hours. All the teachers in the schools have been taken over by the state, and those retained whose views on economic questions are considered sound. Children are taken from their parents and put through an examination, the nature of which is not clear, in order that they may be classified in one or another trade. They are then to live in houses adjacent to the workshops of the trade to which they have been assigned, and are to be taught in the palace schools until they are eighteen or, if they are very bright, until they are twenty-four. The courses of study are to be the trades, the history of the revolution, and the theory of the communist state. It might appear to some of us in the outer and unregenerate world that this uniform scheme of education would be narrowing. The answer is two-fold: people will be more con-

tented if one is no better educated than another, and culture, "which is the exclusive privilege of the proletariat," will be gained by especially cheap theatre tickets and lectures given by other proletarians in the schools and universities; people will have no need of further education, because there will be no way in which they can use it. For example, travel is forbidden, either outside of Hungary or from one part of the state to another. Therefore, no knowledge of geography or of foreign languages is necessary. No books are to be read except those approved by the Commissaries, such as books on the revolution and technical works, and therefore, it would be useless to develop the power of individual thought. People will not even write letters, because all letters will be posted in open envelopes and will always be censored.

One might go on indefinitely, summarizing these minute laws. But enough has been said, perhaps, to show the principles on which the state is conducted. These principles are not those of Marx, however much the Commissaries may call on the name of Marx. The state is not controlled by the trades unions; the assembly is not elected by these unions, but, in the old fashion, by districts. There is no class war, because classes are eliminated and reduced to one dead level. Hungarian communists did not even begin with such theories as did Lenin. They built on what Lenin had learned when he came up against facts, and yet, avoiding his failures, they have themselves made a failure almost more abject.

How does communism work in Hungary? It works only death to the state, as it would undoubtedly work death to any state, unless human nature can be made over. The educated classes have fled from the country. The people are oppressed as they never have been before. The country is starving, and not only because of the blockade. The farmers will not plant crops that will never be theirs; farmers are no more altruistic in Hungary than elsewhere. Production in all lines has dropped to a minimum. The individual man is the mere creature of the state, not permitted to complain, taken away from his trade to be thrust into the Army at the first alarm, with no hope of bettering himself, his children gone, his wife a slave like himself. The Red Army and the Red Guard, which corresponds to the police force in a democratic country, are omnipresent and often malevolent. Men go in fear of their lives because, if someone complains that they are not in sympathy with the revolution, they have before them the court—and death. These are, in truth, worries different from those which the Commissaries have removed, but gnawing always at the vitals of the

cowed and silent population. The Commissaries themselves do not share them because they are all-powerful. They have a thousand kronen more pay per month than anyone else, and all their expenses are paid by the state; they have automobiles and chauffeurs; they are thoroughly happy. They believe that in communism they have found the Eldorado for which the world has been seeking all these weary years. But they are the only ones who believe it. They, and they only, a mere handful, have found what the Red orator in Madison Square promises to every poor workman who will raise the red flag of revolution. If communism in Hungary had succeeded in putting the working classes on top and the monied and intellectual classes underneath, it might not be without its appeal. But it has done none of those things. It has ruined the rich, of course, but it has ruined the poor along with them. The man who was poor finds himself poorer and with no hope of bettering himself. The man who was a loafer finds, perhaps, that he has to work, but when the nightmare is over he will loaf more enthusiastically than ever, because he has not learned to work with a purpose. The farmer sees the little plot of land that his family has owned for centuries taken away and himself a tenant of the state, and the poor farmer, who was promised a plot of land by Karolyi, finds that the soviet will not give it to him. He merely becomes the tenant of the state in the place of the nobleman, who often maltreated him but who was human, and sometimes spoke a kind word or gave a fowl to him at Christmas. The laborer in the factory finds his hours shorter, but he always knew that this would come in time, and with the shorter hours he finds himself more than ever a little piece of machinery and nothing more, unable to complain, unable to change his trade or even the factory in which he works, living possibly in a grand house but with no privacy, no rights of his own.

The Hungarians are a patriotic people, and so long as the Czechs and the Rumanians and the Serbians are on Hungarian territory they will support the Government they have, no matter what it may be. But the whole country knows that the communist experiment is a failure. They are afraid now of the Army and of the Red Guard; but the members of these organizations know also what communism means, and, just as soon as the pressure from without relaxes, all except the criminals among them, who are plundering in anticipation of the future or for very love of plunder, will turn against the Government and show the Commissaries what they, the people who are the victims of the experiment, really think.

Belgium's Annexationist Claims

OPEN diplomacy, which was to be the gift of the League of Nations to a democratized world, is slow in coming. The Governments of the Great Powers withhold from their own peoples the complete phraseology of the peace terms, and those of the small ones can do little better than follow suit. For months doubts have obtained as to the wishes of the Government at Brussels with regard to the settlement of the alleged Belgian grievances against Holland. Did the Government, it was asked, intend to support the annexationists? Or did it disapprove of their claims? Would it adhere, in practice, to that sound democratic principle of a people's right of self-determination, in which case it could not demand from Holland the cession of territory inhabited by a populace confessedly averse to such a change? "It does adhere to it," Minister Vandervelde replied in a socialist meeting at Antwerp, "otherwise the Cabinet would not count me among its members." But the annexationists scorned his disavowal of their propaganda. They laughed at this socialist lip-service to Wilsonian ideals; the Government, they persisted, was actually on their side and would, when the time was ripe, show to the world that Belgium would not allow high-sounding principles to override practical considerations of the country's economic interest and military safety.

The recent conference at Versailles, where both the Belgian and the Netherland Ministers of Foreign Affairs were heard by their five colleagues of the Allied and Associated Powers, has proved them partly in the right. Mr. Hymans, in the meeting of May 20, demanded no less than "the recognition by Holland of the necessity for Belgium to base the strategic safety of her territory on the entire course of the Lower Scheldt, which would imply Holland's renouncing all military measures that might counteract the execution of that right by Belgium." And for the Dutch province of Limburg Mr. Hymans desired "a régime whereby Belgium would be safeguarded against the dangers resulting for her safety from the configuration of that territory and which would provide Belgium with the necessary guarantees for her economic interests." The formulation of these claims, especially of the latter, is purposely vague, but both, if they were granted, would doubtless impair Holland's territorial integrity, and impose vexatious servitudes on Dutch lands.

On June 3 the Netherland Minister, Jonkheer Van Karnebeck, explained the standpoint of his Government. This, he

said, could never meet the Belgian Government in any proposals which, either for economic or military reasons, involved a transference of sovereign rights from Netherland to Belgium. But the Government at The Hague had never refused, and was still willing, to examine and discuss all points that concerned the navigation and the economic interests of Belgium and to remove such obstacles as could be proved to be unnecessarily in their way. The military question, however, he declared to be no private concern of Holland and Belgium only but one that ought to be viewed in the cadre of the League of Nations.

The decision of the five Ministers, communicated to Mr. Hymans and Jonkheer Van Karnebeek on the following day, was a triumph for the latter's point of view. To a committee of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and Holland, the Great Powers delegated the task of "examining the measures which must result from a revision of the treaties of 1839, and to formulate proposals which may not involve either a transference of territorial sovereignty or the imposition of international servitudes." Especially gratifying to Jonkheer Van Karnebeek was the additional decision that Holland and Belgium were invited to lay before this committee "common formulas with regard to the navigable waterways to be drawn up in conformity with the general principles laid down by the Peace Conference." For it has always been the express wish of the Netherland Government that Brussels and The Hague should come to an agreement on those questions that concerned them alone. But the Belgian Foreign Office would not agree to that, hoping, evidently, that the heroic part played by Belgium in the war would make the Great Powers inclined to grant her the luxury of indulging even such desires as were incompatible with the ideals in whose name the war had been waged and won. The Hollanders have never disguised their warm admiration of Belgium's brave resistance against the invader, and it is just among her best friends in this country that the annexationist propaganda has been followed with the greatest regret. Hostility and estrangement between the two sister-states will never lead to the prosperity of either, but can only be eyed with satisfaction in certain German quarters where Pan-German ambitions are still secretly fostered.

Against the revival of that danger neighborliness and a close-knit economic union between Belgium and Holland will be more effective than Belgian military domination in Dutch Limburg. The annexationists refused to heed the lesson the war has taught them: that the society of nations is more firmly founded on

trust and good will than on strategic safeguards. They wished to restore part of the old makeshift machinery of Europe which became the very cause of her destruction. It is to be hoped that the decision of the five Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the Associated Powers will silence them for good. If their press, after this open disavowal by the Conference at Versailles, should continue to feed ambitious hopes that take their inspiration from the past instead of the future, it would only supply the quixotic spectacle of a fight against wind-mills. The Belgian people, in the aggregate, have never been enthusiastic for their claims. The Flemings were dead against them, and so was the Belgian labor party. The agitation was chiefly the work of influential capitalist circles among the French-speaking Belgians, and it may very well be that the Government at Brussels, with a view to satisfying these powerful elements at home, defended a policy at Versailles which it could not itself whole-heartedly support, seeing that it lacked the approval of the nation as a whole. Otherwise the continuance in office of Minister Vandervelde and two of his socialist colleagues would be inconsistent with the principles embraced by their party. The mildest comment on their attitude is to presume that in order to throw the odium of the annexationists' disappointment on to the Conference, they let Mr. Hymans go to Versailles to defend a lost cause that deserved to be lost.

A. J. BARNOUW

The Hague, June 7

Correspondence

The Bartender and Woman Suffrage

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

An article in your issue of July 5 on "The Passing of the Bartender" is interesting in several aspects. The adroit welding of the welfare of women and wine is, of course, one. Another is the surprising disclosure to your readers that some one writing in the *Review*, even though in trivial vein, is aware of a movement in society to which the name of suffrage is attached. A third is the fact that your contributor, as might have been foreseen from the context, has reversed the point of view of what he is pleased to refer to as the woman suffrage party.

"Night school courses on new ways to hold poor husbands," as he puts it, would be the last thing suffragists would think of undertaking. The elimination of poor husbands is, of course, necessary. The passing of the bartender is not more certain than theirs. Poor husbands make

poor fathers, and for the good of the race must be got rid of. But there are ways and ways. With more to interest her, with an equal share in the political education of her sons, with a say in regard to the schools in which they are to be taught, with a new sense of municipal and national responsibility, the wife of "faithful dull aridity," produced by the present system and its prop the bartender, will also be eliminated. The voting woman will replace her.

In the meantime the sufferings of poor husband, "from an everlasting matrimonial monotony," bereft of the soothing hand of the bartender, are doubtless to be deplored. But never fancy that any woman suffrage party ever imagined would rush in to replace the services of that lamented functionary. The suffrage plan is the other way about. It is the uplift of wives from matrimonial monotony.

J. ROGERS

Baltimore, July 5

"Fed Up With the French"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The writer of "Fed Up With the French" expresses what many of us have heard since the return of the soldiers from France. But is not this matter of being fed up with the French—or the English—a case for the application of the old remedy, "Least said, soonest mended?" There has been overmuch talk as to whether our soldiers did or did not like the French and rather too much insistence that they *ought* to and must like the French, because Lafayette fought for us a good many years ago. Gratitude of a nation and personal affection are wide apart, and neither Lafayette's action nor the gallantry of the French nation to-day has transformed the French people into angels. Nor have our men attained beatitude with bravery; differences were bound to occur between such different races, both composed of average, ordinary human beings. The case is really not very serious.

We are also in some danger of being "fed up" with the English as a result of the war. There are a number of Anglomaniacs now piping, people who before the war could scarcely see straight when England was mentioned, but who now slop over in their admiration. They admire chiefly the things that the most thoughtful English men and women realize must go—much as they may deplore the necessity. They like the class differences, the servility of the "lower" classes, the titles of nobility and all the fading feudal system, and often, by their attitude, provoke Americans who have really nothing against England into taking a hostile tone—as a counter-irritant. Some well-meaning persons even declare that the American

Revolution was waged and won against a German king and his German soldiers. Now, to tell most Americans that they only licked a lot of Germans in 1776 is tantamount to depriving them of their birthright. Much of the good feeling between the nations during the late war was due to the fact that the *family* had fallen out, and since made friends.

Some years ago I heard an old man (in Europe for the first time) portentously wondering what the feelings would be of an Englishman standing in front of Independence Hall. I said that he would probably be quite able to bear up, and told him that my son was at that time in a Swiss boarding-school where Americans and English celebrated together the king of England's birthday and the Fourth of July. The old man was the exponent of an obsolete idea. The youngsters, left to themselves, expressed the feelings of their generation, and to that natural expression we can always trust. To force declarations of love for England and France may lead to the fate of the young couple who vowed to exchange a mile of kisses. Before the first yard was completed the engagement was broken.

No one will deny the extreme effort of the French to profit by the American Danaë shower while it lasted; but would our boys have fared any better at home? In the village in which I am now living every newcomer is regarded as legitimate prey. I have frequently been congratulated on the fact that I have not been nearly as much robbed as other strangers and complimented on my own honesty, which I had hitherto taken as a matter of course. I could a tale unfold, but for the honor of the Yankee will hold my peace. Suffice it to say that we are not logically in a position to throw stones through France's shattered windows.

Oblivion's soothing syrup is the best cure for overseas-sickness.

G. G.

June 14

Palimpsest

I KNEW him when the wistful dreams
of youth
Dwelt in his eyes, and all men said
of him:
"His face is as a book where God
doth limn
The love of beauty and the search for
truth."

I watched his face through all the crowd-
ing years
Of struggle and bereavement and
mischance;
And saw the heavy hand of circum-
stance
O'erwriting histories of doubts and fears

And gray discomfitures—until, indeed,
The beauty was quite gone, and only
sorrow,
Regret for yesterday, dread of to-
morrow,
Were written for the casual eye to read.

But I who loved him read the old lines
still,
And knew that what I saw all men
should see—
Beauty and truth once more writ
visibly,
When time should purge what time had
written ill.

I waited, but the years went by in vain;
Till now—a moment since, it was,
his breath
Fluttered and ended—the quiet hand
of death
Has made that fair scroll visible again.
EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

Book Reviews

China, Japan, and the Western Powers

DEMOCRACY AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.
By Thomas F. Millard. New York:
The Century Company.

THIS is a work with a single purpose —to point out the significance of the recent acts of Japan, especially with regard to China, and to indicate what should be the policies of the Western Powers in the light of these acts. It is not unlikely that most of its readers, without any special knowledge of conditions in the Far East, will close the volume with the impression that it is a piece of highly colored special pleading and that its recommendations are to be accordingly discounted. And yet the volume gives an accurate account of the part that Japan has played during the last few years in the Far East. The writer of this review has spent a good part of the last four years in the Orient and has made every possible effort to obtain a knowledge and understanding of the political situation there presented, and has thus been able to check up most of Mr. Millard's statements and has found them correct.

It is not too strong a statement to say that Japan's record with regard to China has been uniformly, since 1906, an oppressive and immoral one, glossed over by repeated assertions of friendliness, but controlled by the determination to demoralize China and thus provide an opportunity as well as an excuse to increase Japan's political influence and control in that country. Japan can point to no single act on her part that has been affirmatively and disinterestedly helpful to China. On the contrary, in

South Manchuria and Shantung, where her control has been predominant, she has permitted extensive smuggling in fraud of the Chinese revenues and to the prejudice of fair competition with the other Powers trading with China; she has allowed the importation and sale of morphia in large quantities, in many cases with the open aid of her consuls, from which large profits have accrued to herself and infinite injury to the Chinese people; she has exported from China, contrary to Chinese law, enormous quantities of copper "cash"; she is the one nation that has arbitrarily refused to allow the Chinese customs authorities to examine postal parcels sent into China from Japan through the post offices which she maintains in China; she alone, during the war, prevented China from taking steps similar to those taken by the other nations of the world, to conserve her supply of silver; in the tariff revision commission which was recently held at Shanghai to re-value goods for customs purposes, it was her representatives who made it especially difficult to secure for China the effective five per cent. ad valorem duties which, under treaties, she is entitled to levy; in many well-established cases in Shantung, through her control of the railways and railway zones, she checked the efforts of the Chinese authorities to suppress the brigandage that is prevalent in that province; and, through the importation of arms and munitions and the many loans which her bankers have made during the last three years, she has knowingly made possible the continuance of the civil strife that has devastated so many of the provinces and made impossible the institution of administrative and financial reforms in China. It is true that these loans have not been made directly by the Government of Japan, but, in her own official reports, she has described the manner in which she has given to her banks additional powers in order that they might negotiate and float these loans, and by the issuance of belated restraining orders she has shown that there never was any lack of legal power to put an end to such deliberate financial debauchery of the Chinese politicians.

Earlier in the war, Japan vetoed the proposition that China should come into the war upon the side of the Allies, and, after her consent to this step was finally purchased and China had become a beligerent, she entered into agreements with the military leaders in China, whom she was able to control, whereby it was made practically impossible for China to take any military steps without her consent. These Military Conventions, the exact terms of which Japan insisted should be kept secret even from her own allies, provided for joint consultation and action, on the part of the two coun-

tries, upon the northern border of China, but, in fact, when action was finally taken, China's voice played absolutely no part. Indeed, through her control of the South Manchurian railways, Japan prevented, in a very large measure, the transportation of those troops to the Siberian border which China was anxious to send. Of events in Siberia the reviewer has no personal knowledge, but all his information is to the effect that many acts of the Japanese officials there tended to keep alive the contests among the several factions and thus to render more difficult for the Allies the solution of the political and military problem. The contest between China, Japan, and the Allies with regard to the status and operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway running through the north of Manchuria constitutes an interesting story in itself. Certain it is that, after coming to an understanding with the United States and the Allies as to the number of troops she was to send to Siberia, Japan at once passed ten times that number into that country and north Manchuria.

The whole record of Japan in Manchuria since 1906 has been one of continual violation of those sovereign rights of China which Japan has repeatedly undertaken to respect, and a disregard of the substance, if not the letter, of the Open-Door doctrine.

In the forefront of Japan's offenses in China are her actions in Shantung. This part of the story is now becoming more or less known in the Western World, but, in view of the provisions of the treaty of peace that bear upon this point, it is important that the essential facts should be again stated. From beginning to end, the Shantung story reflects discredit upon all the parties concerned, with the exception of China, which has at all times been the helpless victim. In 1898 Germany forced from China the lease of the Bay of Kiaochow and the surrounding territory including the city of Tsingtau, together with valuable railway and mining rights in the Province, the only excuse for this act of aggression being the fact that two German Jesuit priests had been killed by bandits. Thus was inaugurated a series of demands on the part of the other Powers for leases to spheres of interest in China which, by provoking a legitimate anti-foreign feeling upon the part of the Chinese, did much to bring about the Boxer outbreak of 1900.

At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, Japan at once entered as a belligerent, moved to this action, most of her statesmen have asserted, by her obligations under the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. This obligation has, however, been denied by Ambassador Ishii. An ultimatum was sent to Germany to evacuate Kiaochow and to surrender possession to the Japanese with a view to the even-

tual return of the territory to China. Official statements were made to the world by the Japanese that they had in view no territorial or other advantages that would be in derogation of the rights of the Chinese or of the Western Powers. From the beginning, however, it was evident that more than military considerations were to control. Japanese troops were landed on the coast of neutral China a hundred miles from Tsingtau and military occupation of the railways was pushed westward to Tsinanfau, the capital of the province, more than two hundred and fifty miles distant from the ostensible object of the military expedition. Not content with military occupation extending to the very heart of this great province, which in size and population practically equals Great Britain, the Japanese openly disregarded the territorial sovereignty of China and instituted civil governments at various points along the railway line, and even at Tsinanfau itself.

In the Spring of 1915 came, like a bolt out of the blue, the Twenty-one Demands presented by Japan to China, one group of which related to Shantung. There is not space here to review the scope of these demands, but certain of their general characteristics and of the circumstances attending their presentation can not be too often emphasized.

1. In the first place the demands were presented directly to Yuan Shih-Kai, the President of the Republic, and not through the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as ordinary diplomatic usage would have required. Yuan was told that he must not divulge the fact that demands had been presented to him, and he was given to understand that if he acceded to them he might be assured of Japanese aid in the promotion of his own ambitions, but that if he did not accede the Japanese Government would not hold itself responsible for acts that might be taken against him by disaffected parties who, as he knew, were to be found in both China and Japan.

2. These demands, if they had been fully granted by China, would have made of China virtually a dependency of Japan, and have been in flagrant violation of the treaty rights of other Powers in China. Especially was this true of the now famous "fifth group," into which the demands of a general and comprehensive character were gathered. So strong in the end became foreign pressure that Japan consented, not to abandon, but to postpone this fifth group of demands for future discussion—a status which they still retain.

3. The Twenty-one Demands were, for the most part, not in settlement of previously pending controversies between China and Japan, and they were not advanced on the ground that Japan had suffered wrongs from China for which

compensation was due; nor were there any treaty or other promises obligating China to surrender the important rights that were demanded. The only justification put forward at the time by Japan was that the arrangement proposed would promote peace and good will between the two countries. In short, the demands were nothing more than a list of Japan's wants presented at a time when China was helpless and the other treaty Powers not in a position effectively to object.

4. When, notwithstanding the injunction of secrecy, it became rumored that certain demands upon China had been made by Japan, the Japanese diplomatic officials denied the fact. When it became no longer possible to maintain this mendacious denial, the Japanese Government officially supplied the other treaty Powers with what purported to be a list of the demands—a list which it presently appeared omitted some of the most important and drastic features.

5. Finally, Japan, after somewhat revising her demands and postponing, as has been said, the Fifth Group for future discussion, issued an ultimatum couched in the most unequivocal terms, and at the same time took steps to strengthen her military forces in China. "It is hereby declared," the ultimatum ran, "that if no satisfactory reply is received before or at the specified time, the Imperial Government will take such steps as they may deem necessary." China was thus given no option: she had to yield, and as a result treaties were drawn up and signed, embodying the demands that had been made. And it is upon these treaties that Japan has chiefly relied before the Paris Peace Conference in support of her claims to rights in the province of Shantung.

Under one of these treaties the Chinese Government agreed "to give full assent to all matters upon which the Japanese Government may hereafter agree with the German Government relating to the disposition of all rights, interests and concessions which Germany, by virtue of treaties or otherwise, possesses in relation to the Province of Shantung." In an accompanying exchange of notes the Japanese Ambassador to China promised in the name of his Government that the leased territory of Kiaochow would be restored to China, but only upon the conditions that the whole of Kiaochow Bay should be opened as a commercial port, that there should be "a concession under the exclusive jurisdiction of Japan to be established at a place designated by the Japanese Government," and that there should be also an "international concession," if the other Powers should so desire. In anticipation of the second of the conditions, the Japanese have already marked out for themselves an area in the city

of Tsingtau which includes the entire waterfront suitable for commercial purposes and the railway approaches and the site of the railway station. Thus, if the time comes when Tsingtau is handed back to China, it will be only the empty shell that will be returned. The former German railway and mining rights in Shantung are to remain permanently in Japanese possession; and, as regards those rights, it is to be observed that already Japan has claimed and is exercising under them privileges which Germany some time before the war had formally returned to China. In addition to the rights claimed under the Treaties of 1915, Japan has since obtained additional special privileges in Shantung under secret agreements with certain of the Chinese officials.

One more important fact has to be mentioned before we come to the action upon the Shantung situation taken by the Powers at Paris. It now transpires, according to secret documents that have been published, that in 1917 when, at the instance of the United States, China was again urged to enter the war upon the side of the Allies, Japan, as a condition precedent to giving her consent to the proposal, required of Russia, France, Great Britain, and Italy that they should promise that, at the end of the war, they would support Japan's claims to the German rights in Shantung as well as to possession of the German islands in the Pacific and north of the equator—a promise which these Powers then gave.

On the face of the diplomatic correspondence that has been published the consideration moving the Powers to make this promise was, as has been said, that Japan should give her assent to China's coming into the war, but it is a strain upon one's intelligence to be asked to believe that the Powers expected to receive from China's entrance aid sufficient in amount, not only to balance the considerable concessions which they themselves had to make to China, but to compensate for sanctioning the lodgement of Japan in Shantung and the possession by her of the Pacific islands, which would inevitably be strongly objected to by the Australians. Furthermore, Japan had not herself made such sacrifices in the war as to merit substantial payments. Indeed, from the standpoint of trade, shipping, and industry she had profited enormously by the war. One can, therefore, only speculate as to the existence upon the part of the Allies of a feeling in 1917 that they would be well advised to keep Japan as well satisfied as possible—a feeling which may conceivably have played a part in inducing the United States to consent, in the Ishii-Lansing notes, to recognize the "special interests" of Japan in China.

After all, however, the most repre-

hensible feature of the promises exacted and made in 1917 remains to be pointed out. At the very time that the Allies were inviting China to enter the war as their co-ally and pointing out to her the advantages of so doing, they were secretly agreeing among themselves to reward one of their number with spoils to be taken from China. It is impossible to imagine an act of worse faith than this, and that the statesmen of the European Allied Powers should have been induced to be guilty of it gives further weight to the argument that there was some reason, which it has not been deemed wise to avow, why, at the time, it was deemed imperative that Japan's wishes should be met. The United States, too, was not fairly treated, having been kept in ignorance of the fact that these engagements had been entered into.

Here in outline is the Shantung situation, with injustice, deceit, brutal force, and unfair dealing characterizing every step of its development; and yet upon it has been set the seal of approval or at least of confirmation by the Powers at Paris. It is understandable that Great Britain, France, and Italy should have felt themselves bound by their promises of 1917, but why should the United States have consented to a proposition which was in flagrant contradiction of the fundamental principles of political justice and right which, through President Wilson, had been so emphatically declared? Why should America have been unwilling to violate the rights of a great and friendly people struggling to maintain democratic institutions, for the benefit of a people whose institutions and traditions are admittedly copied from those of Prussia, and whose political philosophy and practices have been strikingly similar to those of that damnable country?

The treaty of peace thus leaves politics in the Far East in a very unsatisfactory situation. It is to be hoped that the League of Nations will prove an instrumentality by means of which a better condition of affairs may be secured.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

First Fruits of Henry James

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS. By Henry James. New York: Boni and Liveright.

JACKETED like a best-seller of 1919, here appear for the first time in book-form seven charming tales originally published in the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and the *Galaxy* between 1868 and 1874, the bright early springtime of James's talent. Mr. Albert Mordell has written a "foreword" to assure us that they are not difficult to read. "To those who associate the name of Henry James with all that is tedious and involved in the art of fic-

tion," he declares, the stories in this volume "will appear as revelations of simplicity in style." Several of the fables are indeed such as Hawthorne might have handled, and technical difficulties which the author of "The Sacred Fount" would have delighted to solve by intricate devices are here disposed of with the naïveté of folklore.

As for the style, it is clear and fluent but it is not simple. It is, on the contrary, quite deliciously sophisticated, self-conscious, and so subtly ornate that one can scarcely get through a paragraph without pausing to study its curious felicities. In his latest books James attempted to reproduce the natural movement and order of the flow of ideas from his own mind with the aid of a stenographer. In these early tales he is obviously under the spell of the great Victorian euphuists, Tennyson and notably Ruskin. Take, for example, a bit of his description of the summit of Milan Cathedral in the titular story:

In looking back on the scene into which we emerged from the stifling spiral of the ascent, I have chiefly a confused sense of an immense skyward elevation and a fierce blinding efflorescence of fantastic forms of marble. There, reared for the action of the sun, you find a vast marble world. The solid whiteness lies in mighty slabs along the iridescent slopes of nave and transept, like the lonely snowfields of the higher Alps. It leaps and climbs and shoots and attacks the unsheltered blue with a keen and joyous incision. It meets the pitiless sun with a more than equal glow; the day falters, declines, expires, but the marble shines forever, unmelted and unintermittent. . . . With confounding frequency, too, on some uttermost point of a pinnacle, its plastic force explodes into satisfied rest in some perfect flower of a figure.

It may be safely said that the author of this passage was a fervent æsthetic. And an æstheticism pure, romantic, intensely sentimental, flavored with wit and irony, is the note of this interesting collection of first fruits. At twenty-seven, James had already fully defined his attitude towards the American rawness and poverty, and towards the European richness and ripeness of scene. He was infatuated with the picturesque, the antique. He was devoted to the observation and discrimination of "sensations." Romance for him meant the refined excitation of a highly cultured memory. Love for his leisurely dilettanteish heroes is a passion to be dreaded and avoided till it becomes a part of their general appreciation of formal grace, and its object an element in a picture, a gem in an appropriate setting, a note in a harmony of agreeable impressions. Any young woman who married one of James's Europeanized exquisites would have frequent occasion for jealousy. She would not need to fear any vulgar infidelity, but she could never feel sure, one imagines, that the perfection of her husband's devotion to her might not be

marred or destroyed by some sudden devastating passion of his for a view in the Campagna, a sculptured saint, or an antique cameo. When we have said this, we have explained why James's work as a whole gives many readers a large measure of refined delight without ever quite satisfying the heart.

Labor's Attitude to the War

BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR: RECONSTRUCTORS FOR A NEW WORLD. By Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. New York: Boni and Liveright.

AMERICAN LABOR AND THE WAR. By Samuel Gompers. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE simultaneous appearance of these books is an interesting coincidence, and not without its value in social therapeutics, as the one is a sort of antidote to the other. Certainly, the respective doctors differ as widely in their interpretation of the common symptoms as physicians of opposing schools, and the patient reader is left in a state of dazed neutrality, wondering what is the matter with him and to whom he should go for proper treatment.

In the spring of 1918 the *Survey* sent Mr. Arthur Gleason to England to attend the June Conference of the British Labor Party and to study the attitude of British labor towards the war. His reports, together with some articles by Mr. Kellogg, which at first appeared in the magazine, are now published as a book. As articles they were rather newsy and readable, with numerous quotations from speeches, editorials, reports, proceedings and programmes; but it is a pity that this mass of material had not been systematized, boiled down, and pre-digested before being presented in book form. However, there are several redeeming features—especially the fine collection of "sources," including the Constitution of the British Labor Party, Labor and the New Social Order, abstracts of the Whitley Reports, and the like. Also the close and intimate view that is given of the British labor movement makes the reading of so many pages well worth while.

It is often hard to tell just what the authors are driving at, but the main thesis of the book seems to be a justification and glorification of the more socialistic leaders of the British Labor Party—Snowden, MacDonald, Henderson and Smillie, as contrasted with mere trade unionists like Fisher, Appleton, Havelock Wilson, and our own Samuel Gompers. These true leaders, it is stated, were not visionaries, nor defeatists, nor Bolsheviki; they were not for peace at any price nor for a separate peace—they were a group of far-seeing internationalists, experts in social psychology, who had no confidence in brute

force, but wished to appeal, with all the strength of right reason and idealism, to the submerged democracies of the Central Powers.

Obviously, our authors protest too much. Those British labor leaders were not visionaries, perhaps, but some of them, like Ramsay MacDonald, thought that the invasion of Belgium was no affair of England's. They were not defeatists, exactly, but Snowden said in August, 1917, that the governments could never settle the war; and Smillie, in January, 1918, demanded a peace by negotiation. They were not Bolshevists, of course, but they insisted that the Allies should stand aside while the Bolsheviki worked their will upon their wretched country. They were not for peace at any price, but they were the spokesmen of the war-weary who believed in Scheidemann and the coming German revolution.

The case for the British labor leaders involves, it seems, a condemnation of Mr. Gompers, who balked at the recognition of socialists and would have nothing to do with the Stockholm Conference. Mr. Gompers, apparently, did not know who the real leaders of British labor were, for during his visit he foregathered with such people as the General Federation of Trades Unions, the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, the Merchant Seamen's League, and other henchmen of Lloyd George, and neglected the chief men of the British Trades Union Congress and the British Labor Party. The Seamen, by the way, under Havelock Wilson, were the men who refused to carry Arthur Henderson to Stockholm and who declared a five years' boycott on Germans because of submarine outrages.

Mr. Gompers was narrow and obstinate, too, in refusing to sit with American socialists at any congress with which he had to do. Finally, however, he did consent, with four other delegates, to represent the American Federation of Labor at the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference of September, 1918; but this was after victory was assured, and the Conference strongly declared that the militaristic autocracy of the Central Powers must be destroyed.

Mr. Gompers speaks for himself in "American Labor and the War," which is a collection of his speeches, together with some documents giving "Labor's Official War Record." These addresses are not notable for variety or originality, but they have a strength and directness that might well beat down the more keen and delicate weapons of his "intellectual" opponents.

True, Mr. Gompers had little to say concerning the war in its early stages, but, when the United States went in, the cause of democracy had no stronger champion than he. At the very outset

he lined up the Federation in support of the Government, and an agreement was effected for the keeping of industrial peace until the end of the war. Of course, the contract was not without its consideration, for there was a war within a war and labor was fighting more or less for its own hand. Then, too, statistics of strikes show that the agreement was more than strained here and there. For all that, Mr. Gompers has reason to be pleased with his war record, and he may justly claim that organized labor did its "bit."

A notable resolution was passed at the Philadelphia Convention in November, 1915, in favor of holding an international labor conference at the same time and place as the general peace congress. This proposal was rejected by the labor organizations of Europe, but it was not without its influence upon the course of events, for the Inter-Allied Labor Conference has actually met at Paris and its recommendations have been given due consideration by the Peace Conference.

As to Mr. Gompers's defence against his socialistic critics, the following quotations from his speeches show how he can hit back:

"If you read the philosophy of the German Socialist school, you will find that it is patterned after the autocratic power of the Imperial German Government; that it is at variance with and in opposition to the great labor movement as expressed by the trade unions of the world."

"There has never been an assemblage of the organized labor movement in America, Canada, England, or any other country but that an endeavor has been made to foist upon this labor movement the German militarist idea as modified and understood by German Socialism."

"Whatever people have said about me, no one has accused me of being a fool. You can perhaps fool me personally quite easily, but it is not easy, I think, to catch me napping on any big question. My belief is that when these invitations to international conferences were sent out from Petrograd or Stockholm or Berne, they were already more or less tainted with German militarist sympathies. You never have heard any German representative or any one with German sympathies urge an international conference of labor so long as it seemed likely that the Kaiser's forces were marching triumphantly on Calais or Paris."

"If ever there was evidence that peace by negotiation with the present government of Germany is impossible, it is found in the example of Russia, defeated, crushed, humiliated, accepting provisions that it was scarcely believable any people, or representatives speaking in the name of people, would or could ac-

cept. At this moment I want to say that the people of the democracies of the world shall be wiped out before they accept such a treaty of peace."

History has not yet pronounced the final verdict as to this dispute, but at least the British elections of December 14, 1918, constituted a vindication of those who had so long stood for peace with victory. Mr. Lloyd George obtained a clear majority of 235 over any combination of other parties. The labor representation was increased from thirty-eight seats to seventy-five, but MacDonald, Henderson, and Snowden were defeated, and British labor will carry on the work of reconstruction under other leadership.

The Villain Pursues

THE WEB. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. New York: The Century Company.

IN SECRET. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE LADY OF THE NIGHT WIND. By Varick Vanardy. New York: The Macaulay Company.

THE EYES OF THE BLIND. By Arthur Somers Roche. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MISS MAITLAND, PRIVATE SECRETARY. By Geraldine Bonner. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

AMONG minor benefits conferred, the war has poured a deal of fresh grist into the yawning hopper of the mechanical romancer. For a long time to come we shall be listening, or be asked to listen, to yarns of the spy and the secret service man, of strange codes and manifold inventions by which, at one juncture or another, the war barely missed being stopped or the world barely missed being blown definitely into space. "The Web" is a good example of this kind of thing, being quite preposterous on examination, but sufficiently plausible for a coming-on ear. To take up such a book is to ask for a story, after which the only thing one could fairly resent would be the truth. A young German-American in London whose sister is wife to a British Peer connected with the Admiralty is naturally of interest to certain sinister officials in Germany, during the early days of the war. He consents, for a large price, to act as secret agent for Germany in his brother-in-law's household, duly conveys much information to his employers, and after many adventures in and out of England—the unexpected happens. The storyteller prepares for his "surprise finish" by a rather impudent course of deception, for which we are obliged to him. The beautiful female agent who takes part in the action appears to be an indispensable figure in the current story of this type. She is very active in the latest figment of Mr. R. W. Chambers, which concerns the chance discovery by

an escaped British prisoner of the Great Secret of Germany, and the duel that ensues between him and that intolerant Power. There is, it seems, a hidden canton in a corner of Switzerland, which is the secret price of her immunity from Germany. There Germany has contrived, under the mountains, a path to France's least protected frontier. But Germany reckons without the fact that the young Scotchman, Kay McKay, and his comrade of the Secret Service, Eve Erith, are not only a most determined pair, but that they are under the special protection of an authority named Chambers. Therefore, the Teuton's wrath, his malice and his knavish tricks are, we know, of purely titillating value. Kay and Eve, after making great play with the everlasting "piquant" situation of the young man and young woman alone and unwed in the wilderness, bring about the confusion of the Boche. To the finale Mr. Chambers gives that touch of vulgarity for which we may always look to him with confidence. "I simply won't marry you," cries Eve, emerging from the valley of the shadow with her hero, "until I have some decent gowns and underwear."

In all the other romances of this group the woman sleuth is prominent. In "The Lady of the Night Wind" she is a professional operator whom the author has already made available if not famous. In the present yarn she is married, but still ready and able for business (the same thing is true of "Molly" in "Miss Maitland, Private Secretary"). She will appeal to readers who like a long and elaborate performance connected with the theft of priceless jewels from the Orient. It is a marvel if a single jeweled orb remains in the socket of a single idol of India, after the recent activities of the Western adventurer, as chronicled by our novelists. This tale proves that an Indian ruby as big as a pigeon's egg with a two-carat emerald embedded in it has as much right to be struggled for in America as in its elder milieu among the nobility and gentry of England. "The Eyes of the Blind" brings us back to the Hun and his emissaries among us during the late war. The scene is New York; the action concerns a young newspaper man, a wealthy pacifist and his belligerent daughter, and a German Secret Service agent, very "high up," who is masquerading as a French Comte de Grecque. The rich man in his hatred of war is induced by the wily "Count" to cast the influence of his many newspapers, during our period of official neutrality, in favor of Germany. His are those "eyes of the blind" which must be opened for the sake of humanity. Towards this end, and towards the foiling of "De Grecque" and his minions, three persons work, somewhat at cross-purposes and in a cheering confusion:

the girl, the reporter, and a professional sleuth who is supposed to have retired. Of course the girl and the young reporter are in love almost from the outset, despite their frightful suspicions of each other; and of course, by their finally united agencies, the blind old victim of De Grecque at last welcomes the light and a son-in-law; and the unmasked Baron von Something, having lost both the game and the girl, very properly shoots himself.

All of these stories are rather better "written" than such tales used to be or strictly need to be. In mechanical romance it is primarily the mechanism that counts, and for many readers anything more, anything in the direction of genuine action and characterization are pure waste or impertinence. Those famous scientists and divines who have found relaxation in "a good detective story" have not, so far as we are able to discover, exacted or desired, at such moments, anything respectable from a literary point of view. To the contrary, they have rather exulted in their temporary escape not only from the field of learning but from the paddock of literature. They liked the machinery, the mental puzzle, and they wanted nothing more. And yet there is no real reason why, for most of us, the illusion of the mechanical action should not be heightened by an illusion of authentic atmosphere and even characterization. More people seem to be asking for yarns that are not sillier than need be. "Miss Maitland, Private Secretary," is a perfectly readable story, apart from its well-contrived plot. There is plenty of adventure and mystery in it, jewelry-robbery and kidnapping and sleuthing of divers sorts. The uncommon thing is (for it is, after all, still uncommon) that all these queer experiences seem to be coming to a group of people we might very well know or know of in the flesh. That is, they are as real as the characters we meet in the ordinary novel of serious intention. Those parts of the story which are told by Molly, the woman detective, are in a really amusing vein of Broadway monologue.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

AT the bar at which the aviators assembled after the day's work was a sign which read, "Ici on explique les coups." At the mess there was another: "Défense d'expliquer les coups ici." To put it into corresponding English, post-mortems were not allowed at the table; the coroner's inquest was supposed to terminate its session before it adjourned from the bar. For our part, we should be willing anywhere to listen to Charles Bernard Nordhoff explain his "coups";

indeed the whole range of his adventures and impressions gained from his service with the French aerial forces. His papers, originally appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, now form a volume under the title of "The Fledgling" (Houghton Mifflin). It is a modest and straightforward account of what he was himself no small part, set forth without apparent artifice and without much plan, but with a charming directness and a satisfying fullness. The crowded hour of the aviator at the front has nowhere its like in history. If its like never reappears in the world, and it may not, mankind's memory of it all will persist only—but how vividly!—by virtue of a few faithful accounts such as this.

Mr. Morrison I. Swift puts the question: "Can Mankind Survive" (Marshall Jones Co., Boston). We gather that it can not—not, at any rate, unless it gets behind Mr. Swift pretty speedily and takes to heart his burning revelations. The first step towards race salvation, we are simply and elegantly told, must be "a purgative house-cleaning of the human cranium." Such pearls are prodigally cast, and may be readily distinguished, even afar off, by liberality at the expense of the italic font. The hortatory sublimity of the valedictory adjuration challenges full quotation: "Make your peace with the new order of things by creating the new order of things. That is your salvation and the world's. Recognize that you are choosing between selfishness and survival, and have no third decision." The jacket of this book tells us that it "will arouse the indignation, and outrage the cherished convictions, of the majority of people: that is why it ought to be read." We can not agree with this bid for martyrdom, for Mr. Swift's outpourings confirm, without rousing a spark of indignation, the following cherished conviction, to wit: There are always certain areas of thin soil, but meagrely endowed with plant-foods, into which the flying seeds of a fecundation-period fall. The ensuing sprouts are of interest to the plant-pathologist, but to no one else whatsoever. The granaries are not destined to groan from the fruit thereof. The stalks lack substance even as fodder. There is a tincture of regret that human time and capital have been spent in gathering, stamping, and binding the leaves. On the whole, the question of man's survival stands where it did before Mr. Swift set pen to paper.

The Colver lectures for 1919, delivered by William Roscoe Thayer at Brown University, have been issued in book form by Houghton Mifflin Company under the succinct title: "Democracy: Discipline: Peace." Their subjects are briefly: the righteousness of democracy,

the need of discipline in democracy, the need of race consolidation in America. In their reduction to formulæ the propositions may seem axiomatic, but they are handled by Mr. Thayer with a force and freshness which prevents their submergence in the commonplace. The lecturer's enthusiasm for democracy as a principle is unbounded; its actual workings he commends with an engaging moderation. Mr. Thayer sees that democracy can not fairly be blamed for that degree of imperfection which is inseparable from the human nature which supplies both its operators and its material. Its success is partial, but in a race like our own, where the success of no institution is complete, a partial success may be a perfect vindication.

Mr. Thayer is sound and eminently timely in his insistence on the association of discipline with democracy. He is very anxious—almost needlessly anxious—to defend this association from the charge of inconsistency. Democracy is freedom, and discipline is restraint. How, asks Mr. Thayer, is this contradiction to be settled? But work is activity and sleep is repose. Would a physician feel that he was caught in a logical contradiction if he recommended sleep and work to the same patient? Mr. Thayer's self-extrication from his difficulty is more ingenious than convincing. "Just as he who loses his life shall find it, so he who of his own choice gives up his will shall find it." It will be seen that Mr. Thayer's ground is very high—so high that America can scarcely clamber up behind him. There is hardly any pinnacle, material or moral, wide enough to afford standing-room for a hundred million people. This form of reconciliation is surely not available for the myriads of persons to whom the Biblical "He that loses his life shall find it" or Dante's "E la sua volontate è nostra pace" (a state of mind which Dante, less venturesome than Mr. Thayer, restricted to Paradise) is unpalatable or unmeaning. But any common man who has paid a fire-insurance premium, or seen his neighbor pay one, knows that the giving-up of part of one's property to secure one's title to the remainder is a normal and rational process. Discipline is the premium on freedom. Mr. Thayer's gospel is much better than his theology; the latter indeed is ideal enough to surprise us a little in the possession of that type of hardheadedness to which universal military training for America on the Swiss plan is a desideratum.

Mr. Thayer sometimes makes a point with admirable neatness. "You can not make honest men of criminals by applying to them an inhuman system which would make criminals of honest men." Or he can be adept in the selection of a

figure: "no hyphenates, whose hyphen, like the kiss of Judas, is a link for treachery." He can manifest, when he will, a sweet reasonableness that conduces to receptive geniality in the reader; but his antipathies are bitter, and at their approach the sweetness vanishes, with a certain tendency on the part of the reasonableness to participate in the flight. The privilege of girding at Mr. Bryan is one of the things that endears freedom of speech to a certain class of Americans, but recreation has its times and seasons, and a eulogium on democracy is not the fitting place for an expression of contempt for William J. Bryan.

Familiar Misquotations

A CORRESPONDENT, in calling attention to a poetical misquotation in a recent number of the *Review* (June 21), says "Misquotation is not a crime." It most assuredly is not. It is one of the most delightfully human reactions to the great fact of literature. Everyone, of course, is the victim of a more or less trothless memory. Even a well-trained literary sense is prone to be a little vague, sometimes, in the recollection of the *ipsissima verba*; it can recall the drift, the weight, the shape, the texture of a quotation, and reconstruct a sort of equivalent which is almost if not quite so good—sometimes better, indeed, for the world's daily use.

Dr. Johnson, whose verbal memory was as good as any human being's is likely ever to be, in quoting the line from Gray's *Elegy*,

Leaves the warm precincts of the cheerful day

mistook one word; "for," says Boswell, "instead of *precincts*, he said, *confines*." Matthew Arnold, in his essay on Maurice de Guérin, quotes Keats's

Moving waters at their priestlike task
Of cold ablution round Earth's human shores.

Keats wrote *pure* ablution, and it might be a hard matter to choose between the two. Certainly a reader of Arnold will always be a little uncertain, till he looks it up, just what Keats did write. But Arnold's misquotation in this instance can hardly be said to have gained genuine popular currency. Arnold was of course quoting from a memory richly stored with the touchstones of true poetry, and there is in that practice, with all its dangers, a fine disdainful grace; quoting, as it were, like a gentleman, and not heavily, with chapter and verse, like a Dr. Pangloss. Hazlitt thus out of a full mind misquotes Shakespeare freely, and in this there is no harm—no more than in Scott's trick of making up a quotation to suit his needs and ascribing it to "Old Play"—provided there is

no attempt to make such manufactured evidence prove anything in particular.

The case cited by our correspondent is excellently in point. Professor Tupper, in his paper entitled "Mobilized Philology," attributed to Tennyson the line

The blood-red fury of Seine.

Our copy of "In Memoriam," and presumably our correspondent's, puts it quite differently:

The red fool-fury of the Seine.

If Professor Tupper had felt constrained to run down the line he would of course have quoted it as it stood in his text. But he felt no such compulsion, and it is therefore of considerable interest to observe the form in which the line has found a place in his extremely powerful and highly sensitive literary consciousness. "Red fool-fury" is a pretty big mouthful. It may be better poetry than the other but it is not nearly so fitted as the other to the rôle of a popular quotation.

Popular quotations—and misquotations—have their source not so much in the printed page of the writer or in the repositories like Bartlett. They arise from just such an act of literary creation as we have here been privileged to witness. They go to make up a fund of oral tradition, a folklore of gnomic wisdom, which is careless of copyright, innocent of nice scholarly conscience, and which has some rather definite ways of putting its own peculiar stamp upon the sayings to which it gives permanent room. It is in the form Arnold gave it that a line from Dante's "Paradiso" has become permanently fixed in the popular mind:

In la sua volontade è nostra pace,
(In His will is our peace.)

I can not say that I have ever heard or seen the line quoted otherwise, save by a professed Dante scholar. Yet the modern texts of Dante give quite another and perhaps a really different reading:

E la sua volontate è nostra pace,
(And His will is our peace.)

Perhaps the two differ very little, but taken with the context I am inclined to think they do—a little. But whatever Dante may have himself written and however Arnold's own text of the poet may have preserved the line, it is quite apparent that most people who quote it to-day get it from Arnold and not from their own reading in Dante. Or rather, they get it from that fund of folk-quotation to which Arnold in this instance has made a definite contribution.

Not every literary utterance, however good, is at once perfectly formed to fall easily from the lips of men. Much that has found its way into general humanity's little bag of literary tricks was not in its first form proverbial; it was not self-sufficient, but part of a context. And

all connective tissue must be cut away, it must be completely freed from its matrix, before it can prove viable on its own account. This, perhaps, accounts in part for the popular preference for "In la sua volontate" over "E la sua volontate"; *e* (and) implies that something has gone before, and just here we particularly want something complete in itself. Keats, again, began his "Endymion" with the statement that

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
a general proposition which he proceeds to illustrate and adorn. But the great community of talkers and writers want not a declarative statement but a descriptive tag; they wish to describe something—anything—as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." And they proceed to do so.

Brevity is the soul of this sort of popular wit. An expression which otherwise commends itself to gnomic use may seem in its original form a little too long. Solomon the wise said, or rather his diligent translators made him say, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." Most people, however, telescope this into "Pride goeth before a fall" and find themselves better satisfied with the condensed form. Touchstone, who was somewhat given to loquacity, introduced his Audrey as "a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." A little long, and too specific; the world finds itself better served with "a poor thing but mine own."

An unusual or antiquated grammatical form has small chance of survival in the popular mouth. The Ancient Mariner complained of

Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

As commonly quoted,

Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink,

there is some loss of distinction; as a patch the purple is a bit faded, but for that very reason it matches better the home-spun fabric of everyday discourse. Cowper, singing the praise of tea, speaks of

the cups
That cheer but not inebriate.

Before this can pass into genuine popular use, two things must be done: "cups," the particular, must be generalized into "cup"; and the construction of "not" before the finite verb, good Elizabethan English but now a little antiquated, must be got rid of. We hear much in these days, with a fine disregard of metre, of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate."

Horace said of the verses of Ennius that no matter how you disarranged them you could not make prose of them, you would still recognize the poet in them:

invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

"The limbs of a dismembered poet" is not a phrase that the world can do much daily business with, but "disjecta membra" is worth something. Nevertheless, the world goes on dismembering its poets, and for no reason more often, apparently, than its love of driving words in pairs. Let it acknowledge and confess its manifold sins and wickednesses in respect of this rhetorical trick, the striving for dignity by means of an obvious symmetry. It has been a characteristic of the English language for more than a thousand years, and the old notion that it originated in a desire, by employing a French word and its English synonym, to make oneself intelligible to a bi-lingual population, still lingers among people who should know better. The real origin of the device is to be sought in the desire of translators, from the earliest times, to do full justice to their originals and to that of certain writers of the Renaissance who strove at once to enrich the English language and to make their French or Latinate importations intelligible. No longer consciously aimed at in carefully made prose, it still lingers as one of the characteristic tricks of proverbial wisdom. "My way of life," says Macbeth, "is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf." "Sear and yellow leaf," however, fits better. Milton closes his "Lycidas" with the dawn of

Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

So he wrote it, but the world prefers "fresh fields and pastures new." *Fields* is more nearly than *woods* synonymous with *pastures*.

Fate has played a similar trick with the poet Prior, who, overlaying with classic gilt the fine gold of the "Nut-brown Maid," describes the tapering waist of his Emma as

Fine by degrees and beautifully less.

The popular muse, however, tickled with the phrase, substitutes *small* for *fine*, for no other reason apparently than that *small* and *less* make a better matched pair. I had thought that the quotation

Like angels' visits, few and far between
was a popular perversion of the lines in Blair's "Grave":

In visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.

The change from "short" to "few," obliterating a distinction and employing two more or less synonymous words, is precisely what is to be expected. But on looking the matter up I find that the popular form has been dignified by inclusion almost verbatim in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope":

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Such is sometimes the fate of the popular misquotation. Hamlet's "heart of heart," meaning, as he said, the heart's core, has been altered, probably in imi-

tation of such Hebrew superlatives as "King of Kings," into "heart of hearts." In this form I think Wordsworth somewhere uses it.

No book has contributed more to the general stock of misquotations than the Bible. No book exists in such a multitude of forms, which may account for some of the popular departures from the wording of the King James Version. But it is not easy to supply reasons for most people's habit of saying "In the sweat of thy *brow*," when the text reads "in the sweat of thy *face* shalt thou eat bread." Why "the parting of the *ways*" instead of the "parting of the *way*"? "Bone of my bone," instead of "bone of my *bones* and flesh of my *flesh*" may be due to the desire for perfect parallelism. And the same explanation may hold for "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further," instead of "Hitherto shalt thou come." But why the general preference for "better part," when we are expressly told that "Mary hath chosen *that good part*"? The Vulgate, for whatever reason, says "the *best part*"—*optimam partem*—often cited in the Middle Ages in proof of the superiority of the contemplative life, as represented by Mary, over the active life, symbolized by Martha. But apparently no such contrast was originally intended. Why, again, "a multitude of sins," when it is said of charity that it "shall cover *the multitude of sins*"? Perhaps there is no other reason save that the tongue is an unruly member; such at least the world agrees in calling it, though the Biblical text describes it as "an unruly evil."

HARRY AYRES

Some One-Act Plays

- FATHER NOAH AND OTHER FANCIES. By Geoffrey Whitworth. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.
 THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES. By Eugene G. O'Neill. New York: Boni and Liveright.
 EVERYBODY'S HUSBAND. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
 BITS OF BACKGROUND. By Emma Beatrice Brunner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
 NUMBERS. By Grover Theis. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

THE most remarkable play now before me is a small affair in free verse to which its unknown or dimly-known author, Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, has given the unpromising title of "Father Noah." One is surprised to learn that, with literature as captain, the Ark is still seaworthy. The first success of the play is the choice of its setting—the *hold* of the vessel. The second is a question put by the grave Noah to the humane Japheth after Shem and Ham have made them the unwilling witnesses of a sordid wrangle on the subject of inheritance: "Do you desire that this world should go on?" The third altitude in

the play is a bit of mechanics—a chain attached to a bung in the keel of the Ark, the removal of which will admit the water by which the scant remnant of a corrupt race will be swept to the death that has overwhelmed its companions. Noah's hand reaches for that chain. Here is a situation at once finely grandiose and truly great, a situation that would have charmed Hugo and shaken Carlyle—the Pyramids and the "Iliad," the "Prometheus" and the Laocoön, Calvary and Pentecost, the Roman Empire and the fleets of Venice, Titian and Copernicus, Shakespeare and Angelo, the Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, hanging on the displacement of a valve. The other qualities of the play, character, craftsmanship, rhythm, diction, while by no means on a par with these sublimities, are not unworthy to be their setting and support.

Mr. O'Neill's seven rather long one-act plays all deal with sea or sea-shore, and in four of them the same group of low, but not vile, seamen reappears. Mr. O'Neill's work I should call literature—vigorous though repellent literature. I am less sure that its quality is dramatic. There is an obvious fitness for the stage which, resting on action, passion, climax, and suspense, is palpable even to the book-reader. A jockey can often recognize a fast horse even in a stable. Not all fast horses can be so recognized, however, and there is an occult fitness by which plays sometimes succeed in the absence or the dissimulation of the virtues I have named. I am not able, and never expect to be able, to discern this occult fitness with any security on the printed page. The point of certainty is that Mr. O'Neill's plays do not possess the obvious fitness. The tension is slight, the movement dilatory, and the absence of logical cement is the eminently logical outcome of the absence of events to be cemented.

The "Moon of the Caribbees" is simply a specimen—a sample, if one likes—of a sailor's row in the West Indies, the incitements to which are supplied by contraband whiskey and venal women. "Bound East for Cardiff," perhaps the best of the seven, instructs us in the fashion of a sailor's death. In "Ile," another outstanding play, a wife's brain is turned by the refusal of the husband, a sea-captain, to return with insufficient profit from a protracted voyage. It is curious that the two ugliest and hollowest plays, the "Long Voyage Home" and the "Rope," are precisely the two in which Philip Henslowe or David Belasco might have been expected to see possibilities.

These plays are grimy, but grime and slime are two distinguishable things, and the plays are on the wholesome side of that distinction. "This sailor life," says

the dying Yank, "ain't much to cry about leavin'—just one ship after another, hard work, small pay, and bum grub; and when we git into port, just a drunk endin' up in a fight, and all your money gone, and then ship away again." The sturdy and pounding diction of this passage is sufficient proof of the author's sensitiveness to the ruder forms of vigor in words. As for the sentiment, it is that of Pierre Loti's "Mon frère Yves," with the shimmer gone. Mr. O'Neill's sailor is at least a good fellow, but the extrication of the good fellow from the drink and the lust and the blasphemy and the riot in which he is stowed away, like treasure under hatches, demands time and patience and faith. Mr. O'Neill, who is unhelped and likewise unhindered by any subtleties, had a true feeling for the larger prominencies, or headlands, of masculine character. His Yank—upright somehow on his very deathbed—and his Smitty—prostrate even when erect—abound in vital, because unacknowledged pathos.

Mr. O'Neill saves human nature—saves it, as it were, by a reprieve at the foot of the scaffold; but when it comes to that other culprit, life or destiny as you choose to call it, he suffers the execution to go forward. The seven plays are all dark; Mr. O'Neill depicts a pitiless universe. The reader may partly console himself with the observation that, to prove the savagery of life, Mr. O'Neill is often—not always—obliged to resort to those accidents or misunderstandings which are interruptions to the normal course of life. To prove a man's cruelty by adducing his conduct in his cups would be tantamount to admitting that he was humane when sober. Of course in presenting the dramatist as the prosecutor of the universe, I go much too far. Mr. O'Neill is simply an artist on whose artistic sense certain truculencies in the behavior of the cosmos have made a strong impression. Tommy Traddles drew skeletons, not because he was morbid, but because skeletons were the things that it amused him to draw. Mr. O'Neill's artistic pessimism has very probably no deeper and no darker source.

Mr. Cannan's pliancy and nimbleness are seen to good advantage in the handling of the pre-nuptial play, "Everybody's Husband." The girl, on the eve of marriage, is beset with doubts, which mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, appearing successively in a species of fantastic masque, confirm by their very disagreements. The piece is light and bitter; it uses bodkin or hat-pin as stiletto. The women are agreed that the perversity of husbands is generic rather than individual. But to indict a sex has its difficulties, like the indicting of a people. There is every probability that husbands are as differ-

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ent as men. The play is daintily malign in sending the girl to the altar after all its protests; Mr. Cannan, in effect, gives away the bride. His conduct in this point is rather painful. He has the right to say: "Marriage is an evil; don't marry." He has the right to say: "Marriage is good; do marry." He has also the right to keep still, a right of which he seems quite willing to forego the exercise. But he has chosen to do the one thing which he can not decently and rightfully do; he has said in substance: "Marriage is an evil; do marry." To unnerve the volunteer for the step which you finally commend to his acceptance, to dishearten, yet not to dissuade—that is diablerie, if not diabolism.

Miss Brunner in "Bits of Background" and Mr. Theis in "Numbers" are still in their dramatic pupilage; they produce

inventions, contrivances, experiments. Not one of the playlets has an inside; Miss Brunner, in particular, amid the strongest emotional crises, exhibits a witchlike faculty of handling hot iron and treading on hot ploughshares without contamination from the heat. Mr. Theis, in serious themes, is powerless. "Numbers," a one-act war play, which somehow suggests the proximity of trench to latrine, aims to be searching, but really gropes; "Between the Fires" is one of the gripping plays which merely fumble. In lighter themes he is more at home; the last three plays, though made to order, show marks of ingenuity and spirit. Miss Brunner's training has gone further; the work is studious and disciplined. The motives are incisive and novel, and she has mastered the mallet-like or bludgeon-like

dialogue of the modern expert. Each of the first three plays has a real asset. "Over Age," though plotted to death, has timeliness, suitability to the moment. The "Spark of Life" has a tremendous motive, under which, as under an avalanche, its fragility is crushed and buried. "Strangers," much the best of the plays, is strong in process, in the variation and graduation of interest. The combination of these parted assets might help Miss Brunner to a future.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books Received

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Gordon, George. The Men Who Make Our Novels. Moffat, Yard. \$1.60 net.

Johnson, R. B. The Women Novelists. Scribner. \$2.00.

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PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Moore, G. F. History of Religions. Scribner. \$3.00.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Parker, W. B. Cubans of To-day. Putnam.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

British-American Discords and Concords: A Record of Three Centuries. Putnam. 75 cents.

Fletcher, C. B. The Problem of the Pacific. Holt. \$3.00 net.

Frank, Glenn. The Politics of Industry. Century. \$1.50.

Goldstein, J. M. Russia: Her Economic Past and Future. Russian Information Bureau. \$1.75 net.

Ioteyko, J. The Science of Labor and Its Organization. Dutton. \$1.60 net.

Marshall, H. R. Mind and Conduct. Scribner. \$1.75 net.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 10

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THE promptness with which Finance Minister Erzberger has taken hold of the problem of ways and means to meet the indemnity is worthy of all praise. According to the announcements that have thus far come by cable, he means to take hold of the job without giving any countenance to schemes of repudiation, and without indulging in any idea that the money can, in the main, be raised in any other way than by a tremendous tax on wealth. The notion that repudiation of the home debt would have to be resorted to is doubly false; for the money can be raised without repudiation, and repudiation would not be of the slightest help in raising it. To repudiate the home debt would not mean that people would, on the whole, be taxed any less, but only that the tax would be levied more inequitably—that those who had put most into Government loans would be punished by being subjected to the greatest exactions. In addition to the dishonesty and the injustice of this, there would be the disastrous effect upon banks, savings institutions, etc., which

would clearly be thrown into bankruptcy by the destruction of a large part of their assets. This circumstance has been put forward as a reason why Germany can not pay the indemnity at all; the argument being that she can not meet the foreign demand without repudiating her home debt, that repudiating her home debt would mean bankruptcy for banks, savings institutions, and other great corporations, that this bankruptcy would mean ruin to millions of "little people," and that the ruin would so undermine the morale of the whole nation that its productivity would be fatally impaired. A long chain, and hanging together very well; but the trouble is in the peg from which it hangs—the idea that repudiation of the home debt has any connection with payment of foreign claims. Herr Erzberger evidently knows better than that; he is perfectly aware that robbing Fritz will not make it a bit easier for Fritz and Max together to pay Pierre and Paul.

FOR sheer bad taste it might be hard to choose between Sir Edward Carson's "serious admonition" to America: "You attend to your own affairs," and the reply of a Sinn Féin enthusiast in this country: "America won the war and has therefore a right to dictate the terms of peace." The fomentor of rebellion in Ulster happens to have the right of it as against the fomentor of rebellion in the rest of Ireland. Most assuredly it is none of our business; there are few things that give promise of causing more trouble in the world than our thoughtless encouragement of Irish nationalistic propaganda in this country. Nothing could be more absurd than the Sinn Féin contention that America went to war to bring self-determination to all the oppressed peoples of the earth. America went to war to rid herself and the world of the German menace. Having aided materially in the achievement of that purpose, America's interference in the internal affairs of the British Empire would be just as improper and just as fraught with danger to the well-being of the world as it would have been before the war. But we should like to say very seriously to Sir Edward Carson that his own frantically irresponsible utterances, and his own behavior, which differs from ordinary sedition chiefly by reason of its truculence, are at this moment quite the most serious threat aimed at good under-

standing between the United States and Great Britain. If, as he says, he has the maintenance of such relations at heart he must at all costs keep himself, his doings and his sayings, out of the newspapers.

IN his eagerness to fasten upon the United States the rôle of Chosen People, Mr. Wilson strains recent history and present facts rather sorely. In his message to the Senate he says, "We entered the war as the disinterested champions of right." Were that really true, we should have entered the war very early. The "intolerable aggression" of Germany was as evident in three months as after three years. As a matter of record and cold fact, President Wilson kept us out of the war under a narrowly legalistic theory of neutrality, and he brought us into the war at length because our national rights had been grossly and repeatedly assailed by Germany's submarine warfare.

Nor is it easy to justify his account of the nature of what was put into the war by the spirit of our soldiers and sailors. "A great moral force," he says, "had flung itself into the struggle. The fine physical force of these spirited men spoke of something more than bodily vigor. They carried the great ideals of a free people at their hearts and with that vision were unconquerable." There was unquestionably this fine spirit in our men; but it was not a spirit that belonged to an ethereal region unknown to others. The implication that the French and British lacked our "vision" or ideality will be resented by every well-informed soldier and sailor. Was it just bodily force that thrust the victorious German armies back from La Fère Champenoise? Was there lack of moral force in the thin line that barred the road to Ypres and the sea? Were those immortal Frenchmen who held at Verdun deprived of any vision of freedom that is ours? The moral superiority which Mr. Wilson ascribes to our fighting troops will be painful to really reflecting soldiers and sailors. For them it is honor enough to share a moral and military equality with their French and British mates.

Considered in the light of his own record and of facts, all these theories of our campaign as a crusade and our nation as a chosen people are so many subliminal afterthoughts. We may wish to

make them real retrospectively. That is precisely the issue before the nation. It is far too important an issue to be prejudged along lines of sentimentalism, and misrepresentation of our actual war and pre-war record.

STRIKES and food riots have run through Italy, breaking out not merely in such classic centres of agitation as Rome, Florence, Milan, Brescia, Naples, and Palermo, but also in such tranquil municipalities as Padua, Vicenza, Parma, and Perugia. In the Genoese region, Calabria, and Sicily the picture is the same. As yet there is no indication of organized revolution, though in Florence a workmen's committee transiently assumed control. The immediate cause of the disorders is high prices and poverty—urgent distress accentuated by the thwarting of political hopes aroused by the victory. The usual thing has happened. There has been wholesale looting, tempered by commandeering of stocks, arbitrary lowering of prices, and punishment of profiteering by royal decree. The sacking has been indiscriminate. Especial sufferers have been the admirable coöperative stores. The rather obvious remedies that have been applied are of a sort that can not soon be readministered. It is easy to make a merchant in terror of complete spoliation sell his stock at a loss, but it is difficult to compel him to restock for future sales at a loss. What the Nitti Government is gaining is merely a breathing spell. Short of food control by the nation for a considerable period, it is hard to see a way out. It should be recalled also that Italy suffers not merely from hunger but from disappointed hopes and moral isolation, for which the Versailles Conference and Mr. Wilson are largely responsible.

WHEN the New York City police forbade the meeting that was to be held in Carnegie Hall on July 4 under the auspices of anti-Bolshevik Russian societies, it was generally surmised that there was at least the justification of some special information actuating the police and unknown to the public. It is no longer possible to suppose that even this excuse existed. Governor Smith's answer to General Dobrjanski's dignified and proper letter of protest does not enter into the question, being merely a disclaimer of jurisdiction; but presumably the letter would have been made the occasion of an explanation from some quarter, had an explanation been possible. That a perfectly legitimate meeting should have been choked off, not because of any suspicion whatsoever as to the character of the meeting or the purposes of its promoters, but solely because of fear that lawless people opposed to the meeting might make trouble, is

humiliating to the last degree. Surely Americans have not reached the point where they are afraid to meet for a lawful purpose because of the harm that may come to them from persons unknown who are hostile to that purpose. Whether Bolshevik plotters would have attempted a bomb outrage if the meeting had been held, nobody can say; but nothing is more certain than that such an attempt, whether successful or not in its murderous design, would have aroused public resentment so fierce as to put an end for a considerable period to all further danger from Bolshevik propaganda in this country.

IN the multitude of comments on the prohibition question the remarks made by Professor Giddings in an address at the Church of the Ascension in New York stand out as of unusual interest. Strongly as he is opposed to the prohibition amendment, he declares his conviction that if it "had been offered to the people of the United States for a popular vote they would have voted for its adoption." While many signs point the other way, it is by no means impossible that Professor Giddings is right in his opinion. The amazingly skilful campaign—to use no harsher designation—of the Anti-Saloon League is without question primarily responsible for the putting through of the amendment with a rapidity which has astonished its advocates as well as its opponents. But something more is necessary to account for a phenomenon which even a few years ago would have been pronounced utterly impossible. That something else is the decline, among apparently all classes of the population, of that regard for the idea of liberty which a decade or two ago we thought to be almost universal.

What Professor Giddings says of this is that "a certain degree of fanaticism and bigotry has prevailed in this country in respect to all questions that touch upon liberty." But evidently what he has in mind is not only the positive factor of "fanaticism and bigotry," but quite as much the negative factor of indifference to the ideal of liberty in itself. When any good end is proposed, the question of whether its attainment involves a fresh intrusion upon the domain of liberty, a question which in former times would at once have been in the forefront of all men's minds, is in these days raised but feebly, if at all. The erecting of democracy into the position of not merely one essential, but the be-all and end-all of national life, has shoved the idea of liberty almost completely into the background. The time may come when a juster balance will be restored, but for the present there is little indication of any limit to the existing tendency. How great a departure

this tendency is from the original spirit of our institutions, Professor Giddings reminds us:

How can we protect liberty against majority? Is there no way in which we can say to the majority: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further"? The Constitution of the United States and the Supreme Court were created by the founders of this Republic as an attempt to do precisely that thing—as an attempt to say to the majorities: "You may do some things, but there are some things that you shall not do."

Familiar as all this was to Americans a short time ago, we fear that to many to-day it will be an intellectual novelty.

THE President did a courageous act as well as a public service in vetoing the Agricultural appropriation bill on account of its rider repealing the daylight-saving law. That rider was peculiarly unjustifiable because the repeal would not come into practical effect until next Spring, so that there was ample time to have it considered upon its merits in a separate bill. Any delay that might have resulted in making the appropriations available would have been chargeable wholly to Congress, but Mr. Wilson was of course quite aware that he would have been made to bear much of the blame for it, as well as the ill-will of those farmers who are opposed to the daylight-saving plan. If that plan is to be abandoned, the country has a right to demand that it be done by a straight vote of Congress and not by a provision smuggled into an appropriation bill.

ALIFE hard to match in its many-sided beneficence, in its devotion to high principles of thought and action, and in the love and admiration which have been accorded to it by the elect and the multitude alike, was that of Dr. Abraham Jacobi. His astonishing vigor and activity in extreme old age was only the last phase of a life almost as remarkable in its early beginnings as in the professional eminence and extraordinary usefulness which marked his medical career. He made signal contributions to medical progress both in the way of scientific research and of the improvement of medical education and the advancement of professional standards; yet he was not less notable for the numberless acts of kindness which marked his sixty-five years of active medical practice. And he was as fine an example of the sturdy citizen and lover of liberty as he was of the medical scientist and the humane physician. His association with Carl Schurz in connection with the German revolutionary movement of 1848 was the beginning of a friendship as loyal as any that history or legend celebrates; and nothing was more beautiful than to hear the doctor speak of the statesman and publicist in accents almost

of veneration. Many a time, during the dark days of 1914-17, must all who knew of the bond between these men have thought with deep regret of the loss which our fellow citizens of German origin suffered in not having the voice of Schurz to rally them—as we feel quite certain it would have done—to the side upon which Dr. Jacobi unhesitatingly planted himself, the side of freedom and right.

THE present war did not count solely on the playing-fields of Eton to furnish forth victory. It drew heavily, to be sure, on the finished product of school and college athletics, but to make assurance doubly sure it organized its own playing-fields. In a thousand camps, here and "over there," the old athlete "came back" and put himself into condition for a struggle outranking in importance any of his former contests. And there, too, the young man of brawn whose upbringing had afforded no opportunity for the refinement of both spirit and muscle that only organized athletics provides, found in life a new joy while learning to become a better soldier. It would be a pity if so valuable an instrument as the war has proved athletics to be should be allowed to fall into disuse with its close. Ample opportunity for athletics, especially among the factory population of the Eastern states, would materially have reduced the thirty per cent. of rejections in the draft. Something, too, might well be done for those to whom military training has given an enthusiastic and effective liking for athletics. Mr. Walter Camp, in a recent article in the *Outlook*, performed a service by pointing out what England is already doing to make possible a more general participation in athletic sports. It is a matter which we in this country might well look to. The war has taught us how to organize athletics effectively on the large scale. There is no reason why its lessons should not be wisely applied in time of peace.

WHEN Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig said that the British won the war, he evidently did not mean that they did it alone—he is far too canny for that. Yet in his inmost heart Haig, being a Scotchman, doubtless thinks that that the Scotch did it, and upon occasion he would freely say so. "God gie us a guid conceit o'oursels," is the Scotchman's morning and evening prayer, and he tries to live up to it. Self-confidence such as this is a great source of strength to any people. Certainly, the British, including the aforesaid Scotch, the English, the Welsh and the Irish, together with their kinsmen from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, and other parts of the Empire, did great work by land, on sea, and in the air. The

old "contemptibles" who struck in at Mons late in August, 1914, made possible the victory of the Marne, and from that time on the bulldog did not relax his hold on the dachshund's throat until the latter animal turned over on his back, beaten. But fortunately we can all say that we won the war, because the war could not have been won without us. Belgium's matchless daring delayed the invading hosts for three weeks and made possible all the defense that followed. Russia has the glory of helping to save Paris by effecting a diversion in East Prussia. Serbia's brave struggle, at the beginning, kept the armies of Austria away from the western front. Italy's timely aid saved the situation at least twice. If the United States had not come in at the eleventh hour the war would have been at the best a draw—and therefore a victory for Germany. There is glory enough for all, and it ill becomes any one of the Allies to depreciate the work of any other.

President and Senate

THE President's speech in New York upon his return to the country, his address to the Senate, his talk with the newspaper men, and Senator Swanson's speech in opening the great debate, leave the issue of the acceptance of the Treaty and Covenant little, if at all, changed from what it has been these many months. There was a genuine impressiveness about the President's address to the Senate that has often been lacking in previous utterances directed to the same general end; for it enforced upon the mind the gravity of the difficulties with which the Versailles Conference had to grapple, it claimed nothing like perfection for the result, and it was marred only here and there by phrases of sentimental unreality. One could not rise from a reading of it without the feeling that whoever stood in the way of the completion of the work done at Versailles was assuming a responsibility which no consideration less than that of the highest needs of our nation could cover. Beyond this, however, the address did not carry; if there were honest reasons for hesitation before, those reasons remain.

What is going to happen in the next few weeks, if one may judge by present indications, is much less the threshing out of the inherent merits either of the peace terms or of the Covenant than the feeling out of the situation. There is no doubt that substantially the whole of the Republican membership of the Senate is strongly set upon the policy of attaching reservations to ratification, and that in this stand one or two Democratic Senators concur. It is equally certain that the President desires uncon-

ditional ratification, and that he can command the unhesitating support of nearly the whole body of Democratic Senators in this programme. The undetermined question is the degree of firmness—in other words, the degree of confidence—with which the two sides will back up their position.

To our mind the best solution of the impending difficulty would be found in a sincere attempt of the two sides to get together upon some reasonable ground. The President's great weapon for the forcing of unconditional ratification is the picture that he can hold out of terrible consequences which may possibly result from prolonged delay. But this is a weapon that can be wielded by the other side also, provided it shows the necessary sagacity in its proceedings. There is no reason why men who are willing to accept the League in principle, but who sincerely dread what they regard as great potentialities of evil in some of the features of the Covenant, should be cowed by a mere bugbear. The question whether any proposed reservations hold out a genuine danger of upsetting the work done at Versailles depends on whether those reservations are of such a nature as would be at all likely to incite any of the important Powers to protest against them. The urgent task now laid upon the Republican Senate leaders is that of so formulating their proposed reservations as to make the danger of such a happening too improbable to be taken into serious account.

The greatest weakness of their position lies in their failure thus far to have arrived at such a result. With this accomplished, the whole strategy of the situation would take on a new character. It would be perfectly competent for them then to say that the path to an early settlement lies not through their unconditional surrender to the President, but through his assent to a plan which, in deference to the need of the time and not in fulfilment of their own judgment of what ought to have been done, they had framed as a reasonable and practicable solution of the problem.

It may be said at once that the complete striking out of Article X proposed in Mr. Root's recent letter does not come under this description. To reject Article X would be to arouse in the minds not only of statesmen, but of peoples, throughout the world, an instant feeling that the Covenant had been attacked in a vital part. It would be felt everywhere that the whole thing would have to be gone over again. This is over and above the comparatively technical consideration that a qualification of this kind would fall unmistakably and completely under the head of an amendment, not of an interpretation, of the Treaty. What we have to reckon with, in the extraordinary and unprecedented muddle in

which the world's affairs now are, is, first of all, the reactions actually to be expected from anything we may do. Mr. Root's earlier proposal, made some months ago, that we limit our obligations under Article X to a period of five years would be clearly an amendment likewise, but it would not in its nature be fundamentally disturbing. It might or might not be overtly objected to; probably the chances are that it would not.

But a way still less open to this danger is plainly suggested by some of the President's own words in his talk with the newspaper men, and also by Senator Swanson's statements in the Senate. The ground of objection to Article X is that it may place upon this country the obligation to take part in wars which Congress or the country did not approve. The words of the Covenant do not empower the Council of the League to command such participation, but only to advise it; and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Swanson tell us that Congress would be quite free to refuse to act upon that advice. What opponents of Article X have asserted is that although on its face the action of the Council is stated in the Covenant to be advisory, the whole structure of that instrument implies that the Council's advice would carry with it the full force of a moral obligation. If Mr. Wilson feels that this is so, his statement that Congress would be free to disregard the advice is an evasion of the issue; if, on the other hand, the President means that Congress would really have this freedom, that in the exercise of its own judgment in the premises it would not be violating any obligation of honor or duty, then a reservation declaring this to be the Senate's understanding of Article X could be open to no objection, either as an amendment that alters the Treaty or as a declaration that defeats its actual purpose. Nor is it to be supposed that a reservation having this content, and worded in a way to give the least possible offense, would, if adopted by the Senate, stir up any of the Allied Powers to make trouble over it. It must be remembered, after all, that if we in America have reason to wish the settlement promptly established lest dreadful consequences ensue in Europe, Europe has at least as much reason to be chary of making difficulties about our coöperation.

The other two reservations proposed by Mr. Root—those relating to the power of withdrawal and to our position on the Monroe doctrine and on questions which we regard as purely domestic—require no further comment at this time. It seems clear that if the Republican leaders embody these and a careful and conciliatory treatment of Article X in a well-drawn resolution—if they do this and eschew all extreme proposals and all displays of mere irritation or obstrep-

erousness—they will place themselves in a position to test out, with considerable prospect of success, both the feeling of the country and of the Senate.

They ought to do this without a moment's delay. Even so, the President may elect to go to the country with a flaming appeal for the acceptance of the Versailles document just as it stands. It is possible, too, that in a whirlwind campaign he may succeed in bringing out a sentiment in its favor so strong as to sweep everything before it. But this is by no means certain. Once, twice, thrice, he may rest his case solely on generalities; but in the end he would have to come to grapples with the specific issue between him and the critics of the Covenant. The one thing needful is that the issue be defined. The President has the immeasurable advantage at present that *his* side of the issue is perfectly defined already. To make good against it a position which consists only of a miscellaneous lot of inharmonious objections would be manifestly a hopeless undertaking.

Production, Distribution, Happiness

IT was by accident, not design, that two articles, contributed to the last two numbers of the *Review*, dealt, from quite different points of view, with two of the vital aspects of all socialist schemes of economic distribution. Professor Lovejoy discussed the assumption, which underlies so much of the socialist agitation of our time, that "there annually accrues to society a surplus income vast almost beyond calculation, and adequate, if it were more equally divided than at present, to assure a high standard of well-being to all." That this assumption is without foundation, and that in fact an equal division of existing income would place all individuals in a stage above poverty, indeed, but not greatly above poverty, was Professor Lovejoy's conclusion from the best available data. Accordingly, the stress of his article was laid upon the importance of increased production as an indispensable basis of that radical improvement in the general well-being which many social reformers imagine can be attained by a mere change in the principles of distribution. Furthermore, if such change had the effect of lessening productivity, it might prove to have attained its goal of supposed justice in distribution only "at the cost of the general impoverishment of the community, as well as the wholesale sacrifice of other values, moral and material, which belong to the life of man."

The wholesale sacrifice of moral values to which Professor Lovejoy thus refers in passing, is presumably that which

competent thinkers in general apprehend as the consequence to be expected from an abandonment of that individual responsibility which, along with individual liberty, is of the very essence of the régime of competition. Upon the nature of that sacrifice, the article on Hungary's experience under communism, by "Examiner," a writer having exceptional acquaintance with the facts, throws most interesting light. What thoughtful men have inferred from the characteristics of human nature, the Hungarian experiment shows to have actually taken place. That the experiment is not conclusive, we cheerfully admit; it may have to be tried many times, and under many varieties both of external circumstance and of human agency, before anything like a trustworthy verdict can be passed upon it. But in one essential particular the Hungarian experience goes a long way towards being convincing. "Examiner" tells us that the vast majority of the people of Hungary hate the communist Government, not because it has failed to give them the material comforts that they expected, but because it has reduced their lives to a mechanical routine. Towards the paternalism that has "removed from them all causes of worry" they are not grateful, but resentful. Hours of labor have been shortened, but the worker "finds himself more than ever a little piece of machinery and nothing more, unable to complain, unable to change his trade or even the factory in which he works, . . . with no privacy, no rights of his own."

In the Hungarian experiment this moral loss, this loss of individuality, has not been accompanied by material gain; as in Professor Lovejoy's supposititious case, so in this real case, the casting down of the rich and well-to-do has resulted not in betterment for the masses, but in the general impoverishment of the community, as well as in the wholesale sacrifice of moral values essential to the life of man. On the side of productivity, it would undoubtedly be possible to do much better than has been done in Hungary. With sufficient skill and energy, with sufficient purpose and intelligence, on the part of a socialist or communist Government, people could be got, in one way or another, to do fairly well in the matter of the mere quantity of production. But the other difficulty we believe is insuperable. You may adopt this device and that, but you can't fool people into feeling that they are free when they are not; still less can you give them the sense of having fought their way through the world when they have been labeled and docketed and supervised and graded by a paternal government, however benevolent. Instead of the crudities of the Bela Kun régime there may be introduced the utmost refinements that socialist theory can devise;

yet the one thing needful will be lacking—the possibility of escaping from the machinery.

It may be answered that for the vast majority of men there is under the existing order little chance of escape from a pre-ordained fate. Little enough, perhaps, when coldly and practically examined; but between that little and none there is all the difference between life and death. When we say we *have* to submit, we really mean only that if we don't submit we shall be worse off; hardly anybody is so situated that it is literally and absolutely impossible for him to kick over the traces. He may feel that as a practical matter it is out of the question for him to change; but yet he has always the consciousness that it is he himself who decides that it is out of the question. And it is nobody's business but his own. He is not publicly labeled a failure because he earns twenty dollars a week instead of forty; he may ascribe his condition to outrageous fortune, to spite, to injustice, or even to his own indifference. And in any case—if we except the actual derelicts of society—there is the consciousness that one has kept his head above water, that he has maintained himself without being beholden to anyone's grace. It is the absence of the sense of struggle, as well as the absence of the feeling of liberty, that makes the fatal flaw in any socialist régime.

You may make such a régime very pretty, but you can't make it virile. How essential it is that the system be made interesting, attractive, stimulating, and not merely economically productive, Fourier a hundred years ago knew so well that it is somewhat surprising how little thought is given to that vital requirement by the socialists of to-day. But perhaps they recognize that, ingenious and in some respects profound as was Fourier's scheme, its artificial perfections provided after all no real equivalent for the natural realities of human striving and struggle. Happiness can not be handed to men on a silver salver—at least not if the salver is for everybody. It was not in pursuance of any theory, but in obedience to one of the deepest of human instincts, that the young women for whom A. T. Stewart built that futile home on Park Avenue would have nothing to do with his perfect arrangements, or that the workmen at Pullman found that model town more unendurable than the most squalid city quarter. Vicissitude, individual variation, the possibility of faring worse quite as much as of faring better—all this is necessary to the savor of life. When we leave "the warm precincts of the cheerful day," it is at "this pleasing *anxious* being," not this pleasing care-free being, that we "cast one longing, ling'ring look behind."

More Secret Treaties

WITH the publication of the Anglo-French agreement concerning Palestine and Mesopotamia we probably have the last of the famous secret treaties. Like its fellows, it does not correspond minutely to the principles of the Covenant of Nations, but it does, like most of these too much decried treaties, meet the emergency in view of which it was drawn with a reasonable measure of justice and common sense. This will appear as its terms are analyzed.

The agreement was confirmed on May 16, 1916. Its object was to dispose of the German claims connected with the Bagdad Railway, while considering the new fact caused by the Arab revolt against Turkey, the Hedjaz Movement. The practical issue was to bring some sort of order into regions where Turkish sovereignty was vanishing, and to control the terminus of the German corridor to the East. As underlying principle, France and England agreed to work for an independent Arab State. The territory was to be divided into an A (French) zone comprising most of Mesopotamia with the potentially rich valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and a B (British) zone running from the lower Palestinian coast to the British protectorate at the head of the Persian Gulf. The Palestinian ports of Acre and Haifa were to serve respectively France and England. The French sphere of influence finds its Mediterranean outlet at the port of Aleppo, Alexandretta, and thence southwards covers the coast to about the Lebanon region. Thus France falls heir to the Bagdad railway.

The jurisdiction of France and England was necessarily left vague. Each had commercial priority in its own zone, each agreed to respect existing concessions of the other. England agreed to build a railway from Haifa to Mesopotamia, connecting with Bagdad, reserving the right to move troops by this railroad at all times. France promised to furnish a stipulated amount of water from the great rivers to the parched Syrian regions in the British sphere of influence. Each nation agreed to put its railroad facilities equally at the disposition of the other, and not to alienate its zone without the other's consent to any power save the independent Arab state. To safeguard the sea approaches, England engaged not to cede Cyprus without the consent of France.

In minor details the treaty respected the existing order of things, doing nothing to dislocate present trade relations. The Turkish tariffs were to stand for twenty years, the revenues going to the zone for which the goods were billed. The whole territorial agreement was to be submitted to Russia for approval.

Meanwhile Russia collapsed. Summing up the matter, there was to be an Arab state divided into a French protectorate and a British. The French zone bordered on the Russian sphere of influence and was commercially the more promising. The British zone was strategically important as checking Germany and protecting the approaches to the Suez Canal. It covered regions to which it has been long known England would admit no unfriendly power. Finally the immediate capital-charges involved in the treaty were mostly assumed by England. As regards commercial concessions, England and France claimed priority in their own zones; as regards general trade by other nations, the situation was to remain unchanged.

We have perhaps tediously analyzed the treaty, because it has been represented as a peculiarly iniquitous and imperialistic one. We wish our readers to be in a position to judge for themselves. Unless one is prepared to maintain that the Palestine-Mesopotamia question would settle itself without European intervention, one is in poor case in condemning the treaty. What are the alternatives to an Anglo-French protectorate? What nations are likely to do better in the premises than these two powers who for years have dealt successfully with Moslem dependencies? The only thing lacking to make the treaty valid under the new Covenant of Nations is the consent of the protected tribes. We have no doubt that the arrangement actually is acceptable to the Arab tribes involved and that their consent could readily be obtained. In short the framers of the treaty, envisaging as they did expressly the future sovereignty of the Arab State, and avoiding the pitfall of joint control, showed an extraordinary prevision of the spirit of the League of Nations. We feel confident that the League can but confirm in essentials the treaty of May, 1916.

Subsequently the agreement was marred by the admission of Italian claims in Asia Minor—especially in Smyrna and Adalia. This was unquestionably a mistake, for it put a Greek population capable of self-rule under alien control. It was, however, a natural error, for Greece, the natural reversionary of these regions, was at the moment virtually hostile to the Entente, while the temptation was strong to give Italy such inducements as she might wish for her military support. Only unreasonable theorists will imagine that in the agony of a world war military considerations will not occasionally becloud political decisions. Perhaps the negotiators of nations fighting for life ought to maintain the intellectual detachment of a Norman Angell, or the high serenity of an Oswald Garrison Villard. As a matter of fact they do not. As for the Italian

pretensions in Asia Minor, Italy herself has shown the moderation and sense not to insist on them. Thus the error has already largely been righted. If Italy should wish to trade on these concessions, it need surprise only those who believe that human nature has just now been radically reconstructed at Versailles.

A vast amount of nonsense has been written about the secret treaties contracted during the war. These agreements have been represented as the malign or stupid work of diplomats sunk in that nether depth of political murkiness, the old order. The publication of the treaties reveals a truth at once more prosaic and more convincing. We see the honest effort of puzzled and wearied men of affairs trying to keep up with the whirling changes incident to the war, here making a plan to meet an emergency, here temporizing, always seeking in stress and confusion something like order and justice, making their mistakes and rectifying them as they can, meeting the need of the moment in some sense that may tend to future peace—such is the human background of the despised secret treaties. They have their defects, but by and large they do credit to the old-style diplomacy that framed them. To have the prophetic gift to discern peace covenants months and years before they are drawn, to preserve entire wisdom and serenity while a world is rocking with war, is too difficult a poise for mere diplomats to maintain. It comes easier to doctrinaire apostles of peace and to editors of journals endowed beyond human hazards.

The Ocean Flights

IN the portent of three transatlantic flights within eight weeks that tenacious thinker, the late Henry Adams, would have found welcome evidence of his favorite theory of acceleration. Successively a flying boat of our Navy, a British Army bombing plane, and a British Army dirigible have flown from shore to shore. All three flights were made in untoward conditions of weather. The hypothesis of luck has to be excluded. The air route across the Atlantic is as definitely demonstrated as was some four hundred years ago the passage round the Horn by Magellan. It is too early to forecast the practical results of these ocean flights for commerce, pleasure, or war. We prefer rather to review these achievements as a whole, and especially to point out the very different human capacities called for by the three successful flights.

On May 17, Lieut. Commander Read took NC-4 through an opportune hole in a cloud to a safe anchorage at Horta in the island of Fayal. Read had flown

the 2,150 miles from Trepassey, Newfoundland, in twenty-six hours and twelve minutes. His flight was made possible through the most elaborate preparations. Every fifty miles a destroyer marked the way. The navigational preparation, however, especially the wireless direction finders, failed to work. That NC-4 won through where her flying mate NC-1 perished, while NC-3 limped in disabled to Punta del Garda, was due, as such successes usually are, to a combination of good luck and good management. Read flew the truest course of the three, he showed judgment in running away from his bad weather faster than his fellows did. The clouds opened for him and did not for them. Being in the best position to profit by any incidental luck, he had it, and in fullest measure deserved it. He has modestly said: "The voyage of the NC-4 was very monotonous on the whole. It's a fact that I believe the science of aviation will benefit more from the experiences of the men in the NC-1 and NC-3."

To one who knows the sea the extraordinary adventure in the Navy flight was not the successful hop of NC-4, but Commander Towers's feat in bringing the crippled NC-3 through the storm-tossed billows running between Corvo and San Miguel. He says: "We learned after a fashion to sail the big seaplane. That is, we turned it stern foremost to the waves, and by manipulating the controls got the wings and rudders to act as sails. We got pretty good at this after twelve or fifteen hours of it." All this in fifty knots of wind with a hull a shade stronger than that of the ordinary cedar canoe. We can not imagine a more hazardous feat of seamanship more gallantly accomplished.

The NC flights, while they brought undying glory to the adventurers, practically tested only *matériel*. The newer navigational methods either failed or were not employed. The success was won under conditions which could not be generally reproduced. Lieut. Commander Read's personal triumph rested on that sort of knack and adroitness which consummate pilotage requires. It had been proved that both above and on the water the flying boats had unexpected endurance. Not much more than that was won from the experiment.

When in the early morning of June 15, Capt. John Alcock and Lieut. Arthur Whitten Brown of the British Royal Air Force landed their Vickers-Vimy biplane in an Irish bog near Clifden, they had completed the most sensational of all the ocean crossings. They had flown the 1,960 miles from Newfoundland in sixteen hours and twelve minutes, through storm, wind, and scud, and by an extraordinary effort of pure pilotage they hit their mark ex-

actly. Unlike Hawker, who, in a spirit of pure deviltry, stimulated by great money rewards, attempted the flight in a single engined plane and with slight navigational resources, Alcock and Brown had powerful wireless and disposed of two engines. But the wireless broke down in the first few minutes, the heavens were covered, the flight was made by dead reckoning. Nothing favored the intrepid pair of aviators except that the storm winds followed, veering from Southwest to Northwest, and approximately equalized the drift. To make the desired landfall under these conditions was an extraordinary feat. Yachtsmen recalling the worry of a five hours' run through fog for a lightship in an uncertain tideway may begin to appreciate Lieut. Brown's problem. The chances of his hitting within fifty miles of the aviation field at Clifden were one in a hundred, and when he saw the outer seamount, High Island, slipping westward below him, his heart must have leapt within him. If the pilots of the world want to take on a saint or a hero as patron of their hardy calling, we know no fitter candidate than Lieut. Brown.

Lieut. Commander Read's terse comment on Alcock and Brown's transatlantic jump was, it was "one great stunt." It is the fitting word for all the crossings, complete or partial, by heavier than air machines. What emerged was simply the unexpected toughness of the structure and mechanism of the planes themselves, and the fully expected cleverness, hardihood, and endurance of the flyers. It was clear that these passages strained human endurance to the breaking point, that they were likely to remain in the field of adventure and scientific experiment, that nothing like a regular air service across the ocean was likely to come that way. To be sure, certain critics considered the possibilities of gigantic flying boats, with cabin accommodations, and organization for proper relief of the officers and crew. What was not considered was the greatly increased danger incurred by these giant planes when on the water. Indeed about the most useful invention for a flying boat would be a device by which, on being forced down to the water, it could at need shed its wings. Almost without exception the transatlantic fliers agreed that for a regular air service we must look to the lighter than air machine, the dirigible. This view was soon justified by the most significant of all ocean crossings, that of the monster British Army dirigible R-34.

The R-34 is indisputably the finest airship in being, yet from an American point of view not quite up to date. She was sustained not by the new non-inflammable helium gas but by the tricky hydrogen, which deprived her crew of the solace of smoking. Apparently her

navigator was not provided with that indispensable new instrument, the bubble sextant, which contains within itself an artificial horizon. Such conservatism was eminently British; they like a few handicaps. The airship carried in relative comfort twenty-nine officers and men, with abundant stores. She made her crossing like any seagoing liner, by dead reckoning corrected by celestial observations and by the new wireless direction finders. She first proved out on a great scale what is likely to be the navigation of the future. The direction of an incoming wireless wave may be read. At one time R-34 knew her direction lines from East Fortune, Scotland; Clifden, Ireland; St. Johns, Newfoundland; and the Azores. By simply plotting these four lines on a chart, their intersection would give an accurate fix. She followed the classic procedures of seamanship. When a storm centre was located she ran around it; she rose above or skirted local thunder storms. She covered 3,200 nautical miles in 108 hours and 12 minutes, progressing at an average speed of 29½ knots, about two knots faster than the Mauretania. She illustrated in every sense the practical seagoing superiority of the airship over the aeroplane. She could stop and drift, saving her engines and gasoline, whereas a plane must keep going. The strain on her captain, Major Scott, and on her navigator was severe; but the conditions were exceptionally adverse, and the personal wear and tear of a sort to which sailors are well accustomed. She fully demonstrated the weatherly qualities of airships and the fact that their navigation is now well understood. What remains to be dealt with in order to make airship lines regular and common is merely the problem of cost and the technical difficulties of landing and anchorage. With these latter difficulties invention should be able to cope.

The successful ocean flights will encourage flying everywhere, whether over sea or land. Upon sport, travel, and mail communication it must produce far-reaching results. Now is not the moment to play the prophet's part. Evidently life is going to be immensely speeded up. Plainly there is going to be a tremendous increase of noise. Such at least is the conviction of one who winters on the New York-Washington air-mail route, and summers on the beat of a jitney biplane. Flying for flying's sake and for war's sake has been thoroughly exemplified. Remains the serious problem of flying for good and permanent use. In any event the romantic chapter has closed, leaving undying fame to the gallant men who have made or attempted the ocean flights, and the utilitarian chapter opens. A new and great power has been placed in the hands of man. How will he use it?

Unbinding the Spellers

THE University of Wisconsin has boldly cut the Carnegiean knot. By its faculty vote to grant diplomas to three young men who had failed to pass the regulation spelling test, it has established the precedent—which, as everybody knows who is acquainted with the ways of faculty legislation, means the solemn principle—of allowing students to graduate who spell neither by the reform rules nor by the rules of orthodox orthography, but by the grace of God.

The history of the seven-league stride in educational progress thus happily accomplished is, according to recent advices, somewhat as follows. A number of years ago, a senior in the College of Letters and Science having failed to meet the spelling test, a motion by a prominent member of the faculty to grant him a degree none the less was lost by only a few votes—whereupon, it may be added, the young man went off, learned to spell, and took his degree in the Summer Session. The injustice rankled, however, in the heart of the defeated parliamentarian. Not many years afterwards, a young woman, who, like the young man, was "a brilliant student in every other respect," also failed in the spelling test. The faculty attitude this time, as manifested in the discussion of the case, was noticeably less dogmatic, and the motion to graduate the young woman would probably have carried without farther persuasion; but its proposer, the professor above mentioned, removed all possible doubt by calling attention to the fact that the student in question had already been elected to membership in Phi Beta Kappa, and that it would ill become a mere university faculty to reject where an organization of so superior quality had accepted. The motion was passed with considerable enthusiasm, only the good spellers and the non-Phi Beta Kappas dissenting.

But there was room for still another stride in the march of freedom. A definite principle was lacking: not every poor speller could be expected to belong to Phi Beta Kappa. When the names of the three unorthographical young men of the class of 1919 were introduced with the familiar recital, not omitting the "very brilliant in every other respect," the doughty champion of the orthographically oppressed led his forces once more unto the breach. As these candidates were *not* PhBK's but *were* SATC's, a conscientious and really discerning but tactically mistaken professor, thinking to avoid trouble, moved that all SATC seniors who had failed in the spelling test be granted their degree. In this way, he argued, the faculty could be both faithful to the principles of their fathers and merciful to the un-

fortunate victims of the rule; the SATC's would all soon be graduated, and it was not likely they would occur again. This brought to his feet the paladin of emancipated spelling with an amendment to grant the diploma without regard to service in the SATC. It was noisily carried two to one; not that there were more poor spellers on the faculty than before, but that the love of freedom had grown, together with the conviction that the right not to spell was somehow bound up with the principle of democracy.

And is this all? God forbid. The friends of freedom in orthography will next year make one more drive against autocracy in spelling. They will not, as might be expected by the superficial, declare for the superior faculty of Carnegie spelling, nor yet for the Henry Holt variety. The sort of orthographical genius that writes "neckless" for "necklace," and presents three versions of "little" in one short sentence, will hardly with eyes open subject itself to the tyranny of rules that require "kist" instead of "kissed" or "kisst" or "kict," or "yu" instead of "yue" or "yew" or "yoo." Their effort will be in a different direction. We are "credibly informed" that they have already under way an elaborate array of statistics culled from the records of the registrar which will have the effect of at last giving the deficient speller his due. They will prove with these statistics that the failure of a student to satisfy the spelling requirement is unimpeachable evidence that he is "brilliant in every other respect," and that he should be graduated without question and without delay. They will place the burden of proof where it really belongs, on the shoulders of the spiritless slaves of tradition who imagine that law is a necessity and the keeping of the law a virtue. They will prove Dogberry corrupt, and emend him: "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write and spell comes by nature. . . . Well, for your favor, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your reading and writing and spelling, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity."

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"Little Americans"

THE term has been coined and has begun to pass current. What does it mean and what will be its value in the campaign now gathering force for the great decision?

To be a little American is to oppose unreserved acceptance of the League of Nations. The reasoning has become familiar. As the isolation of this country is now a thing of the past and we must look forward to playing a responsible part in world politics, especially in helping to maintain peace, therefore—with such broad premises various conclusions might follow that "therefore." Yet let the "big American" do the reasoning: therefore we must agree explicitly to all the clauses of the Covenant. Is it not curious that many who now boldly preach this doctrine are the very ones that helped to make our entrance into the war long overdue? The issue was as clear cut as any issue is likely to be in the future, yet they hesitated until the mere mechanics of international relations forced us in. As the saying is, they were "all right after we got into the war." Most of the so-called "little Americans" devoutly wished that the United States might take up arms nearly two years before the President gave the word. Though no binding agreement existed, they felt that decency and devotion to the best principles of civilization required us to throw in our lot with those Powers which had chosen to risk all rather than submit to the dictates of a despot.

Can it be that those who proudly label themselves big Americans have become big so quickly that their growth is of the mushroom variety? This is not a cheap fling at them. It brings up a consideration which goes to the heart of the matter and which must give pause to many a man who otherwise might not be averse to the proposed plan of the League. The real question is this: To what extent are the advocates of the League convinced of its regulative power and to what extent have they fallen under a spell as soft votaries of a perfectionist? In their half-formed conceptions of the new order to be ushered in by the League there are much the same aspirations which visionary pacifists have cherished these many years. By organization, the latter have argued, the rivalries of nationalities, even the feeling for nationality, can be wiped out and the world transformed into a Christian brotherhood. Organization—that was ever their cry. It would not be strange if pacifists should now claim the credit for the great reliance placed by the "big American" upon organization as a cure-all.

In a previous paper I attempted to

show that debate on the League has not been characterized by reasoning that reaches home—on the one side an array of theoretical cases designed to show the embarrassing positions in which this country might find itself as an unqualified member of the League; on the other the repeated assertion that America's defection would spoil a glorious plan to compose differences without bloodshed or ill-feeling. Admitting that our presence in the League may indeed be needed for the first few years, one is bound, in any just consideration of the permanent value of the League, to reason from the known character of the American people. Will it be to our moral advantage to have much of our thinking done for us by a world council? Shall we as a people retain our passion for fair play if, in the presence of altercations abroad, we are practically forbidden to lend our moral support as conscience dictates? Can a nation with such a proud past, even if it would, silence its sympathies? Let it be remembered that the President's admonition to be neutral in our thoughts made, not for neutrality of thought, but for the unloosing of violent partisanship. For it encouraged pro-Germans to trot out technicalities and allegations which would have appeared ridiculous if the issue had not been officially put in question, and it forced their opponents into equally silly positions.

One can not believe that even the "big Americans," with all their high hopes for the League, would cease exercising their sympathies as international disputes came up for adjustment. They would start, no doubt, by relying upon the sweet reason of the League's representatives. They would trust that this body would not put reason through such capers as those devised by that other representative body, the United States Senate. Yet even when reason is made to function properly one has to admit that there are certain questions which do in truth require other resources than reason. After reason has failed, man is left with convictions which transcend reason and are compact of various subtle elements, from his home training on, which make him what he is. And it might well happen that the best sentiment of the American people would strongly dissent from the decisions of the League. Ah, but America would have its representative. Well, America's representative at Paris, just returned, acquiesced in an agreement concerning Shantung which has made his fellow-countrymen blush with shame and has subjected China to a crushing disillusion. (Must we break the heart of such a vast nation in order to keep the "world's heart" intact?)

The country is still rumbling with the injustice done to China, and we may be sure that there would be numerous occasions in the future on which we as a people should feel humiliated to obey the mandates of the League. If so, would we not resort to technicalities so as to release ourselves from the action we were called upon to take? This, in my judgment, is the most dangerous possibility of the League idea. From a nation which has habitually experienced strong moral reactions, we might tend more and more to look to the small points of law for our warrant. At the outset these would be used in the interest of our solidest convictions; later, as the habit grew, they would not do us credit. The experience along these lines during our overdone neutrality prior to 1917 makes the assumption in no sense ridiculous.

"Little Americans," "big Americans"—how foolish the distinction! The difference lies not in the calibre of the mind so much as in the quality. For there is beyond question in both camps an earnest desire to see the whole world put in as decent order as may be. The "big American" has a mind which yields easily to the glowing picture of vast political machinery, of civilization *organized*. He has the trusting nature which can hardly imagine that out of all the discussion which has been going on at Paris there should not come a sovereign remedy for the world. "Big American" has the superior manner which becomes the fanatic. He has seen the light of happiness about to dawn for small nations, and if you can not see it too, why, perhaps you will by and by. Let him, however, beware of this feeling of moral superiority. Pacifists have already exhibited it overmuch. Finally, "big American" has the sort of mind for which the language of lofty exhortation may pass as solid argument.

"Little American" has a tougher mind—some would call it cantankerous. Perhaps it is, in fact, a heritage from the traditional Yankee. He has more faith in the conception of original sin than in that of man's perfectibility. He wishes to make the whole world happy if it can be done, but he is determined that his own country shall not be sacrificed for an experiment. He hears the House of Commons greet a serious mention of the League with a derisive shout, and knows by other testimony that Europe views the proposed organization somewhat cynically. Is he to blame if he imagines that there may be danger ahead for his country? In some respects his moral sense is more highly developed than that of "big American." Thus he fears that the League might conceivably prevent us from giving comfort and support to peoples in distress quite as much as he fears that we may be drawn into

an imbroglio which legitimately should be none of our affair. While devoutly hoping that the better feeling which has come into the world through the war may be perpetuated, he looks to practical realities and not to short-cuts.

These are the two types of mind which

The Non-Partisan League

IF the activities of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota were merely an experiment in state socialism worked out on a large scale, those who disbelieved in its theories might perhaps stand by complacently to see it "run its course" as a necessary and inevitable demonstration of its futility, even though, meantime, it was disastrous to all business interests as well as to the misguided victims of the socialist propaganda. But it must be recognized as the personal adventure of an unscrupulous man with a more than shady past, who has gathered into his own hand almost absolute power over the political and property rights of one of the sovereign States of the American Union, and who will use his control of that State to promote and extend his political power in adjoining States and throughout the entire country—most of all perhaps at the National Capitol.

A. C. Townley is a political boss without an equal in the history of the United States. His power is comparable to that of Nicholas Lenin, with the difference that he has no Trotsky to share the throne. Nearly every member of the State's Government from Governor Frazier down is of his designation and takes orders from him. More than two-thirds of the members of both houses of the Legislature have been elected by the Townley machine and are pledged to carry out the will of a "caucus" which received its instructions direct from the head office in St. Paul, or from Townley in person and on the spot. It would not be proper to say that many of the courts in North Dakota are manned by Townley's creatures, but the Justices of the Supreme Court elected on the Townley ticket show great alacrity in interpreting the law as the needs of the machine may require. Indeed, Chief Justice Robinson declared from the bench that he had made a pre-election promise to overrule the decision in *State ex rel. vs. Hall*, and that he would not have been elected if he had not done so.*

There can be no question that the Government represents the present wishes of the majority of the people of North Dakota, but how was this extraordinary power obtained? How were they persuaded to put themselves into

are now attempting, in debates formal and informal throughout the country, to come to grips, hoping that a good American campaign of education will at length enable the country to reach a right decision.

H. de W. F.

the hands of a man of Townley's character "without recourse"? Why did they supply the two million dollars or more that enabled him to carry through his successful campaign? It is an extraordinary tale of political and financial "green goods" operations. Admitting that the farmers had grievances against the business men, as all people may have against those with whom they do business, those grievances have been made the basis of an extravagant campaign of vilification and misrepresentation designed to arouse the bitterest class hatred. This campaign has been conducted by an organization of smooth-tongued agitators of the soap-box variety. By denunciations, and warnings against the "kept press," Townley has managed to close the ears of the farmers to every voice but his own. Now he has secured a "strangle hold" on the members of his league by creating a "kept press" of his own which embraces a very large proportion of the country newspapers throughout the State. Strange that all this power should be in the hands of a man whose actual residence is in Minnesota and who is not even a taxpayer in North Dakota. Indeed, the Federal Court formally pronounced him a bankrupt, in December, 1918, with less than \$1,000 assets against listed liabilities of \$70,000. This bankrupt now has control of all the property, all the wealth, and all the business interests in the State.

Although Townley speakers and writers have been almost exclusively drawn from the ranks of professed socialists, he has until recently denied that his movement was socialistic, since the farmers themselves have little use for socialism. Now that he has fixed his hold on the Government he has thrown off the mask. The Hearst paper in Chicago in an article dated Bismarck, February 1, says:

The Non-Partisan League no longer denies that its programme is socialistic. In fact, it rather glories in the term once applied in reproof. Members insist that socialism means merely *the rule of the people, by the people.*

The Legislative programme was described as follows in an article in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*:

They have imposed on Governor Frazier more power than ever before has been held by a state executive. As chairman of the Industrial Commission, he will be head of

North Dakota's greatest bank. He also will be head of America's greatest state-owned distributing agency, the greatest elevator and flour mill system outside the Twin Cities, and of the Home Building Association, which expects within a few years to have millions of dollars in assets. He also has absolute veto power. The Industrial Commission has wide powers of its own without specific legislative authority. The Constitution has been amended to enable the state to engage in any business not prohibited a private individual.

This programme was carried through during the session of 1919 with neatness and precision. Every Non-Partisan member of the House or Senate had been bound by a pre-election pledge to abide strictly by the will of the majority in caucus, and the new legislation was determined in caucus meeting, held between 8 P.M. and midnight. All important bills were introduced from the caucus, and no amendment—not even correction of typographical errors—was permitted on the floor of the House or through Legislative Committees.

The foundation of the Townley system is the Industrial Commission. This powerful body is composed of three members, the Governor, the Attorney General, and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor. The right of the Industrial Commission to engage in any business not prohibited to a private individual is accompanied with the right "to determine the location of such utilities, enterprises and industries"; "to acquire by purchase, lease or by exercise of the right of eminent domain all necessary properties and property rights"; and "generally to use the same so as to promote such utilities, enterprises and industries"; "to fix the buying price of things bought and the selling price of things sold, incidental to the said utilities, enterprises and industries"; "to make rules, regulations and by-laws"; "to procure the necessary funds by negotiating the bonds of the State of North Dakota"; "to conduct investigations of all matters directly or indirectly connected with or bearing upon the success of any of the utilities, enterprises or industries under such management and of all matters which may directly or indirectly affect the manufacturing, preparing, or marketing of any of the products or by-products thereof." The banking and grain businesses have been brought within the scope of Townley's operations and a "home building" plan has been developed "whereby every city worker will be placed in a \$5,000 home and every farm hand on a \$10,000 farm, if he so wishes," presumably by a liberal exercise of the right of eminent domain.

All these enterprises are to be supported by *discriminatory taxation*, an extensive issue of State Bonds, and the possible manipulation of funds in the State Bank—a system of confiscation and

*See *State v. Hall*, 171 Northwestern Reporter, p. 234.

financial inbreeding which will make the State independent of outside capital and lift it to prosperity by its own boot straps.

The launching of all these schemes involves a tax levy of over \$6,000,000 for the coming year—or \$12,000,000 for the biennium—which is three times the levy of the preceding year. Most of the taxes, of course, will fall on people who do not belong to the Townley league—that is to say, the money will be paid by one set of people and spent by another. When to this amount is added some \$2,000,000 from special revenues and fines, \$17,000,000 to be raised by the sale of State Bonds, the estimated \$40,000,000 legal reserves of State banks to be placed in the People's Bank of North Dakota, and the School and Institution Fund of some \$60,000,000, we have the enormous total of \$131,000,000 at the disposal of Mr. Townley and his fellow-adventurers.

The perpetuity of the political machine is assured in several ways. There will be thousands of comfortable jobs at the disposal of the Government; not only the usual public offices, but the employees of the Bank, the Home Building Associations, the Elevator Company, and all the other State enterprises. This will assure political solidarity among all the beneficiaries of the State. Control over elective offices is effected by the power vested in the Governor to remove from office "any County Commissioner, Clerk of the District Court, County Judge, Sheriff, Coroner and County Auditor, Register of Deeds, State's Attorney, County Treasurer, Superintendent of Schools, County Surveyor, City Commissioner, City Treasurer, City Auditor, Mayor, Chief of Police, Police Magistrate, Deputy Sheriff, or other public officer, or any custodian of public moneys, except the State Treasurer."

The legislative provisions for the Townley propaganda are very complete. In each county a League newspaper designated by the State Printing Commission is to be put on the payroll, and it is estimated that this will put some two hundred independent country newspapers out of business. The League workers are to be State employees and their salaries and hotel expenses will be paid by the State. Most 'minous are the provisions for control of education. A State Board of Administration will supersede the State Board of Regents (the present Board of Education) and will have complete control of the public school system, nullifying in practice the office of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction—the one State office which was carried by the opposition in the autumn election. The State will print and publish its own school texts. Instruction in socialism is thus assured from the kindergarten to the university.

When the significance of the portentous laws enacted by the Legislative machine dawned on the public consciousness, a movement was instituted to have them submitted to a referendum of the voters. In the face of the strenuous opposition of the Administration a sufficient number of petitions was obtained, calling for a referendum on seven of the principal laws, *i. e.*, those relating to the Industrial Commission, the Bank of North Dakota, State Printing (the League Newspaper bill), the Board of Education, the Tax Commission, the Commissioner of Immigration, and Judicial Redistricting. Governor Frazier set an early date for the election with the view of shortening the discussion as much as possible. The intensive two weeks' campaign was made more bitter by the active participation of six of the State officials elected on the Townley ticket who had revolted against the Townley autocracy. Attorney General Langer (who will be one of the members of the Industrial Commission), State Auditor Kositsky, Secretary of State Hall, State Treasurer Olsen, Tax Commissioner Packard, and others fearlessly exposed the personal crookedness of the League managers and emphasized the dangers of turning over the resources of the State to them. But the entire force of the Townley organization was brought into action. Townley himself took the stump to vituperate the "renegades" who were opposing the laws. He continued his speaking campaign till the eve of the election, disregarding an engagement with the judge in Jackson, Minnesota, where later (July 12) he was convicted of conspiracy under the State Sedition Law.

The referendum vote on June 26 resulted in the confirmation and approval of all seven of the laws, which will, therefore, go into effect during the present month; albeit the League majorities were much reduced from the election returns of last November. Thus the farmers, after hearing both sides, approved the programme. The Voice of the People confirmed the Voice of the Machine.

The people of North Dakota, of course, have a right to do as they please, and if the constitutional rights of a minority are violated they can secure protection from the Federal courts. What concerns the people of other States is, not the experimental temper of North Dakota, but the national ambition of the man who is the temporary master of the State and the genius of the Non-Partisan League. The power which Lenin has obtained in Russia by violence and revolution has been obtained by Townley through political means, but the actions of both men seem to be based on the same theory—the taking of property from one set of people to give it to another.

It may seem extravagant to say that Townley desires to be the Lenin of America, but both words and deeds of himself and his lieutenants give color to the suggestion. An article in the *Chicago News* of January 14 entitled, "New Political Party Seeks Entrance Here," told of the offer of the Non-Partisan League to coöperate with the new Independent Labor Party in Illinois in a kind of political marriage for the coming municipal campaign in Chicago. This was confirmed three weeks later when Governor Frazier, on February 8, met the labor chiefs in Chicago and made plans for uniting the farmers and the city workmen for political purposes. The labor representatives approved of the idea, and action was taken looking towards a national convention of representatives of farmers and city workmen.

But the most significant part of the article in question is the report of an interview with "one of the men high in authority in the League, who is understood to be the incarnation of the League's inward spirit." The interview is well authenticated and gives a frank statement of the ultimate objects of the League:

"DEMOCRACY IS A FAILURE. There is no hope for economic redemption through any of the political expressions of democracy. We must have an entirely new system, a system based not on politics but on industry. The producers on the farm and in the shops must unite in one great political union. All party lines must be ignored. The old parties are only empty shells. This new party composed of producers will take all the machinery of government production and distribution in the interest of the people." "That would be class government," it was suggested.

"Oh, no," said he, "it would be government by the majority. There are 6,000,000 farmers and millions of workmen. These constitute the vast majority of the United States. It is the purpose of the Non-Partisan League to bring these two great bodies of workers together; then we can dictate terms to the balance of the country. OUR UNION WILL BE MODELED AFTER THE RUSSIAN SOVIETS with the elimination of the objectionable features. It will be an adaptation of the Russian idea of government, of the producers, for the producers and by the producers, to American habits of thought. It will, however, be of THE COMPLETE RUSSIAN IDEA IN AN AMERICAN FORM."

These views, radical as they are, are quite in harmony with the utterances of Townley himself, who said, at a political meeting at Stillwater, Minnesota, on February 19, this year, "The red flag has always been the emblem of the oppressed." They are in harmony with the rejection by the Legislature of a bill prohibiting syndicalism and sabotage and the use of the red flag. They are in harmony, also, with the known views of Townley's henchmen—Le Scur, attorney for the I. W. W.; Gilbert, formerly editor of the *Spokane Socialist*; Walter Thomas Mills, author of books on socialism; and others of that ilk.

Townley is not yet a Bolshevik, perhaps, but he is moving rapidly in that direction. He is not a potential Lenin, much as he may desire to emulate him, for he has not half of the Russian's ability. He is a smart and capable demagogue, however, one of the dissatisfied who has rebellion in his heart, and who, for that very reason, is able to play upon

the heart-strings of thousands of his fellow-men. To put it another way, he is a sailor—not a trained seaman—who has lost his bearings, who has persuaded the people of his State to break away from their moorings, and who, if long allowed to hold the wheel, will run the ship upon the rocks.

EYE-WITNESS

The Freedom of the Seas

IT is to be feared that, in spite of the appalling experiences of the past five years, we are but too often beguiled into acceptance of striking phrases and are still reluctant to look facts squarely in the face or to go behind epigrams. The term "Freedom of the Seas" is a conspicuous example. It is neither out of place or time to inquire into its true signification.

That it is a term used from the beginning of history is admirably shown in Miss Brown's little book*, which gives a résumé of the contentions of opposing parties and interests of all eras and of the various efforts to establish a code of maritime law founded on the principles of abstract justice. The earliest instances she quotes, such as the Rhodian statutes, the *Consolato del Mare* (that great Pisan contribution of the twelfth century), deal more with matters of ship discipline, contracts, jettisoning, etc., than with the freedom of the seas. They may fairly be classed as relating rather to admiralty than to international law, although, unquestionably, leading to a broader view of the rights of all who go down to the sea in ships.

The story of the monopolies claimed and, where possible, exercised over colonial trade, remote fisheries, and waters adjacent to a nation's shores, extending in some cases to limits that seem to us to-day wildly preposterous, is briefly told by this author. Rightly, she points out that commercial greed on the one side and commercial envy on the other were largely responsible for the wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, in which colonies and trade with colonies were the great prizes. It was to plead for Holland's share in the wealth of the Indies that Grotius wrote his "*Mare Liberum*"—not at all to open up to foreigners the advantages she already possessed. It was to urge England's sovereignty over the North Sea and elsewhere that Selden retorted with his "*Mare Clausum*." To understand the innumerable wars which arose from the determination of every maritime nation in Europe to keep in its own hands all traffic with or between its colonies one must cast aside notions of pure justice (*pace* Grotius) to find the under-

lying causes in sheer national selfishness coupled with ignorance of the economic falsity of the belief that one can only thrive on the losses of one's neighbors. Doubtless to these causes was added the indignation felt in Protestant countries when Popes Nicholas V and Alexander VI gave to Portugal and Spain the entire newly discovered world with exclusive navigational rights in and on the seas lying between it and Europe; yet those same Protestant countries were not moved to open up to others indiscriminately the fruits of their own victories.

The treaties that ended the struggles associated with the name of Napoleon, in which Orders in Council, Berlin and Milan Decrees vied with each other in assaults on neutral trade settled few of the cardinal points concerning shipping. (Miss Brown's review of these prohibitory measures, bringing out, as it does, the mercantile character of twenty years of hostilities, is well worth the reading.) Our own treaty with England, that of Ghent, which closed the War of 1812, is silent on the main issue, the impressing of British, or alleged British, seamen from American vessels.

The Navigation Acts, through whose operations the British sought to bar foreigners from trade with British colonies or indeed from the carrying of British goods, had for one of their objects to develop a large merchant service as auxiliary and tributary to the great navy which her insular position made absolutely essential to her independent existence. Irritating as were these and similar efforts, they gradually passed into "innocuous desuetude" and repeal, to be replaced by a policy of astounding liberality. Long prior to this War of the German Aggression, foreign shipping was admitted freely to British ports, home and colonial, on the same terms as British shipping. Great Britain moreover had borne her part, and a major one at that, in suppressing piracy in all quarters of the globe, from the Yellow Sea to the Caribbean. Incidentally, it is pleasing to remember that our own country aided vigorously and effectively in this laudable undertaking. If Germany lent a hand at any time or anywhere the fact has escaped my notice. It is her habit to reap where others have sown. Practically our cousins abroad

policed all navigable waters, establishing and maintaining a freedom of the seas under whose ægis Germany was able, at no expense whatever, to create and develop the second largest merchant navy in the world. In time of peace she certainly had cause for gratitude rather than complaint.

While we also have profited by so satisfactory a state of affairs, it must not be forgotten that we have always made one important reservation in permitting no vessel flying a foreign flag to carry freight or passengers between American ports, not excepting Hawaii and the Philippines. This remote echo of the old English Navigation Acts has alone prevailed to keep the American ensign afloat. In this fact lies the complete justification of our departure from the fundamental doctrine of the "*Mare Liberum*;" yet it should entail upon us a certain charity of criticism.

It is only in days of war that the term "freedom of the seas" is made use of to claim for neutrals privileges or rights, as some see them, inimical to the operations of belligerents. Although the principle, "free flags, free goods," appears in a treaty of 1742 between France and Denmark, it was forty-three years later that Frederick the Great gained the reputation of champion of the freedom of the seas in the treaty of 1785 between Prussia and the United States. The former, not being a maritime power, sought transit for her wares unrestricted by the nations actually engaged in hostilities. How completely she has ignored this treaty of late needs no telling.

It should be borne in mind that international law, as it existed until Germany reduced its whole structure to ashes, was the outcome of precedents and compromises and never based on abstract justice, useful and powerful as appeals thereto might be. Conflicting interests had often to be resolved by resort to a *tertium quid*. It is to be hoped that the new code which must be devised after the conclusion of peace will be based more upon right than upon opportunism; but the lessons drawn from the Hun's wrecking will serve eminently as a guide in the remaking.

Returning to the original question, what exactly is the freedom of the seas? To this there is no satisfactory reply. Each interprets the phrase in his own favor or in accordance with his own point of view.

Of President Wilson's fourteen points the second ran as follows:

"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants"; or, as summarized, "Absolute freedom of the seas

*THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By LOUISE FARGO BROWN, New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

in peace or war, except as closed by international action."

The enthusiastic acceptance of this point by Germany and its prompt rejection by Great Britain are too recent to be forgotten. Naturally the former heartily approved a ruling which would enable her, despite her naval inferiority, to import at will food stuffs, raw materials, and munitions without let or hindrance, even while waging war on a maritime power, and would nullify any and all attempts at blockade. She knew well enough that "international action" based on unanimity of the members of a league of nations was, to say the least, highly improbable. For her no other course was conceivable. Great Britain, on the other hand, would have nothing to do with a proposition to deprive her of her one most effective weapon, the exercise of long established belligerent rights.

These cases are both typical and illuminating. The necessities of the crisis may be expected to prevail over transcendental notions of abstract justice, however praiseworthy. It was a matter of course that Germany should take the affirmative side of the question, since therein lay her own profit as a mighty land Power. Equally might it have been foreseen that Great Britain, a mighty sea Power, would adopt the negative. It is pertinent to ask what would be the condition of civilization to-day had the German view of the freedom of the seas been in force during the last five years.

Even this country has exercised the immemorial right of visit and search during this war—most properly, I hold—nor has she refrained from reviving the ancient "law of angary," seizing and operating foreign vessels which happened to be in her ports. It would appear that, under the compelling of Mars, "la nécessité n'a point de loi." But prudence dictates caution in abandoning a procedure which has served us well until a new state of things shall have provided us with absolute and irrefragable safeguards.

No one can or does deny that the ocean, as the greatest of all channels of commerce, is unreservedly open, in time of peace, to every sailor who cares to use it for legitimate purposes, subject to the one condition that this use does not conflict with the rights of others. This common enjoyment obtains in war as well, the qualification "non-interference with the rights of others" taking shape as the obligation of strict neutrality. When A and B are at war, C must do nothing to help or harm either. Now C, as a government, may be perfectly sincere in its policy and intentions, but its subjects or citizens are not always proof against the temptation of huge profits through carrying to A or B goods declared to be contraband. Hence arises

the necessity on the part of B or A to assure itself of the due observance of the rules of neutrality by exercising the right of search on vessels flying C's flag. In a life and death struggle, such as we have just seen, B or A can run no risk. Their very existence is at stake. It must fairly be admitted that the hardships inevitably imposed on C's shipping, and great they doubtless were on occasion, were reduced to a minimum by our Allies.

The slogan "free ships, free goods," when viewed in the light of recent events passes into the limbo of theories rejected because they could not meet the test of facts. One shudders in thinking of the result had this specious phrase allowed Germany to draw upon the resources of the world in furtherance of her nefarious schemes.

And there is a corollary to this cry for the freedom of the seas which is quite universally overlooked. If freedom of the seas, the great neutral zone, why not the freedom of the land, the lesser neutral zone? Let us take the case of Germany, situated in the heart of Europe. She can draw freely upon adjacent countries, not hostile to her, for whatever she needs and they can supply. The vast products and raw materials of Russia, for example, would, but for her crimes, now be at her command, and could, by her, be easily denied to her foes, of whom the principal depend upon ocean traffic for almost everything. Germany would never for a moment think of letting foreigners cross her territory for the articles with which to equip and maintain their armies when at war, yet she clamors for a freedom afloat which she would not allow on shore. A demand for the freedom of the seas might, to be logical, be coupled with an equal demand for that of the land, but the mere statement of such a proposition carries its own refutation, so that I need not labor a grotesque point. Again, when the Prussians besieged Paris, they were merely waging war according to the rules, but when the Allies blockaded Germany they were fiends in human form. It requires reasoning powers beyond those of an average man to understand this distinction.

We are irresistibly drawn by a study of our subject to the conclusion that the forthcoming code of international law, if ever such a one be compiled, will in all probability be founded upon concrete facts rather than upon ideas of abstract justice, unless some instrument more potent than written engagements, which the present chief offender among the nations has not the least intention of observing, shall have been created to secure and preserve equal rights for all. Until that be done, the freedom of the seas will remain what it is to-day, a mere phrase of little value other than an ex-

pression of the individual views of any and binding on none. Even then, we can draw comfort from the knowledge that the sea in time of peace will be free and open because the British may be depended upon to adhere to their traditions and practice of clearing it of piracy and of policing it honestly for the benefit of all. If we are not satisfied with this benevolent work, we owe it to ourselves not to cavil, but to bear our share in it loyally and manfully to the same righteous end. Such should be the spirit and attitude of all maritime peoples who in harmonious coöperation will bridge the chasm between the present day and the formation of a proper international marine police force. Can this ever come to pass or, in hoping that it may, are we merely cherishing a counsel of perfection? The reply lies in the lap of the gods.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

Correspondence

Proper Salesmanship for W. S. S.

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your commendation of Secretary Glass's announcement "that the sales of Savings Stamps and Certificates will be indefinitely continued," etc., in your issue of June 28, is aptly phrased—"It puts the possibility of Government investment within the reach of everyone at all times." So do Smith, Jones & Company when they compound their new panacea place it within the reach of everyone at all times. The latter do not, however, stop their efforts at the "compounding and placing," nor do they rely upon the good will of the amiable physician whom they can personally cajole into prescribing their remedy.

War Savings Stamps are a first aid for the cure of impecuniousness. If they had been handled with the same business acumen and salesmanship that is a prerequisite to success for the introduction of any new and unknown product the goal set for the thirteen months succeeding their presentation to the public might have been, probably would have been, more than fifty per cent. reached. They are beyond question the best kind of small investment to beget the saving habit and particularly in those sections of the country in which savings banks are inaccessible.

I have recently taken the pains to inquire at various W. S. S. agencies which display the Government sign that they have the stamps on sale, as to the present demand for stamps. There isn't any. Interest in them seems to have ceased, and will, in my opinion, not be re-aroused, even to the rather limited ex-

tent to which it had during the war been aroused, unless the stamps are backed by salesmanship and publicity.

With all their merit and social value, can not the Treasury Department be roused to a realization that reasonable and proper methods of keeping them before the public are in order?

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS

New York, July 8

Questionnaire or Questionary

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

There's a new-fangled game known as Questionnaire,

Such a mouth-filling word with a scholarly air,

But the form is not English, though thought debonair,

To prove it, just look in the Dictionnaire!

Would you write Functionary or Fonctionnaire?

Do you like Missionary or Missionnaire? Which form would you place in your Vocabulaire?

Questionary's good English; 'tis time to forswear

That sesquipedalian Questionnaire.

NOTE—The great Oxford English Dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray and others, shows that Questionary was used in English as a noun as long ago as 1541, while in the London Athenaeum of September 10, 1887, it was used precisely as the French form is used here to-day ("answers to the society's questionnaire of sociology and ethnography"). The adjective use is traced back to 1715 and earlier (Burnet's History of Our Own Time), and is found in Chalmers' writings of 1838. Is it not time to go back to the anglicized form of the word?

F. L. PALMER

Stillwater, Minn., July 5

States Rights and the League

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The reservation by the United States Senate either of the Monroe Doctrine or of the United States' right to withdraw from the League might be as worthless and ineffectual as the like reservation of the alleged right of Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island to secede from the Federal Union, contained in the respective ratifications of the United States Constitution by those States, was held to be during the Civil War. By the sword of war, and later by the decision of the Federal Supreme Court, it was established that, notwithstanding express reservations in their ratifications of the Constitution of the right of those States to secede, the Federal Union was perpetual and indissoluble. *Texas v. White*, 7 Wallace, 700, 722, 725-6.

Virginia's ratification of the Federal Constitution does "declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the People of the United States may be re-

sumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." 2 *Documentary History of the Constitution of the United States*, p. 145. New York's ratification of the Federal Constitution declares "that the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the People, whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness." 2 *Documentary History*, pp. 190, 191. Rhode Island's ratification declared "that the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the People, whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness." 2 *Documentary History*, p. 311.

The Executive Council of the League of Nations is an autocracy like the Holy Alliance without any Supreme Court or any other council or legislative body to hold it in check. It is the sole judge of its own powers. It is a union of the executive, legislative, and judiciary merged into one body. If its decision, however erroneous, is disregarded, an international boycott, embargo, or taboo will be followed by an international war in which it is the duty of every member state to support the international war to the utmost of its strength. There is no more reason to believe that in an emergency the Monroe Doctrine would be respected because reserved, or the reserved rights to secede peacefully allowed, than in the case of Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island in 1861.

HENRY A. FORSTER

New York, July 8

Book Reviews

The League of Nations

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Mathias Erzberger. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE SOCIETY OF NATIONS. By T. J. Lawrence. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND A LEAGUE OF PEACE. By G. B. Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE POLITICAL SCENE. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

HERR ERZBERGER pivots his league of nations upon compulsory arbitration, and so rejects the familiar distinction between "justiciable" and "non-justiciable" disputes.

"All international conflicts," he asserts, "however thickly invested with the pathos of irrationality, may be referred back, in the last resort, to a concrete difference, which is expressible in legal terms and is always formulated in an ultimatum (p. 178). . . . Every conflict, even that which is apparently incapable of settlement by legal means, is really susceptible of an objective solution. *The decisive point is the obligation to resort to arbitration . . . fresh data will give rise to new legal prin-*

ciples" (pp. 180-81). Unfortunately, Herr Erzberger does not attempt to enlighten us as to the nature of the new legal principles which he expects to see arise, and that is a very essential matter. The great national states have always felt that they could not consent to a crystallization of the status quo, and it is that fact, rather than lack of legal principles, which still constitutes the supreme difficulty in the way of universal arbitration.

The machinery of Herr Erzberger's league is naturally very simple. The court of arbitration is always an *ad hoc* body to which each of the two disputants, acting through its legislature, appoints a member, these two in turn appointing a third; but in cases of persistent disagreement as to the third member, a more elaborate method may be resorted to (p. 181 ff.). Recalcitrant states are treated first to a severance of diplomatic relations, then to commercial and economic isolation, and finally to blockade (p. 322). Other features of the general plan are disarmament, "freedom of the seas," "equality of economic privilege," and the neutralization of Africa.

Herr Erzberger's notion of freedom of the seas is essentially the same as that which was taken to Berlin by Colonel House in 1915 and which afterwards found expression in President Wilson's "Peace without Victory" speech of January 22, 1917, and more vaguely in the second of the Fourteen Points. The most important trade routes of the world, like those through the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Suez and Panama Canals, must be internationalized; the rights of belligerents in connection with blockade and contraband must be abolished; there must be a general disarmament at sea. A rather optimistic programme for a German to have set out as late as September of last year!

Nevertheless, Herr Erzberger is quite right in insisting that the problem of freedom of the seas is still with us. As he writes: "Only an absolute Utopian will believe that it is possible to devise such arrangements as will preserve the world from the clash of arms *under all circumstances*," wherefore the regulation of land and sea warfare is still not superfluous (pp. 211-12). And especially is this so in view of the possibilities of the submarine, which has already put the superdreadnought in peril, has immensely enhanced the resources of defense by sea, and has made blockade a weapon available to large and small states alike. "This is why," Herr Erzberger sums up, "all states must renounce the use of warships for their own private purposes" (p. 218).

Professor Lawrence's volume also went to press after the victory of the Entente had become assured and takes

color from that fact. Comparing a "dictated peace" with a "peace by negotiation" he remarks: "A peace dictated by a conqueror to a thoroughly beaten foe might conceivably be just, and even generous. A peace reached by diplomatic bargaining might be unjust and sordid to the last degree" (p. 146). "Conceivably"—there is much virtue in the word. Certainly it is more than questionable whether Dr. Lawrence's further assurances to Germany have been borne out by subsequent fact. "She will discover," he writes, "that the Allies have no intention of depriving her of a rood of land that is really German, or crippling her by penalties more severe than what is needful for reparation and security" (p. 151).

The necessary foundation of a "society of nations," Professor Lawrence urges, must be the recognition by every state of its obligation to assist in the enforcement of International Law (p. 182). Other features of his plan he summarizes thus: "First, the provision of Arbitral Courts to deal with cases susceptible of judicial treatment; secondly, the establishment of Conciliation Committees for the settlement of cases not capable of legal adjustment; thirdly, the organization of an international force to be used in the last resort for the purpose of compelling recalcitrant states to submit to the decisions of these Tribunals and Committees; and fourthly, the proportional and simultaneous disarmament of all civilized powers, saving only the forces necessary to safeguard the social fabric" (p. 186). Finally, there must be "something in the nature of a Legislative Assembly" to continue the work of the Hague Conferences (p. 187). For, no more than Herr Erzberger, does Professor Lawrence expect to see war abolished at once, wherefore it must be regulated. Indeed, the organization of the League of Nations, far from being one of the incidental tasks of the Peace Conference, "will take years to accomplish" and "will tax the utmost energies of the best intellects and highest characters to be found among men" (p. 153). Nor is the problem exclusively, or even predominantly, a mechanical one—at bottom it is "moral and spiritual. There is no real security for a better and nobler international society save the ennoblement of the thoughts and desires of men" (p. 188). As was to be expected, Professor Lawrence brings to his problem the luminous spirit of ample learning and disciplined reflection. His instructive pages should have many readers.

In decided contrast with the two preceding volumes is Professor Adams's suggestive little volume. From his important studies of the British Constitution, Professor Adams has derived a point of view and this point of view he

now brings to bear upon the problem of international reconstruction. The British Constitution has in great part developed "unconsciously," that is, in piecemeal fashion, and has never ceased to rest upon good, everyday, British human nature. How entirely to be expected, then, that a life-long student of this process should avow his skepticism of "codes and constitutions" which exact either "the existence of common moral standards and ideals of conduct among nations"—in short, "a re-making of human nature"—or else must be enforced by war (p. 34). But the fact is, of course, that "no evidence has yet been presented by any nation, at least, outside of words, or by any body of men of controlling influence, that a decisive change has taken place" in the "elemental feelings and ambitions" of men. Hence, "even among the avowed supporters of a league of peace, the belief is freely expressed that future war can not be prevented, that the utmost that can be hoped for is to make it difficult and more than ever dangerous." It is apparent, therefore, that no sure conviction of success is derivable from "artificial and mechanical" plans drawing their only life from treaties and resting on the menace of armies. "What is imperatively demanded is an object lesson, an actual instance of . . . a league on a large scale among nations, with practical machinery that does its work." Nor is such an instance lacking. "The Anglo-Saxon nations at the present moment almost furnish the required example" (pp. 29-31).

Professor Adams clearly indicates the stages by which the league of nations he sketches would emerge into actuality. In the first place, the purely British problem of Imperial Federation would be solved by the transformation of the British Empire into a commonwealth of equal nations, each vested with exclusive powers of internal legislation but acting together for external purposes through a body akin to the Allied War Council. To such a commonwealth of nations the United States would readily seek admission, and after it, Italy and France. The adhesion of Russia and the Central Powers would depend upon the establishment within their borders of a genuinely democratic régime. Japan would be a more doubtful problem still.

Quite aside from the question whether he does not overestimate considerably the moral solidarity of what he calls "the Anglo-Saxon race," Professor Adams has been led, by his favorite studies, one suspects, to undervalue the importance of "artificial and mechanical" constructions. Hence, there are certain problems of organization calling for clear-cut answers from the outset to which his own answers are indefinite and unsatisfactory. The central body of his

league is an international council in which each nation would have "an equal share" and whose method of arriving at decisions would be that of negotiation—but suppose negotiation should fail! Again, in attempting to draw the line between "internal" and "external" interests, he favors leaving "the vexed question of protective tariffs" and that of naturalization to local legislation, a solution which flies in the face of our own history as a federation. It may be true that "the primary and most essential object of a British federation or of an English-speaking alliance is not internal regulation but external unity" (p. 14); but the question remains, what internal tensions will make for and what against unity. And this question would not become less exigent with the expansion of the federation into a world union.

The great contribution which Professor Adams makes to our discussion is the reminder that the solid bases of international amity are not to be pulled out of a hat by some political prestidigitator, that they are the fruit of history, and that where they already exist they should be cherished, both for their own sake and for the support they may be made to lend to world peace and order. But it does not follow that their place may not be supplied to some extent, and indeed, their growth facilitated by "mechanical and artificial" means. Moreover, Professor Adams bids too high. "League of Nations" and "World Federation" are still far from synonymous in the vocabulary of most men.

Mr. Lippmann's agreeably written if somewhat misleadingly entitled little essay brings us approximately down to date and lands us somewhere in the neighborhood of the Peace Conference, from which, however, our too curious gaze is at once tactfully diverted by a rattle of interesting talk about "absolute victory," "the Covenant," "Bolshevism," etc.

While avowing himself a great believer in President Wilson, Mr. Lippmann evidently does not share to the fullest extent his chief's high opinion of the Covenant, at any rate, the original draft of it. "It can not be asserted too often," he writes, "that the indispensable action to be taken at Paris is to provide for a continuous meeting. Nothing else in the Twenty-six Articles can be regarded as beyond the reach of criticism and amendment" (p. 54). He then adds this interesting suggestion: "Revision need not delay the making of the Peace Treaty, because the Congress of Versailles—if it does not adjourn—can adequately perform the immediate tasks of the League." How unfortunate that this idea never occurred to the brilliant political strategists who brought forth the Knox Resolutions only to manoeuvre them into an untimely grave!

Mr. Lippmann succeeds in re-phrasing criticism of Article X and adds a point or two to the usual indictment. This clause, he writes, "will not protect a nation's independence against the kind of economic penetration which to-day constitutes the chief mode of conquest. But it will protect a government in bad practices and oppressions. It will hamper the honorable nations by ruling out interference; it will assist the dishonorable governments who have learned to manipulate affairs in a costume of legality. It may put minorities beyond the scope of the League's protection, and enforce the privilege of the oppressing state" (pp. 56-57).

Yet on the whole Mr. Lippmann's attitude towards the Covenant is one of approval. He commends, as Senator Root has done more recently, its provision for automatic conferences at a definite place when there is danger of war, its provision for joint action in matters of common interest, its provision for delay and for bringing disputes between nations to the bar of world opinion. But then, these are features which might well occur—probably would occur—in any scheme for a league of nations. The really distinctive excellence of the *proposed* League is something quite different; it consists in the fact, so Mr. Lippmann contends, that it makes "Anglo-American sea-power the nucleus of world organization," guarantees "its uses before the whole world," and binds "ourselves in honor to employ it only for the security of all nations. That," he proceeds, "is what the League does. The actual ownership of power remains in British and American hands, but its uses are stipulated in a covenant" (pp. 51-52). To complete the argument, we should add, from an earlier page of the volume, a description of sea-power as "irresistible in conflict and yet" incapable of being used "permanently to conscript and enslave alien peoples" (p. 42).

I must own to finding this complacent picture of a Pax Anglo-Americana not altogether convincing. What evidence, for example, has Mr. Lippmann that sea-power is "irresistible" except in very special circumstances, and what evidence has he further, that *when* it is "irresistible" it is incapable of serious oppression? Again, *where* in the Covenant are the uses of sea-power stipulated? In the preamble of the document, forsooth? But when did a preamble ever want in fair professions? The preamble of the Holy Alliance could hardly be exceeded for its pious benevolence.

The fact is that Mr. Lippmann adduces no convincing proof either that Anglo-American intentions—assuming their harmony—would prevail in the League, as organized in the Council; or that, if they did, the League would be essentially different from a mutual un-

derwriting by the two Powers of one another's foreign policies. Moreover, he fails to distinguish things that need distinguishing. Few well-intentioned folk but will admit our duty as a nation to pledge our support to some mode of procedure having for its purpose the impartial and peaceable consideration of international differences; many will question very sharply whether the performance of this duty carries with it the obligation to join with a few other great powers with numerous axes to grind in assuming the rôle of international arbiter on all occasions. The enforcement of the processes of the peaceable adjustment of international difficulties is one thing, the assertion of hegemony quite a different thing, and one which, carried to the lengths suggested by the Covenant, exacts the abandonment of one of our soundest national traditions.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Foreign Capital in Mexico

MEXICO UNDER CARRANZA. By Thomas Edward Gibbon. New York: Doubleday Page and Company.

MR. GIBBON has written a remarkable book. Though incomplete, and at times one-sided, his presentation of the services which foreign capital has rendered to Mexico deserves closest attention. To it her railways owe their very existence. They were for the most part honestly constructed and, contrary to a widely held opinion, comparatively moderate privileges were obtained from the Government in the form of subsidies and grants. The subsidies granted to the Mexican Central Railway, against which the Carranzistas have brought so much criticism, were small as compared to the subsidies that were necessary to induce capital to build railways in the United States under even more favorable conditions. An examination of the details of this much-criticised "concession," which is printed in the appendix of the book, bears out Mr. Gibbon's contention.

Concerning the great services of foreign capital in developing the mines and the agricultural and other industries that largely depend upon the mining industry, Mr. Gibbon presents a strong case. For the most part, foreign enterprise had increased wages and raised the standard of living within its sphere of influence. A review of the history of every important gold, silver, and copper mining camp in Mexico shows that in practically every case it was high-powered pumps, the handling of low-grade ores, and the reworking of abandoned dumps that enabled the American and foreign miners to extract a wealth that could not have been produced by Mexican methods. And what is true of mining is essentially true in other important branches of industry.

In view of the many current rumors as to the fabulous wealth gained by Americans through lucrative "concessions," it may be enlightening to many in the United States to learn from Mr. Gibbon that "no citizen of the United States, during the Diaz régime, ever acquired, by grant or subsidy, a dollar's worth of oil territory, gold or silver or copper mines, or land." And further, "None of the mines owned or operated by foreigners was ever acquired as a concession or grant through the favoritism of Diaz, or any other head of the Mexican Government. They were, in nearly all instances, either purchased or leased from Mexican owners and were all acquired under the general laws governing the acquisition of mineral properties."

Mr. Gibbon brings against the Carranza régime one of the most severe indictments ever brought against any administration in modern times. He cites the unspeakable misery of a large mass of the people; poverty beyond the imagination of those who have not seen it; the "criminal waste of public funds"; the graft among the army paymasters and other officials; the robbery of the people and "an unbroken crescendo of accumulated woes." To this he adds the destruction and confiscation of property of both foreigners and nationals and the deliberate breaking of faith by Carranza. "The experience of the masses of the people under the government given the major portion of Mexico by the Carranza party furnishes a striking parallel to that of the Russians at the hands of the Bolsheviki."

It is an extreme charge but unfortunately a part of nearly every count in the indictment is true. But what Mr. Gibbon neglects to tell us is that an important part of the condition which he presents is due not to Carranza but would have occurred under any one of the seventy-five governments that he credits to Mexico in the last one hundred years. Mr. Gibbon would not like to be told that his method of presentation is a "striking parallel" to that followed by the Bolsheviki and other extreme radicals in attacking the present economic system. Such, unfortunately, is the case. The radical conjures up most of the ills of society that have been accumulating for the last few centuries, some of which existed three thousand years ago, and dramatically presents them as the results of modern capitalism. Mr. Gibbon, in defending capitalism in Mexico, attributes to the Carranza régime a large part of the sins and sufferings that have been accumulating for many generations. Part of his book is so well done, it is to be regretted that he has been so indiscriminating in dealing with the Carranza Government. His facts are in the main correct, but they are the facts of

a physiography, a race, and a conquest of three hundred years' standing and not solely of the political conditions of the last six years.

To Americans, perhaps, the most interesting of the conclusions of Mr. Gibbon will be those concerning the policy of President Wilson in regard to Mexico. We now have books upon current Mexican problems written by representatives of each of the contending interests in that country. Three of the most striking are the one written by the well-known publicist of Diaz's time, Francisco Bulnes, the one written by the Mexican Ambassador to the United States under Madero, Manuel Calero, and the one written by Mr. Gibbon, a lawyer of Los Angeles. All three represent different points of view, but all three reach substantial agreement upon two points, *viz.*, that the rights of Americans in Mexico have been inexcusably neglected by our own Government and that instead of assisting the Mexicans, we have but added to the misery of that unhappy people.

While the diagnosis of Mexico's ills and the remedy offered are not entirely new, Mr. Gibbon presents some aspects with a high degree of interest. He finds Mexico's chief difficulty to be one of race antagonism and a minority tyranny changing but never changed for three hundred years. "Mexico is inhabited by two distinct races: one, the descendants of the aborigines comprising probably eighty per cent. of her total population, who furnish practically all the common labor of the country . . . who as a class are uneducated and non-property holding. The other twenty per cent. of the population are the descendants of the Latin conquerors, who, beginning by monopolizing all the landed and other wealth of the country and possessing all its educated intelligence, have continued to hold that position of advantage which has made them the governing race and conferred upon them and made them responsible for the control of the uneducated and non-property holding eighty per cent."

Such a situation inevitably results in the degradation of the majority and the corruption of the alien minority. And against the fitness of the Latin-Mexican minority to rule the majority, he finds overwhelming evidence. Oppressive beyond description, they have monopolized education, property and political control; they have been the disturbing element for a century, for "with few exceptions, every revolution in Mexico has been led by some representative of the Latin population;" and lastly, they have degenerated in their public morality until their indulgence in speculation has become a national scandal. In justice to the present Government, however, the author should have added that the prevalence of graft, especially in the army,

has been frankly acknowledged by some of the members of the Carranza Government and that the problem of removing this public thieving is one of the largest with which President Carranza has had to deal.

Mr. Gibbon's conclusions are reached after having considered all other possibilities of reform. Will revolution dethrone the corrupted class that has ground down the native majority for so many years? The evidence of history, he thinks, is overwhelmingly against this hypothesis. Mexican history up to Diaz was one of almost perpetual revolution. Seventy-five rulers headed the Government in fifty-five years, and in almost every case the Latin-Mexican came to the top. Each revolution represented not the overthrow of the alien minority by the native majority, but the overthrow of one section of the minority by another. Carranza's revolution was no exception, and the Latin-Mexican element still dominates.

Since, therefore, the cunning of the Latin-Mexican will bring him into power in every revolution, Mr. Gibbon sees only one solution and that is "the intervention in her affairs of some saving power such as England has afforded to Egypt or our nation to the Philippines and to Cuba, in a degree, under the authority of the Platt amendment."

Vulgarity Outside and In

THE BOUNDER: A VULGAR TALE. By Arthur Hodges. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

SAINT'S PROGRESS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE author of "The Bounder" once, in "Pincus Hodd," pleased at least one jaded reader of pseudo-bohemian fiction with a merry and hearty little story in that now somewhat unhopeful field. Since then, Mr. Merrick's "While Paris Laughed" has done the trick more perfectly, but that is not Mr. Hodges's fault, and we who recalled "Pincus" turned the first few pages of "The Bounder" in smiling anticipation. It was to be a "vulgar tale," apparently in the sense that it dealt with vulgar people. And by vulgar people we were to understand the kind of free, striving, racketing young experimenters with life and art at whom dull respectability is doomed to frown. There has to be this abrupt contrast, we know, or the piquancy of Bohemia vanishes. Let respectability once perceive that "artists" are not necessarily vulgar and may very well be dull, and it will cease to support (as of course it does support) the conventionalized fiction of Montmartre and of our own proud Greenwich. . . . Mr. Hodges is too, too right with his subtitle: this is not merely a tale about persons and scenes bound to be held as vulgar by

conventional or supercilious observers. It is a vulgar tale in essence, and, alas! a very dull one. No matter how free and easy the denizens of "Kilkenny" are in their speech and conduct, how faithfully and almost methodically they get drunk and make love, and are humorous for our benefit, we find it increasingly difficult to keep our eye on them, as the chapters go by. They do not seem to have rehearsed the piece; they give an impression of making up not only the lines but the plot, as they go along. Therefore, it is a dull performance. Perhaps the real trouble is that Mr. Hodges has not found it worth while (since he was only going to write a novel, which may be anything you like) to decide what he meant to do. The medley he achieves of Bohemian comedy, Southern melodrama, and sex-realism, is neither savory nor entertaining. The action maunders along interminably, and the characters are . . . dull. For the rest, a plural in the title would have been fairer to all concerned.

Between the patent vulgarity of a book like this and the inherent vulgarity of "Saint's Progress," or any other of Mr. Galsworthy's recent novels, there is an undoubted barrier. But it is mainly a barrier of style. The author of "The Dark Flower" and "Beyond" is clearly under his own spell; under the hypnotic charm of his graceful and fluid diction, and also under the enchantment of a misty humanitarianism, a largely emotional penchant for liberty and brotherhood and a world in which all injustice shall become magically impossible. And being thus spellbound, with many of his readers, he is, one may believe, unaware of the grosser magic that holds him and determines the character of his work, as apart from its form and atmosphere. To put it grossly, there is a "yellow streak" in this famous writer, a secret sex-obsession the more unwholesome in essence and influence because veiled beneath a manner of extreme refinement; a coarseness of fibre almost concealed by the fastidious hand of a skillful artist. "Camouflage" apart, there is not so much difference between the inherent vulgarity of Mr. R. W. Chambers, to which we alluded last week, and that of the author of "Saint's Progress."

Not to leave this as a vague allegation, we may glance at the detail of this story. The plot may be "passed" readily enough by current standards. It is based upon a common and moving situation of recent days—the young girl who gives herself in haste to her soldier-lover on the eve of his departure and who, after her lover's death in battle, becomes mother of a "war baby." We may accept the solution for her, in this instance, of later marriage with a much older man who "knows all" and thinks none the worse of her. What we think of such a

plot, or feel about it, depends altogether on its handling. Does the story-teller interpret it, or does he merely use it for his (conscious or unconscious) purposes? Does he treat it finely or crudely? And the answer in this case is that, with all his air of connoisseurship, he treats it crudely. He starts from the crude idea, and decorates rather than develops it: the girl with inherited "temperament" approaching womanhood at the moment when young men are becoming scarce in England; her impulse to make sure of one young man while she may, even for an hour: and what happens thereafter. Noel Pierson is presented insistently as a girl of amazing charm, and perhaps we reward her creator's insistence by assent. It all turns on our ability to accept the right impression of her physical presence. Otherwise, having shaken our eyes clear of the verbal glamour spun about her, we have to recognize her as a wilful, emotional and distinctly "common" young egotist. She thinks coarsely and speaks coarsely—is coarse. As for the "saint," her father, the Reverend Edward Pierson, he is (stripped of that same glamour) among the woodenest parsons of fiction, despite that wild little heater we are commanded to observe burning under his clerical waistcoat. With insidious, and, for all one knows, unconscious irony, Mr. Galsworthy proceeds to make a fool of this supposably excellent man. Oh, yes, he is all very virtuous and so on, but that is all the effect of painful repression. He would probably have been a better man among men if he had not, with anguish, "starved" himself physically after the death of his wife, on account of his theory that one should only marry once. He is really dominated and stifled by sex, if only by its negation. And here is Noel's delicate summing up of him, towards the end of the tale. Pierson doesn't want her to marry James Fort because an older cousin of Noel's is, or has just ceased to be, Fort's mistress:

She took up her father's letter, and bent it meditatively against her chin. He wanted her to pass the time—not to live, not to enjoy! To pass the time. What else had he been doing himself, all these years, ever since she could remember, ever since her mother died, but just passing the time? Passing the time because he did not believe in this life; not living at all, just preparing for the life he did believe in. Denying everything that was exciting and nice, so that when he died he might pass pure and saintly to his other world. He could not believe Captain Fort a good man, because he had not passed the time, and resisted Leila; and Leila was gone! And now it was a sin for him to love someone else; he must pass the time again. "Daddy doesn't believe in life," she thought . . . "Daddy's a saint; but I don't want to be a saint, and pass the time. He doesn't mind making people unhappy, because the more they're repressed, the saintlier they'll be. . . ."

"Denying himself everything that was exciting and nice": these are the terms in which Mr. Galsworthy, novelist and moralist, represents the modern daughter of better-class England, whom he admires, as scorning her already more than middle-aged father for keeping his body to himself in a world of "enjoyment" and of women.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Whole Law of Income Tax

INCOME TAX PROCEDURE. By Robert H. Montgomery. New York: The Ronald Press.

THE chief interest of the various editions of Montgomery's books on the Federal income tax, aside from their authoritative character, is to be found in the fearless criticisms of the unjust features of our income tax procedure, originally in the law or read into it by the decisions of the officials of the Treasury Department. In many of the crude and doubtful decisions of 1916 and 1917, the officials of the Treasury Department, presumably acting in good faith, compelled corporations to follow accounting practices at once unsound and nothing short of illegal if applied in other branches of accounting. From the first, Montgomery has done valuable service in pointing this out with clearness and emphasis. It is therefore comforting to read in the preface of his latest edition that "the 1918 revenue bill is almost a good one." Those who have wrestled with these laws, complicated by successive Treasury decisions, will note with interest the change in the character of Montgomery's comments on the intelligence of the Treasury officials. For the first time he finds the Treasury officials amenable to reason and the spirit of the law. "Fortunately for the business interests of the country the Bureau of Internal Revenue has vastly improved its personnel and its rulings. Questions of doubt are considered on their merits, as they should be."

The book in its present form renders several valuable services. It offers, first, a practical guide, notably clear and complete, to the taxable person in determining what part of his income is taxable under the law.

A second object, the one apparently nearest to the author's heart and involving his most valuable contribution, is served by the criticism of the law and the Treasury rulings from the point of view of sound accounting. It is doubtful if anyone could have been found to do this better, a service which in itself entitles the book to recognition.

A third contribution of the author, brief out of all proportion to its importance, is his contention that fiscal admin-

istration is a two-party affair and that the Government alone can not hope to obtain good results until it considers the taxpayer as a partner in the administration. Too little has been made of this point in the United States, although it is well understood in some European countries. Experienced students of practical fiscal administration know that a large part of tax evasion is forced upon the taxpayer either by the injustice and partiality of the law itself, or by the stupid attitude of tax administrators. Dr. Montgomery has rendered the Government as well as the taxpayer a real service in pointing out repeatedly and forcefully that successful administration consists not in the attempt to squeeze out of the taxpayer the last cent that can be obtained, but in the attempt to deal with the taxpayer in a broad-minded and helpful way; in treating him as a gentleman; and in enlisting his support instead of bewildering and antagonizing him.

The value of the book, both for the practical purposes of ascertaining taxable income and for purposes of general reference, has been enhanced by the introduction of foot-notes. Much of the text of previous editions, while of interest to the student of taxation, was not necessary for the immediate purposes of the payer of income tax. The present form enables the taxpayer to obtain the needed guidance with a minimum of searching and yet retains in the foot-notes much valuable material that would otherwise have to be omitted.

War and Treaty-Making Power

CONSTITUTIONAL POWER AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By George Sutherland, Former United States Senator from Utah. New York: Columbia University Press.

THIS small volume, based upon lectures given in 1918 at Columbia University upon the Blumenthal Foundation, represents a type of publication which is of distinct value. It is a discussion in a clear and scholarly, and yet popular manner of questions of public law which are of great moment to the American people. The topics treated are those of the war and treaty-making powers under the United States Constitution, and the reviewer finds himself in substantial agreement with the conclusions which are reached.

With regard to "war powers" Senator Sutherland points out that, with the exception of those vested by the Constitution in the President as Commander-in-Chief, they reside in Congress: as Commander-in-Chief, the powers of the President are determined by the usages and laws of war; as Executive, they are enumerated and limited

by the Constitution. The power which Congress has to declare war carries with it the right to authorize any action which can be reasonably deemed expedient for waging war effectively and successfully: hence the constitutionality of the great body of legislation by the Sixty-fifth Congress.

As regards the treaty-making power, Senator Sutherland discusses the participation of the Senate in its exercise, and the constitutional limits upon the matters that may be regulated. There is not here space even to summarize his argument, but it may be said that his conclusions are such as will be deemed satisfactory by the most liberal constitutional constructionist. In fact, Senator Sutherland's general thesis is that the time has come when we should measure the authority of the general Government not only by the powers which the Constitution affirmatively grants, but by those which it has failed to deny. To the statement so often made that the Constitution is an undemocratic instrument in that it places so many restraints upon legislative action, Senator Sutherland points out that these restraints are not upon the people but upon the Government. Viewed fundamentally, "It is the most democratic thing we possess, for it is the one thing above all other things that makes articulate and clear the claim that all political power comes from the people. . . . The limitations of the Constitution are not bonds which fetter the people; they are restraints imposed by the people themselves upon the government which they have created as an instrumentality through which they rule in order that their creature may never forget that it has a creator."

He is not sanguine as to the results to be obtained from the proposed League of Nations, and would prefer to see developed the projects already initiated by the two Hague Peace Conferences.

The Run of the Shelves

MR. CHARLES LATHROP PACK, organizer and president of the National War Garden Commission, deserves high praise for rapidly estimating the critical position of America with respect to the world's food supply and for the effective measures which he set afoot to meet an emergency of the utmost gravity. The story is told in his "War Garden Victorious" (J. B. Lippincott Company). The object was simple enough; to set idle lands and idle hands to work, and in America's bright lexicon to give added meaning to the word "can." But before this could be realized in the form of backyard gardens, school gardens, community gardens, demonstration gardens, factory gardens, soldiers' gardens, and

community canneries, a deal of organizing had to be done and the coöperation of many sorts of people had to be effectively called forth. The success of the vast enterprise could not have been greater, it could only have been more striking, if the war had continued. Daylight saving, we are told, increased by many millions of dollars the value of the food produced in the United States. It is pathetic to read of the author's hopes for the continuance of the backyard garden, with its very material contribution towards the solving of problems of labor and of transportation, in the light—or rather in the darkness—of subsequent legislation by Congress. In an appendix are reprinted two of the books issued by the Commission, "War Gardens" and "Home Canning and Drying."

Voltaire is perhaps the greatest and certainly the sprightliest of modern letter-writers. S. G. Tallentyre has rendered acceptably, together with a running commentary, eighty-four letters of the ten thousand or more that appear in the collected correspondence. ("Voltaire in His Letters"; Putnams.) He is guilty, however, of an occasional lapse—for example, when he confuses La Motte Houdard with La Motte Fouqué, the author of "Undine." Some readers would have preferred the explanations of the more obscure allusions to appear in their appropriate places at the bottom of the page rather than bunched at the beginning of each letter. The fear of the foot-note is being pushed in certain recent volumes to a point that is almost morbid. In his attitude towards religion Mr. Tallentyre seems to suffer from some of the limitations of his author. The saying that he quotes with approval that though anathema to the church Voltaire had done more good than all the Fathers put together is already beginning to have a somewhat old-fashioned flavor. Mr. Tallentyre presents with special fullness the letters that enable us to follow the relations between Voltaire and Frederick the Great. He discovers points of likeness between Frederick and the present representative of the house of Hohenzollern and quotes with satisfaction a passage from his *Life of Voltaire* written fifteen years ago: "No man ever wore better than Frederick the fine coat called Culture. He fitted it so well that even a shrewd Voltaire thought it his skin, not his covering, until he ~~shook~~ ^{slung} it on the ground and trampled on it!"

As an illustration of the merits of Mr. Tallentyre's translation and also of the inevitable loss in lightness and agility that Voltairian prose suffers in its passage into our clumsier idiom, one may take the well-known beginning of the letter to Rousseau in acknowledgment of the receipt of the Discourse on

Inequality. "I have received, sir, your new book against the human species, and I thank you for it. You will please people by your manner of telling them the truth about themselves, but you will not alter them. The horrors of that human society—from which in our feebleness and ignorance we expect so many consolations—have never been painted in more striking colors: no one has ever been so witty as you are in trying to turn us into brutes: to read your book makes one long to go on all fours. Since, however, it is now some sixty years since I gave up the practice, I feel that it is unfortunately impossible for me to resume it: I leave this natural habit to those more fit for it than are you and I. Nor can I set sail to discover the aborigines of Canada, in the first place, because my ill-health ties me to the side of the greatest doctor in Europe, and I should not find the same professional assistance among the Missouris: and secondly, because war is going on in that country and the example of the civilized nations has made the barbarians almost as wicked as we are ourselves. I must confine myself to being a peaceful savage in the retreat I have chosen—close to your country where you yourself should be."

"Aristokia" is an amusing extravaganza by A. Washington Pezet (Century), playing around life as it may, but probably won't be towards the close of the century. After the great proletarian revolution, and the establishment, in 1925, of the Universal International Socialistic Democracy, the lot of ex-royalties and of all unreconstructed adherents of the capitalist tradition was for a time hard indeed. Justice, however, was eventually done them and a tract of land in what was formerly Germany was set apart for them in which they might continue the old world of dinner parties (instead of capsules), tips, alcohol, marriage and divorce, titles and resplendent uniforms, without interference from the drab proletarian world. All this splendor is maintained by opening Aristokia during three months in the year to the vulgarly wealthy proletarian tourist in search of an archæological or a moral holiday. Here many years after comes John Smith, knowing only the world of international democracy, and tastes strange drinks, and engages in strange adventure with Prince Willy, grandson of the defeated commander at Verdun, and with Gwendolyn. The satire, which often promises well, too often blows up into extravagance or collapses into humor. The humor is rather strikingly American; the author is by birth a Peruvian. We shall doubtless soon see many books on themes of this sort. Something really memorable might be forthcoming if the mass of them could

be given condensation and point by an editorial board consisting, say, of Lucian, Rabelais, Cyrano de Bergerac and Jonathan Swift.

There is very little left of the conscientious objector when Major Walter Guest Kellogg gets through with him in his book of that title (*Boni and Live-right*). Before a penetrating and not unkindly good sense his heroics evaporate and he stands clearly revealed, whether he happens to be a half idiotic Mennonite stranded in the backwaters of a couple of centuries ago, a voluble negro a-grope in his own misty verbiage, or a glib idealist who takes lofty stand on some inner or outer perfection hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals, as the narrow-minded, anti-social parasite he really is. Fortunately, there were not many of them. Something less than four thousand made good their claim to a conscience that had caused the atrophy of all their intellectual powers. And, all in all, they received better treatment than the intelligence and sympathy of most of the fellow countrymen whose protection they sought but to whom they would lend only a carefully qualified assistance would have been able or willing to accord them. France had neither time nor inclination to recognize the scruples dark and nice that might obsess some unfortunates among them. Much could be said for the French way of managing the thing. But that, for better or worse, could hardly be the Anglo-Saxon way. Canada, to be sure, exempted, from combatant service only, those whose conscientious objections were fortified by membership in a religious society which forbade participation in war, and, under an old agreement, its Mennonites and Doukhobors from service of any kind. England and the United States undertook to reckon with the pathology of the individual conscience; England through its local boards and America by means ultimately of a Board of Inquiry on conscientious objectors.

As chairman of the board Major Kellogg succeeded Major Richard C. Stoddard. The other members were Dean Stone, of the Columbia Law School, and Judge Julian W. Mack. It would be difficult to render the board too much praise for the spirit in which it approached its large—really too large—task. The legal mind, unembarrassed by precedents, has had few fairer opportunities to exercise a kindly acumen. Their recorded experience is of great value. Careful heed should be given the suggestion that objectors who established their sincerity and who refused non-combatant service (the Quakers as a class accepted this in the finest spirit) and who then refused farm or industrial furloughs under the direction and in the

pay of the Government should be segregated in one or more convenient posts at a safe distance from all real soldiers. Their presence in military camps during the war was more than a nuisance, it was a menace. Finally, the possessor of a conscience which could bring itself to assume no part of the nation's war burdens should certainly be made to find his privileges in time of peace curtailed to the extent of deportation or, where such action is not appropriate, of complete political disfranchisement. There is a residuum of objectors which neither justice nor expediency would desire to force into any form of service. Such enjoyed a fair measure of comfort and complete personal safety during the national crisis whose existence they refused to recognize. Steps should be taken at once to give legal confirmation to their self-chosen severance from the body politic.

Some History that Might Have Happened

IN reading casually an old volume a short time ago, I was impressed by the new interest the war had given to so many past and half-forgotten events. The book I had in hand was one of the volumes of Young's "Around the World With General Grant," published in 1879. Grant's exchange of views with Bismarck, and his reception by the courts and peoples of Europe, elicited comparison with the recent travels of our President; but when I read a report of a conversation with the General about the situation at the close of the Civil War, the strangeness of the devious ways of history was forcibly brought to mind, and I began to wonder what the logic of it all was. Here we find ourselves, I thought, in 1919, suddenly plunged into the affairs of the world,—unexpectedly to many if not to most of us, unnecessarily some probably still think,—and quite in the face of our homely provincial ways and against our traditions and contrary to the "Farewell Address." What is the reason for this fate of ours? I asked. Are we just where we are because, as Sir Thomas Barclay, the distinguished English student of international relations tells us, of a natural and inevitable consequence of our Monroe Doctrine itself? Or, again, does history hang upon the toss of a coin, so to speak, or upon the decisions and caprice of a moment? Or, once more, is there to be seen in it a fate or a purpose that transcends chance and Monroe doctrines alike?

All this reflection follows from being reminded of a fact which most of us have probably forgotten, and many of us never knew, that just as the Civil War

was closing and shortly thereafter General Grant strongly urged an immediate invasion of Mexico. Secretary Seward opposed the plan. President Johnson was probably in agreement with Grant. What did actually happen is a matter of recorded history. A strongly worded note went from our Department of State, and certain French troops that had occupied Mexico since about the beginning of the war were promptly withdrawn. The loss of this support promptly sealed the fate of the Austrian Prince Maximilian, whom Napoleon III had placed upon the throne of Mexico, the collapse of the Clerical and Royalist parties in Mexico followed, and European intrigue there came for the time to an end.

It is good for us to recall some of these events, for they show us how closely after all we are united to the Old World, and that world-politics is by no means dependent upon wireless and airplane. Then it was France, and not Germany, that was for the moment our menace. Napoleon III was ambitious for empire in Central America. Opportunely, too, leaders of the South, foreseeing separation from the North, were looking towards a union with Mexico; and the politicians of Mexico and the Confederacy were talking of a great empire, encircling the West Indian Seas, and at last to absorb the Caribbean Archipelago. Spain also looked for the restoration of her Western Empire; and she wished and expected to see a Bourbon prince placed upon the throne of Mexico. England was not without interest, and might have had reasons for wishing to see the territory of the United States limited in South and West.

Everyone knows that in December, 1861, a Spanish force landed at Vera Cruz, and occupied the city. A French force soon followed and then an English force. This was by agreement among the three nations. The immediate cause was the suspension by the Mexican Congress of interest payment on the national debt. Events moved swiftly in Mexico from that day, as they are likely to do in such unstable countries. We know that the Spanish and English forces withdrew; England, satisfied with the settlement of her claim, Spain, upon seeing that her dream of Western Empire was a forlorn hope. The French were left in control of Mexico. Austria and France were brought together by a new diversion and a family tie, so to speak, and our Republic had the added burden of watching new European diplomacy and guarding against Mexican intrigue.

It would be interesting to know what would have happened if, the South subdued, Grant had been free to impart to our policies the military view. Sheridan was sent to the Mexican border, Grant intending that he should cross and advance to Mexico City, the State Department on

the other hand wishing to add emphasis to a diplomatic note. In Grant's view the situation was a military one. Napoleon in Mexico he believed to be a part of the Rebellion, and he believed that Napoleon's army was definitely opposed to ours, that there was never a more justifiable occasion for war and he was ready to act upon the evidence that Maximilian's Government had committed acts of hostility on the Rio Grande, and to assume that, if he were supported by Napoleon and the acts of the French and Mexican forces were not disavowed, war with both France and Mexico was in order.

Grant had, too, his own views about the wider results of such a situation. First of all, he thought all descendants and issues of Napoleon I to be evil influences in Europe, and looking back upon these events after twelve years, during which the Franco-Prussian War had been fought, it seemed to him that the whole course of European history might have been changed by an invasion of Mexico by the combined armies of North and South. Napoleon's Empire would have fallen five years sooner than it did, German and Austrian history would have been different. Incidentally the life of Maximilian would have been saved and the world spared a painful tragedy. France would have been a Republic, and the French people, with reliance upon their own true genius, would have abandoned their militarism. Above all, Grant's interest in the Mexican invasion was in its possibilities as a means of solidly uniting South and North, of turning the attention of the defeated South outward, and finding outlet for emotion and irreconcilable opposition and a new hope for thwarted careers. A great army could be recruited, he thought, Sheridan alone, with his corps, could march to Mexico City without a serious engagement, and, he hoped, many Southerners could be induced to remain as settlers.

All this might very easily have come to pass. From a military point of view it seems sound reasoning. It was precisely the argument of Bismarck, moreover when he looked for a means of uniting antagonistic German states. We should have come sooner to recognize our concern in European affairs. A crucial five years of European history would at least have been different. We should certainly have been united, North and South, on a different principle, and Europe would have had a new interest in the rise of a great Western empire and have found, perhaps, such a ground of mutual accord as Nicolai, for one, says would quickly be discovered among Western peoples, if the Far East should begin to move, in its deepest currents, towards the West.

G. E. PARTRIDGE

The French Stage During the War

AT first, when the European conflagration broke out, the French theatres closed their doors. Even the Comédie-Française, which had defied the siege of 1870-1871, was obliged to suspend while the greatest drama of history was being staged at the frontier. But after a fortnight of mortal anguish the battle of the Marne brought relief. Paris, saved temporarily, sought relaxation. Although only sixty miles from the conflict, Parisians proceeded to revive their least dispensable amusements—motion pictures, music halls, cabarets, and vaudevilles—and to reopen, also, the regular playhouses. Ere long, the capital wore again a semblance of gayety, and the drama flourished. "Never," declares Adolphe Brisson, "was our theatrical trade so prosperous as during those bloody years 1916 and 1917." Indeed, it was not until the spring of 1918 that the drama suffered another temporary check, this time from the long-range Berthas, which, for a little, drove theatrical troupes into the cellars or forced them to seek a livelihood in provincial cities like Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux.

In the field of serious drama producers relied for some time after the outbreak of hostilities upon pieces already famous, either classical or modern. Not until the third year of the conflict did any noteworthy new plays appear. For its reopening, on December 14, 1914, the Comédie-Française chose Corneille's "Horace" as best in keeping with the heroic mood displayed by France at her entrance into the war. This magnificent glorification of civic duty was applauded as never before. Even the murder of Camille by her brother—an episode usually regarded as inhuman—was accepted by the spectators without a murmur, thanks to the stern lessons of the time. The charming idyl of Erckmann-Chatrion, "L'Ami Fritz," was the next drama presented at Molière's playhouse, seeming as fresh as when first produced in 1876. It was appreciated as a splendid tribute to Alsace, the goal of French hopes. Especially appropriate was the warning, "Les peuples qui cessent de croître marchent à la décadence."

The remaining plays revived by the Comédie-Française, though not distinctively patriotic, were thoroughly national. Molière's natal day (January 15) was celebrated, in 1915, as during the siege of 1871, by a performance of "Tartuffe." In 1916, the troupe played "Georges Dandin," and, in 1917, "La Critique de l'École des Femmes," which, like the revival of Voltaire's "Zaïre," appeared to have been dictated by no special need of the moment. Of modern

pieces, Augier's "Les Lionnes Pauvres" served appropriately as a rebuke to certain extravagant women for their offensive display of luxury. In France, as elsewhere, the war created many a Séraphine Pommeau. Donnay's "L'Autre Danger" possessed literary excellence and the merit dear to Frenchmen of developing the triangular theme. "La Course du Flambeau" deserved to be heard, not only as Hervieu's masterpiece, but as one of the greatest dramas of our time. So much for the Comédie-Française.

Of the well-known plays revived at other theatres, we may mention Lavedan's "Servir" and Zola's "L'Assommoir." "Servir" had first made its powerful appeal for military discipline and patriotic sacrifice in 1913, Colonel Fulin embodying what is noblest in the soldier: bravery, chivalry, and devotion to his native soil. The scene in which he reprimands and threatens his son, the pacifist lieutenant, breathes a martial fire that inflamed all hearers. "L'Assommoir," a striking specimen of Zola's dramatic "naturalism," evoked emotions dear to Frenchmen of the older generation, and proved timely in its condemnation of intemperance.

"Colette Baudoche," the first new piece presented at the Comédie-Française, is a dramatization by Pierre Frondaie of Maurice Barrès's novel of that name (1909). It bears the same relation to Lorraine as does "Les Oberlé" to Alsace. Like Bazin's play, it depicts the tenacious resistance and the superior civilization of the French in the "lost" province. Colette, brought up by her grandmother in the cult of France, rejects her Prussian suitor, a young professor engaged in the dissemination of *Kultur*. Humiliated and disappointed, he exclaims: "Oh! ces Français! On croit qu'on les a. On ne les a pas. Jamais leur conquête n'est achevée!"

The Comédie produced three other plays worthy of attention: "Les Noces d'Argent," by Paul Géraudy, "L'Élévation," by Henry Bernstein, and "La Triomphatrice," by Mlle. Marie Lenéru. The first, dealing with filial ingratitude, implies that as soon as children become fledged they desert the home, requiting parental affection with indifference. Like Hervieu in "La Course du Flambeau," the author concludes that affection moves only forward, from fathers to children, rather than backward from children to fathers. Géraudy's gloomy outlook upon life led one critic to call his piece "a landscape without sunlight." Written before 1914, it could not reflect subsequent events. But "L'Élévation" was intended to show the uplifting influence of the world war. In this it is not altogether successful, for the heroine, convinced of her "right to happiness," recognizes neither marital nor social du-



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ties. Only when her lover is about to succumb to wounds received in battle does she begin to realize vaguely the purifying force of the national trial. Unfortunately, we doubt both the durability of her eleventh-hour conversion and the wisdom of her husband's complacency.

In "La Triomphatrice," on the other hand, the husband, married to a famous *bas bleu*, is obliged to be tolerant. But the "triumph" of this woman of genius ends in disaster. Her fame, after absorbing the attention of disciples and admirers, not only alienates the affection of her daughter, but (what is infinitely more important) eclipses her lover, a celebrated *confrère*, and eventually elicits the hostility of critics. Deserted by all, disconsolate at the loss of her lover, the "triumphatrice" realizes the truth of

Mme. de Staël's saying, that "la gloire est, pour une femme, le deuil éclatant du bonheur." "La Triomphatrice," though somewhat artificial, ranks on a level with "Les Affranchis," Mlle. Lenéru's first dramatic success.

Among new war pieces at other theatres, mention should be made of Henry Bataille's "L'Amazone," Jean Fonson's "La Kommandantur," and François Porché's "Les Butors et la Finette." Bataille's young heroine, having taken refuge from the invasion with relatives, becomes both their good and evil genius. Active and cheerful, despite her affliction, the little sorceress captivates everybody. In order to resist her charm and escape her caustic remarks about slackers, M. Bellanger, a husband without reproach, enlists, although he is past military age. But this beneficent influ-

ence the "Amazon" more than counterbalances by alienating his affection from his wife and daughter. When they learn that his testament, written at the front an hour before his death, is addressed to the intruder, their cup of bitterness overflows. Little wonder, therefore, that Mme. Bellanger's ghost, appearing to the "Amazon" after the war, should serve to break up her marriage and drive her into charitable work.

If Bataille's characters seem abnormal, those of Jean Fonson were, on the contrary, decried by the spectators at the Gymnase for too intense realism, much to the author's surprise, since his drama, "La Kommandantur," with its Belgian setting, had enjoyed a successful run in London. But the brutality of the German invasion, as here depicted, proved too shuddering a spectacle for the

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French, who, unlike the English, had suffered the horrors of a similar devastation.

It is to the desire to avoid shocking realism that we owe François Porché's allegory, "Les Butors et la Finette," the best French drama of the war. Thanks to disguise, symbolism, and transposition, the play attains its purpose without exhibiting the repulsive terrors of actuality. La Finette, a personification of recent France, young, light-hearted, generous, a lover of the arts and sciences, becomes the victim of the Butors, who requite her hospitality by invasion and rapine. The Marshal, commander of the Butor armies, proposes harsh peace terms, but the faithful subjects of the Princess repel the brutal invader. Her marriage to a man of the people will insure to the country democratic government. Porché's allegory in vers libre thus appeals to popular sentiment. Rich in well-balanced contrasts, it excels as a portrait of the French populace. By blending symbolism and observation, lyricism and analysis, fantasy and truth, the dramatist has invented a form ranging from notes nearest prose to the fullest poetic strain. We can well understand why the audience at the Théâtre Antoine applauded the piece night after night, some spectators in their enthusiasm acclaiming it as the peer of "Cyrano."

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

The Canadian Trades and Labor Congress

ON the 20th of September next, in the city of Hamilton, Ontario, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada will hold the thirty-fifth annual convention. This year that meeting will be of exceptional importance. The Congress has at last joined hands with the American Federation of Labor in a crusade against the One Big Union movement. Official steps on the part of organized labor in Canada have been taken, this week, to suppress the policy or influ-

ence of this "One Big Union," which is on the lines of the I. W. W.

The President of the Congress, Mr. Moore, has appointed a deputy to act for him in the West. The choice fell upon Mr. R. A. Rigg, former Vice-President of the Congress, and ex-member of the Manitoba legislature. Mr. Rigg lost no time. He was appointed on last Saturday, and on Monday he was in Winnipeg. His field of activities will extend from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. This action was taken with the object of having constituted union authority observed and for the restoration of confidence in legitimate trade unions.

In speaking to the writer the President of the Trades and Labor Congress made this clear explanation: "People have got into our organization who have ulterior motives and it is necessary, if confidence is to be restored in legitimate trade unions, that energetic measures should be instituted to see that constituted trades union authority be observed."

This week a man named Mike Hulyk was arrested at a place called Lac du Bonnet, near Winnipeg, as a registered alien who traveled without a permit. He is a fair sample of the scores of foreigners who have come into the country, with the avowed intention of advocating the overthrow of all constituted government—federal, provincial, or municipal.

Many of the International trade union executives are arranging to send Canadian representatives into the western provinces, with the intention of cleansing the movement of those who are advocating the policies of the O. B. U. The American Federation of Labor is now directly represented in Winnipeg by Mr. William Varley, ex-business agent of the Builders' Trades Union of Toronto.

This indicates the beginning of a struggle by the legitimate trades union movement as a whole to rid itself completely of the advocates of revolutionary action. The envoys of the I. W. W. have unceasingly misrepresented the Trades and Labor Congress

of Canada, and have sought to make it appear that organized labor in the Dominion was in sympathy with the "Red" propaganda that has caused so much trouble of late.

It is high time that such action should be taken. One of the great mysteries of the situation, during the heat of the recent Winnipeg disturbances, was the apparent inactivity, the seeming indifference, the positive silence of the most important body in Canada—the Trades and Labor Congress. It is well that action has been taken by the executive of that organization, otherwise it is difficult to see how its officers could face the convention of September next. This action, taken in a determined manner and firmly kept up, will go a long way to clear the atmosphere and to allay the unrest that has troubled the breast of society since the war ceased.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada, July 8

Books Received

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Barker, Elsa. Last Letters from the Living Dead Man. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.

Crawford, W. J. Experiments in Psychological Science. E. P. Dutton. \$2.00.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Benedict, Bertram. A History of the Great War. Vol. I. Bureau of National Literature.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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YOU'RE damned if you do and you're damned if you don't—that is the situation into which the prohibition mania has plunged the country. Even some of the most relentless of the Anti-Saloon League champions in the House are balking at the enactment of search-and-seizure provisions which, not many years ago, would have aroused fierce resentment in every American breast, and which it is feared that even in their present estate the American people will not submit to. But whether the line be drawn at one point or another, the mischief in the main is done. It was done when the nation was put into the strait-jacket of the Eighteenth Amendment. You may ease it up more or less, but it will be there all the same; and it is an open question whether the country will be better off with a strait-jacket of the most thorough-going kind or with one that will gall less but may fail to do its work. As a choice of evils, we, for our part, prefer to have the invasion of personal liberty kept within as moderate limits as possible; but we can not deny that if the law stops short of the despot control of private life which the

extremists advocate there will be consequences that are far from edifying. And one of them, the difference between the rich man's and the poor man's chance to get a drink, may take on an aspect more serious than many of us seem to imagine.

THE race trouble in Washington is a matter for national grief and humiliation not only because it has taken place at the Federal capital, and not only because the lawlessness was so largely the work of men wearing the uniform of the armed forces of the United States. While both these circumstances greatly aggravate the seriousness of what has happened, the mere fact that it took the shape of a real clash between whites and blacks, of riots in which the negro population as a whole was terrorized and struck back, gives it a seriousness of a kind not belonging to the ordinary lynching. The fiendish barbarities of most of the Southern lynchings of the past ten or twenty years has been such as no language can do justice to; but at least the individuals thus hunted and tortured either were, or were supposed to be, guilty of some crime. It has only been in exceptional cases that the mob, after satisfying its lust for vengeance, extended its persecution to the colored population of the place indiscriminately. This has been the one redeeming feature of race troubles in the South in general. In Washington we have not the barbarities of the lynching bee, but on the other hand we are face to face with what if not checked will in the long run be an incomparably graver evil. Upon the authorities, local and national, rests the duty of taking measures so prompt, so energetic, and so comprehensive, as to put an absolute stop to the trouble in its first beginnings.

UNTIL the other day we took no interest in Henry Ford's libel suit against the *Chicago Tribune*. There are some natures so inherently preposterous as to be morally immune from both caricature and libel. Mr. Ford seemed to us to belong to that class. And there are some newspapers from which abuse is negligible. The *Chicago Tribune*, with its record of pro-Germanism approaching disloyalty seemed to fall into that category. Accordingly the lawsuit appeared a pot and kettle dispute

without general significance. We began to be interested when a recent cross-examination revealed certain characteristics of Mr. Ford's mind. He gave a very striking demonstration of a truth which the world is just beginning to grasp, that while the attainment of great wealth implies ability of some sort, the possession of millions is no guarantee that the owner commands either common sense or superior intelligence. We must extend to multimillionaires the charity that has in the past been reserved for artistic genius. The gift in either case seems a special one. Outside their specialty, no one need take them too seriously.

AMONG the unusual elements in the situation between the President and the Senate is to be counted Mr. Wilson's statement to the newspaper men that a two-thirds vote would be requisite for the insertion of any qualifying resolutions in the Senate's ratification. Whether this was an off-hand remark or the deliberate expression of the President's position it is impossible at present to say. There is no doubt, however, of the Senate's own view—quite aside from any partisan or other division among its members. The Senate has a long-standing rule on the subject, which declares that a majority vote is sufficient for the adoption of any proposed qualification. This rule, of course, will stand.

It is possible that the President may have made his statement quite deliberately, and yet not have meant to challenge the Senate's rule. What is going on all along the line is a measuring of strength between the two sides, and this question of two-thirds or majority may be looked upon as simply a phase of that game of matching strength. Looking forward to the final stage in the process, Mr. Wilson may believe that his side will be strong enough to say: "You have the power to inject your reservations by majority vote. But we regard them as fatal to the treaty, and we shall be bound to vote against an instrument that we know to be futile. Since you don't command a two-thirds vote, the treaty will be defeated; but it will be you, not we, that are responsible—and it is a responsibility that you will not dare to shoulder."

The adoption of such a position is manifestly out of the question except

upon the assumption that public sentiment had been shown to be overwhelmingly opposed to the reservations. At present there is little reason to expect any such condition. But everything depends on the wisdom and moderation with which the Republican leaders may shape their programme. A proper scheme of reservations will not meet with pronounced dissent in the country at large. A plan good enough to hold together in its favor a majority of the Senate will also be good enough, in all probability, to place the odium of rejection of the treaty upon those directly responsible for the rejection. The reservations must be such that reasonable men will feel that they are not designed to endanger the treaty; if that is taken care of, everything else will take care of itself.

THE *Nation* has routed the defenders of Kolchak—horse, foot, and dragons. It prints an official dispatch of January 25, 1919, "for Colonel House from Bullard, Tokio," to which the *Nation* "is happy to give first publication," which states that Kolchak's "personality is of small significance," that he is "dependent on the support of reaction elements," that "several units have already revolted against the brutality of officers," and that Allied support of him "is a feature regrettable." The mere fact that this communication came from a person officially employed by the United States might, of course, not make it the last word on the subject. But the *Nation* has grounds more relative than this. With impressive brevity, it appends to the dispatch merely this simple comment:

Mr. Bullard was, next to Mr. Sisson, Mr. Creel's star reporter in Russia.

Only two removes from the great Creel, and almost as authoritative as Sisson! No wonder the *Nation* is happy.

THE attitude of some urban communities, and especially of New York, toward the traction problem is one of the anomalies of the moment. A community is generally proud of its steam railroad, or wishes it could be proud of it. But nobody loves a trolley car; the *Subway Sun* fails to warm the heart. Such indifference, studied in some quarters and quite thoughtless in most, must at no distant time be faced with the reckoning. A very simple arithmetic will bring in the answer to doubled costs and stationary income. We do not pretend to suggest the extent or precise form of the obviously necessary remedy. That, clearly, is matter for a commission with power to make adjustments appropriate to conditions. There is some promise in the fact that the Federal Electric Railways Commission is taking testimony.

It is to be hoped that some sort of settlement may be reached on broad grounds and general principles. The matter is too big to be allowed to go by default, while the public, effectively abetted by an ignorant and opinionated city government, looks on in indifference or in unreasoning and superficial hostility. It would be pleasant to retain in our life as a sort of curiosity one thing that hasn't gone up with all the rest. But it is too expensive a luxury. When the crash comes the disturbance of credit will, through insurance companies and savings banks, reach to the plainest citizen. The individual holders of securities will, of course, comfort themselves as they may. And the public will pay the bill in the form of greatly increased fares and the poor service that goes with the extravagant inefficiency of municipal ownership.

IT is interesting and almost amusing to find the Non-Partisan League posing as followers of Henry George, while the genuine single-taxers pat the young neophytes on the head as though they really expected them to grow into full mental stature in the course of time. Little fish will become big fish if God lets them grow—unless they are tadpoles. There was and is unimproved land in the Northwest. The railways had some, and non-resident speculators bought it. Then, too, some land is owned by that class of undesirable citizens known as retired farmers. No farmer should ever retire. Moreover, some bona-fide horny-handed settlers are unwilling or unable to improve their land as they should. What simpler way of dealing with all these "parasites" than to tax them on the unimproved value? Then those who can improve their land will do so, and those who can not will sell to better men. Thus non-resident holding will be done away. Tenancy will diminish and the unearned increment will belong to the people. Landless men may see much merit in this scheme, but will the farmers of the West carry it through to its logical conclusion? Will they agree to raise all local and State and Federal revenue by a tax on land values, until the whole economic rent—and thus the whole capital value of land—is taken away and all landholders in town and country become tenants of the people? Nothing short of this will satisfy the simon-pure single-taxers and the landless men for whom they speak. Perhaps the farmers already see the direction in which they are being led—perhaps not.

A SOMEWHAT encouraging straw in the housing situation is to be found in the rapid rate at which building operations have been resumed at Springfield, Mass., according to a detailed account given in the *Springfield Repub-*

lican. Despite the bad outlook for a building revival during the early spring months, the half-year closed with a total of \$2,159,000, which is more than double the amount of building done in the whole of the year 1918. It is expected that the year will close with a record of approximately 150 new one-family houses and 100 new two-family houses. The character of the development is worth noting:

A large part of the new dwelling house construction is going forward in sections of the city that are being developed by real estate men. Sections that only a few years ago were covered with scrub growth of oak and birch have been laid out and reclaimed by real estate men. Many of these sections which were in the making three or four years ago are now pretty residential sections.

This is characteristic of what goes on generally in the extension of building in our cities, and those who imagine that the great obstacle to such extension is to be found in speculative "holding of land out of use" are invited to consider whether it is holding out of use or putting into use that preponderates as the result of leaving the development of urban and suburban sites to the free play of supply and demand—speculation or no speculation.

WHATEVER may be the exact amount of the indemnity which Germany will have to pay, it is obvious that it can not be paid in gold, but must in the main be paid in goods. The world, therefore, must either trade with Germany or forego the indemnity. During the war the importation of beet-sugar, chemicals, dyes, cutlery, toys, and other goods made in Germany was prohibited, and in their fierce indignation at her atrocities many people in the Entente countries vowed that they would never use German-made goods again. The manufacturers encouraged them in this resolve, for they were enjoying high profits, which they hoped would continue until they had at least got the money back which they had expended on capital account. Now, however, the indemnity looms large, and people are becoming reconciled to the thought of trading with their former enemy. For many years to come imports of ordinary goods from Germany must greatly exceed exports of such goods to that country. Many manufacturers will not like this, but the Allied countries as a whole can not be impoverished by the addition to their national supply.

MR. MAX EASTMAN, in a spirited defense of the "proletarian revolution," describes "democracy," "liberty," "suffrage," "responsible government," "free speech," "the right of assembly," "the people," as "plausible ideologies and moralistic disguises of the rule of capi-

tal." Mr. Eastman, doubtless, can put searching questions to the capitalistic régime, but one question, searching or otherwise, may be put to Mr. Eastman. "Democracy" and the rest are disguises. Does a man borrow his disguises from his friends or his enemies? What is the disguise of atheism? Piety. What of knavery? Uprightness. What of lying? Candor. The relation between a disguise and its wearer is one of opposition. The German spy wears the English or American uniform. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that capital is fiendish. What follows? If the Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, shall Mr. Eastman throw our Bibles into the fire? If all those good things in our inherited Magna Charta, which become evil things for Mr. Eastman by simply passing under the awnings of quotation marks, are disguises of the iniquity of capital, they are opposed to that iniquity. Why, then, does Mr. Eastman wish to overthrow a bill of rights which is hostile to that very order of things to which Mr. Eastman himself is implacably opposed? If capital can compass its vile ends only by hoodwinking the Constitution, why go to the expense and trouble of abolishing the Constitution which many people are still foolish enough to love, when the same end could be more cheaply met by simply opening its eyes? If one's father has been fooled by an intriguer, is parricide the only remedy?

"THE social revolution," said a university professor from the Middle West, "is not coming, merely; it has already arrived, as I can show from my own experience. The other day I was going out to a country town to deliver a commencement address, when to my dismay I found that the train was likely to be late in starting, as there were several trucks of baggage and the men were painfully slow in loading the stuff. I wanted to help, but I feared that my interference might be misunderstood. Besides I did not want to spoil my best—and only—black suit of clothes, nor to disturb the serenity of mind so essential to a successful lecture. So, as I waited there, inwardly fuming, I entered into conversation with another bystander—the locomotive engineer, a burly Irishman in blue overalls—and presently I told him of my trouble, whereupon he very kindly said he would see what he could do in the way of making up time between stations. Then arose a problem which puzzled me not a little: should I or should I not offer him a tip—about a dollar, I thought, would be appropriate, which, indeed, I could well afford rather than miss my honorarium. I was on the point of taking out my purse when the conversation became confidential and he told me that his wages—he did not say 'salary'—were \$300 a month. My own

income I did not reveal, but I decided to keep my dollar, as I did not wish to offend him, although he was once a baggage-man. Besides, if the truth must be told, he did not need it as much as I, for he wore overalls costing, possibly, two dollars a pair; whereas my black suit, which had seen its best days, could not be replaced for sixty dollars, and I had other expenses due to my social position. My address took place as announced, and I was pleased to receive a liberal honorarium—professional fee, you understand. As to the kind engineer, I wrote him a letter of thanks, as I could reward him in no other way."

WHILE the clamor for a new world still continues, it may seem reactionary, if not silly, to protest against the defacing of a fine bit of old New York. Yet New York is in a peculiar sense a possession of the whole country, especially since the visits, during the past two years, of thousands upon thousands of Americans who had never been here before. In the progress up Fifth Avenue of the numerous processions that started at Washington Square and of the several missions from abroad, how much genuine admiration must have been expressed for the four corners at Ninth Street! Here the Avenue is furnished with a noble introduction. At one corner is the historic mansion of Henry Brevoort, recently bought by Mr. George F. Baker; diagonally opposite is the Mark Twain house, of which the present owner might, if he had been less public minded, have disposed at a handsome profit to the seekers for gain. On the southwest corner is the Berkeley, a dignified family hotel of only six stories, and the remaining corner is occupied by the brave relic of a former day, the house of the late General Sickles, whose side yard and hedge and magnolia tree have for years added a touch of beauty.

It is this corner, together with the two adjoining properties to the north, which it is now the intention to dismantle in order that an apartment house of thirteen and a half stories may be erected. Many persons, in private conversation, have characterized this project as almost criminal, and we believe that some concerted action might still defeat it. The plans have been filed, but, as we understand, have not yet been approved by the building commission. Let it be recalled that even after an auction of building lots on the historic site of Fort Washington had actually been advertised, an awakened public sentiment, culminating in a fine act of private liberality, effected a rescue. In the case of the Sickles house, granting that it must be replaced if the property is to be made to yield a proper return, the public has a deep interest in the preservation of the general architectural effect produced by

the four corners. The time for action is short, but not too short if a few right-minded citizens will organize an energetic movement at once.

The Senate and Shantung

*P*LUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose—the more the situation in the Senate changes the more it remains the same. The new element that has been injected into it since the last number of the *Review* went to press is the Shantung question. On the face of it this introduced considerations affecting the question of ratification quite different from those which had previously been the centre of controversy. Instead of the general merits of the League of Nations, a specific international issue involving the gravest possibilities suddenly took possession of the field. For a time it even seemed as though this issue might so overshadow that of the League Covenant as to become the real fighting ground between the President and his opponents in the Senate. But, while we have by no means heard the last of the Shantung question, it is already plain that it will play the part not of a separate and capital issue, but of a mere accompaniment of the general situation. In the various estimates of strength that continue to be made so industriously at Washington the count, real or imaginary, is made on the same basis as before; acceptance, or reservation, or amendment—these are the lines of division, and not any particular opinion concerning Japan and Shantung.

If the Senate were a debating society, or if the American people were being called upon to pass judgment on the abstract merits of a proposed settlement of the world's affairs, all this might be pronounced highly illogical. As a matter of fact, it is the most logical thing in the world. Although the division in the Senate has been almost entirely on party lines, it rests at bottom on perfectly rational differences of opinion. But these differences can not in the nature of the case have the free play of academic divergences of thought. The dominating fact of the situation is the imperious necessity of bringing the world's settlement to a close. On the Democratic side this has naturally had the effect of keeping the party in an almost unbroken mass unwaveringly with the President. On the Republican side it has practically paralyzed every attempt that has been made at radical opposition to the treaty. When the question of Shantung came up there was an outbreak of violent opposition and indignant censure, just as there was in regard to some of the features of the Covenant; but to all cool-headed ob-

servers it must have been evident from the start that when the realities of the situation were to be grappled with, these manifestations, whether sincere or not, would have but little connection with the Senate's final action. In the Shantung matter, as in the matter of the Covenant, the limits within which anything can be done are strictly circumscribed by the imperative necessity of promptly arriving at a settlement which will give the world the rest it so desperately needs.

There are a few extremists in the Senate who are, or who profess to be, ready to tear the treaty to pieces rather than permit Japan to have what it gives her in Kiaochow and Shantung, just as there are a few who are ready to tear it to pieces rather than assent to our entry into a League of Nations. But these men, who in their views are at the opposite pole from the international "idealists," are entirely at one with them in their gross ignoring of realities, past and present. Much as is obscure in regard to Japan's actions and intentions, there is one thing certain—that in the general clash of interests at Versailles what was granted to Japan was the least with which she would be content. That portentous consequences may possibly in the future result from the hold she has thus obtained upon China, it would be idle to dispute. But her demand is not made in pure wantonness; it is the equivalent that she claims for her part in winning the war, a claim that was in substance recognized by her European allies when her aid was felt to be essential. If we are quite sure that it is so flagrantly unjust, or so fraught with danger to ourselves, that we are ready to go to war with her rather than let it be granted, it is open to us plainly to assert that position; but the preposterousness of such a stand is too obvious to require any argument. It would be folly, and worse, in any circumstances; in the present state of the world it would be nothing less than criminal insanity. It may be well for the Senate to register its sense of the injustice done to China, and the desire of this country to bring about, through future negotiations, that restriction of her rights which in a general way Japan herself more or less distinctly promises; but it can not trifle with the possibility of smashing the Versailles settlement, making a mortal enemy of Japan, and throwing the world into chaos.

In all practical thinking upon this phase of the situation, as well as upon that involved in the League Covenant, the point of departure must be the substantial acceptance of the Versailles treaty. It is not a perfect instrument. But neither do its faults cry to Heaven, as some of its opponents imagine or pretend. It does not abolish the Constitu-

tion of the United States, it does not make us a slave of other nations. With the Monroe Doctrine clearly protected, the right to leave the League upon two years' notice safeguarded, and reasonable limitations attached to the obligations of Article X, the people of the United States can afford to give the League of Nations a fair chance to show what it can do. Not only will it be the duty of every one of us to help make the best of the League, but the same thing is true in regard to Japan and Shantung. Japan is not going to gobble up China in a day, nor will the influence of the United States, either in the League of Nations or in its relations to the individual countries concerned, suddenly become negligible. We are not of those who pretend that there is nothing more serious in Japan's pretensions regarding China than in those of Britain and France; Japan's ambitions are of a wholly different nature. But to magnify the possibilities of the future—to give them the character of a danger calling for immediate resistance, whatever the consequences—is to do precisely the kind of thing that Germany did when she made her fear of the "iron ring" a justification for plunging the world into the most terrible war of all history. To put the world on the way to recovery from the ruin of that war, and to give it all the chance we can for immunity from any repetition of the calamity, is the transcendent duty of the hour. Whatever can be done for the good of our nation, or of the world, compatibly with that duty, let us do. Whatever is not compatible with that duty we must unhesitatingly reject. And there is not the slightest question that any proposal that flies in the face of that supreme requirement will meet with the overwhelming condemnation of the American people.

The Coal Crisis in Great Britain

IT may seem absurd to say that the deliberations of the British Coal Commission, however important they may ultimately prove, have only a remote bearing on the critical emergency with which the industries of Great Britain are now confronted in consequence of the coal difficulty. Yet such is the conclusion to which one is almost driven upon consideration of the statement made a few weeks ago by the Coal Controller that the weekly output per miner is steadily falling, and that serious disaster threatens Great Britain from the decline of her most basic industry.

According to the Controller's estimate, the weekly output of coal per man in 1913 was 4.95 tons; during the first 20 weeks of 1919 it averaged 4.2 tons; and

after July 16, when the 7-hour day begins, it will average about 3.78 tons—more than a whole ton less than the output per man in 1913. This means an annual reduction in output of more than 55,000,000 tons—nearly three-quarters of the surplus exported in 1913. The lack of coal for export has already prevented the import of pig-iron, as the ore ships can not get their former outward freight of coal. It also hampers the trade with Argentina and other countries from which Great Britain imports bulky raw materials and to which she sends a smaller tonnage of more valuable goods, together with a large amount of coal as ballast.

The question of the price of coal is even more serious. In order to meet the enhanced cost of production due to the concessions in wages and hours made to the miners, the Government lately announced that it would raise the price of coal six shillings a ton, this to take effect on July 16, and that it might be necessary to raise the price by nine shillings later on. This announcement came like a thunderbolt upon the British public, although they had every reason to expect it. Such an increase would almost kill the export trade in coal, already suffering from American competition, and it would strike at the root of all the other industries—the manufacture of steel and textiles, the railways, shipbuilding and shipping, gas works, electric plants, laundries, bakeries and whatnot—threatening so great an increase in the cost of production all along the line as to deprive Great Britain of a large part of her export trade, without which she can not support her population of 45,000,000 souls.

The announcement startled even the labor leaders, who had not fully realized the consequences of their demands. William Brace, President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, declaring that the miners loved their country and had no wish to ruin it, offered to coöperate with the Government in devising means for increasing the output, provided that the recommendations of the Coal Commission for the nationalization of the mines were carried out. The Government proposed a commission of inquiry into the causes of and remedies for the declining output, to report within three months, and agreed to postpone the six shilling increase until July 21, pending the decision of the Miners' Conference. The Conference insisted on nationalization as a prerequisite to any compromise, and the Government announced that the increase would take effect without further delay.

The present crisis is the outcome of long-standing trouble, which came to a head in January last, when the Miners' Federation of Great Britain asked for a 30 per cent. increase in wages, a re-

duction of the working day to six hours, and the nationalization of the mines. In this they were supported by the Triple Alliance or "Big Three," a formidable aggregation of miners, railwaymen, and transport workers, at the head of which is Robert Smillie, President of the Miners' Federation and the most outstanding figure among British labor leaders. The miners had the whip-hand, and the Government presently appointed a Commission consisting of representatives of the miners and mine owners, together with representatives of labor in general and employees in general, with the Hon. Mr. Justice Sankey as Chairman, to investigate and report. On March 20 the Commission made not one but three reports, that signed by the Chairman and the representatives of the employers in general being adopted by the Government. This gave the miners a seven-hour day beginning July 16, 1919, with a further reduction to six hours from July 13, 1921, provided the economic conditions of the industry should justify it. It allowed also an increase in wages of 2s. (48.7 cents) per day for adults and 1s. (24.3 cents) for workers under sixteen.

These conditions were fairly satisfactory to the miners, as it was understood that the Commission would continue its sessions and report on the question of nationalization at a later date. This final report was published on June 23, and about it the battle has raged until the present time. There were, in fact, four reports, as might have been expected from the composition of the Commission. The main report, signed by the Chairman and supported by the six labor and socialist representatives, recommended nationalization of the mines within three years, and immediate acquisition of coal royalties by the State, with proper compensation to the owners. The report of the six representatives of labor—Mr. Robert Smillie, Mr. Herbert Smith, and Mr. Frank Hodges, of the Miners' Federation, with Sir Leo Chiozza Money, Mr. R. H. Tawney and Mr. Sidney Webb—expressed substantial agreement with the main report, but demanded nationalization of royalties without compensation. Five of the representatives of employers—Sir Adam Munro, Mr. R. W. Cooper, Mr. Evan Williams, Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, and Sir Allan Smith—declared against nationalization in any form, but favored state ownership of the coal itself. The fourth report, signed by Sir Arthur Duckham only, opposed nationalization, but put forth a rather promising scheme for the amalgamation of colliery interests and better cooperation between employers and workers.

It is evident that the Commission, after all its investigation and discussion, had been avoiding the most pressing

issue at stake; and, while wrangling about the distribution of the joint product of the mines, had almost forgotten that there might be little product to distribute. The miners might, of course, absorb the sixpence per ton which is paid in royalties, but they would not get rich on that. They might take the entire profits of the collieries—averaging about one shilling per ton during the five years before the war—but that would be to destroy the tap-root of private enterprise, from the decay of which they would be the greatest sufferers. They might—and this is what they wanted to do—force the Government to nationalize the mines; but there is good reason to think that, if this were done, the resulting inefficiency would eat up the sixpence of royalties and the shilling of profits, and force the Government, in addition, to subsidize the mines as they are now subsidizing the railways and bread, making up the deficit, as Sir Eric Geddes puts it, from the bottomless purse of the taxpayer. But that way lies national bankruptcy.

There is little hope for the British coal trade along any of these lines, and the sooner this is generally understood, the better for all concerned. The problem of distribution is not the most urgent question at the present moment, although most people think it is. The British miner has done pretty well in having his annual wages raised from \$400 to about \$825 during the war, even though the cost of living may have gone up somewhat more than that. Most wage-earners and salaried people have not fared so well, and if the miners are to escape their share of the war burden other wage-earners must bear more. True, the miners, with the Triple Alliance at their back, have the British public by the throat; but the time may come—and soon—when the strangle-hold will be relaxed, because the millions of the underpaid and unemployed, as well as some of the miners, will presently realize that it is better to have half a loaf than no bread.

As to the urgent need for more coal, and how to satisfy it, that is a problem for the miners and mine owners to work out, with what help they may receive from the Government. The Government is doubtless right in suggesting an investigation of the causes of the reduction of output, although it is a pity that this was not done before. It is said that the collieries are not properly organized, that there is wasteful management, nepotism, soldiering, lack of labor-saving machinery, as well as lack of good feeling between management and men. Perhaps the trouble has gone so far as to make a revolution inevitable—which is what some labor leaders desire. If so, there will be the devil to pay, and he is a hard master.

The New Privileged Classes

THE mental picture generally associated with social privilege has been about like this: One imagined portly people overfeeding expensively on a roof-garden, or speeding impassively in an impressive limousine, or lolling luxuriously about the silvery decks of a great steam yacht. As a matter of fact, we must learn to look for privilege elsewhere. The plutocrat of yesterday is coming to be about the least privileged person imaginable. He pays over from forty to sixty per cent. of his income to the Government and is still "Hooverizing" from habit, he uses his limousine to placate his restless domestics, his steam yacht has been patrolling for Uncle Sam at a charter figure of one dollar annually, and the damages which Uncle Sam prudently allots for roughest usage will just about give his whilom immaculate yacht the aspect of a fairly kept ocean tramp. If this be privilege, make the most of it.

No, we must seek privilege in new quarters. All Irishmen are privileged, all incendiaries who do not employ physical fire, all parlor socialists, in short agitators of every stamp. To their evident faults government is charitably blind, to their virtues of an extraordinary kindness. The other day the Russian democrats wished to hold a public meeting in New York. The authorities refused permission, on the ground that the police could not insure protection against the Bolsheviks. From the point of view of privilege, the case is instructive. It means that any sufficiently lawless and violent faction in New York can deny the right of public assembly to its political rivals. A little later the alleged President of the Irish Republic held his meeting uproariously. It was attended by many officeholders. The Irish flag was paraded beside our national ensigns. The audience indulged in gross and voluble disrespect of our Chief Magistrate. Professor Valera had just returned from a New England tour on which he was formally received by mayors and legislatures. Now one may believe the independence of Ireland desirable and due, without approving the indiscretion of our dictating to the British Government on the subject. Every public official who shared in these demonstrations was from the national point of view indulging in pernicious political activity, embarrassing the United States, and setting his racial sympathies before his duty as an American citizen. But the activities which were lately frowned on in the case of the militant German-Americans are generally condoned in the case of the militant Sinn Feiners. Only a few papers have had the courage

The Flivver Mind

to rebuke those whose American patriotism is plainly secondary to their hatred of the Saxon. Surely among the privileged classes the inimitable Irish are taking a foremost place.

By a stretch of now obsolete privilege, a millionaire once remarked "the public be damned" and became proverbially odious thereby. To-day it is merely a tolerated vivacity to hint that the military authority of the United States and its national policy may be damned. This was shown clearly in the case of young Robert Minor. This enterprising young journalist sat at the feet of the Russian Bolsheviks, brought their greetings to the German Spartacists, and with the latter arranged to stir up the American army of occupation against their military duty of holding the Rhine. He concocted a manifesto in which he reminded American soldiers, among other things, that they were being drilled so that they should not think, and were being kept on the Rhine to oppress the workers of the world and to serve "the big bankers of Wall Street and of Paris and London and Berlin." While Mr. Minor was thus having the time of his life, he himself and his handbills were cleverly apprehended by the military authorities, and court-martial charges were drawn of a sort that virtually insured conviction and imprisonment for inciting the troops to mutiny. As luck would have it, however, Mr. Minor was not merely a member of the new privileged classes, but also a Texan. Proper representation to the omnipotent and inscrutable Colonel House secured the revocation of the court-martial charges by some power higher than the army. Mr. Minor is free to continue the sport of making American Spartacists, and the army stands rebuked for failing to recognize the prerogative of a typical representative of the new privilege.

We have perhaps sufficiently indicated the highroad to the new privilege. Getting rich is no longer of much use. It puts one in a suspect and proscribed class. Minding one's own business is even less advisable. It makes one uninteresting to the powers that be, and in case of trouble secures a regular and harsh application of the laws. Nobody loves or fears either a fat or a quiet man. Being what used to be thought a patriotic American is even less expedient. Responsibilities still adhere to the rôle, but no privileges of any kind. It shows a spirit too backward-looking and unenterprising. To enter the new privileged classes, one thing seems needful—a profound and vociferous contempt for American interests and institutions as they are, and withal a stalwart revolutionary spirit and an unwearied blattancy. Privilege has passed from those who are merely rich in dollars to such as are rich in the spirit of revolt.

IT is impossible not to feel sorry for Mr. Henry Ford. That he has brought his troubles on himself ought not to extract all human compassion from the laugh he has raised. He is in great part the victim of circumstances. As a nation we are too much given to encouraging *ultra crepidam* excursions on the part of our successful men. The man whose native ability in a particular field brings him into the public eye is under peculiarly dangerous temptation. He finds himself suddenly in the exploited class of the very rich, without knowing how to defend himself in the position. He does not feel the humility in the face of good fortune which the sudden inheritance of wealth might engender. He is cut off from the normal outlets of enjoyment which habituated possession of wealth would have furnished him. He lives in a million-dollar house, but he is not very comfortable in it. Art, music, and literature afford him neither relaxation nor stimulus. For sports he has neither time nor inclination. For the disposal of his wealth to the general good he is wholly dependent on the possible wisdom of others. Even the simple social relations which he is qualified to enjoy are probably pretty well spoiled for him by the encumbrance of riches.

Some of these things he may learn to use, but the road may well be a hard one. It will be the more difficult in proportion as he carries over into new fields the spirit and the methods that have made him successful in his own. There he has been a cloud-compeller, a moulder of men, tyrannical over circumstance; in short, a success. Having once in his life rushed in with a success denied to angels, he feels no proper distrust of his own powers to keep him from rushing in again and yet again under a special license of Providence. The prey of every designing person, of every sort of intriguing suggestion, his overweening self-confidence marks him as the hero of an inevitable tragi-comedy. Bid him run for the Senate, for the Senate he runs. Suggest to him that war is a terrible thing—very well, we will stop the war. Persuade him that someone has written him down an anarchist—he starts a libel suit the only possible result of which, regardless of legal decision, is to write him down an ass.

It is not Mr. Ford's large ignorances that make him ridiculous. A clever lawyer can, if he sets out, make a fool of almost anybody on the witness stand. In matters of this kind all the advantage lies with the attacking party. The victim soon becomes sullen, frivolous, or fatigued to the point of admitting anything that promises soon to get it all

over with. We know very few people who could at a moment's notice discourse informingly on the causes of the War of 1812. Most of us have flivver minds, and they are quite good enough for the day's business, and indeed a credit to the possessor, since many people have no minds at all. For the flivver is versatile as well as wonderfully efficient. It will saw wood and haul a plough, besides an apparently unlimited number of the owner's uncles, cousins, and aunts. It may even, with a self-starter, oversized tires, and shock-absorbers, present an impressively stylish appearance. But it is still a flivver, and there are lots of things in this world of sin and sorrow that a flivver ought not to try to get straight. The flivver mind, even though endowed with wealth, surrounded by people fertile in ideas for the ingenious spending of it, its considerable vacuities stuffed with good intentions, ought also to be willing to recognize its limitations.

The trouble lies not with Mr. Ford's ignorance, painful as the exhibition of it may be to himself and to the world. It lies with the things he has been pathetically brought to believe that he knows. There again he does not deserve unqualified blame. He merely repeats as best he can what he supposes, not without reason, to be the views of all really superior minds. He will be an ignorant idealist if he must, but an idealist he will be. The lure of intellectual display is stronger and subtler than the attraction of mere material ostentation. And material ostentation does not command the attention it once did. But when a dazzling intellectual display means only a magnification of one's own native kindly and generous, if muddled, feelings, the lure is irresistible.

"History is bunk. I live in the present." Have we not in New York a school where some of our ablest intellectuals are dedicated to the scientific establishment of this proposition?

"I was against preparedness." Were not all our humanitarians in like case?

"War is murder." Would any conscientious objector, whether he happened to be caught in the toils of the draft or not, presume to doubt it?

"The war was engineered by the newspapers and the bankers for profit." The *Nation* would not put it so crudely.

"The Germans drank beer and the French drank wine. That made them irritable and started the war." The country is now ruled by a group of people who would regard such a theory as quite irrefutable.

"I would hoist the flag of humanity." There are plenty who would pull down the stars and stripes for him, if he didn't care to do it himself.

"If the war just concluded does not bring universal peace, I am in favor of another great war without delay to clean

up the situation." All our ex-pacifists are looking forward quite excitedly to this war.

If not the very words, these are the things which Mr. Ford allowed himself to be persuaded it was his duty to preach to his countrymen. We may blame him for being gullible. Most of us will not wish to blame him too much. Like Mr. Ford we are very easy-going. In action, the American people often, like Mr. Ford, exhibit traits that argue something like an infantile mind—a mind that dwells in a world almost unreal, where things most unattainable come for the asking and achievement seems to wait only for the outstretched hand. In this view, the gulling of Mr. Ford, the exploitation of his wealth and his good-natured ignorance, becomes a moral fable of such tremendous import, conveys a warning so clear and to the point, that his own pitifully diminished head sinks quite out of sight.

T. M. Osborne, Seaman 2

LIEUT.-COMMANDER Thomas Mott Osborne, alias "Tom Brown" of Auburn Penitentiary, is again alias something or other and wearing the undress whites of a seaman in the crew's quarters of the North Dakota. Mr. Osborne thus hopes to obtain a vivid and correct knowledge of the life and especially of the grievances of the enlisted men with a view, presumably, to extending to the navy generally the humane policy he has initiated in Portsmouth Naval Prison. Mr. Osborne's adventure has the high sanction of the Secretary of the Navy. The occasion of this temporary demotion is said to have been the remark of a seaman of the North Atlantic Fleet who insisted upon a general court martial because he felt sure of better treatment as a prisoner at Portsmouth than he could get on any ship.

We have a real admiration for Mr. Osborne, who has the gift of putting abundant heart into his work for prisoners. We believe that every serious report of brutality in the army or navy should be thoroughly investigated. The admirable legal protection which all enlisted men have under regulations can be made worthless through the negligence of a commanding officer or the high-handedness of the petty officers immediately in charge of the men. Our Navy tradition is such that mistreatment of the enlisted force is most exceptional. For all that, vigilance is the price of the seaman's liberty. We are glad Secretary Daniels followed up what frankly seems to us an unpromising lead.

Whether Mr. Osborne will get any substantial benefit for the Navy out of his

month of travesty, we very much doubt. There is an inherent defect in all these histrionic researches. A zealous economist, the late Prof. Walter Wyckoff, swung pick and wielded shovel for wages in order to understand the life of the common laborer. At the end of some months of such investigation, he was honest enough to avow that what he had learned was how a scholar felt when he was playing a laborer's part. What Mr. Osborne is likely to learn is merely how a warm-hearted millionaire feels when he is pretending he belongs in the fo'c'sle. Moreover, though Mr. Osborne is serving incog, he has also been well advertised and is doubtless known. That creates a situation which, ticklish anywhere, is trebly so on shipboard. What would we not give to hear the tales that are being poured into Seaman Osborne's sympathetic ear—horrors to stagger a Marryat, a Herman Melville, a Dana; complications of discipline that never were on sea or land, the entire bright repertory of the sea lawyer under advantages the sea lawyer has never before enjoyed. Mr. Osborne is likely to have thrills for a lifetime, but we much doubt if his month as a sailor will be very informative. He is after all an outsider in the Navy, though a valued one, and the Navy, from Admiral to Mess Attendant 4, is a close corporation which needs a lot of knowing. Even the seaman who preferred Portsmouth to a superdreadnought may not have spoken from bitter depths. He may have been just an Irishman delicately "kidding the Lieutenant-Commander along."

The adventure has a more serious side. It isn't the habit of naval officers to slip into enlisted men's uniforms for purposes of even the most high-minded spying. In particular, a naval officer who should do this on a brother officer's ship would be likely to be sent to Coventry. Only the gravest emergency could justify such a procedure. The layman may be inclined to make light of such issues of etiquette as finespun. But it is precisely these traditions of scrupulously honorable conduct that make the American Navy what it is. It is the weakness of Secretary Daniels, who generally has developed greatly while in office, that his open-hearted enthusiasm for enlisted men renders him somewhat blind to the more delicate considerations that make the efficient and respected officer. But imagine a fine young Cuban War officer, such as Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, in disguise aboard Captain "Bob" Evans's "Texas" to see if there were anything amiss below decks.

Such expedients are not even useful in any broad sense. If the Navy has reason to suspect something is going wrong on a ship, it has merely to detail to the vessel a competent petty officer from the Intelligence Department, and in a week

whatever there is in the story will be made perfectly clear. It isn't necessary for officers to put off their proper uniform and assume that of their men in order to find whether a Chief Bo's'n's Mate is manhandling his mates or not. Every experienced division officer knows to the smallest detail the needs and the grievances of the men in his division. No one who has occupied such a position is much inclined to credit discoveries in his division, even by the most eminent casual aboard ship. No very bad business can go on except through the utter incompetence of the division officers, who are as a class carefully selected, highly efficient, and usually in a genuinely paternal relation to their men.

We can unreservedly commend Lieutenant-Commander Osborne's enterprise only from the point of view of advertising. Unquestionably his adventures as "Tom Brown" of Auburn Prison were incomparable advanced publicity for the useful work Warden Osborne was to do in cleaning up Sing Sing. We doubt if it had any other value. A competent investigator, acting in his own person, could, we believe, have got the essential information on easier terms. When the New Jersey State Prisons were recently overhauled, nobody pretended to be a convict. If it is advertising of a reform crusade that Mr. Osborne has in mind, he must, like all advertisers, be judged simply by results. If he resumes his proper uniform with any important new tale to unfold or reform to effect, his service as a seaman will give picturesque and force to his plea. For the public takes a childish delight in disguise for benevolent intent, whether in or out of the Arabian Nights. If Mr. Osborne, on the contrary, comes back to the quarter-deck empty handed, he will have made himself pretty ridiculous, as having, with however good intent, needlessly offended against the customs of naval service the world round.

THE REVIEW

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Editors

FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Wilson and the Senate

THE issue between the President and the Senate over the ratification of the Covenant is developing a struggle for power between parties and between two branches of the national Government that is of really historic dimensions. It is true that thus far both sides to the controversy have deprecated the charge of "partisanism" as explanatory of their respective attitudes, but there is no good reason why they should do so; and still less is there reason for the Senatorial opponents of the League to fight shy of the other charge which has been leveled against them, that they are waging war upon the President's programme in order to vindicate "the dignity and prerogatives of the Senate." The maintenance of the Constitutional prerogatives and dignity of an important branch of the Government is itself a matter of moment; and that must be an exigent issue indeed which is capable of relegating it to a secondary or incidental rôle.

In a striking passage of his "Promise of American Life," Mr. Herbert Croly passes estimate upon the outcome of the protracted struggle which took place in Jackson's time between the President and the Senate. It resulted, he says—I quote from recollection—in a victory for the President "because the people decided for him," "as they must always do" when the occupant of the Presidential chair is a man "no worse than Andrew Jackson" and his antagonist a man "no better than Henry Clay." Is this interesting verdict applicable to the contest which to-day impends? That is to say, Woodrow Wilson being no worse than he is and Henry Cabot Lodge being no better than *he* is, which way ought popular sympathy to incline in a struggle for power between the institutions represented by these two men?

There is no quarreling with Mr. Croly's complacency over Jackson's triumph, for had not the Presidency been aggrandized at the moment when John Marshall was sinking into his grave and the powers of Congress were being brought more and more under the surveillance of a jealous particularism, of which the Senate itself was the very citadel, the cause of the Union would have had in 1861 no rallying-point. But the situation has altered since then, and to-day the question is not the preservation of the Union, it is the preservation of constitutional government in face of an almost world-wide tendency towards one-man power. Confronted with such a situation, the Senate may be very well warranted in feeling that it ought to insist somewhat upon "its dignity and prerogatives."

In his lectures on "Constitutional

Government in the United States," which were published in the spring of 1908, Mr. Wilson discovers three seats of authority in the national Government, to wit, the Presidency, the Senate, and the Speakership of the House of Representatives. Since then the Speakership has been put in commission in great part, so that to-day, if the President is to be effectively checked, it is the Senate which must do the business. Nor has any writer presented the claims of the Senate to popular confidence more appealingly than Mr. Wilson himself, in the volume just cited. The Senate, he declares, "represents the country, as distinct from the accumulated populations of the country, much more fully and much more truly than the House of Representatives does." It is a place, too, "of individual voices," and "the suppression of a single voice would radically change its constitutional character." (There is no thought here, it will be noted, of stigmatizing the "wilfulness" of "little groups.") Again, the men who make up the Senate are "men much above the average in ability and in personal force," and if they are not always wise counsellors, still their "experience of affairs is much mellowed than the President's can be," for "the continuity of the Government lies in the keeping of the Senate more than in the keeping of the executive, even in respect of matters which are of the especial prerogative of the presidential office."

Turning then to the subject of the relations of the President and the Senate in the control of appointments to office and treaty-making, Mr. Wilson writes:

There can be little doubt in the mind of any one who has carefully studied the plans and opinions of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that the relations of the President and Senate were intended to be very much more intimate and confidential than they have been; that it was expected that the Senate would give the President its advice and consent in respect of appointments and treaties in the spirit of an Executive Council associated with him upon terms of confidential coöperation rather than in the spirit of an independent branch of the Government, jealous lest he should in the least particular attempt to govern its judgment or infringe upon its prerogatives.

Unfortunately this idea has not in general prevailed, and the relations between the two branches have fallen too often under the control of a spirit of distrust, mitigated to some extent by a sort of "customary *modus vivendi*, as of rival powers. The Senate is expected in most instances to accept the President's appointments to office, and the President is expected to be very tolerant of the Senate's rejection of treaties, proposing but by no means disposing even in this chief field of his power." However, there

have been "one or two Presidents of unusual sagacity" who have recurred to something like the earlier practice, as any President is free to do:

He may himself be less stiff and offish, may himself act in the true spirit of the Constitution and establish intimate relations with the Senate on his own initiative, not carrying his plans to completion and then laying them in final form before the Senate to be accepted or rejected, but keeping himself in confidential communication with the leaders of the Senate while his plans are in course—in order that there may be veritable counsel and a real accommodation of views instead of a final challenge and contrast. The policy which has made rivals of the President and Senate has shown itself in the President as often as in the Senate, and if the Constitution did indeed intend that the Senate should in such matters be an Executive Council it is not only the privilege of the President to treat it as such, it is also his best policy and his plain duty.

Could a more telling indictment be penned of President Wilson's entire course in connection with the League of Nations Covenant? Here is a proposal of vital interest to every section of the country, a proposal not needing to be elaborated in secret, certainly not after the first draft of it was published some months ago, a proposal furthermore for the final perfection of which the utmost allowance of time is even yet available, since it is now the announced intention of the Allies to act for some months to come in carrying out the Peace Treaty through the Council of Five. Yet not only has the President never consulted with the Senate as a body about this proposal, nor with any of its leaders except in the most cursory fashion, but he has expended the greatest ingenuity in an endeavor to deprive the Senate of all freedom of action with reference to the proposal when this shall finally come before it. Writers on our political system with a bias in favor of executive authority are prone to criticize the legislative "rider," a device whereby a measure of minor importance is put safely past the danger of veto on the back of a more important or more urgent measure. It is safe to say, however, that concoctors of "riders" now have a new record in audacity set them. And in this connection it is pertinent to recall the announcement which was first given out from Paris regarding the proposed guaranty treaty with France. The President, we were told, had not positively committed himself to the arrangement but had promised to refer it to the Senate, presumably for advice. Yet, as compared with the Covenant, the guaranty treaty would mark a relatively slight departure from our national traditions. Little wonder that the President has subsequently abandoned his scruples about the lesser compact—the discrepancy in procedure would have been too glaring. Yet even as matters stand, the Senate is to

be allowed a free hand with the guaranty treaty.

There are certain other facts which cast additional light upon the Constitutional significance of the impending struggle over the Covenant that may be set down more or less at random. On the debit side of the ledger for the President appear such facts as the Ishii agreement, which was never referred to the Senate; also the understanding between the United States and Great Britain, which was testified to by General March the other day before the Senate Military Committee, that both these Powers shall maintain a military establishment four times larger than before the war (we know now, perhaps, why President Wilson appealed to the country last autumn for a Democratic Congress); again, such facts as the numerous instances during the present Administration of wars waged without Congressional sanction, indeed, without Congressional knowl-

edge; and the still more numerous instances of diplomatic appointments without reference to the Senate. Meantime, the demand for "open diplomacy," at least for democratic control of diplomacy, has been rising higher and higher throughout the world, while by the Seventeenth Amendment the Senate has been rendered a democratic body as never before.

Finally, it requires no extraordinary insight to perceive that if the League of Nations Covenant is ratified, the opportunity—indeed, the necessity—for independent Presidential action in the diplomatic field will be much augmented. This is not of itself a conclusive argument against ratifying the Covenant were it otherwise satisfactory, but it is a very powerful argument against the Senate's consenting to any unnecessary abdication of its participation in the shaping of our diplomatic policies.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Caveat Negotiator

He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.—Art. II, Sec. 2, Par. 2.

FOR the past century the relations between the President and the Senate in treaty-making have been vastly different from those which the framers of the Constitution had in mind when they drafted the treaty clause of that instrument, and from those which Washington attempted to set up. Our earliest international agreements were made in accordance with the theory that the obligation of the President to seek the advice and consent of the Senate extended to the entire process of treaty-making. Consequently before initiating a negotiation Washington at first formally secured Senatorial sanction not only of the general principles, but even of the detailed provisions of the proposed treaty. The Senate then very clearly felt that it was bound to accept the resulting agreement without amendment, provided that it conformed to the plan previously agreed upon. This feeling was based upon a spirit of fair play with the President, and upon an acknowledgment of the then generally recognized principle of international law that a government was virtually pledged to ratify what its agent had signed provided that the latter had acted within his powers. The President sought the concurrence of the Senate by personal consultation in the Senate chamber, by written communications presented and explained by the Secretary of War, or of State, or by messages delivered by his private secretary. The Senate acted by formal resolution, and in a number of instances gave

its approval with qualifications by which it modified the proposed treaties as planned by the executive.

But procedure based chiefly upon theory can not long withstand the impact of practical politics, and the treaty-making process was soon modified by events. The terms in which the advice and consent of the Senate were given to the initiation and conduct of negotiations became decreasingly detailed; its scrutiny of signed treaties increasingly independent and critical. In 1793 an Indian treaty was negotiated independently of Senatorial advice. It was rejected. A year later, after consultation with his cabinet, Washington decided to conclude another such agreement without previously laying his plans before the Senate. He feared that should he do so his proposals would become known to the British Minister and the success of the negotiation be prejudiced. In this instance the Senate consented to ratification. It was in connection with the Jay treaty, however, that the established relations between the President and the Senate were subjected to the greatest political pressure. And in making it Washington frankly abandoned his earlier practice and substituted for formal consultation with the Senate a working agreement with the five Federalists who were the backbone of the administration party in that body. Because it seemed extremely unlikely that the Senate could be brought to agree upon any detailed plan which the President and his advisers might submit, it was recognized that if the legislative branch of the treaty-making power was to serve as a "council of advice" in the existing crisis it must be through the

instrumentality of a small number of its members in whom both the executive and a majority of their colleagues had great confidence. In later years this became the normal procedure, with a standing committee on foreign relations composed of both majority and minority members acting the rôle first played by the five Federalist friends.

The permanent use of the method chosen in 1795 meant relinquishment by the Senate of its right and its duty to exert a direct and effective control over treaties in the making. At the same time, however, the new procedure relieved it from the obligation to assent to the ratification of those signed in accordance with terms previously agreed upon by it and the President. On the face of it the President was to have a free hand in deciding what treaties it was desirable to make, and in writing into them whatever of his policies he could lead the other parties thereto to accept; while the Senate retained a like freedom to accept, to amend, or to reject the results of his efforts. Obvious considerations, however, have impelled most Presidents to ascertain just what the other half of the treaty-making power would or would not approve before entering upon and during the course of a negotiation. The development of a recognized method of gaining this information was the next step in the evolution of our treaty-making process. Twenty years elapsed before it was achieved. During the interim it became customary for the Senate to approve by implication the general objects of a proposed treaty in confirming the nomination of the agents who were to negotiate it. This had been done in the case of the Jay treaty, and the precedent was followed down to and including the Treaty of Ghent.

Meanwhile, however, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations had come into existence. This body is the oldest standing committee of the Senate and the most interesting American political organ whose history is as yet unwritten. Ultimately it became the connecting link between the President and the Senate when performing their joint functions. Through it successive Presidents and Secretaries of State regularly ascertained the opinion of the Senate upon both the general and the particular objects to be sought by proposed negotiations. It enabled the Senate to influence the making of the treaty from the outset by exercising the three rights which Bagehot ascribed to English kings: "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn." And like sensible and sagacious monarchs it needed no other powers. Nevertheless, the new procedure deprived the Senate of direct control over treaties during the stage of negotiation. Consequently its obligation to exercise its coordinate Con-

stitutional powers completely and fearlessly at the time of ratification was proportionately increased. This obligation it has met in many familiar instances by the rejection or amendment of agreements which it could not sanction as they stood. In passing it is worthy of note that this means of liaison between the two branches of the treaty-making power was personal, informal, and secret. The record of its use is to be found only in chance letters and memoranda in the files of the State Department, and in the memoirs and the correspondence of the individuals directly concerned—sources unavailable until long after the events which they elucidate.

How does the Wilsonian picture fit into this historical background? Very evidently the President decided to collaborate with our allies in the conclusion of a general treaty of peace, to make the United States a signatory to a league of nations, and, later, to enter into a military alliance with France, without having consulted with either the Senate or its Committee on Foreign Relations. Nor did he give the statesmen who are now called upon to consent to the ratification of these treaties an opportunity to influence their making either by participating in the selection of the negotiators thereof, or by including one or more of their number in the American commission. At only one point during the course of the negotiations did he attempt to maintain contact with the Senate through the recognized medium of the Committee on Foreign Relations. In fact, he has failed to use any of the methods by which his predecessors from Washington down have enabled the Senate to perform, to greater or lesser degree, its Constitutional functions during the formative stages of treaty-making.

But although he has thus failed to utilize the customary means of consulting with the Senate, does it necessarily follow that Mr. Wilson has actually negotiated these treaties without the guidance of its advice? To ask the question is to answer it. Senators have indeed "been daily cognizant of what was going on" at Paris. And what one among them all has been too humble, or too proud, to raise his voice in suggestion, encouragement, or warning? Has any President ever received so complete and frank an exposition of the sentiment of his Senatorial colleagues upon every essential provision of a treaty before the document was signed and sealed? The methods of Mr. Wilson are not those of his predecessors. They are not of the past, but very distinctly of the present. They are consonant with "open covenants, openly arrived at," and with the political theories which lie behind the phrase.

It should be recognized, then, that a new principle has been introduced into the relations between the President and

the Senate in the negotiation of treaties. What is the resulting effect upon the situation of the two parties with reference to the ratification of the pacts which Mr. Wilson signed at Paris? Certainly if any conclusion can be drawn from the history of American treaty-making it is that the new procedure leaves the Senate absolutely free to accept, to amend, or to reject these treaties upon their merits. If the President's methods allowed him a singular freedom in following or ignoring the Senate's advice, his course has left to that body an equal independence in considering his treaties. Further, it may fairly be said that as Mr. Wilson has seen fit to substitute for long-established processes a new mode of ascertaining what his colleagues on the hill would or would not assent to, the responsibility for correctly gauging their sentiment rests squarely upon him. It is clearly a case of *caveat negotiator*.

Nevertheless, Senators are faced with a *fait accompli*. They, and the people of the United States, are told that very serious results will follow any attempt to modify the agreements made at Paris. There are those who declare that the magnitude of such evils is the measure of the Senate's duty to make the best of the treaties as they stand and promptly to give its advice and consent to their ratification. The opposing position is that this very difficulty of amendment laid upon Mr. Wilson a corresponding obligation to conclude only such agreements as the Senate would permit him to ratify. A consideration of the clear language of the Constitution and the practice of one hundred and thirty years of actual government can hardly leave a doubt that the latter view must prevail. Unquestionably there is a powerful presumption in favor of the acceptance of these treaties as they have been signed. But if the Senate is to maintain its place in our Constitutional system it must act with the courage of its convictions should it finally decide that amendment is necessary to protect the vital interests of the nation.

RALSTON HAYDEN

The Trial of Townley and Gilbert

THE trial of Mr. A. C. Townley, President of the National Non-Partisan League, and Mr. Joseph Gilbert, former organizer of the League, before the Circuit Court at Jackson, Minnesota, for "conspiracy to teach disloyalty during the war," came to an end on July 12, when the defendants were declared guilty by a jury of farmers. A stay of sentence until September 15 was granted by Judge E. C. Dean to permit the preparation of court records on a motion for a new trial.

Naturally the friends of the defendant allege that the whole proceeding was a "frame-up" by the big-business opponents of the League, but the court did not take that view of the case. They complain of the long delay in bringing on the trial, but the indictment was brought immediately after the offenses were committed, and the delay was caused by the appeal of the defense to the Supreme Court, which held up the trial for more than a year. Counsel for the defense wished to bring in positive evidence of the defendants' loyalty, but the court held that their business was to prove that they had not been disloyal. Finally, after the lawyers had been dismissed, on account of this decision, Mr. Townley arose in his shirt-sleeves and asked leave to speak in his own defense, but this request was refused by Judge Dean on the ground that he had been sufficiently represented by four able attorneys. These points will be brought before the Supreme Court of the State, and it will be interesting to see how they will be decided.

Among other evidence presented by the prosecution were statements of witnesses as to speeches made by the defendants, quotations from a pamphlet published by the League, and the testimony of F. A. Teigen, a former League organizer, that Mr. Townley told him in 1917, "We are against the war, but can't afford to advertise it."

The following quotation from the defendants' speeches have certainly a flavor of disloyalty, if nothing else:

We were stampeded into the war by newspaper rot, simply to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire. If this is such a great democracy why should we not vote on conscription? You may say this is sedition. If it is, make the most of it. I understand they are going to send a lot of coffins to France, but I hope they are not going to use them for our boys. (Mr. Gilbert at Kenyon, Minn., August 18, 1917.)

Jackson county officials wrapped themselves in the stars and stripes and spelled their patriotism with a P. A. Y.—the farmer boy of Minnesota and North Dakota should be left on the farm. They are better off on the farm than they are in the trenches 5,000 miles away. You farmers have worked harder than ever before. You have had to subscribe to the Liberty Loan, Y. M. C. A., and the Red Cross, and on top of all of that now they take your boys away. (Mr. Gilbert at Lakefield, January 23, 1918.)

You have already raised billions and billions of tons of food for your boys across the water and you are going to buy millions of tons back from the food gamblers. . . . I do not believe it is right for us to go to war and put the nation some billions of dollars in debt. Then when the war is over to ask these boys to come back and pay off the war debt. The rich man's boy is not going to go. He, the rich man, is making the rules of the game. . . . Hundreds and millions of the boys will be sacrificed; many will lose arms, legs, sight and hearing. They will come back to their mothers and sweethearts and the Government will give back what is left but no more. (Mr. Townley at Glencoe, June 21, 1917.)

Correspondence

Legislative Draftsmen

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In his interesting communication to the *Review* of June 28, Mr. L. F. Loree makes the following suggestion:

Bills which committees [of Congress] propose to report should be by them referred to a legislative draftsman with a view to practicability of enforcement, effect, clarity of language, and limitations of the Constitution.

A Legislative Drafting Service has already been created in Congress by Section 1303 of the Revenue Bill of 1918, which provides for a legislative draftsman for the House and one for the Senate, whose duty it shall be to draft bills for the chairmen of committees. This service was created by the spontaneous act of the Committee on Ways and Means, which recognized, as does Mr. Loree, the importance of this service.

The present draftsman for Congress is Mr. Middleton Beaman, formerly a member of the staff of the Legislative Drafting Fund of Columbia University, and the draftsman for the Senate is Major Thomas I. Parkinson, formerly of the staff of the Judge Advocate General, and previously Professor of Legislation in Columbia University.

It is of great importance to the future of legislative drafting in the country that the Republican party, as urged by Mr. Loree, should seize the opportunity to strengthen this service.

J. P. CHAMBERLAIN

New York, July 15

Japan's Need of Shantung

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your general assumption that the present situation concerning Shantung is abominable may perhaps warrant the laying before your readers of another opinion, based on observation during travel a few years ago and nowise colored by predilection for either China or Japan—both indifferently foreign to the observer.

Except politically, China has never been a nation in the modern sense of the word. It is only a region, hardly more uniform in character and language than Europe, but united for two or three thousand years as Europe was actually united under the Cæsars or theoretically under the Holy Roman Empire. Japan, on the other hand, is not only politically but in blood and in language the most populous and the most sensitively patriotic nation that ever lived. Chinese patriotism is a philosophic abstraction; Japanese patriotism is a personal passion.

Under modern conditions, the independence of Japan demands, for safety,

that no considerable centre of military or naval force be established on the continental shore of the sea behind the Japanese archipelago. Any such centre would be a standing danger of attack on Japan from the rear.

When circumstances connected with the Boxer troubles gave Germany a footing in Shantung, Germany proceeded to make Tsingtao, previously negligible, a fortress of exceptional military and naval strength, and so to connect it by railway with interior China as virtually to base it on the whole available resources of the Chinese dominions. This proceeding was completely beyond the control of Japan, consequently menaced as never before.

When the world war broke out, Japan took advantage of it to seize this threatening base of attack on herself, as needful for her protection as the Panama Canal is for that of the United States, or the Suez Canal for that of British India. Unless she continues to control it—particularly so long as the multiplex political nationality of China remains in a state of recurrently revolutionary chaos—she will be in constant danger of attack from the rear by indefinitely considerable forces directed against the most homogeneous and passionately patriotic of recorded nations.

B. W.

July 20

Admiral Stockton on Admiral Goodrich

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the interesting article in the *Review* of July 19 by Admiral Goodrich upon the Freedom of the Seas some remarks upon the status of international law seem worthy of a notice.

The writer states that "Germany reduced its (international law) whole structure to ashes."

Most students of this subject are not ready to coincide with such perhaps hasty statements. Germany in her course during the world war has been guilty of many violations besides that of the rules of war as agreed upon in international law. She has and did violate the rules of honor, of good morals, of ordinary veracity, and of common decency and humanity. Nevertheless, those rules still exist, and as criminals do not by their actions abolish criminal law but only call for a stricter enforcement of the law, so provision should be made for a more definite enforcement of the international law rather than a cry of abandonment.

No nation approaching civilization disclaims the rules of international law. In our country it has been stated by the highest authority that its acknowledgment and practice is essential to a proper entry into the family of nations, and doubtless such an acknowledgment

should be required from Germany before her entry into the proposed League or Society of Nations, which in its preamble claims as a basis the understandings of international law. Upon the entry of the United States into the war an excellent code of the laws of maritime war was promulgated for the use of the Navy, and such a codification will in due time, without doubt, result from the assemblage of nations and its consequent conferences.

After all, the existence of a vice does not destroy the virtue, and rules founded upon facts, usages, and unwritten laws duly reduced to writing should be an established matter in the near future.

International law, like all law, municipal and constitutional law included, is in a state of moderate evolution, but like the pendulum with respect to the hands of a clock, though the pendulum moves forward and back, the hands go steadily forward.

C. H. STOCKTON

Santa Cruz Park,
Haines Falls, N. Y., July 19

Government vs. Private Control of Railways

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The experience of the Government of the United States in its control of the operation of the railways, and the rapidly increasing deficits which have accompanied this control, have naturally given rise to considerable discussion over the relative advantages of governmental operation and private operation. On this question the experience of France will throw a good deal of light. Although recent figures covering the operation of French railways are not available, and would not be significant if they were, some of those contained in the last published report of the Minister of Public Works, for the year ended December 31, 1913, may prove of interest, as illustrating a condition that is evidently prevalent in the United States at the present time. The writer, having been in France since the latter part of 1917, is not familiar with actual physical conditions surrounding the operation of the American railways, but is under the impression that despite the heroic measures taken to economize, such as elimination of duplication of service, the Government, with much higher rates, has utterly failed to make the railways pay their charges, despite the fact that the gross earnings compare very satisfactorily with those of any period under private operation.

The French railway system consists in the main of six systems, which comprise 24,550 of a total of 32,300 miles of railroad. Practically all of the mileage not included in these six principal sys-

tems is made up of narrow gauge branch lines of short length. The six systems are those of the Eastern, Northern, Southern, Paris-Orleans and Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway companies, and the lines operated by the Government, which latter have included, since 1909, the lines formerly owned by the Western Railway Company.

The lines operated by the Government comprise a system of 5,620 miles of road. The French railways system gives to each of the six principal companies a distinct field, in which they are virtually free from competition. That occupied by the lines of the "État," as the governmentally operated system is called, lies to the west and southwest of Paris, the lines of the system extending from that city to all of the principal Atlantic seaports of France. Geographically it is a territory relatively free from natural obstacles, and one in which operating costs should be relatively low, but such is far from being the case.

For purposes of comparison in the following tables the lines of the old "État" system and those acquired from the Western Railway Company in 1909, are segregated, so that the result of governmental operation, as applied to the latter lines, may be apparent. For purposes of comparison the figures for the Paris-Orleans system are also given, those lines serving, in a general way, a territory similar to that of the system operated by the Government.

(All figures are reduced to dollars and miles at the rate of one dollar to five francs and five-eighths of a mile to a kilometer.)

Results per mile in 1905:

Lines operated	Gross Earnings	Operating Expenses	Net Earnings
by Government	\$5,920	\$4,250	\$1,670
Western Railway Company	10,850	6,080	4,770
Paris-Orleans Railway Co.	10,680	4,960	5,720

In 1908, the last year in which the lines of the Western Railway Company were operated by a private corporation, the following were the results:

Lines operated	Gross Earnings	Operating Expenses	Net Earnings
by Government	\$6,370	\$5,120	\$1,250
Western Railway Company	11,700	7,970	3,730
Paris-Orleans Railway Co.	11,600	6,240	5,400

In 1913, when the lines formerly belonging to the Western Railway Company were operated by the Government, in conjunction with its other lines, although the accounts were segregated, results were as follows:

Lines operated	Gross Earnings	Operating Expenses	Net Earnings
by Government	\$7,650	\$6,590	\$1,060

Lines formerly of Western Railway Company \$13,400 \$11,400 \$2,000
Paris-Orleans Railway Co. . . . 12,800 7,550 5,250
The percentages of receipts expended in operation were as follows:

	1905	1908	1912	1913
Old lines operated by Government	74.2	80.7	91.4	86.2
Lines formerly of Western Ry. Co.	56.4	67.8	89.4	85.2
Paris-Orleans Ry. Co.	46.7	54.1	56.1	58.9
Eastern Ry. Co.	54.4	58.9	60.3	61.7
Northern Ry. Co.	53.1	57.8	61.3	61.5
Southern Ry. Co.	47.0	51.8	54.2	55.7
Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Ry. Co.	49.4	53.0	56.5	57.0

While the entire story is told in the last table, all possibilities of quibble are removed by introducing figures showing gross earnings per mile, which clearly indicate that the disparity is not one of traffic density. That the source of higher operating costs is unquestionably governmental control and all that that implies is shown in the rapid increase in the percentage of operating expenses to receipts of the lines of the old Western Railway Company after they were taken over by the Government.

FABIAN F. LEVY

Paris, June 25

Other Peoples' Windows

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

As one of your "oldest subscribers" I hail the appearance each week of the *Review*, bringing joy to our home in the New England hills. But I registered a mental protest when in one of the recent issues I read "Fed up with the French." I remembered how in the past I had been cheated by the customs house officials and overcharged by the ticket-sellers and hotel keepers in Germany—but never in France—and how the London cabby had looked through his trap door to see whether I wore English or American shoes—and had doubled the fare accordingly. I remembered, too, an incident of my last trip on the Bar Harbor express. I had had a conversation with a young New Englander, recently discharged, who expressed great bitterness because he had had to pay a large price for a knife in France and had, he thought, been overcharged for eggs. It happened that we got off at the same station, and I inquired his name and learned that his father was one of the selectmen of the little lake village where I spend my summers. Then I recalled that the selectmen had assessed my cottage twice as much as that of the more valuable property of the farmer next to me; that this same boy's aunt charged us above the current rate for eggs and was so careful to pick out all the big ones for the Boston market that at times I have wondered whether she had not changed her hens

for pigeons; that this boy's cousin, who plays golf on our hillside links, had a short time since "borrowed" a dozen golf balls from my locker; that the village clergyman, who is a distant relative of this boy's, after selling me my property on the lake, arranged with a friend to claim that the title was faulty and that the lake front had belonged to him and not to the clergyman, and the two had tried for six months to blackmail me out of an additional sum of money for the land: all these things because I am to these people a New York millionaire, though in reality a college professor on an inadequate salary. And these are not the only evidences that the wooden nutmeg type still survives in New England; my friends and neighbors have had similar experiences.

It seems to me that it might be as well for us to forget for a while the mote in the eye of the French peasant, and consider the ways of our own peasantry, and for very shame cease to criticize.

VERITAS

Book Reviews

Dr. Hill's Views on the League

PRESENT PROBLEMS IN FOREIGN POLICY. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE fashion in political writing changes. This may be due to clever leadership on the part of the writers or it may be responsive to the taste and wishes of the public. At any rate, during the vitally important period of the great war, political thinking has, to a certain extent, been dominated by a group of young men who call themselves "liberals" and who have rather startled the public with certain novel conceptions of international relationships. Their method is to start with certain general assumptions and, these being accepted without due scrutiny, to proceed with clever dialectic to build up a whole fabric. This fabric is then adorned with moral precepts and idealistic conceptions, and forms an excellent cover for pacifism and defeatism.

One turns with a feeling of relief to the clear, direct political writing of Dr. Hill, and as one reads his analysis of the political problems connected with the war and the terms upon which it has been ended, it is as if a stream of pure fresh air had swept into the fetid atmosphere. He is concerned first of all with facts as facts, and not with finding facts to fit theory; and, in the second place, he views world relations from the standpoint of a vigorous Americanism and not of a dilettante internationalism.

His present volume has to do with the

League of Nations proposal in its various aspects. He recognizes at the outset the desirability of some plan that shall bring about such improvement in the relations between nations as to obviate international conflicts. But he places his hopes upon the natural and normal development of an entente rather than upon an artificial organization. He is optimistic as to the possibility of a continuous advance in international law and in international ethical standards, and believes that these may well be promoted by conference and mutual adjustment. But the history of previous attempts at the artificial organization of leagues or super-governments does not lead him to place any confidence in their practicability as a means of averting war. He traces this history in an illuminating manner.

In general, all of these plans have failed to take into account certain inequalities of culture and rivalries of economic interests which could not possibly be harmonized by the proposed organization. The whole structure of international peace and justice rests upon the character of the peoples who form the society of nations. The perfection of this understanding is a matter of growth and gradual adjustment. It cannot be accomplished by a stroke of the pen. In fact, to impose such an artificial organization upon a mass of discordant states, utterly diverse in relative development, would be to increase rather than lessen the probability of war.

As an American, Dr. Hill takes issue with the theory that the interests of humanity should prevail in the formation of so general an organization as a League of Nations rather than the interests of the people of the United States. He has no patience with the "trustee theory, the guardianship theory." The statesmen of every other nation that might enter such a League would be bound to consider the alleged benefits and disadvantages of joining, and in the case of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, care has been taken to secure all their special interests in advance. America, on the other hand, obtains nothing but liabilities, and, since she represents perhaps the most advanced member of the proposed League, she would greatly weaken her power for good by being associated on a parity with numerous petty and more or less backward and unstable states.

A popular fallacy that has had an important influence upon the negotiations at Paris, in so far as they concerned the League of Nations, has been the idea that peace was to be made between peoples and not between governments. This theory, which assumes that if peoples, instead of their representatives, had the settling of international affairs, there would be no war, did not originate pri-

marily in the confused doctrinaire thinking of certain Americans, but found such a sponsor in England as Mr. Austin Harrison. The absurdity becomes evident when one considers that the delegates at Paris of the various governments represented their peoples, and if an appeal were to be made over their heads on the ground that the respective peoples would act differently, it would simply mean that the way to achieve a satisfactory and permanent peace would be to bring about a violent revolution in each of these countries so as to overthrow and displace the negotiators. Surely America has no desire to bring such a message to Europe nor is America prepared to give up any part of her sovereignty or independence of action in order to become a member of an organization whose average standard must of necessity be lower than her own.

Herein lies also another logical ambiguity. The proposed League professes to be composed only of free nations. What nations are to be classed as "free"? Certainly no nation that holds in subjection any people not permitted to enjoy self-government. Are we to assume the validity of the doctrine of complete self-determination and at the same time require a partial renunciation of national sovereignty? On the one hand, some nations are regarded as too independent, too powerful, and too aspiring to be considered safe for the rest of the world, unless they are willing to have imposed upon them certain restraints; while, on the other hand, some nations are too much oppressed, too feeble, and too submissive to assert successfully just national rights, and must therefore have secured to them a degree of sovereignty which is not in reality theirs.

Juristically, independent and responsible states, whether large or small, have equal abstract rights to existence, self-preservation, self-defense, and self-determination; but culturally, economically, and potentially they are, and must remain, unequal. Besides this, these states are not only unequal in the political sense, but their problem of independence is sadly complicated by the world's economic developments. It is not reasonable to suppose that the League of Nations would prove an efficient organ to compel individual nations to make economic sacrifices for the benefit of others, or to establish a central control of resources so as to dispense benefits which the recipients have not shared in creating. Such a League would prove a bondage that would be resented and would not be endured. It is all very well to talk about "service of humanity" and the changed order in the world, but human nature and national sentiment are not susceptible of such drastic alteration.

Dr. Hill's experience as Ambassador to

Germany has enabled him to analyze with great clearness what he terms Germany's "pose for peace." The efforts made by the German leaders to escape the penalties of their crimes, when confronted by the certainty of military defeat, were greatly aided by American theorizing. When we tried to draw a distinction between the German Government and the German people and further indicated distinctly that the way for them to obtain favorable consideration from us was to do away with the monarchy and form a republic, the leaders of German policy quickly took advantage of our doctrinaire conception. Not only did they at once form a cabinet which they stated had been formed by conference and in agreement with a great majority of the Reichstag, and represent that the Chancellor spoke in the name of the German people, but, as if in evidence of their change of heart, they asserted their devotion to President Wilson's Fourteen Points. It was as if the people of Germany were preparing to say at the peace table: "We demand peace because we are an innocent and defenseless people. First of all we are a 'people' and how can you punish a whole people? You are trying to make the 'world safe for democracy.' We are now a democracy. See, we have dismissed the Kaiser! We shall have no more of him. Have mercy upon us, Kamaraden! We accept all your glorious democratic principles. Now, undoubtedly, you are ready, since you would make the world safe for democracy, to make our democracy an asylum of safety for us."

Thus does Dr. Hill, from the wealth of his experience in Germany, portray Germany's pose for peace. There is no change of heart. Millions of Germans have not suddenly become Social Democrats, least of all the millions of troops and the hundreds of thousands of officers. As a matter of fact, there is no note of penitence or contrition in Germany's attitude. It is simply that every effort is being made to get off lightly and escape as far as possible the penalty of non-success in the endeavor to dominate the world.

A frequent topic of discussion in America is whether the injection into the Peace Conference of the project of a League of Nations has or has not obstructed and delayed peace. In considering this, Dr. Hill makes the cogent observation that the delegates to the Peace Conference seem to have been concerned more with the prevention of future wars than with the satisfactory ending of the present one, and that this attitude of mind is responsible for the postponement of many of the pressing problems, with the result that all Eastern Europe is aflame and in an utterly unstable condition, while beautiful projects are being drawn up for

the millennium to come. It is not only the time taken up by the discussion of the League of Nations that has delayed the conclusion of peace, it is rather the attempt to inject into the settlement of every immediate practical problem general theories which could not be harmonized in practice. For this he feels that President Wilson not only was largely responsible, but that in so doing was not justified by the backing of the American people. Certainly the President professed to be the spokesman of the American people, but upon what authority?

Instead of promoting peace, the efforts of the President of the United States to impose his own views and to array the populations of other countries against their own governments have seriously impeded and obstructed the only peace in which the world is really interested at this time, and for the need of which whole nations are dying of hunger and are kept in an abnormal and dangerous state of mind. In the meantime, the Entente is weakening through discouragement and the enemy is reorganizing, if not for resistance, at least to display a revolutionary attitude towards conditions of peace that at one time could have been easily imposed. According to Dr. Hill, the President's mind seems always to dwell in a region of abstractions. The concrete does not appeal to him. His policy has been, and is, world reconstruction first and peace afterward. This policy has obstructed and prevented the action by the Entente Allies that should have been taken, and would have been taken but for his personal interference.

In another chapter, entitled "The D eb acle of Dogmatism," Dr. Hill develops more fully the theory underlying the Conference that all possible future wars must be prevented now, and that unless this can be done immediately the present war can not be ended, this being the theory that is implied in the statement that the League of Nations must of necessity be a part of any treaty of peace. In the words of Dr. Hill, this theory dates from the attempt to prepare a compromise peace or to create a future situation with which all the belligerents would be satisfied. It rests upon the assumption that, while governments are often bad, all peoples are good; and that if the governments could be overthrown and the peoples could have their way, there would never be any more war. This theory he holds to be not only incapable of proof, but utterly erroneous. If it were true, we should be able, in a short time, to secure universal peace by a general plebiscite. The truth is that all nations want peace, but they want it in their own way; and, as their own ways differ, they are not likely to consent to perpetual peace until there is created a common interest so great that, to secure it,

they are willing to forego all less urgent aspirations. Such a community of interest, while an excellent ideal, is something unattainable at the present time; yet it is more likely to be approximated by the practical adjustment of their immediate differences than by an artificial organization that takes no account of these differences. With reference to the President, Dr. Hill notes that only four years ago he voiced his conviction that America should live her own life, and stated that the reason why we must keep free from entangling alliances was because America had set her face in a certain direction and no other country was going the same way. Then we became associated with the great Powers in Europe, had a common cause and fought valiantly with them against a common enemy. We won a victory, and what was demanded was a peace of victory. But, according to Dr. Hill, the President had set his mind on a peace of reconstruction. America's life was no longer to him the highest purpose. He wanted to be the creator of a new world. From that moment, the President no longer represented America. He was the victim of his own obsession, the reconstructed world. He did not even care for America's consent.

While Dr. Hill's treatment of the issues involved in the League of Nations is clear, logical, and convincing, it by no means covers the whole field. Rather he restricts himself to those phases of the question which touch particularly the interests and the sovereignty of America. As such, it is not only a valuable contribution to American political literature but an inspiring appeal to loyalty and patriotism.

From Mons to Ypres

NINETEEN FOURTEEN. By Field-Marshal Viscount French of Ypres. With a Preface by Marshal Foch; with Portrait and Maps. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THIS is not a military history but a personal narrative. "My main object," writes the author, "is to explain as clearly as possible to my countrymen the line of thought which was in my own mind, the objects I set out to attain, and the reasons why I directed the troops as I did." As a picture of the mind of a great commander at a critical moment of the world's history, the book is of lasting importance. It is grave and measured in style, rarely rising to eloquence. It is amazingly frank, revealing almost too unsparingly the social prejudices of a British cavalryman, distrust of the French commanders, as of his own generals, doggedly admitting fault and limitation of judgment and as stolidly claiming all due credit. The narrative is not always quite in good taste, but it evinces

a massive good faith. Let us follow it in brief.

On August 15, 1914, Field-Marshal French had his two corps, amounting with auxiliaries to 100,000 men, ready to deploy on the Mons line. His general expectation was of a war of movement and man uvre. Like everybody else, he counted largely on Russia. His particular expectation was to attack as left wing of the Allied armies in the north and eventually to effect a juncture with the Belgian army in a great offensive. On August 15, President Poincar e joked hopefully about a joint French-English victory at Waterloo. The next day Marshal Joffre exposed the plan of the offensive more fully. Nobody knew the strength of the German wedge in Belgium.

On August 18 Field-Marshal French called his corps commanders and their staffs together and ordered an advance on the Mons-Dinant line, at the left of General Lanrezac's Fifth French Army. Two French Cavalry divisions were to protect the exposed flank. They were never supplied. August 21 was set for the advance. Meanwhile came news of overwhelming German force. Early on the 22nd Field-Marshal French, while seeking General Lanrezac, found the Fifth Army in full retreat. Without notification of any kind, it drew back ten miles, leaving the British positions on the Mons-Cond e line dangerously exposed on both flanks. General Lanrezac not only omitted to explain his retreat and failure to communicate, but made the preposterous proposal that the British should attack. Field-Marshal French refused so suicidal a move, but agreed to hold the Mons line for twenty-four hours. In the meantime his new commander of the Second Corps, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, had shown symptoms of irresolution, though on the whole he fought a good action until relieved by the intrepid First Corps under Sir Douglas Haig.

The British commanders' conference on the 23rd of August must have been a black one. Confidence in the French Fifth Army and its commander had naturally gone, the glories of clearing Belgium had already given place to the unremitting punishment of the long retreat. Field-Marshal French's confidence in the leadership of half his little army, the Second Corps, had been shaken. His general orders bade him to seek a "minimum of losses and wastage" and forbade him to engage in any hazardous forward movement without the permission of the War Office. Thus the famous retreat from Mons began, not as a part of Allied grand strategy, but on the personal initiative of the British High Commander, considering his orders and the local military situation. Two untoward incidents complicated the British with-

drawal. On August 26, General Smith-Dorrien, judging that the Second Corps was to tired to move, contrary to orders undertook the general engagement of Le Cateau. It cost the little British army some 14,000 casualties and nearly 80 guns. From this moment, Field-Marshal French declined to commit himself to a major action until he should be reinforced in men and *matériel*. After the French Fifth Army gloriously thrust back three German army corps at Guise, Joffre pleaded with the British High Commander to stand and attack on the line Soissons-Compiègne. The President of France and the British Government urged the move. Lord Kitchener came over to Paris to put it through. Kitchener inconsiderately came in a field-marshal's uniform and with the air of a commander-in-chief, compromising Field-Marshal French's position. There was a moment of personal difficulty, but the great-hearted soldier saw General French's point and quietly returned to London. That to have fought on the Aisne was to court disaster for the entire Allied armies is the author's profound conviction. It seems, indeed, that nobody realized the punishment the English had taken at Le Cateau, least of all the War Office. It was, as a mater of fact, the political who insisted the retreat should be halted. Joffre and Kitchener readily accepted French's view.

The British decision not to stand short of the Marne and reinforcement conditioned the strategy of the most famous of battles. The plan was not long-laid, but one of occasion. To make this clear is a chief merit of this book. General Joffre's genius, which is most generously praised, was shown in making all the minor moves along lines which should produce ultimate model dispositions. It is plain that in disposing the British on a north and south line facing east, with Manoury's new Sixth French Army ready to extend the left northward, Joffre had primarily in view, not the great counter-offensive, but the defense of Paris. But the move automatically made a trap into which any German advance was likely to be fatal. Kluck entered the pocket between the British and the Fifth French Army, now under Franchet d'Esperey, only because the Germans were strangely ignorant of the existence of the new Sixth Army, while they regarded the British as soundly thrashed. Apparently the Great General Staff absolutely felt there was no Allied force to the north and west that needed to be taken into account. Kluck was supposed to strike an exposed French left, whereas he was placing two hundred thousand rifles on his own exposed flank. It was unfortunate that French and Manoury got no prompt intelligence of Foch's success in the centre. As it was,

the blow of the Allied left fell a day too late to produce disaster. More correctly speaking, Foch's magnificent assault was not timed strategically, but forced upon him by occasion, and from the point of view of grand strategy it came too soon.

None of these considerations detract a whit from the glory of the victors of the Marne. We merely substitute for the legend of a long-planned and all-encompassing strategy the more thrilling reality of successive emergencies correctly met, of minor moves so delicately coordinated that they united almost without a general plan into a vast and correct disposition from which victory was almost certain to be wrung. It appears that Joffre, about September 3, partly through the gross miscalculation of his foe in moving eastward and more through his own gradual guidance of the retreat and provision for the defense of Paris, suddenly saw the opportunity for the blow which he actually ordered September 4. What in reality decided the day, though here we seem to have Field-Marshal French against us, was less the enveloping movement at the Allied left than Foch's desperate thrust at La Fère Champenoise. When Field-Marshal French speaks of his attacks on the Petit Morin as "practically decisive of the great result," he either claims far too much or, as is rather to be believed, expresses himself infelicitously. So far as the local result at the Allied left is concerned, his statement will stand uncontested.

We have covered the chief points of novelty in this notable book. Everybody knows the essential features of the race to the sea and of the defense of Ypres. We learn merely of Field-Marshal French's extraordinary prevision of the ordeal he was to undergo. From the moment when on the great retreat he had to abandon his base at Havre, leaving Boulogne, Calais, and Dieppe thinly guarded by two divisions of French territorials, French had seen where the threat to England lay. Twice Germany had ignored her true objective in the vainglorious hope of Paris and a new Sedan. He felt sure the right move would be made, if tardily. He besieged the War Office and the French High Command to move the British Army to its old position at the left. The battle of Ypres developed as part of the great turning movement in the north, in which Field-Marshal French had the rare good fortune to have General Foch as associate. The battle lasted nearly six weeks, from October 15 to November 21. It culminated in the defense of the Kemmel position by the Cavalry division under Allenby, and in the prodigious defence of the Ypres salient by Haig's tried First Corps. On October 31 and November 1 Field-Marshal French saw the battle for the stakes of England's

existence all but lost. The Kemmel ridge had been nearly cleared by the assailants and the thin line pierced. Foch met the critical situation with his watchword "attaque!" and sent a few French battalions who helped restore the line. At the most desperate moment a battalion of London Scottish territorials went in at Kemmel and held for two days while they suffered 34 per cent. of casualties. It was a magnificent baptism of fire for England's volunteer army, and the earnest of the victory to come. To the Territorials and to all the military preparations of their founder, Lord Haldane, Field-Marshal French pays the most just and enthusiastic tribute.

After Ypres, the trench warfare became stabilized. The British in the field had to fight against quite incredible blindness in the War Office. Munitions were doled out grudgingly, the indispensable high explosive shells hardly at all. The minor tactics of trench warfare were worked out on the spot without aid from London. Hand grenades and trench mortars were improvised, and the trenches began to assume the aspect which they were to wear for four years. Towards the end of the year 1914, Field-Marshal French, without a week's ammunition reserve, was ordered to turn over twenty per cent. of his reserve for the Gallipoli army. In despair he took the unmilitary but wholly justifiable course of appealing to the public through the *Times* correspondent, Colonel Repington. The result was the Coalition Ministry with Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions, and the beginning of brighter days.

From this record one chiefly learns that a sufficient mental preparation for a great war is an impossibility. In the light of the Manchurian campaigns, it seems incredible that neither the Germans nor the Allies realized the new limitations set to war of movement. Field-Marshal French believes that, had the lesson been read in time, the Mons-Dinant line could have been held indefinitely. The Germans, with their far superior preparation, practically beat themselves in the early months of the war through the choice of false and impossible objectives, and through gross underestimation of the worth of their foes. All that any leader can do is to establish correct dispositions and give a reasonable direction to the attack. The rest is a fine and audacious profiting by opportunity as it arises. In this the British and French were superior to the Germans, and had their reward. Perhaps even more impressive is the lesson of the weakness of any allied army without unity of command. That, in spite of this handicap, the French and British outmanœuvred the Germans in the early months and for nearly four years fought on equal terms in the trenches is one of

the baffling paradoxes of military history. It almost justifies a theological explanation—that the gods, meaning to destroy the Germans, had made them mad. But such inductions the reader may better make for himself in Field-Marshal French's terse, resolute, and soldierly narrative.

The Six-Hour Day

THE SIX-HOUR DAY AND OTHER INDUSTRIAL QUESTIONS. By Lord Leverhulme. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

IT is almost startling to find a successful manufacturer like Lord Leverhulme—better known as Sir William Lever of Port Sunlight—seriously defending the proposition that a six-hour day would be good for the employer as well as the happy laborer, provided that sufficient machinery were used and that the working day could be divided into two shifts of six hours each. The argument has the appearance of a simple sum in arithmetic of which the answer emerges as soon as the problem is stated. Let your expenditure for overhead in a 48-hour week be equal to your expenditure for wages—say \$1,000 a week for each—and let 1,000 items be the output of the shop or factory. Then, of course, the cost is \$2.00. If, however, you have a 72-hour week with two shifts of laborers, each working 6 hours a day at the same wages as before, the output will be 50 per cent. greater, or 1,500 items, and the cost also will increase by 50 per cent.; for, while you pay \$2,000 for wages, your overhead is still \$1,000, or very little more, and the total expense (\$3,000) divided by the number of items (1,500) still gives \$2.00 as the cost per item of output. Similarly, if the expenditure for overhead were greater than the expenditure for wages—say \$2,000 for the one and \$1,000 for the other—the 72-hour week would give a lower cost of production than the 48-hour week, as can easily be seen. Furthermore, if the laborers, being free from fatigue, did as much in six hours as in eight—as Lord Leverhulme says they could—the output would be increased by more than 50 per cent. and the cost per item would be less, or wages more, or both. But whether the laborers do more work per hour or not, the employer gains through increased production and quicker turnover.

Lord Leverhulme's calculations might be stated in the form of a general proposition, thus: When the expenditure for overhead equals or exceeds the expenditure for wages, it will pay the employer to establish a 72-hour week, working two shifts of laborers six hours a day each, and paying the laborers at least as much as they received under the 48-hour week. Indeed, he could afford to pay a higher wage than before and still make a gain

for himself, as the element of fatigue would be greatly reduced and everything would go harmoniously and at a rapid pace.

It would be possible to cavil at Lord Leverhulme's rough calculation, or at his assumption that overhead would be constant; but in the main his contention is correct that, under the given conditions, two shifts of six hours each would yield at least as good results as a single shift of eight hours. Professor S. O. Chapman in "Work and Wages," published in 1914, makes the same point in favor of the 8-hour as compared with the 10-hour day, although he makes some assumptions and qualifications which Lord Leverhulme does not mention—that the depreciation charge varies as the hours worked, that the rate of interest is constant, that the equipment remains as before, and that, as economists love to say, all other things are equal.

Lord Leverhulme does not pose as a philanthropist, but as a clear-headed man of business who owes his success to hard work and clever seamanship. Finding that the trend of the times is towards shorter hours, he skilfully sets his sail to the prevailing wind; and, rather than make an 8-hour trip with a single crew, he makes a 12-hour trip with two successive crews, because he does not wish his expensive ship and cargo to remain idle. Indeed, Lord Leverhulme would keep his capital going continuously if that could be arranged by means of four 6-hour shifts. Of course, it would be impossible to squeeze four full 6-hour shifts into 24 hours, but Lord Leverhulme does not discuss such details as this. Nor does he give more than passing mention to the suggestion that a 16-hour day of two 8-hour shifts has some advantages over his 12-hour day. He assumes that under practically all circumstances the laborers will do as much in six hours as in eight, which is not a fact.

While employers like Lord Leverhulme are trying to make up by the activity of capital what they are likely to lose by the inactivity of labor, the laborers themselves have a point of view which is somewhat different. In most lines of business, whether much or little machinery is used, healthy men and women can work more than six hours without serious fatigue; and, if suitable remuneration is offered, they will gladly do so, especially in these times of rising cost and standards of living. What our railway men wanted, in the fall of 1915, and what the Adamson law allowed, was not a straight 8-hour day, but an 8-hour basic day with more than proportional payment for overtime—a totally different conception. If the connection which at bottom subsists between work and pay could be clearly seen, and if the effect invariably followed the cause, it is safe

to say that most laborers would repudiate the 6-hour day, or spend part of their leisure in some form of remunerative work. Perhaps Lord Leverhulme can maintain the system for some time in his model town of Port Sunlight, because of the peculiar conditions of the soap-manufacturing business; but that it will become the prevailing wage system in British manufacturing in the near future is by no means likely.

Lord Leverhulme reminds one of the late Lord Brassey, but he is far from being as good an economist. He is a self-made man who likes to talk about the steps which have led to his really notable success, and like our Mr. Ford, he naively imagines that all employers should do what he has shown can be done. He is not always careful in the use of statistics, and some of his speeches have a Sunday-school flavor; but his views must be treated with respect as those of an experienced business man who can show, in the garden-city of Port Sunlight, the 6-hour day and an ingenious system of labor co-partnership in actual and successful operation.

Living Greece

GREECE BEFORE THE CONFERENCE. By "Polybius," with a preface by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and an Ethnological Map. London: Methuen and Company.

THIS clear and fair-minded account of the complex of questions in the Near East has especial reference to Greece. But it should also claim the attention of everyone, not already possessed of equally trustworthy information, who wishes to arrive at a correct estimate of the Balkan and Turkish assets and liabilities, which the "receivers" at Versailles must now disentangle.

The author, for some reason best known to himself, chooses to remain incognito. As guarantee, however, of his right to speak, his readers are entitled to know that he has had long experience as a correspondent of the great London dailies as well as connections with our American press, while at the same time engaged in active life as a Greek citizen. Though born of an American mother and educated at American and European universities his foreign parallax has merely served to correct the errors of a too near-sighted patriotism.

For those who can remember the days of Gladstone the enthusiastic preface by the well-known journalist-statesman will lend endorsement to the anonymous author. It is a pardonable echo from the past when Mr. O'Connor writes: "One thing is by this time settled in the mind of all Europe, that, so far as Europe is concerned, there is no policy for the Turks but the old Gladstone policy of driving them out of Europe, bag and baggage." This thesis is developed in

a reasoned and far more convincing way, in Chapter III, by the author himself. But he does not there confine himself to the question of Turkey in Europe. Reinforcing his arguments by well-analyzed statistics, faithfully exhibiting Turkish predominance where it exists, he makes suggestions, doubtless inspired by Mr. Venizelos himself, for a proper and workable readjustment of the interlocking Greek, Mohammedan, and Armenian populations in Asia Minor as well as in Thrace and Constantinople. Especial attention may be called to the author's insistence, both here and elsewhere—(e.g. in regard to Macedonia and Epirus)—that the principle of self-determination, indisputably a desideratum, must be laid down in no procrustean manner that ignores the facts most essential to justice. In addition to the four factors of language, race, religion, and national sentiment, which often cross each other unexpectedly, we must, in some instances, reckon with wholesale deportations of inhabitants which would turn an immediate plebiscite into a mockery.

The body of the book, Chapters II-V, discusses the contacts of Greece with Turkey, Bulgaria, Italy, and Albania, which involve readjustments on the Asia Minor coast, in Thrace, Macedonia, the Dodecanese and North Epirus. At all these points the complications defy a résumé, except in the Dodecanese where the problem is extremely simple. The determination of the underlying facts, however, is of such vital importance for the peace and prosperity of the Near East primarily, and, indirectly, of the whole of Europe, that they constitute a lien on the conscience of the court of decision.

As to Bulgaria, the Prussia of the Balkans, no one whose heart has bled with Serbia, no one who believes in human liberty, no one who has followed with agony the needless tragedy of the Dardanelles could brook the suggestion that this cruel and treacherous nation should emerge from the war with additional loot. The author states his case against her dispassionately but relentlessly. The matter of the North Epirus boundary is complex and delicate. The author is convincing and devoid of unmannerly bitterness towards Italy. Like Venizelos, he strives for a friendly relation with the non-imperialistic patriots of Italy, now that the sinister double-dealing of Constantine with imperialism, both north and south of the Piave, has been removed.

The Dodecanese—the Twelve Islands of the Southern Sporades—is wholly Greek by sentiment, religion, race, and language. When it was seized by the Italians there were a few thousand Turks on the Island of Rhodes only. It has been held as a pawn in the diplomatic game since the secret treaty of 1915.

There is no other reason to urge against its union with Greece. The author's detailed statement amounts to a Q. E. D.

The net claim at the end of the book is this: "All that the Greeks ask is the unification, not of all the lands that have been Greek in the past, nor of all those where strong Greek populations live today, for that would be impossible, but of those more compact sections of the Greek family which can conveniently be bound up into one state, without prejudice to the due rights of neighboring races."

All this should be read in the light of the first chapter, a dignified statement of what Greece has contributed to the cause of the Allies in actual warfare and a reminder, which seems to be necessary for some ill-informed foreigners, that the little nation, in order to take sides with Serbia and the other allies, was first compelled to free herself by the supreme effort of an internal revolution from the power of a pro-German cabal headed by her own king, a traitor to her democratic constitution. Surely this should be counted to her as a special form of righteousness.

The excellent ethnological pocket-map makes the detailed reading of the book thoroughly intelligible.

The Run of the Shelves

THE Century Company has been informed by a representative of the Department of Justice that action will be brought to prevent the further distribution and printing of Thomas F. Millard's "Democracy and the Eastern Question," because of confidential matters it contains. What these matters are we have no means of knowing. The book was informally reviewed in these columns (July 12) by Prof. W. W. Willoughby, whose residence during the last four years in the Far East and close study of its problems from a peculiarly advantageous position excellently qualified him to point out the striking importance of Mr. Millard's work. Professor Willoughby's paper has already created considerable interest among those who appreciate the gravity attending our relations in the Orient, especially with respect to Shantung.

How many writers of sapient editorials, when they quote the line, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," or, "How doth the little busy bee," know that they are borrowing from a volume of juvenile verse which a pious dissenting clergyman composed for the children of his benefactress just two hundred years ago? Wilbur Macey Stone has done a work at once useful and entertaining in publishing an essay on the poet and his book, with a bibliography ("The Divine and

Moral Songs of Isaac Watts," privately printed for The Triptych). He has been able to trace some two hundred and fifty editions of the "Songs" in Great Britain and above three hundred in America, five hundred and fifty in all—this against some three hundred and fifty recorded editions of the "New England Primer." Out of the many copies Mr. Stone has himself handled he has gathered a good deal of amusing information in the way of inscriptions, alterations of the text for theological reasons, imitations, etc. Perhaps the most important item is the fact that the last word of the last line of the most famous stanza should read "For 'tis their natures too," instead of *to* as it is commonly written. One ought to know that the preposition used elliptically for the infinitive ("to" for "to growl and fight") would scarcely have been within the range of the careful poet's English.

The "Men Who Make Our Novels" (Moffat, Yard and Company) is a more interesting book than might be surmised from its occupation of the third place in a brazenly popular series of which the "Women Who Make Our Novels" and "Our Poets of Today" were the primary installments. Mr. George Gordon, who acts as author or editor, finds space in two hundred and sixty-two pages for forty-seven novelists, and the elasticity of standards which rise to include Mr. Howells and broaden to admit Mr. Chambers is hardly subject to question. Mr. Gordon is not primarily writing criticism; he is satisfying that curiosity about persons to which, in a distressingly large class of readers, the curiosity about books figures mostly as pretext. The novelists, where they can be coaxed to talk, supply the materials themselves, and thus, of the two great defilements of gossip, the first, malice, is wholly done away with, and the second, lying, is presumably reduced. Where the communication is large and frank, the result is interesting even to the class which approaches journalism of this sort with the condescension which adds a seasoning to pleasure. When the reserve of the novelists is unyielding, Mr. Gordon describes them by other mouths, or, at a pinch, supplies the blank with critical pungencies which he has found in others or sought in himself. His pungency is rarely ill-natured, and his delight in his position as outrider or postilion to the coach of modernism is unstinted. There is much whip-cracking for the pure joy of speed, and much lip-smacking over the quality of the refreshment supplied by the trenchers and tankards on the route. The book is harum-scarum, and quite breaks down in the good-natured attempt to render a small practical service by listing and dating each novelist's works. Mr. Gordon treats Mr. Howells with that

veneration which numbers patronage among its ingredients. He complains that the dean of American letters has been slow in pressing his own claims upon a public responsive merely to advertisement. Exposure to this sort of reproach must help to console Mr. Howells for the obscurity to which he has been sentenced by his fame. He may add this obscurity to his other honors. Where should the cloud dwell but on the peak?

Mr. Gordon's book contains a paragraph from Mr. Theodore Dreiser which is worth reprinting.

I am quite sure that it never occurred to many of us that there was something really improving in a plain, straightforward understanding of life. For myself I accept now no creeds. I do not know what truth is, what beauty is, what love is, what hope is. I do not believe any one absolutely and I do not doubt any one absolutely. I think people are both evil and well-intentioned.

The compact and finished self-contradiction in this passage is beyond praise. How can a plain, straightforward understanding be valuable to a man who does not know what truth is? How can a plain, straightforward understanding be improving to a man who does not know what hope is? Truth surely is the ground of understanding, and hope is the incitement to advance. "People are both evil and well-intentioned," concludes Mr. Dreiser. Many of them are, but the illness of their deeds and the soundness of their intentions imply in the percipient the apprehension of good and evil. Surely Mr. Dreiser, in whom the perception of truth, beauty, hope, and love has been improved away by a plain, straightforward understanding must be humiliated by his failure to achieve that insensibility to good and evil which, in contempt of Genesis, has its source in the eating of the fruit of the modern Tree of Knowledge. He will hasten to rid himself of the last rudiments of perception which stand between him and that total blindness to which his successive enlightenments are infallibly conducting him. But when this Nirvana has been attained, what point will remain in books which derive their present meaning from the co-existence of good and evil in human nature?

The *Daily News* of Greensboro, N. C., published, on July 2, a special edition in which the erection of an O. Henry hotel by citizens of Greensboro is amply and fittingly commemorated. Much good sense, stout perseverance, and affectionate pride appear to have found expression in the handsome structure in which Manager Wade H. Lowry will lease to customers one hundred and eighty-seven rooms (with bath) at a minimum rate of two dollars on the European plan. A hotel seems a fitting memorial to O. Henry. He is an author whom one

could read in lobbies and quote in elevators. His spirit might chafe in a mausoleum, but the tingle of bells, the rattle of expresses, the crispness of telegrams, the alacrity of dining-rooms, would restore it to peace. The life he saw and drew was like a hotel—geometric, teeming, dazzling, noisy, and compact. Even our sober retrospects must wonder at the man; in every sense O. Henry was prodigious. He had both invention and knowledge, both feeling and intelligence, both substance and art. No faith ever carried a greater weight of seeming cynicism, or carried it more triumphantly, and the very pomp and plenitude of his sophistications may have pointed to an ultimate simplicity. His New York was a stirring, and would have been a great, New York, if he had not always seemed to view it from the seatboard of a moving fire-engine. He was more than mere conjuror or electrician; his penetration at times was admirable. It is pleasant to be told by Dr. Archibald Henderson, in an interesting article in the commemorative edition, that American soldiers literally tore up a volume of his works in their eagerness to consume it, and that in the six months prior to February 1, 1919, Messrs. Doubleday and Page sold 150,000 volumes from his pen.

Drama

Parnell Redivivus

IT is doubtless a pure coincidence, but with peace comes by far the most interesting play we have seen since 1914. It is called "The Lost Leader," and its author, Mr. Lennox Robinson, was at one time manager of the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin. At that theatre the play was first produced, in February of last year. It has now come to the Court Theatre, where it is acted by a mainly British cast; but the Irish peasant characters have fortunately been imported from their native heath.

"The Lost Leader" is Parnell. When it was understood that a play dealing with that tragic figure was about to be produced, some people jumped at the conclusion that it must have been inspired by the success of Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," and would prove to be a series of tableaux from the career of the Uncrowned King. Not only do dates, however, negative that theory—the whole character of the two pieces is entirely different. Mr. Drinkwater's is, in essence, a chronicle-play; Mr. Robinson's is an imaginative creation quite independent of history, though of course with a political background.

When a man of great mark dies under circumstances which are, or can be made out to be, in the least mysterious, the

myth-making instinct is always apt to seize the opportunity and set up a rumor that he is not dead, but will come again, in the fullness of time, to work out his mission, whatever it may have been. Right down to the armistice, thousands of people knew on the very best authority that Lord Kitchener was alive, and a prisoner in Berlin. The Czar Nicholas, if I am not mistaken, has already been resurrected, and it would not be in the least surprising if some pretender, personating him, were one day to play a serious part in Russian politics. Parnell, it may be remembered, died quite unexpectedly, shortly after the divorce case which ruined his career. It used to be whispered in Ireland that no one had ever actually seen him dead—and on that whisper Mr. Robinson has built his play.

The date is October, 1917. We are at a small fishing hotel in the village of Poulmore, kept by a capable and not uncultivated woman, Mary Lenihan, with whom lives her aged uncle, Lucius. One evening, in the smoking-room, a psychoanalyst physician from London, Powell-Harper by name, and his friend, Frank Ormsby, foregather with a bustling young reporter, Augustus Smith, who has come over to work up the political situation. As Dr. Harper is always willing to talk shop, they fall to discussing hypnotism, and Smith, who is a bad sleeper, asks what the doctor would do to put him to sleep. They scarcely notice that old Lucius Lenihan is in the room. Mary, his niece, has mentioned that his sleep is constantly disturbed by dreams; and we see him prick up his ears eagerly when the doctor says to Smith,

In your case, just by suggestion, I would begin by suggesting to you sleep, a deep, dreamless sleep, a sleep like black velvet, a sleep as deep and as dark and as calm as Poulmore Lake when, on a still autumn evening, the mountain throws across it a deep purple shadow.

He then holds up a bright coin, and bidding Smith look hard at it, continues his incantation until his subject does actually drop off to sleep for a moment. But Lucius Lenihan, having intently followed the whole process, has succumbed to the influence, and when the others look around, they find him with his head fallen forward on the table, profoundly hypnotized. Powell-Harper determines to seize the opportunity of freeing the old man from his bad dreams, and the following scene ensues:

Harper. Mr. Lenihan! [*Lucius stirs slightly.*] Mr. Lenihan! sit up, I have something to say to you. [*Lucius struggles to sit up.*] Sit up straight. You can, perfectly well—straight. [*Lucius sits up straight.*] You sleep badly, don't you? [*Lucius bows his head.*] Answer me, you are able to speak.

Lucius. [*In a very low voice.*] Yes.

Harper. Speak louder, please.

Lucius. [*Loudly.*] Yes.

Harper. That's better. To-night you are going to sleep soundly.

Lucius. [*Uneasily.*] I can't, I can't.
Harper. You mean your dreams will keep you from sound sleep?

Lucius. Yes, the dreams of twenty years ago. They come back, they come back.

Harper. Quite so. But now I am going to take them away.

Lucius. Right away?

Harper. Yes. [*He takes the cigar box, empties it of the half-dozen cigars it contains, and holds it up.*] Look, I am going to take your bad dreams and shut them up in this box, and tie a big stone to it and drop it in the lake and there they will lie.

Lucius. For ever?

Harper. For ever. There they go. One two, three, four.

Lucius. I have more than that.

Harper. I have room for more . . . We'll name the bad dreams as we put them in. Here's the first. What is it called?

Lucius. A coffin.

Harper. Good. [*He places a cigar in the box.*] There goes the coffin. Now the next.

Lucius. A woman.

Harper. [*Dropping in a cigar.*] There she is, in the coffin.

Lucius. [*Excitedly.*] No, no, she's not. I'm in the coffin.

Harper. My mistake. I beg your pardon. A coffin and a woman. Now the third?

Lucius. My false friends.

Harper. [*Dropping a cigar in.*] They're gone. The fourth?

Lucius. My name. [*There is a little stir of surprise.*]

Harper. Your name?

Ormsby. For God's sake stop this, Jim. I don't like it, it's not fair. He doesn't know what he's saying.

Smith. But it's dashed exciting. . . .

Ormsby. It's none of our business.

Harper. [*Dropping in a cigar.*] There goes your name—Lucius Lenihan.

Lucius. No, no, that's not it, that's not my name.

Harper. You're right. Beg pardon, I can't read the name. But as you're ashamed of it, we'll drop it in and say no more about it.

Lucius. [*Vehemently.*] I was never ashamed of it. My name, sir, is Charles Stewart Parnell.

I can not tell how this may affect the reader, but it certainly gave the spectator one of those subtle thrills that are among the triumphs of the theatre. The old man is put off to sleep again, and when he is awakened he knows nothing of what has passed. This is how the episode ends:

Lucius. [*Rising a little shakily.*] Was I asleep, gentlemen?

Harper. I believe you did nod off for a minute.—As I was saying, the first day I only got half a dozen, the next day I hired a boat from old Peter, and we fished the upper lake. You've fished it, haven't you, Frank?

Ormsby. I—oh—ah—yes, yes.

[*They are watching Lucius, who has crossed to the door.*]

Harper. [*Softly.*] Mr. Parnell! [*The standing figure seems to grow slightly more rigid.*] Mr. Parnell! [*The figure seems to grow taller, seems to be holding itself in and back.*] What about turning in, Frank?

Ormsby. Yes, let's.

[*Lucius turns, he is holding himself up, he is taller, his eye is flashing, he looks rather formidable. He makes a step towards the group at the fire, and they instinctively shrink back a little.*]

Lucius. Sir—[*He pauses, he appears to change his mind, and stalks from the room.*]

In the second act, next day, it appears that the irrepressible Smith has telegraphed to London the news of the alleged re-appearance of Parnell, and tokens of growing excitement come pouring into the village, in the shape of telegrams and demands for rooms at the hotel. Mary Lenihan is in despair. She believes Lucius to be really her uncle. She knows that he imagines himself to be Parnell, but, on her late father's authority, she takes this to be a monomania. And to the end—such is the author's delicate art—we do not know which theory is the true one. Both work out quite plausibly. It may be that Mary's father, in 1891, gave house-room to a younger brother, just released from an asylum, and still with a bee in his bonnet; or it may be that he was himself a passionate admirer of Parnell and was prime mover in the plot whereby a friendless Russian immigrant was buried in the coffin which was supposed to contain the remains of the great Tribune.

In our hearts, however, under the glamour of the scene, we have not the least doubt that Lucius is the real Parnell. He himself has no doubt that the time has come for him to cast off his masquerade and stand forth to save Ireland. He has his plan:

I knew that there must be a way out, there must be a solution of the problem; and fishing one day, between two casts of my fly, I found it. It was so simple, it could be told in twenty words. I let my rod drop, and I sat down on the bank, laughing at the simplicity of it. It only needed to be told to Ireland by a man with personality, a man who was loved and feared, and the problem was solved for ever. . . . I hadn't courage to take the plunge, I hadn't faith enough in myself, I—I—And then a voice out of the darkness—like the voice of the Almighty God himself—someone called me by my name. And then I had no longer any doubts. It seemed to me to be a sign from heaven itself.

The rather decrepit old man is now erect and powerful, confident and commanding. Some excellent comedy is got out of the bewilderment and confusion into which the local representatives of the different political factions are thrown by so strange a resurrection. Is he the real Parnell? And if he is, ought one to hail him as a deliverer? or to take steps to bury him again as soon as possible? There is only one man in the immediate neighborhood who knew Parnell—and he is now blind. Brought into the presence of the Claimant, the old ballad-singer touches his features, and then falls at his feet declaring him the veritable hero of his worship. But a blind man's evidence is scarcely sufficient, and it will be evening before men can arrive from Dublin who knew intimately the Uncrowned King. Lucius commands everyone to meet him at the Standing Stones on Knockpatrick, a neighboring hill, shortly before the Dublin train is due.

The last act has been criticized as an anti-climax—in my opinion most unjustly. It consists for the most part of a palaver between Lucius and the representatives of the different parties, but it is instinct with character and drama. "You're not Parnell," cries Long John Flavin, the local usurer, "Parnell never spoke like that!" And Lucius replies:

Of course he didn't. Do you expect me to speak as I did twenty-five years ago, to forget nothing, to learn nothing? Do you expect Ireland to change and me to stand still? Bah, the world's crumbling to pieces under your feet and none of you seem to feel it. There'll be a new heaven and a new earth, and you're blinder to it than Tomas Houlihan.

How the debate ends I do not propose to reveal, for the play will certainly be seen in America, and it would be a pity to discount the final scene. Suffice it to say that Lucius is dead—his healing word unspoken—before the men from Dublin arrive, and that, when a lantern is held to his dead face so that one of the newcomers may see it, the man says, "It's like his features, it might be—but it's years since I saw him—I don't know."

Apart from the works of J. M. Synge—which of course are *hors concours*—"The Lost Leader" is decidedly the best thing the Irish movement has given us. It has produced many delightful sketches of manners and character, local satires, and bucolic farces; but this is a solid piece of dramatic architecture. The part of Lucius is played with invaluable authority by Mr. Norman McKinnell, the only drawback being his slight Scotch accent. But a Scotch Parnell is less unthinkable than the Irish Abraham Lincoln who is still drawing crowds to Hammersmith.

There has been only one other recent production of any note: "A Temporary Gentleman," by Mr. H. F. Maltby. It is a sort of pendant to Mr. Harold Terry's pleasant comedy, "General Post." Mr. Terry's play dealt with one of the social problems incident to the rising wave of the war, Mr. Maltby's deals with one of the problems which the falling wave brings with it. What is to become of the young men of very modest social standing—clerks and the like—who have served as officers in an army of aristocratic traditions, and now return to civil life with new ideas, habits, claims. It is simply not in human nature that they should be content, in the new order of things, to go back to the mechanical, underpaid, dreary drudgery of the past. Mr. Maltby treats the whole situation with a good deal of insight and a great deal of humor, and himself plays excellently the part of a smug and self-satisfied profiteer.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, July 4

Amy Lowell's Collection of Modern Verse

MESSRS. Doubleday, Page and Company give notice of a "Bookshelf," comprising fifty-four volumes of representative modern verse, selected by Miss Amy Lowell, and offered for sale, in collected form, at the New York bookstores of the firm. The choice of Miss Lowell as chooser is sagacious, and the inclusion in her list of four volumes written by herself is altogether right and proper. Books in the "old idiom" are allowed a minority representation; one anthology and three books of criticism are included. The series is to furnish an "authoritative guide" to people interested in new verse who have heard "the clamor of the fight from far." (The metaphor is interesting as symptomatic of the outbreak of poetry in our time in the commercial notices of publishers; to-day not only the vines, but the elms that support the vines, bear grapes.) If there is any weakness in the interesting plan of Messrs. Doubleday and Page, it lies possibly in the vagueness of the constituency to which they appeal. Undoubtedly they can find persons who need to be guided to the primary text-books in modern verse. Presumably they can find persons who are willing to read fifty-four volumes of modern poetry, though the *Review* would shrink from participation in the search. But where is the reader to be found who belongs in both these classes? One hardly spreads a bookshelf before persons who are obliged to inquire the road to the library. Depths of ignorance commonly go with shallow curiosities. Miss Lowell's list will certainly interest critics, but the man whom Messrs. Doubleday and Page have in mind would be better served by counsel to read the Monroe-Henderson anthology through in connection with Miss Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry."

In partial compliance with a suggestion of the publishers, the *Review* will give here and now a brief summary of the chief steps in the radical movement of contemporary verse.

In 1855 Walt Whitman published "Leaves of Grass." He handled many topics and used many words which were strange to the poetry of his day, and he wrote in a rhymeless and metreless verse of which the rhythms were indefinite and variable. The verse was thought to be new and free. Its freedom was unquestionable; its novelty had to be judged in the light of the fact that poetry which *looked* like prose and prose which *sounded* like poetry were not unknown, or even very unusual, in English and other literatures. More must be known of prose rhythm and more of free-

verse rhythm before the amount of originality in the latter can be fixed with any permanence.

Whitman, then, was a double innovator: an innovator on the side of matter and diction, and an innovator on the side of technique. Both of these novelties had sequels. The sequel in England, which may or may not have been a result, was an expansion in matter and diction on lines not markedly Whitmanesque. In 1874 W. E. Henley published his "Hospital Sketches." Kipling's electrical "Barrack-Room Ballads" and "Seven Seas" came out in 1892 and 1896. Thomas Hardy's grim verse had its beginning in "Wessex Poems" in 1898. In 1913 came the shock of John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," a poem riotous in diction and setting, though its teaching was meekness itself. Meanwhile, the plays and tales of Mr. W. W. Gibson had put into the plainest language the cruelest facts in the lives of humble men and women.

Innovation in England, then, applied itself mainly to subject and vocabulary—in France it laid hold of versification. Between 1890 and 1893, a group of young French poets, very unlike Whitman, but very tired of the old French verse-forms, fell in with Whitman's liberated rhythms. M. Vielé-Griffin published translations of the American poet in his review, *Les Entretiens politiques et littéraires*. M. Henri de Régnier, between 1890 and 1900, put elasticity and versatility into French rhythms, without robbing them of their ancient stay of rhyme. M. Paul Fort, fertile in "Ballades" between 1894 and 1898, made the boundary between verse and prose waver and oscillate in the freakish diversity of his experiments.

These undertakings in France found an eager and adroit pupil in Miss Amy Lowell, an American poetess, whose "Sword-Blades and Poppy-Seed," dating from 1914, was followed in 1916 by "Men, Women and Ghosts." Free verse, as Miss Lowell wrote it, may be defined as a rhymeless form in which the verses (or lines) obey no single or common law. But while her coadjutors, mostly English, perfected the fine and fragile technique of the form, Miss Lowell herself was turning to another form known as "polyphonic prose." Polyphonic prose, though sprinkled with rhyme and assonance, is prose to the eye, and its basis is a richly rhythmed and strongly segmented sentence, the members of which show a balance that is both exquisite and monotonous. Miss Lowell is experimenter and expositor quite as much as poet. She placed militant prefaces, like vedettes, in front of her books of verse, and, viewing them, very properly, as non-combatants, supplied them with bodyguards in the shape of two critical treatises, "Six French Poets"

(1915) and "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" (1916).

America had thus reclaimed from France the metrical impulse which France in the early nineties had borrowed from Whitman. She was also to reclaim from England—or perhaps merely to revive in herself—the impulse towards liberality of subject in which she had anticipated or prompted the mother country. The very curious thing is that these things happened at almost the same time; the formal revolt and the material revolt were practically simultaneous. "Sword-Blades and Poppy-Seed" was issued in 1914. In 1914 and in 1915 appeared "North of Boston" by Robert Frost and "Spoon River Anthology" by Edgar Lee Masters. Neither of these books lacked novelty in form, but the significance of both lay in their material, in the appropriation by poetry of realistic intensities which had hitherto been relinquished to prose on the ground that they were homely or sordid. They were very different books in other ways: Mr. Frost gave poignancy to inner heart-breaks; Mr. Masters imparted grimness to melodrama on a civic scale. But together they formed the complement to Miss Lowell's work; America had fathered both tendencies; like parted brothers they rejoined each other at their common birthplace.

The result of these coincidences must have surprised everybody. The public took fire; books of poetry were bought, were read, were sought by publishers; poets wrote under new stimuli for a widened audience, and an amazed nation called itself to account, in criticism and debate, for its unexampled interest in poetry. Into the worth or duration of this movement it is not the purpose of this meagre and imperfect summary to inquire. We have carried Messrs. Doubleday and Page's reader as far on his journey as we could, and we now abandon him, with a friendliness not untouched with compassion, to his fifty-four volumes.

On Literary Conviviality

IF Wordsworth had written a cycle of drinking songs, though the supposition taxes the imagination, he might have set down complete data as to the times, places, and circumstances of their composition. Writers of Bacchic verse have lacked the Wordsworthian habit of annotating their poems. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Dekker, and many of their contemporaries seem to have lived greatly in the spirit of their excellent convivial lyrics. Robert Burns, who could write the most sympathetic drinking songs, was regrettably more given



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to example than to lyrical precept. It could easily have been Goldsmith himself, rather than Tony Lumpkin, who so confidently declared,

When Methodist preachers come down
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown
They'll always preach best with a skinful.

And yet, barring a few biographical traditions and some occasional bits of local color, such as the Mermaid Tavern or the inspiration of "Willie brewed a peck o'maut," we are left unenlightened as to the immediate circumstances attending the production of this class of poems.

Will the drinking song automatically disappear from our literature at the same time that the drink itself is voted out of our reach? Will convivial lyrics, which date back to earliest history, become as obsolete as the songs of the troubadours? Or will this large body

of literature remain, preserved, so to speak, in the memory of its own alcohol?

Even purely vicarious toppers find enjoyment in this sort of verse. To its rhythmic sprightliness, its irresistible metrical enthusiasm the physical pulse quickens as to a hornpipe or a jazz melody. At the same time, there is a gradual relaxation of customary formal restraints, ranging all the way from a grateful acceptance of the present mood to a feeling of reckless abandon, finding such climactic expression as "We-won't-go-home-until-morning"; or the profane inquiry at the end of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here"; or, to cite a more classical example, Thomas Dekker's lines,

Empty the cask, score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.

These devil-may-care climaxes, how-

ever, should not be taken too literally. They are a necessary but largely conventional part of the typical drinking song, and they are best enjoyed, as Lamb said of comic acting, when their rendition is accompanied by tacit awareness of the exaggeration. On the principle—for we must choose our analogies with care—that only a sober bartender can be trusted to mix drinks artistically, only a person in reasonable possession of his faculties could expect to write an acceptable Bacchic poem.

If this is sound, and the appeal of a drinking song is largely independent of the associations of its subject matter, then a practical demonstration should be possible. Suppose that a perfectly sober writer, mindful only of the literary exhilaration which comes from reading bibulous verse, should attempt to write a lyric of this kind. To show the im-

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portance of form as compared with subject matter, suppose his theme to be a beverage not legally classified as alcoholic, but only carbonized for the occasion. To be sure he could not be expected to use the form of a typical drinking song in writing a homiletical anti-drinking poem. The old song, "Touch not the cup," has sufficiently demonstrated the futility artistically speaking of that approach to the subject. No, this poem must be a *bona fide* drinking song, with its positive attitude and its due proportion of metrical joy. And to emphasize the part which may be played by convention, suppose the writer has no great enthusiasm for the beverage described but is only assuming a

cordial attitude for the sake of writing sympathetically.

All the conditions enumerated are fulfilled in the drinking song quoted below.

A TEMPERANCE DRINKING SONG

There's never been a dearth of drinking lays.

From ancient Anacreon down to date,
Poets have sung enthusiastic praise
Of liquors—vinted, malt, and distillate.
Of milder potions some have made their boast,

But there is one that's never had its turn;
So take your cup, and let this be our toast:
The lacteal by-product of the churn.

Oh, the drink I celebrate's a hearty one;
It will leave a fellow feeling fine as silk.
For convivial liquidation

Of a social obligation,
There is nothing in creation
Like a glass of buttermilk!

This cheerful cup of liquid cheese and whey,
This blend of richness and lip-smacking tang,

Will quench our thirst a dozen times a day
Without a single alcoholic pang.

In private or in public, just the same,
No screens to hide us from the passer-by,
We'll seize our bumpers, innocent of blame,
And drink—*until the cow is voted dry!*

Oh, the drink I celebrate's a trusty one;
It defies the tattling gossips and their ilk.
There's no need of litigation
To defend your reputation
If your regular potation
Is a glass of butter milk.

C. W. P.

Every Reader of "The Review"
should read these articles in
the August number of

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Arthur Bullard—who recently returned from Russia gives a vivid picture of topsy-turvy conditions in the land of the Bolshevik.

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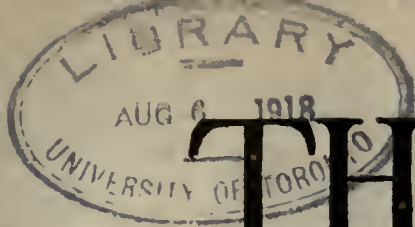
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THE REVIEW

243

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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IT would be folly to deny the gravity of the race rioting at Chicago. Such a clash between whites and blacks in the second city of the country would be matter for sober thought at any time, and gives occasion for peculiar anxiety now, when the minds of men are unsettled and multitudes are infected with the virus of revolutionism. But we see no reason whatever for regarding the disorders at Washington and Chicago—even if they should be followed by similar outbreaks elsewhere—as the beginning of a “race war,” or even the signal for an entirely new régime in the relations between whites and blacks in this country. The South ought to learn a lesson from them, for it has certainly fallen far short of its duty toward the negroes; and in the North, too, there is plenty to be done in the way of improvement. But we have to recognize to-day, as we have had to recognize these fifty years, that there is no short-cut solution of the race problem. Give the negro a fair chance for education and employment; put an end to the unspeakable atrocity of lynching; let him be sure of impartial justice in the courts. All this can be done, and must be done if we are to have decent

relations between the races; the rest must be left to the slow work of time. There have been several previous occasions—East St. Louis and Atlanta need only be mentioned—when race troubles have looked quite as formidable as they do to-day, but proved to be only passing explosions. And although the present outbreaks suggest sinister possibilities on account of the Bolshevik element that enters into them in a greater or less degree, it would be foolish to jump to the conclusion that they will actually take on the dimensions of an extensive race struggle.

“DOG eat dog” is the phrase that comes to mind nowadays in following the various quirks and turns of German revelations. The Erzberger bombshell of last week was one of the most curious of these developments. One felt like applauding a move that seemed to have for its object the fixing of guilt for the prolongation of the war upon German arrogance in the face of conciliatory approaches by the Allies, but while there are a great many things yet to be cleared up, the presumption is overwhelming that no really new knowledge of this kind can be forthcoming. Germany's case is bad enough without any artificial heightening of her guilt. The devil may be as black as he was painted, but it is pretty certain that he is no blacker. Those outside of Germany who remember the events of the time were little stirred by the Erzberger story, which bore internal evidence of being a falsely colored version of the well-known facts connected with the papal intercession of 1917. And now comes M. Ribot, who was French Premier and Foreign Minister at the time, and flatly declares that Erzberger's statement is “a distortion of the truth”—that the proposals for overtures to Germany originated with Pope Benedict and were declined by both France and Great Britain with “the politest acknowledgment to the Pope, but nothing more.” That the German military clique *would* have received any overtures in a truculent spirit, if the overtures had been made, is possibly what Erzberger's documentary evidence really shows. But that hardly required proof; and in any case the demonstration of this hypothetical wickedness is too much like the antiquarian's exhibit of Balaam's sword to command any great interest.

APOLOGISTS for the transfer of the German rights in Shantung to Japan have advanced the plea that German influence is still too deeply rooted in that region to be eradicated by so weak a power as China. The case is said to need a strong hand, and to call for a temporary occupation. This contention involves a matter of fact which has not been made clear. If the facts are such, the whole case could be settled by an explicit expression of intention from Japan accompanied by a promise to withdraw when the mission shall have been fulfilled. Short of a Japanese Platt amendment, the situation remains inherently threatening and most prejudicial to the claims of the Covenant. What makes the case worse is the recent brutal repression of the disturbances in Korea. Japan has not shone as a self-appointed mandatory. She does not come with such clean hands that the Senate is bound perfunctorily to accept her apparent spoliation of China. Proper diplomatic assurances from Japan would clear the air and are emphatically in order.

THE British are having trying times, and it is hard for outsiders to understand why they do not settle down to work and enjoy the fruits of victory. But internal troubles, especially the miners' grievances, are causing more anxiety than the terrific German drive of last year in Picardy and Flanders. It was thought that the miners would be satisfied with the seven-hour day and the increased pay allowed them by the Interim Sankey Report, as it was understood that piece rates would be adjusted to the new conditions, so that, although the output would be reduced by about ten per cent., the miners would get for seven hours the wages which they had previously received for eight hours, and two shillings a day besides. But the Coal Controller, it seems, made some mistake in his calculations, and the Yorkshire miners with some from other counties—about 250,000 in all—went on strike until the difficulty should be settled. They feared that they were going to be defrauded of their rightful due; but in general they were in a bad frame of mind—disgusted with the Government and the bureaucracy, suspicious of the mine owners, stubborn in their demand for nationalization, angry about

the increase in the price of coal, the high cost of living, intervention in Russia, and smarting under the lash of public criticism. They must have been in an ugly mood or they would not have deserted the pumps, leaving the mines, their own source of livelihood, in danger of being ruined.

The Government took immediate steps to prevent this disaster by sending blue-jackets to man the pumps and soldiers to protect the bluejackets, and then Mr. David Lloyd George, with his mighty men—Hon. Andrew Bonar Law, Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Auckland Geddes—made haste to hold conferences with the leaders of the miners, for already manufacturers were shutting down their plants for lack of coal, exports had ceased and the danger of extensive trouble was imminent. The difficulty was settled in the usual way, by concessions to the miners, and one more crisis in British industry was over. But it is evident that further trouble is brewing, for the miners are determined to force the issue of nationalization, which Parliament does not want, and their leaders, who have urged them on, are unable to keep them in hand. The politicians, too, are beginning to wish that they had been more chary of their promises. Workers in other industries, together with the unemployed, are beginning to see that the miners have gone too far with their policy of rule or ruin, and there is growing indignation against them. The other members of the Triple Alliance—the railway men and the transport workers—suffer when coal is dear and when the miners go on strike, so there is a possibility of their wavering in their loyalty, for the solidarity of labor is by no means complete. Sooner or later it may be necessary for the Government, backed by public opinion, to come to grips with the miners, and when they do there will be a terrible struggle, the outcome of which no man can foresee. Once more the keystone of the British industrial arch seems to be weakening, and there is danger that the whole structure may collapse. It is surely time for our English cousins to pull themselves together, and to say to one another, in the fine words of Shakespeare: "Nought shall make us rue, if England to itself do stand but true."

CLEMENCEAU has received two votes of confidence, with increasing majorities, within a week. It is plain that the snap vote against the Minister of Provisions had no general bearings, and the Tiger's position seems quite safe for the few weeks or months he is going to want it. His vindication, though fully expected, is welcome as showing that despite superficial revolutionary talk, everything is really taking a normal parliamentary course in France. Alarmists

who see in Europe nothing but organized revolt would do well to note the collapse of the general political strikes set for England, France, and Italy on the 20th and 21st. These were to be demonstrations that would shake the existing political order. On the day set for the symbolic uprising, there were sporadic strikes, but nothing of consequence. The Social Revolution was indefinitely postponed. All of which goes to prove that labor unions, parliaments, and men generally are more sensible than their constant talk and occasional actions would seem to indicate.

IT is not premature to give to commercial aviation the best consideration the country is capable of. With the air mail-service attaining to the dignity of a strike, it is plain that, in however limited a way, the fields of air are susceptible of still further profitable cultivation. If so, America can scarcely afford to lag behind. It does not do to assume that primacy in what may prove to be an important form of human achievement must inevitably gravitate to us, without effort on our part. Nor will it do to importune the Government to do something about it. The Government might do much more than it is doing if it maintained some of its plants and flying fields, if it made available its store of Curtiss training planes to the many hardy young men who are eager to continue, or to learn, the business of flying. It might do much to bring up a race of flyers useful for the enlargement as well as the preservation of the blessings of peace. But if commercial flying is to amount to anything, it must come as the result of courageous and unwearying private enterprise. Already, we understand, private enterprise in England is prepared to spend \$60,000,000 in the development of flying. America starts with a handicap in the matter of motor patents and of plane patents. But the door is not closed to us yet, though that may happen soon. The suggestion of a speaker at a recent meeting of the Aeronautical Society that planes of similar performance to our DeHavillands be employed for trans-oceanic flights in a system of eight-hundred-mile relays, a plane dropping its thousand-pound cargo on a mother ship cruising about a fixed point, then refueling and returning to its base, leaving its cargo to be carried over the next stage by another plane, may not be the ultimate solution. But it is well worth looking into. There is promise of ample business in the form of matter usually sent by cable, of drawings, signatures, and other urgent mail matter, to make it pay. And as a challenge to Yankee enterprise in a field of great possibilities, if not too precise promise, it is something that can not wisely be ignored.

SPEAKING of the possibility of legislating people into virtue, Mr. Bryan a while ago cited the example of dueling. People went on fighting duels, he seemed to say, until some high-minded folk passed a law against it, and then they stopped. The facts are quite otherwise. In England and America, when dueling flourished, there was always plenty of law against it, and plenty of ably expressed opposition by thoughtful people. The trouble was that the law was too severe to be enforced. What ended dueling was not legislation at all, but a gradual change in the manners of the small class that engaged in it. There was plenty of law against dueling in Germany, where it existed under about the same sort of protest that football evokes here, as a form of indoor athletics. There is plenty of law against dueling in Latin countries, where it still survives as a more or less harmless way of ending an uncomfortable discussion. After all, instead of nursing a grievance against your even-Christian, it is perhaps more conducive to mental health to fire a pistol into the air somewhere in his neighborhood, and then shake hands and make up. It is only a gesture, perhaps; it is easily ridiculed, as when Sainte-Beuve insisted on fighting under an umbrella, or an American selected for weapons baseballs at fifteen paces; but it may serve wonderfully to purge the passions. It is something other than laws, something behind them of which they are the convenient and effective expression, that in the long run keeps society from doing things that are harmful to it. And, it is sometimes worth while to be reminded, life does not consist in not doing things, but in doing things—wisely.

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Editors

FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Bring It to a Head!

THERE is nothing strikingly novel in Mr. Hughes's letter to Senator Hale. Yet we are inclined to find in it a really hopeful significance. For the real thing that is going on in Washington is far less a process of examination and discussion than a process of alignment of forces; and Senator Hale's inquiry, taken in conjunction with Mr. Hughes's reply to it, indicates, to our mind, more of an approach to a reasonable alignment than anything else that has thus far come to the front. The essence of Senator Hale's letter is contained in this passage:

Rather than take the Covenant as it now stands I am very certain that considerably more than one-third of the Senate would refuse to ratify the treaty altogether.

As far as I am personally concerned I do not want to see this happen and I do want to see some plan devised whereby the United States may safely enter the League of Nations.

And the crux of Mr. Hughes's reply is to be found in what he says about the strategy of the situation in the Senate:

If the Senate should adopt reservations by a majority vote, I assume that these will be made part of the proposed resolution of assent to the treaty, and the question will then be whether the Senate will give its assent, with these reservations, by the requisite two-thirds vote. If the proposed reservations are reasonable, the responsibility for the defeat of the treaty, if it is defeated, will lie with those who refuse the vote essential to the assent.

Upon this task—the task of formulating a set of reasonable reservations, reservations which would safeguard vital American concerns, which would be in substance as little disturbing to the Covenant as is compatible with this requirement, and in form interpretative and not amendatory—the Republican leaders should from this time forth firmly centre their efforts. For such a set of reservations there is every reason to believe that a majority vote can be obtained; and when this has once become evident the end of the long drawn-out struggle over the treaty ought to be in sight.

To the attainment of this object Mr. Hughes makes a valuable contribution in the form that he has proposed for the reservations. As regards the Monroe Doctrine and the control of what the United States regards as purely domestic questions the form does not greatly differ from what has been proposed by Mr. Root and others; in the matter of notice of withdrawal from the League, however, as well as in the matter of Article X, one observes a very definite exercise of lawyer-like skill in reducing to a minimum the possibility of objection from other signatory Powers. As to the right of withdrawal, Mr. Hughes's proposed resolution declares that the withdrawal of any Power shall take effect at the time specified in the notice, "notwithstanding any claim, charge or finding"

of non-fulfilment of obligations; but it adds that "such withdrawal shall not release the Power from any debt or liability theretofore incurred"—thus embodying what may well be regarded as a substantial compliance with the provisions of the Covenant as it now stands. In the case of Article X, the broad statement of the first sentence goes, we believe, beyond the intent of Mr. Hughes, and should be modified; what follows is the essential thing—the declaration that the United States assumes no obligation to take any action in pursuance of the recommendation of the Council of the League unless such recommendation be approved by Congress. It has been confidently asserted, both by advocates and by opponents of the unreserved acceptance of the Covenant, that this is all that Article X means anyhow; and it has been asserted with equal confidence, both by advocates and by opponents, that the recommendation of the Council would carry with it an obligation that we could not disregard without a violation of our national honor. Mr. Hughes's proposal, therefore, is purely interpretative; and yet it completely removes the chief obstacle to the acceptance of Article X.

It is high time for the Republican floundering in this great matter to come to an end. It has been a most unedifying spectacle—not as an exhibition of excessive partisanship, as is so often charged, but of lack of intelligent leadership. Indeed, the floundering is rather a sign of non-partisanship than of partisanship. It is far easier to get together upon a scheme of partisan warfare than to come to an agreement as to a large public question upon its merits. The great variety of opinion and position manifested among Republican Senators is proof that at least a considerable proportion of them are acting according to their individual views of the subject. What has been lacking is an appreciation of the necessity, if anything is to be accomplished, of agreement upon some line of action which, while not satisfying every individual, would embody the essentials upon which all except a few extremists could agree. However, in fairness to the Republicans it is only just to say that the unity among the Democrats is to be ascribed not to whole-hearted enthusiasm in behalf of the League, but to that support of the President in his position which is natural and inevitable in the circumstances. In and out of Congress there is probably a majority who feel that the League holds out the possibility of a great and beneficent future—who accept it as the best thing in sight, as something entitled to a fair chance, as an opening which we can not afford to turn down. But the number of those who hail it with joy as the sure harbinger of an era of peace and good will is so small as to be almost

negligible. In these circumstances, it is but natural that any sacrifice of national tradition or policy which it demands should be viewed with a jealousy which would otherwise be out of place; and we may be sure that this feeling exists among Democrats as well as among Republicans.

What the President is going to do to bring about a solution of the problem is still far from clear. Thus far he has done nothing to change the situation that has existed these many months. Apparently he adheres to the purpose of making a great appeal to the people to stand by him against all opposition or criticism. What his chances are of bringing this attempt to a triumphant conclusion, he is perhaps better able to judge than any one else; yet in such enterprises he has been by no means uniformly successful. One instance of signal failure was that of his appeal on the eve of the Congressional elections of last year; but, properly viewed, the series of speeches he made at the outset of his peace-making mission in Europe is an instance no less impressive. In neither case did the sentiment to which he appealed suffice for his purpose. In the tour which he now contemplates his experience may be quite different. But he certainly runs a great risk. He may succeed in developing a state of public sentiment to which the opposition in the Senate will be compelled to bow; but if he fails the opposition will undoubtedly be strengthened, and made in many ways more dangerous. Would it not be the part of wisdom for him rather to watch his chance for a great stroke of conciliation and legitimate compromise? Indeed, is not such a chance open to him now? Would it not be a great stroke for him to accept Mr. Hughes's proposals, or something very like them? This it seems clear would take the ground from under the feet of the opposition. It may be that the psychological moment has not yet arrived for such a step; but in this direction we are convinced is to be found the way out of a situation which every succeeding week of its continuance will make more and more injurious to the prospects of our country and of the world. It is not only Congress, but also the President, that has not risen to the height of the occasion. Had he from the start set the note of a united endeavor in which Americans without distinction of party were called upon to bear an equal share, the whole development of affairs would have been very different. But it is not too late even now. By a single stroke of boldness and magnanimity, Mr. Wilson still has it in his power to assure not only the success of the treaty but the establishment of a feeling that that success was not a mere personal or party victory but an achievement of American patriotism and good sense.

The Seamen's Strike

THE seamen's strike, which seriously interfered with shipping all along the Atlantic and Gulf coast for about three weeks, was a matter of direct concern not only to the American Steamship Company, chief spokesman for the private owners, but to the United States Government itself, which, through the Shipping Board, is the largest single owner, and will presently have more ocean-going ships than all the private owners put together. Mr. Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Board, put the case very clearly before the National Marine League on March 27, when he said:

The United States Government now owns 555 ocean-going steel cargo ships, aggregating 3,385,475 deadweight tons. In addition it has under contract 1,336 similar vessels of 9,275,006 deadweight tons. If our present programme be carried out there will be under the American flag next year 16,732,700 deadweight tons of ocean-going steel cargo and passenger ships. This fleet will be the equivalent of almost half of the merchant tonnage which plies the seas today under the flag of all nations combined. The Government will own about 70 per cent. of it.

In view of these facts, it is evident that there is now going on a tremendous expansion of our ocean-going marine, to say nothing of the multitude of smaller vessels engaged in the coastwise trade, on the great lakes and other waterways. Whether by accident or design, the International Seamen's Union of America chose the strategic moment for presenting its demands, not only because the new ships must be manned, but because of Europe's urgent need for foodstuffs, cotton, coal, and other necessities of life. Then, too, there is in the interior a great scarcity of farm labor for the harvesting of our enormous crops, so that many seamen might have taken a vacation in the harvest fields, while their less enterprising shipmates drew strike pay for picket duty along the waterside of the coast cities.

As usual, there are several points of view from which the strikers' demands may be regarded, none of which gives absolute knowledge of the question—for it is many-sided. They asked for an all-round increase in wages of \$15 a month, for an 8-hour day in port and the corresponding three-watch system at sea, for preference to union seamen, and for better accommodations on shipboard. Some of their demands were considered vital, while others were thrown in for good measure, as the unions knew quite well that they could not get everything at once.

The trouble began on July 10, with a strike of firemen, oilers, and water-tenders, presently extending to the regular seamen until many ships were tied up all along the coast from Portland to

Galveston. The private owners were not inclined to concede much, but the Shipping Board replied to the strikers' demands by telegram on July 13, fixing the wage of boatswains at \$90 a month, able seamen \$85, ordinary seamen \$60, and boys for training purposes \$40. A flat increase of \$15 a month was granted to stewards and chief cooks, and a flat increase of \$10 for all other positions, including firemen, oilers, and water-tenders, who were the first to strike. Concessions were also granted to deck officers and engineers, but these are not members of the Seamen's Union. The Board agreed to the 8-hour day in port, but would not allow the three-watch system at sea, because that would increase the size of crews at a time of great shortage of sailors. The Board declared its intention to establish joint grievance committees in important ports to interpret rules and arrangements, but nothing was said about reference to unionists, except that other pending questions were to be subject to negotiation.

The American Steamship Company, on behalf of the private owners, accepted the decision of the Board under protest. The seamen, on the other hand, although fairly well satisfied with the wages allowed, determined to stand out for their original demands, especially the three-watch system and preference to unionists, and the strike continued for five weeks longer, after which the Shipping Board and the private owners made some further concessions and a settlement was effected on July 26. By the final terms boatswains are to receive \$95, able seamen \$85, ordinary seamen \$65, boys \$40; while the crew of the engine-room, the fireroom, and the steward's department are allowed proportionately more than the seamen. The three-watch system was allowed to wheelmen and lookout only, but preference to union seamen was not granted. The officers of the Union consider the strike a great success, and they have every reason for that opinion.

What the Seamen's Union wanted most of all was preference to unionists, but that is what they were unable to get. It was not a demand for the closed shop exactly, since non-union seamen might be employed when union men were not available; it was rather a preliminary measure designed to build up the membership of the Union, to increase its power, and to prepare the way for further demands at a later date.

True, the Seamen's Union had some such preference during the war, which it regards as a precedent that should obtain in time of peace. This, however, is a dangerous argument for the Union to use, for it proves too much. The preference in question was granted in consideration of special and dangerous war service; then it was demanded as a

right without the offer of any equivalent whatever. Other precedents might be cited, but they all show that preference to unionists is a franchise or special privilege which generally is, and always should be, granted on the basis of a *quid pro quo*. Thus, under the late lamented Protocol in the New York garment trade, preference was allowed the Garment Workers because they agreed to submit disputes to arbitration. Similarly, in New Zealand the Arbitration Court commonly allows preference, but only to unions registered under the Arbitration Act and never to those which reserve the right to strike.

Recent events in Great Britain have called attention more than ever before to the importance of transportation as the keystone of the industrial arch, without which the whole fabric would collapse. The unions, especially the more radical of them, have made practical application of the circumstance, while the employers and the Government have allowed matters to drift until they are now confronted with the powerful and truculent Triple Alliance of miners, railwaymen, and transport workers, whose strangle-hold on British industry it seems almost impossible to release. The Triple Alliance could, if it wished, bring about a social revolution, or, at the least, a disastrous civil war. The situation there clearly shows the danger that may come to a whole country from the concentration of power in the hands of a group of special interests, without any guarantee that it will not be used for unsocial ends.

The I. W. W. of this country, confessedly revolutionary, well understand the relation of transportation to all the other industries of the country; and realizing that a general strike of the orthodox type is impracticable, they plan to reach the same end through a general strike of transport workers. In setting forth the merits of their scheme, James Scott, Acting-Secretary of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W., says:

Remember, fellow workers, that transportation is the keystone of the present industrial system, and that when transportation stops, industry stops.

Our Seamen's Union, of course, is not revolutionary, and such leaders as Andrew Furuseth have no sympathy whatever with the I. W. W.; but they would be something more than human if, finding themselves in a position of great power, they were not tempted to misuse it when occasion offered. Besides, these relatively conservative leaders might at any time be displaced by others far more radical, and if the Shipping Board and the private owners—both trustees for the country at large—were to encourage the creation of such a power within the state without taking from it the right

to strike, they would be selling the country's birthright for a mess of pottage.

All this, of course, takes no account of the interests of non-union seamen, nor of the private owners and the Shipping Board, all of whom may have rights that should be considered. Indeed, both the Shipping Board and the private owners may find it hard to make both ends meet when the enormous fleet now building is put in commission, and when Great Britain and other countries resume their long interrupted traffic. The Seamen's Act of 1915, commonly known as the La Follette Act, but really the work of Mr. Furuseth and the Seamen's Union, has unquestionably increased the cost of operating American ships as compared with those of other countries, and it is still a question whether we shall be able to do our own ocean carrying without government subsidies or government ownership, both of which depend, in the last resort, upon the good will of the taxpayer.

The Austrian Terms

UNQUESTIONABLY the most sensational result of the war is the reduction of Austria from one of the greatest of Empires to one of the smallest of republics. Three-quarters of the Reich has been shorn off for distribution to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Italy, and Rumania. Hungary is to be treated separately, with the prospect of being first conquered in a supplementary campaign. What remains of Austria is some 32,000 square miles, about the area of Portugal, with a population of 7,000,000, approximately that of Belgium before the war. Of the new states carved out of old Austria, the sole inheritor of the name is the most homogeneous, being almost exclusively German. Of the entire population nearly a third, 2,000,000, live, or lived, in Vienna. The land is largely mountainous and neither fertile nor rich in mineral resources. It can barely support its own people and surely can hardly maintain a world city like Vienna on the old basis.

The Republic of Austria is to bear the war damages and indemnities due in Italy and the Balkans, though presumably Hungary will eventually be made to share in the reparations. The sum is not fixed, but there are assurances that it will be justly apportioned according to Austria's ability to pay, while the payments will be completed within thirty years. Reparations of a particularly exemplary sort are to be exacted promptly in the shape of livestock to resupply the Italian and Balkan regions lately overrun by the Austrian armies.

All national debt existing before the war is to be assumed by the new states with Austria, the proportions to be ad-

justed by the League in conference with the parties concerned. The very thorny matter of the war debt is virtually let alone. All the new states are cleared of liability of any sort, nor can they as nations or individuals put Austria in strait to pay the war bonds. She remains answerable for the war debt held outside of the former Empire. But this must be a negligible amount. The clause will have to be safeguarded, for it invites to fraudulent transfer of the war bonds to foreigners. The treaty provisions for the war debt virtually force repudiation, which is possibly the only way out of the tangle. In the matter of shipping destroyed during the war, Austria, like Germany, pays ton for ton. Such are the main provisions of the treaty. The very interesting arrangements for artistic indemnity and search of title as regards the Austrian art treasures we shall probably treat later in a separate article.

On the whole, the terms, while severe, are just and practical. They may be mitigated somewhat when the settlement with Hungary is made. They leave the Republic of Austria in a most anomalous condition. She holds one of the most splendid capitals in the world with very slight resources for its upkeep. The Republic is about in the position of a very poor young man who has fallen heir to an inalienable palace. Deprived of the great industrial districts of Galicia and Silesia, as of the fertile steppes of Hungary, Austria has for the moment, with sorely impaired capital, an almost embarrassing residuum of social prestige. She will naturally try to make up in trade and finance for what she now lacks in territory and natural resources. One would be glad to see her find compensations in the realities for her old factitious renown.

From the new Slavic states she has little to expect, at least until time shall have healed old grudges. They are likely to give their former tyrant few preferences of any sort. With Hungary, who, if not loving German Austria more, at least loves the Slavs less, the Republic of Austria is likely to resume close social and commercial relations. The way of rehabilitation distinctly lies in forming a new and perhaps unwritten *Ausgleich*. Despite the racial enmity, which is rather superficial, there is a real affinity between the German Austrian and the Hungarian temperament, the Germans having been to their benefit partially Magyarized. The real bond should work more potently now that the unnatural political union is annulled. Rumania is on the whole likely to seek her trade and personal relations rather with Austria and Hungary, states considerably influenced by Latin civilization, than with the new Slavic nations or Russia. It is very important for all South-

eastern Europe that the European tradition represented by Austria should be maintained and strengthened. She will find her real future rather in winning back the sympathy of her former subjects than in the obvious course of turning to a German alliance.

For the present the League will prevent any such alliance between Austria and Germany. In the long run it may have to be permitted. That it is inevitable we do not see. So far as the realities of self-determination are concerned, a union between Austria and Bavaria, a renewal of the old South German Confederation, would be far more logical than the greater union. As Catholics and inheritors of a European tradition, Bavaria and Austria are far more akin than either is to Prussia. If the League works the miracle of removing international fears, such regroupings based on affections rather than on the need of protection should become possible. The natural and necessary endeavor of the Republic of Austria to build up a new sphere of influence in the regions it lately controlled through political force and guile will be watched with interest and even sympathy. The future of Europe is going to be largely determined, within a few years, on the soil that was once Austrian. If the states indulge in tariff wars and encourage racial hatreds, the partition of Austria will merely have extended the Balkans to the headwaters of the Rhine. For the League remains a gigantic task of arbitration and conciliation, a task in which the new Republic of Austria, with her extraordinary tradition of diplomacy, may be of great influence. No nation of modern times has cared more earnestly for prestige. The only lines along which it can be regained for Austria seem clear. As a province of Germany, she might be richer than she is likely to be in independence, but with the path to national renown completely closed.

Housing and Prices

FOR sound sense and careful thinking we have seen few reports more deserving of commendation than that made by the Housing Committee of the Merchants' Association of New York. In such a problem as that which presses so acutely upon the population of our greatest city, it is almost as important to avoid going off on false scents as it is to work out genuine remedies. Indeed, it is more important; for if the public has its attention centered upon grievances that are unreal, or upon projects that can not possibly result in extensive improvement, not only can there be no chance of adopting any useful policy, but there will actually be paralysis of those spontaneous activities which are

independent of any policy at all. The Merchants' Association report has the great merit of unflinchingly pointing out the real elements in the situation, and of showing the baseless character of some of the ideas that are most current concerning it. The fact that most of the points of this nature made in the report are common property among people who understand the subject, does not lessen the value of the firm and lucid presentation of them in the report.

The very first thing to be recognized, and the thing never to be lost sight of, is that the only way to solve the housing problem is to build houses. Profiteer-hunting may be more interesting, and is certainly more exciting, than a sober tackling of the question of supply; but, as is pointed out in the report, not only is the practice of "profiteering" a very minor element in the case, but what little good in the way of easing of the situation can be accomplished by the hunting down of actual profiteers is far more than balanced by the discouragement of legitimate building enterprise through fear of the odium which these proceedings tend to attach to homeowners in general. This is not to say that a just and sober endeavor should not be made to stop abuses; the trouble is with the indiscriminating spirit of a general crusade into which such agitations are so apt to fall. If we are to have more houses, we must encourage builders; and we do not encourage them when we seek to prevent those who already own houses from obtaining the return which naturally comes to them upon business principles. You may intimidate a man here and there into taking less rent than the business conditions of the time warrant; but you won't intimidate very many, and you *will* prevent a great many others from going into a business which you have virtually blacklisted.

This, however, is only one point of the committee's report. It finds the impediments to the construction of the necessary housing to consist chiefly in two things:

I. Lack of money for building operations caused by

(a) Insufficient return on mortgages due to Federal taxes.

(b) Insufficient return on operation of buildings, and apparent hostility of the public to the collection by the owner of a sufficient return, and

II. Doubt as to the continuance of the prevailing high prices of building construction, and reluctance to build now while they do prevail.

On the subject of taxation the committee urges exemption from income taxes of the revenue from real estate mortgages up to an aggregate amount of forty thousand dollars in the hands of any one individual. A recommendation of this general nature was made some time ago by the joint committee on housing of the New York State Legislature. As stated

in the *Review* at the time, such exemption would be justified on the ground of urgent public necessity, and is also in keeping with existing legislation in the matter of farm loans. The degree in which this might be expected to be helpful is shown in the Merchants' Association Committee's report to be greater than might at first thought be supposed, and it is to be hoped that the measure will be urged upon Congress.

The question of high prices of building construction belongs in a different domain, and all that the committee or anybody else can do in regard to it is to express a judgment which might have influence on practical men. The committee believes, in common with almost all economists and business men who have studied the question, that there is no prospect of a general lowering of prices for a long time to come. The world is on a new price level, caused not by extortionate practices, or the plots of evil-minded persons, but by the enormous expansion of credit and of paper currency throughout the world, together with the diversion of a large part of the world's energy from fruitful productive enterprises to the purposes of war making. To some extent there should be a recoil in the direction of lowered prices through the restoration of normal productive activities. But the great factor of monetary inflation is with us to stay, certainly for a long time, and even the other process will be slow in making any marked impression upon prices. Moreover, while wages of labor have in some directions gone beyond even the great rise in the level of prices, labor on the whole, especially if we take into account the salaried as well as the wage-earning classes, has not caught up with that level. Accordingly, in the adjustments that remain to be made, there is every reason to expect, for a long time to come, increases in cost of production that will tend to cancel those decreases which will take place where scarcity of labor has run wages up to extortionate heights. Take it all in all, it is idle for persons contemplating building to wait for a drop in building costs that is certainly far off, when returns in the shape of rent, for a series of years at least, will be on an unusually high scale.

The whole situation offers a typical example of the way in which economic hardships tend to be lessened not by crying out against them, nor by resorting to repressive legislation, but by letting economic forces do their natural work. The way to reduce rents—that is, to reduce them on a large scale, and not merely in the case of an instance here and there—is to let them take their course. If you say you won't tolerate rents that strike you as exorbitant, in face of the plain fact that they are not high enough to tempt capital into taking

advantage of them by going into building enterprise, you will be cutting off your one recourse. Let the temptation stand, and you may for a while have to pay rents that are beyond the natural return of capital, but you won't do it indefinitely because capital won't let you. On the other hand, if capital, already shy on account of the inherent difficulties of the case, is further frightened by unreasoning denunciations or threats, capital will keep out of the field; and no substitute for it will be supplied by anything that the denunciators or threateners will undertake to do in the premises.

Disorganizing the Army

THE American Army, which has given a good account of its foes, might well pray to be delivered from its friends. Its necessary reduction and reorganization is being effected by a simple process of Congressional starvation. Secretary Baker made perfunctory recommendations that the Regular Army be kept at 506,000, pending consideration of our permanent establishment. The proposal was in itself reasonable. It permitted the retention of a complete organization on a working basis. It afforded units sufficiently large to give proper tactical training to officers and enlisted force. It gave a chance for the army to avail itself of the new officer material developed in the war. Finally it furnished a slight margin of force to be used if our new responsibilities should require.

Mr. Baker, it seems to us, was much at fault in not pressing his recommendations. He has yielded readily to Congressional parsimony. It is to be feared that both the President and the Secretary of War make a virtue of neglecting army matters as a pledge of sincere devotion to the principle of disarmament. In any case Mr. Baker seems to have accepted the decision of a stupidly economical Congress, his recent appearance before the House Committee being too late to undo the mischief.

The Army is being reduced by the simple process of cutting the force to fit the appropriations. All technical services, such as aviation, tanks, and chemical warfare, must be limited to a depot basis, without provision either for active practice or for investigation. The personnel for these special services must be drawn from the regular force, which is quickly to be reduced to 180,000. About 23,000 temporary officers, the flower of the volunteer service, who have applied for permanent commissions, must be discharged. We have fairly in sight once more the platoon of fifty masquerading as a company with a major in charge, and the company of two hun-

A Great Physician

THE opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School marked an epoch in medical education, and in the progress of medical science and practice, in America. The standard there so boldly set, and so firmly adhered to, has since become dominant in leading institutions, old and new, in all parts of the country; and now it is only by an effort of memory that we can recall how far we were from any such standard, and how doubtful seemed its prospect of successful establishment, when the new project was launched thirty years ago. In that great work Dr. Osler was a leading figure; and it is therefore matter of national interest that, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, there is presented a survey of his life and work, and an account of his rare and picturesque personality. To this object the July issue of the *Bulletin* of the Johns Hopkins Hospital is entirely devoted. It is natural that such a tribute should have been paid him by his former colleagues and disciples; but in doing so they have rendered a service to all who are capable of appreciating the highest possibilities of a great physician, teacher, and leader.

The fifty quarto pages of the *Bulletin* comprise papers dealing with every phase of Osler's many-sided activity—Osler as Chief of the Medical Clinic, Osler the Teacher, Osler and Patient, Osler as a Citizen and his relation to the Tuberculosis Crusade in Maryland, Osler's Literary Style, are five of the eighteen heads—and wind up with a copious bibliography. A perusal of these papers can not fail to impress any one with a sense both of the largeness of Osler's nature and the fruitfulness of his work; but the very division of the subject interferes with the obtaining of that rounded picture of the man which a general account from a single hand might more successfully convey. Fortunately, however, the article contributed by Dr. W. S. Thayer, the present holder of Osler's chair, contains a characterization which those who have known Osler will recognize as truthful, and which will give to those who have not had that privilege a vivid realization of a personality that it is good to hear about. After laying down the rules that should guide a physician and teacher, Dr. Thayer goes on in a passage which, though almost too long to quote, it would be a pity to abridge:

If you can practice consistently all this—and then, if you can bring into corridor and ward a light, springing step, a kindly glance, a bright word to every one you meet, arm passed within arm or thrown over the shoulder of the happy student or colleague; a quick, droll, epigrammatic question, observation or appellation, that puts the patient at his ease or brings a pleased blush to the face of the nurse; an appre-

hension that grasps in a minute the kernel of the situation, and a memory teeming with instances and examples that throw light on the question; an unusual power of succinct statement and picturesque expression, exercised quietly, modestly, and wholly without sensation; if you can bring into the lecture room an air of perfect simplicity and directness, and, behind it all, have an ever-ready store of the most apt and sometimes surprising interjections that so light up and emphasize that which you are setting forth that no one in the room can forget it; if you can enter the sick-room with a song and an epigram, an air of gaiety, an atmosphere that lifts the invalid instantly out of his ills, that produces in the waiting hypochondriac so pleasing a confusion of thought that the written list of questions and complaints, carefully compiled and treasured for the moment of the visit, is almost invariably forgotten; if the joy of your visit can make half a ward forget the symptoms that it *fancied* were important, until you are gone; if you can truly love your fellow, and, having said evil of no man, be loved by all; if you can select a wife with a heart as big as your own, whose generous welcome makes your tea-table a Mecca—if you can do all this, you may begin to be to others the teacher that "the chief" is to us!

Happy the man to whom such a tribute can be honestly paid!

Turning from Osler to the achievement at Baltimore in which he played so important a part, it is worth while to take every opportunity to emphasize the cardinal fact about it—the fact that it was big men, not big money, that did the work. The Johns Hopkins Medical School did enjoy the advantage of having a great hospital—the Johns Hopkins Hospital—at its disposal; the foresight of the founder and his advisers had from the beginning provided that the Hospital should be an integral part of the Medical School. But the endowment of the Medical School itself was only half a million dollars, which it owed to the liberality of Miss Garrett and her devotion to the cause of women's education—the admission of women on equal terms with men having been made an essential condition of her gift. It was the big men—Welch, Osler, Halsted, Kelly—that drew to Johns Hopkins the pick of the medical students of the country; it was the inspiration of these men, and not buildings or apparatus, that made the Baltimore school the focus of such energetic and fruitful enthusiasm as had never before been known in this country, and as has so largely contributed to the growth of a like spirit in our medical schools in general. The lesson is not that money is of no importance in universities. It is of very great importance; much money must, in the present development of science, be spent upon apparatus as well as upon men. But no amount of apparatus can accomplish great things if you haven't big men; while big men may accomplish great things though they have at their disposal no extraordinary supply of money or apparatus.

dred figuring as a regiment and commanded by a brigadier-general. In short, the army is being allowed to slip back to pre-war conditions at a rate which is in itself most demoralizing.

Now all this is simply bad business. It is saving a dollar now to spend a hundred later. Under whatever world conditions, we shall have to have an army. Membership in the League of Nations will involve contingent military obligations of a serious sort, to which our prospective force is quite inadequate. Simply as a matter of sound political tactics, the friends of the Covenant should seek to bring this nation into the League with a normal military establishment. It will hardly please even the more enthusiastic champions of the League to be asked to increase the army greatly as a result of League membership. But precisely that is likely to happen as a consequence of the failure of the Administration to defend the business interests of the nation that are involved in the regular army.

Senator Chamberlain, formerly one of the most enlightened friends of the army, now deals with best of intentions a sore blow to our morale. *Et tu Brute!* He has introduced a bill granting complete amnesty to all soldiers convicted of purely military offences. One and all, they are to have the reward of the faithful soldier, honorable discharge. Deserters are to have their forfeited citizenship restored. This bill follows close upon action of a special clemency commission which has cut all sentences by three-quarters and has already strained the quality of mercy to the limit. The proposed general amnesty would reduce the value of an honorable discharge. It would annul the immemorial regulations which rightly allot to a military offender who has not by subsequent exemplary conduct cleared his record only an ordinary discharge. Finally, this general jail delivery would discredit unfairly our military courts for a long future. Whoever has misled Senator Chamberlain has done a disservice to the army. The bill should be allowed to die in committee.

There impends a great task of reorganizing the military system of the United States. It wants considerate and prolonged debate. It can not be undertaken until our relation to the League of Nations is fixed. What is being done now, through the ignorant parsimony of Congress and the slackness of the Administration, will make the ultimate reorganization immensely more difficult and costly than it need be. Sometimes we wish for a few competent managers at Washington who should be chiefly concerned with doing the business defined in their oath of office. When Mr. Baker lets army reduction take care of itself he is merely reducing the security of the nation and prospectively increasing its expenses.

Sticking Labels on Frenchmen

"CLEMENCEAU is a Reactionary—he doesn't know what it is to be a Radical," said one American Peace Conference correspondent.

"Pichon is an Imperialist," added another. "The Birmingham Post in England says the French Foreign Office is the last survivor of the Old Régime."

"French Government and French people are out for our money," cried a third.

"The French husband is the worst in the world, as everybody knows," concluded the lady correspondent who had just been protesting that she was not a German sympathizer.

That settled the hash of France for one day. There is nothing like having fixed ideas—and labels with which to make the ideas stick.

In the world's great bitterness nothing has done more to poison public opinion in England and America than this plastering of labels on the French people's backs. In the difficult working out of peace it still goes on. It serves the purpose of those who are unwilling that any restoration of devastated France and Belgium should touch the prosperity of the German people who have wrought the ruin. It is wound up in the efforts of those who, to save Germany, would go further and see half our civilization changed in the revolutionary twinkling of an eye.

Lord Curzon may not be up to any vital evolution of the human society into which he was born, but he reduced the only present question to its lowest common-sense denominator when speaking to the House of Lords, July 5, on the Peace Treaty of Versailles:

"As to the proposal to give a guarantee to France against aggression, France has been devastated twice in the last fifty years. By geographical position she holds the frontiers of civilization, and all the nations of the world owe their present liberty and security to her. It is right that those who profit by these sacrifices should guarantee France against the necessity of repeating them."

A good example of uncertainty in the application of labels was given a few days later by General Smuts in a speech to an English political audience. He was explaining the limits of his approval of the Peace Treaty, to which he was a party. "Clemenceau called us British delegates—fourteen savages." It is doubtful if the General understood, and it is certain his hearers would not understand, that this lumping together of delegates from the Mother Country and her Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa—contained no allusion to red Indians. *Savages*—which M. Clemenceau meant to say—is

French political slang for men who, in Parliament or in their party, take each his solitary way and act without solidarity like wild men of the woods.

A really mischievous application of labels to the French people—and to some others—is the current use of the word "proletariat" and even of the word "people."

Counting roughly, one-half of the population of France is still made up of peasants or workers of the land; one-fourth is *bourgeois*, or property-holders of towns; and the remaining fourth comprises workmen living by day's wages. The nobility has done brilliantly during the war, but it is inconsiderable in numbers—one to a hundred of the population at most—and, being without legal standing or other separation from the common run of mortals than a certain society recognition, it has to be counted with the *bourgeois*. High-salaried men with prospects are *bourgeois*, low-salaried men without hope gravitate the other way. *Intellectuels*, less numerous than nobles, are like the British Peace Delegates—"savages."

Peasants, or the agricultural class, gave three-fourths of the French soldiers actually fighting in the war. Bourgeois, nobles, clergy, gave what they had. Workmen oftener than other classes were kept back in munitions factories, but otherwise they fought with the rest.

All slept in the swaths when the night was falling.

All these in war were the French people, birds of a feather flocking together to defend their common existence as a nation. From the labels attached by a certain foreign press, it might be thought that only workmen for day's wages are proletariat or people.

So far as the primitive sense of the name proletariat is concerned, such workmen in France have few more children than the *bourgeois*. However it may be in other countries, in French cities there is always an inordinately large proportion of unmarried workmen and this is not favorable to offspring. Now as in the past France has to look to her peasants for the coming generations and even for a constant supply of industrial workmen. One of the worst confusions resulting from this misuse of labels is forgetfulness or plain ignorance of the essential fact in all French history—Revolutionary or not—that France is preponderantly an agricultural country. If she had been, like England, without her own grain and her own cattle, she could never have held out for one year of war.

The confusion of labels becomes positive abuse when they are misused in political slang. French Socialists are

the French People, so are the Syndicalists and the Anarchists—but the peasants whom even Jaurès could never make to run with either are not People.

In the French Republic the maximum electoral strength of workmen in this restricted proletariat sense is 4,000,000 votes. Like other Frenchmen, many can not or do not vote and surprisingly many vote like the *bourgeois* for whom they work and to whose ranks they are aspiring as never before. The entire vote for Socialist candidates to Parliament does not exceed 1,200,000, while the entire General Confederation of Labor which tries to unite all Syndicalists or Labor Unionists that go in for the Socialist conflict of classes or revolutionary methods has never reached 400,000 members. The "Free" or unattached Syndicalists, who are often held together by religion and are very uncertain politically, are nearly as numerous. Yet Socialists and Syndicalists only are counted as the French People when foreigners pronounce their oracles on popular government in France.

The present particular instance is most flagrant. In relation to the Peace Treaty the French People has come to mean to many in England and America that fraction of the Socialist party which has for its member of Parliament in a Seine constituency Jean Longuet, grandson of Karl Marx. In like manner, the *Intellectuels* of France have been supposed to be represented by a manifesto of which the only signature known to publishers, book-sellers, or readers was that of Henry Barbusse—doubtless *magni nominis umbra*, but a shadow only. And to such as these, fractions of a fraction, Germans entrust their hopes of a near revision of peace.

Once there was the People—Terror gave it birth—

Once there was the People and it made a hell of earth.

Perhaps Kipling would find it hard under present circumstances to situate such verses, and Tennyson, who was also a poet, might not find in Paris nowadays "the red fool-fury of the Seine." Perhaps the present confused count of Bolsheviks rests on labels similarly reckless of figures and facts.

Another flagrant instance is the use of the word "Republic." Out of some six hundred members of the French Parliament who are elected by universal suffrage, six may have declared themselves in favor of some kind of monarchy when it shall become possible, and a dozen may assume the name of "Liberal Republican" to show that, while they are of the ancient religion, they have accepted the modern political régime. Yet periodically for those to whom the People is a fragment of the population—the Republic is in danger.

In a memorable session of the Cham-

ber of Deputies, July 7, 1919, Aristide Briand spoke his mind on this point, brought out acutely by the change in the electoral system which was being voted. He is also a "savage"—an independent Socialist who has never entered the party unified by Jaurès, but has been kept in Parliament by the workmen—real people they—of the factory centre of Saint-

Etienne. "I do not believe the Republic can be put in danger. Issuing from this war in which she has been so fully identified with France, the Republic has a strength against which all attacks would be broken."

STODDARD DEWEY

Paris, July 10

China's Reaction to the Shantung Settlement

THE decision made by the Peace Conference at Paris to transfer Kiaochow and all German rights in the province of Shantung to Japan served as a signal for an intensely nationalistic movement throughout China. This movement has manifested itself largely in opposition to certain Chinese officials at Peking who were said to have been pro-Japanese and responsible for Japan's enormous ascendancy in China in recent years, in anti-Japanese activities, and above all in a general awakening to the urgency of national self-defense. The Chinese people have simply plunged into another vortex of frenzied and violent emotionalism, as they have often done since their contact with aggressive foreign Powers. The present outburst seems, however, more frenzied and violent than any they have indulged in before, not excepting the display of emotional intensity in the days of the famous Twenty-one Demands.

Self-chastisement is a pronounced Chinese characteristic. When anything goes wrong with them, the Chinese first of all bring themselves to account and, in the case of national affairs, undertake a search for the foes within, much as the late Col. Roosevelt conducted his warfare upon the hyphenates. Accordingly, on May 4 several hundred students of the metropolitan colleges and schools, under the leadership of the students of the Government University, rushed to the house of the Minister of Communications, Tsao Yu-ling, and there beat him and his two friends, the one the then Chinese Minister and the other an ex-Chinese Minister to Tokio, who were dining at the house. The house was partly burned by the students. Thirty-one of the defiant youths fell into the hands of the police. Immediately the whole country rose with one voice to defend the action of the students, and demanded punishment, and even execution, for the three officials above mentioned. After much popular clamor and after the resignation of the Minister and the Vice-Minister of Education and of the Chancellor of the Government University as an acknowledgment of their failure to restrain the students, but in reality as

a protest against the arrest, the thirty-one youthful heroes were finally released and acclaimed as patriots. But the Government did not discharge the three officials until almost all branches of business throughout the country had been suspended for three days as a national protest.

Meanwhile the agitation for boycotting Japanese goods spread like wildfire. Mass meetings of all classes of citizens were held, Japanese goods were burned, and violent anti-Japanese speeches were made. Several students in the leading cities, while engaged in anti-Japanese demonstrations, are reported to have died of wounds received from the police.

May 7, the anniversary of the day four years before on which China received from Japan the Twenty-one Demands, was observed everywhere this year as a day of national mourning, with heightened sorrow and hatred. Even more sensitive to the Japanese aggressions than the people at home were the Chinese students residing in Japan, who numbered several thousand. Hundreds of them have returned to China, with the special purpose of leading the nationwide movement against the Island Empire.

But you can not resist the enemy with mere feeling, or as the Chinese would say, with empty fist. The boycott movement is but passive resistance and not a solution for the problem of the Japanese menace. Nothing short of the creation of a strong national army, to replace the existing personal armies of the selfish and truculent military governors, will make the voice of the Chinese people heard in international dealings, or enable them to redress their grievances. At present, universal military training is urged as the only means to safeguard the territorial and other rights of the nation. And, with the fear of impending domination of Shantung by Japan, the more thoughtful Chinese have realized, perhaps for the first time, that what is even more important than territories and political and economic rights is the great ancient culture of their country. Shantung, being the birthplace of Confucius and the Jerusalem of China, should not

be debased by alien rule, especially by the rule of a country which has apparently outraged Confucianism, the creed of peace and righteousness. The thought of Shantung necessarily leads to the consideration of the whole country not merely as a vast land of natural resources and material wealth upon which the teeming millions depend for subsistence, but as a cherished historic home, rich in memories and achievements of the great sages and poets and artists. The superior man in China may be pardoned for being somewhat apathetic concerning the railroad and mining concessions which his Government is obliged to grant to foreigners, but he should be ready to die for the defense of the ideals and institutions which he has inherited from the great men of his race. The hope of China then lies in the rise of a vigorous but intelligent and balanced idea of nationality in which the masses and the educated can come together for the preservation of their spiritual as well as their material heritage.

The Chinese failure to steer a proper course during the past few years has been due to lack of sound political leadership. With the European Powers fighting among themselves, the Chinese were temporarily relieved from outside pressure and were in a position to put their house in order and make themselves a self-reliant and strong nation to remove the danger of further humiliation after the war. Instead of so doing, their politicians and militarists have all along revelled in the luxuries of unmolested holiday rowdyism, with the Japanese as an "impartial" spectator surreptitiously cheering and encouraging now one side and now the other. And the people at large were captivated by the romantic picture that a certain type of statesman in the West gave of the world which was to evolve out of the then prevailing chaos and barbarism. President Wilson's war addresses, translated into Chinese by a Ph.D. of Columbia University, ran through many editions. On the signing of the armistice last November, lantern processions were held everywhere by the students to celebrate what they termed the "triumph of humanitarianism." From that time on, they thought, justice and right would reign everywhere, and China would be accorded all the justice due her without the need of constant military preparation. Consequently, when the Shantung settlement was announced, the blow to the Chinese was a severe one. In unison with the disconcerted votaries of the "New Order" in the West, the Chinese now look upon President Wilson as a "lost leader."

But perhaps their disappointment in America is greater than the disillusion which followed the Allied professions. It is well to remember that China joined the war on the Allied side at the invita-

tion of America, the nation always considered as her most trusted friend. With the help of America at the peace table, China felt pretty sure of the chance to repudiate the pretensions of Japan. No doubt President Wilson and the other American delegates did their best to stand by China, but the circumstances and necessity which accounted for their final yielding can not be fully appreciated by the Chinese. Mortals as they are, the Chinese naturally feel some sort of embarrassment and discomfiture towards a friend who seems to have left them in the lurch. A prominent American weekly in Shanghai has recently gone so far as to remark that the Shantung decision has greatly lowered the prestige of Chinese students returned from America, who were the loudest and the most enthusiastic vouchers for America's friendship.

It is unnecessary here to review the story of Kiaochoo. There may be oral assurances by Japan that she will restore the Shantung Peninsula to China, with the retention of only certain economic rights in Shantung formerly enjoyed by Germany. But China knows too well from past experience the value of merely oral assurances made by Japanese diplomats. She can not rest assured, unless it is clearly and definitely written down in the peace treaty, that Japan will return Kiaochoo and the Shantung rights either immediately or within a short specified time. Failing in this, China will have nothing definite to base her claims upon in the League of Nations, even if we grant that this much vaunted international machinery will be able to overrule the imperialistic ambitions of expansive modern nations.

For the plain truth is that modern Japan, like most other modern nations, is out for unlimited expansion. Nothing is so evident as her failure to learn anything from the war. Her so-called "idealistic" statesmen have sought to regenerate mankind by a piece of political machinery and to establish universal brotherhood by some means of coöperative pursuit of material interests. Meanwhile the realists in statecraft outwit the "idealists" and make tools of them. Japan has never cared for any such political scheme as the "idealists" have proposed. For she has become a true disciple of the West in that she is thoroughly saturated with the expansive ideas which the teachings of modern history and economics and science have given her. Over-population is the bogey and racial superiority the battle-cry of her statesmen. China, together with certain other "backward nations," is rapidly becoming "Japan's burden." Japan, too, it seems, has a "mission" to fulfill. The importation of morphia in large quantities through the Japanese post offices in China, the secret encour-

agement of the local bandits in Shantung, the bribing and cajoling of certain Chinese officials at Peking into granting large economic privileges, and the furnishing of large loans to both the Northern and Southern Governments to prolong the civil strife and obstruct political unity and reform in China—these are some of the features of Japan's programme in her attempt to impose her "superior culture" and fulfill her "mission" in the Asiatic mainland.

KUANG-TI MAY

The American Commission in Syria

The American Commission whose business is to investigate the Syrian situation and report to the Peace Conference at Paris is now sojourning in Syria and conducting what seems to be a plebiscite based on the principle of self-determination. It will have no trouble in finding out what the people really want; but, having found out, will it prevail upon the Allies to act upon its report?

Much has been written about the historic claims, the vested interests, the treaty rights of this or that European Power in Syria; but little or no consideration has been given to the claims, the interests, and the rights of the people themselves. True, they are various and conflicting. But hitherto no attempt has been made to discover a possibility at least of reconciliation, even though Syria has always been the object of the solicitude, the protection—or the subtle exploitation—of one or more of the European Powers. It is even more so to-day.

For though it be religiously a maze of cross-currents, politically, inchoate and nebulous, it is economically a land of promise. As it was in the past, before the Suez Canal was built, Syria is to become again the gate to the East. In recent years, subject alike to Turkefying and modernizing influences, it was the backyard, so to speak, of Oriental civilization and the vestibule of the civilization of Europe. And it is destined to be the melting pot of both. But can it become a self-governing state? Can the people, Mohammedans and Christians and Jews and Druses, coöperate in a common cause, strive to achieve nationality? Or are they to be kept apart from each other under separate autonomies and to remain divided politically as well as religiously?

The findings of the American Commission will have a bearing upon these questions. But will they have any influence on the action of the two Governments that are most interested in Syria to-day? The Turk, who was the principal agent of division, is gone. But are the Allies,

who have freed the country of his criminal rule, going to divide it into principalities and states independent of each other—into different protectorates rather, or various spheres of influence and control? Instead of one government, the country to-day has three. They are military and provisional, of course. But the fact that the English are now occupying Palestine; the Arabs, Damascus; the French, Beirut and the coast, foreshadows an international project for the creation of a number of small weak states on what is called "the sphere of influence" plan, which will offer them protection and encourage their growth and development.

How do the people of the land feel about this? To answer this question, it is necessary to know who the people are. Approximately, two-thirds of the population are Mohammedans; about five per cent. of the other third are Jews; the rest are Christians of various sects and prejudices—and complaints. Racially, they are one people, speaking one language—Arabic. Politically, they are a dozen peoples, speaking a dozen languages. The minorities, whether Christians, Druses, or Jews, are the crux of the problem. But under the rule of the Turk, the minorities did not suffer, as is generally believed, from religious persecution. The Turk is tolerant by nature as by policy. But they did suffer from a religious idea translated into political supremacy; and so, in self-defense, they wrought political weapons of their respective creeds. Every sect rallied under the banner of its patron saint and placed itself under the protection of one of the European Powers. The Maronites looked to France; the Orthodox, to Russia; the Protestants and the Druses, to England; begging, crying at times aloud for deliverance, not from Mohammedan oppression, but from a Turkish administration that acquired its power and worked its will through a Mohammedan majority. Thus, while religious toleration was the rule and practice, religious sentiment and sectarianism, zealous and blind in the Christians and the Mohammedans alike, were at the bottom of every grievance, every political issue or combination, every concession or compromise. And the European Powers, although aware of these conditions, made no attempt to change them.

But there is a dominant national note to-day in most of the political parties and factions, no matter how colored they may be by religious sentiment or prejudice. For though the people are still divided on many questions of minor importance, they are, with one exception, all agreed upon four fundamental political principles: First, that Syria, Palestine, and Mt. Lebanon, included, shall remain one and undivided; secondly, that there should be but one central govern-

ment; thirdly, that Arabic shall remain the principal language of the land; and fourthly, that the Jews shall not be permitted to establish a Zionist state in Palestine. The exception referred to is Mt. Lebanon. But even the Maronites, who are the majority Christians of Mt. Lebanon, are divided into three parties, one desiring independence from the rest of Syria under French protection, another desiring absolute independence without any mandatory at all, the third favoring a union with the other Syrian principalities which stand for the four cardinal principles of the national programme. The American Commission will find this out in a single day and would find nothing else if it remained in Syria for a year.

Now, having determined upon these political principles as a foundation, the Syrians are entitled to the right—they ought to be given the opportunity—of choosing and establishing a government of their own. But for the peace of the world and their own future welfare, it should be a government free from the exclusive domination of any one people or creed—absolutely free, in other words, from any domination based upon a religious claim, a religious sentiment, or a religious concession. There is small doubt that such a government, if placed under the protection of one Power only, to be designated by the League of Nations, would gradually achieve self-dependence and strength, and would prove itself capable of administering justice and maintaining peace and security in the land. I said one Power only, because a trusteeship of nations or more than one mandatory in the country, would prove fatal to the four cardinal principles mentioned. Indeed, two or more mandatories in Syria would have a tendency to engender the international jealousies and rivalries of the old "sphere of influence" plan, and would hinder, even defeat the new movement of what may be called de-religionized nationalism.

The autonomous government of Mt. Lebanon, guaranteed and protected by six Powers before the war, is a case in point. Nominally, it had but one governor, a Christian; virtually, it had six. For the Consular representatives of these Powers, who were to act as advisors, often became dictators. And in their striving for political prestige and influence at the capital, they encouraged and supported local factions, political and religious, and thus perpetuated and accentuated the sectarian divisions that kept the people denationalized and retarded the country's progress. Egypt, under the protection of six Powers, would have been, in this sense, another Mt. Lebanon.

Lord Cromer, who is a competent judge in such matters, speaks of inter-

national control, or administrative internationalism, as tending "towards the creation of administrative impotence." In other words, it results in less control, more friction, and no protection at all. For if those who are to guide a nation coming into being disagree among themselves or side with this political faction or that religious sect, what chance is there for any real guidance and protection? During the elections in Mt. Lebanon the Consular representatives of the so-called protecting Powers were so many political bosses, each one supporting the candidate of his choice.

There is no doubt that the American Commission will dwell in its report on these matters, emphasizing the essential principles on which almost all the Syrians are agreed. And it is to be hoped that the Allies, true to the lofty principles of racial integrity and national freedom for which the war was fought and won, will consider the report of the Commission favorably and will not experiment again in Syria with any project based on the religious differences of the people in order to justify the designation of two or more mandatories in the land.

AMEEN RIHANI

Correspondence

Ireland—Expostulation and Reply

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

It occurs to me that some of your readers who may be interested in the recent article of Professor Turner on the Irish question would like to have him explain two of his statements.

As I recall it he says that the Irish live under the same laws as the English. What does he mean by this? Does he mean the same thing as we do when we say that the Georgia negro lives under the same laws as the whites? Lord Morley tells us that his first experience in the Irish office was the examination of a case in which a priest was convicted of a crime and the jury that tried him was composed exclusively of Protestants although the country in which he was tried was 97 per cent. Catholic. In fact, every county in Ireland has almost exclusively a tory administration of justice, regardless of the population. Is this the kind of laws under which the English live? I have no library to which to refer and do not know whether I am correct in stating the above or not, but I do know that for the past fifty years every reform that has been granted to Ireland has followed a suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and the arbitrary imprisonment of the leaders that advocated that very reform. Such has been the

case in land reform, the attempts to enact Home Rule and other acts about which we hear so much when English rule is praised.

The other statement which I should like to have explained is the one that the act of Union was approved by the Irish and the present Government is of their own choosing. Who were permitted to vote at the election and how was the election carried on? Were Catholics allowed to vote? It seems to me that the great body of the Irish race was disqualified from voting. My earliest recollection of Irish affairs is a description of an Irish election held shortly after the act of Union in which Richard Lalor Shiels describes the voting. All voting was *viva voce* and the landlord stood beside the tenant and shook him until he voted as told. The hero of an election was the dare-devil who voted against the landlord and he was generally severely punished.

With the landlord desiring English protection for his rights and controlling all votes, and with the great bulk of the population disfranchised, it seems to me that the less said about that election the better.

Just one word in defense of the interest taken by the Americans of Irish descent in the Irish question. Ireland lost by starvation in two years five times as large a percentage of her inhabitants as England lost in the four years of the World War. She lost by emigration every year for the next 60 years after the famine two-thirds as large a percentage as England lost in the four years of war. This was all under the English rule. Generally speaking, the emigrant left on account of that rule. Do you expect him to forget everything and leave no tradition to his children? You urge friendliness for England on account of certain traditions and inheritances; we take no exception to this, but it seems to me that the Irish have a right to retain an interest in and a desire to better the land of their fathers. I might add that the United States to-day has a typical Ulsterman for President, with all his intolerance and bull-headedness; does the *Review* like it?

READER

Kennewick, Washington, July 12

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

With respect to the first of the questions of your correspondent, I meant my assertion as I made it: "Irishmen have as members of the United Kingdom exactly the same political status as other citizens in the British Isles." That is to say, the laws of the United Kingdom are made by a parliament composed of representatives of the people of the United Kingdom, elected by the people; and in this parliament sit representatives of the Irish as well as representa-

tives of the other inhabitants. It may be added that the Irish now have twice as many representatives as their population warrants.

The statement contained in the second question is not one which I have made. Your correspondent will find on referring again to my paper the following: "the act which accomplished this [the Act of Union] in 1800 was unpopular and was brought to pass through bribery and intimidation." I did not in my brief statement add, what Lecky has explained so well, that no measure of reform or change could have been carried through the old unreformed Irish parliament without bribery and corruption, since, like the British parliament before 1832, it represented a small number of people and was unwilling to sanction any measure which might abridge its special privileges and vested interest.

It is not necessary for me to do more than note briefly that the negroes of the South are to a great extent debarred from taking part in the government of the communities where they live and are at the same time subject to numerous discriminations made by the white people, while Irishmen participate in the government and are not normally subject to any discriminations; that the numerous suspensions of *habeas corpus* in the past fifty years, regrettable as they are, have yet seemed necessary if the authorities were to cope with the violence and disorder used by Irishmen trying to effect changes which they wished—the disorder might seem to those who participated in it entirely justified, but it was at the same time proper from the point of view of the authorities that order should be maintained; that there was no election on the issue of the Union, and that Catholics were not allowed to vote in elections then—but no more were most of the people in England or the United States at that time; that in the early part of the nineteenth century voting was almost everywhere restricted to a few, and many of those who were allowed to vote were very largely controlled by landlords or employers; that the evils of earlier English administration which caused emigration, so far as they did cause it, have for some time been done away with; that it is most proper for Irishmen or their descendants in this country to wish well to Ireland and try "to better the land of their fathers," but that they will assist more successfully if they first obtain adequate information about present Irish conditions, and then act fairly and justly; that to call President Wilson "a typical Ulsterman" will seem to many people the highest possible compliment to north-east Ireland.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 22

Professor Corwin on the Covenant

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the welter of declamation against the Covenant of the League of Nations, it is refreshing to encounter the restrained and dignified argument of Professor Corwin against it in the *Review* of June 7. No advocate of the Covenant can maintain that there are not substantial objections to it. Every advance, every adoption of a new policy or abandonment of the old, is a step into the unknown and must be taken with some risk and in the face of unanswered doubts. The conservative who puts the argument against a change clearly and strongly does a useful service, especially so if he avoids common exaggerations which awaken only intellectual contempt.

In any discussion of the Covenant, there are two general considerations which should be regarded as fundamental. In the first place some of the arguments advanced are not so much against the Covenant in particular as against any covenant which could be formed, if it created a league with really efficient powers. This fact is not an objection nor an answer to the arguments. To attack any league is a legitimate attack upon this one. But it is desirable for the defender of the Covenant to be able to say whether a point which troubles his mind is an objection to this Covenant merely, and therefore perhaps suggests a change which ought to be made or a misunderstanding which ought to be corrected, or is an objection to every workable covenant and therefore probably to be disregarded. Examples of such general attack are to be found in most of the objections which have been made to Article X.

In the second place a good deal of the argument proceeds on the supposition that the United States can and ought to have everything that it wants exactly as it wants it. The necessity of compromise in a complicated situation is ignored, and the present is a complicated situation full of conflicting interests which on both sides are valid interests. It is probable that Professor Corwin has taught his students the necessity of the compromises of the Constitution, but the present situation is closely parallel to that of 1788 and it is hard to see what compromise of the Covenant is likely to awaken after two generations such serious objections on moral or other grounds as did the slavery compromises of the Constitution. To deny the necessity of compromise, to insist that the United States should have its own way on every point, no matter what other nations may be forced to yield, is to render the formation of any covenant impossible.

A specific instance of this kind of argument is the assertion that the special

promise to France by England and the United States to defend her frontiers against future German attack is evidence that the makers of the League distrust their own work and feel the need of adopting supplemental measures. As this point has been sometimes stated, it has been difficult not to believe that it was deliberate misrepresentation. This accusation can not be brought against the statement as made by Professor Corwin, but it seems clear that the inference to be drawn from the special agreement is quite the opposite from his. To refuse France's demand that the special protection she desired should be provided in the Covenant, where it would be distinctly out of place, and then to induce her to consent to its omission and to quiet her natural but unnecessary nervousness over her exposed eastern frontier by the supplementary agreement, is to show confidence in the League not distrust and is a legitimate compromise, made with special wisdom outside and not in the Covenant.

A more important impeachment of the Treaty, based on a demand for the ideal without regard to actual conditions, has reference to the Shantung agreement. I doubt if anyone in England or America would undertake to answer all the objections which can be made to that agreement. It is certainly not ideal. There is no doubt, however, that Great Britain and the United States stand somewhat in advance of the rest of the world in the demand that ideal justice and right be carried out in actual international arrangements. What are the statesmen of these two countries to do when the task is laid upon them of making a working partnership with other nations who will have as much to do in carrying on the business as their own two countries and without whom it can not be carried on at all? If the ideal is insisted upon in every particular, especially where the peculiar interests of other nations are urgently pressed, what will be the result? Under such conditions, if a league is to be made, only one outcome is possible—compromise, and the duty of the true statesman is not to demand inflexibly the ideal but to see to it that that compromise is made which is the best that can be had from the ideal point of view. Special antagonism to the Shantung agreement is excited by referring to it as an example of an alleged yielding to the discredited principle of the balance of power. This assertion is an inference merely, not supported directly by any facts which we know at present, and it need not be accepted by anyone who does not wish to do so, so long as an equally good inference as to the reason for the agreement is forthcoming. In the first place, if I were arguing with some of the Senators, I should say that it is logically indefensible to use a term

of technical significance out of its ordinary meaning in order to cast odium on an arrangement not approved. If it is necessary to maintain the possibility of a defensive union against an unrepentant Germany—the hard necessity, as Professor Corwin calls it—there is then no historical justification for applying to an agreement for that purpose the technical name of a peculiar international doctrine and practice invented by European diplomacy after the fifteenth century. If there is, then every defensive alliance since the days of the cave man is an application of the doctrine of balance of power. That an alliance endeavors to balance or to out-balance a prospective enemy does not make it an instance of the balance of power, historically so called, for historically the term has a quite other and special significance. In the second place it must be remembered in considering Shantung that France, Italy, and other nations have insisted on securing national interests and obtaining compensation in a somewhat similar way though with more historical justification. It would be very strange if Japan, which has shown no evidence of being even so far advanced as these peoples in regard for ideal considerations, did not in turn urge similar interests and the need of like compensation. If granted to others, it would be practically impossible to deny the claim of Japan. It would not be a Japanese alliance with Germany or Russia that would be otherwise to fear, but the tumbling of the whole structure of the peace treaty. But where outside of Shantung could a similar concession to Japan be found? The answer to this question is what the statesman must find, and the attempt to do it by a critic of the treaty would be an enlightening experiment. The arrangement demands nothing of China which she has not already granted, and the definite promise of restoration gives her a new advantage. This argument must not be understood to be a defense of the Shantung agreement on any ground but that of necessity, but it is an emphatic declaration that in judging of it the necessities of the situation must take precedence over ideal considerations.

In comment on Article X and on the Monroe Doctrine, Professor Corwin is much more discriminating than many critics of the Covenant. There appear, however, the same two sets of objections, one based on misunderstandings or exaggerations and the other revealing a fundamental difference of attitude and faith which must either prevail against the League or give way to it. The second can easily be disposed of. Professor Corwin says: "It is clear, I think, that this Article is quite out of place in the League Covenant." The answer to this is simple and draws the fundamental issue squarely. It is that the Article is

indispensable to the Covenant, that it is its very backbone, and that without it no league can be formed of any value for the preservation of peace. If there were any hope of removing this fundamental contradiction of view, it would lie in doing away with the misapprehensions which have gathered about Article X. Plainly it protects the members of the League against one specific thing and one only, "external aggression." There is perhaps some carelessness of formulation here, but the words should be ambiguous only to a criticism which is determined to criticise and not to understand. The execution of a judicial mandate or a mandate of the Council is not aggression. Only the unwarranted attack of an outside power is included. The Article does not protect against internal revolution, nor against the separatist action of a part, nor against partition with the approval or by the influence of the League, or by purchase and sale or by any kind of negotiation. The relation of the Article to the Monroe Doctrine, though that has been generally overlooked by opponents, should help to make it clear. The United States is asked to assume by this Article no obligation which it has not already officially assumed towards the States of the American continents with reference to non-American Powers. It is now asked to extend that obligation, and no other, to all the members of the League and to join with them in carrying it out everywhere, an immense enlargement of the influence of the United States and, if we can trust the honesty of our own purpose, an immense moral advance for the world. It is quite evident from the character of much of the discussion regarding the effect of the League upon the Monroe Doctrine that the objectors have in mind popular extensions of that doctrine—a virtual dictatorship of the United States over all American states for one example—which have never been officially affirmed and which have never been, nor ever would be, accepted by any strong American state. Unless the United States proposes to do by excuse of that doctrine something which the moral opinion of the world will not approve, we should rejoice that the rest of the world has come to our position in regard to aggressive action by one state against another and is ready to join with us in forbidding it. To object is as absurd as would be the position of a man who, being asked to look after a neighbor's house during the absence of the family, should refuse the assistance of the police as an interference with his rights.

In conclusion there are several other points in Professor Corwin's argument which should be briefly considered. That Article XXIII calls upon the United States to transfer to the League powers of government which can only be trans-

ferred by the Constitution making sovereign is an important suggestion and should be carefully considered, but it depends manifestly upon an interpretation of the Article in question which involves several nice distinctions which can not be here discussed, even if one accepted in the case the necessity of an amendment to the Constitution. That the League exists "primarily to safeguard the interests of the Powers controlling it," that it has "for its primary purpose the maintenance of a solidarity of interests among its principal members" seems to me an assumption without justification. It is based upon a belief which is surely mistaken, that the League represents no moral advance in international relations over the period of the balance of power. The apparent excuse for it is the preponderance of power in the Council given to the Big Five, but would it be possible to work a League as a going concern in any other way? And Professor Corwin has just before noticed in relation to the establishment of "an international tribunal comparable to the Supreme Court of the United States," which he desires, that "the thing which more than anything else has stood in the way of its establishment has been the insistence of small states upon equal representation in its membership." Is it true to say that "the authors of the League have confused two very different problems . . . that of furnishing the peace settlement . . . and secondly the problem of providing a permanent procedure for the peaceable settlement of international controversies." That the Conference has attempted to settle these two problems together and in the same document is no doubt true, but that is an entirely proper thing to do and does not involve confusion, and the effort to show that confusion has followed is not successful. The Council of the League is not "a continuation under a new name of the Peace Conference." Its powers are quite different and much more independent. It is rather a continuation under a new name of the War Council of the Allies, and one of the surest foundations of hope for the future success of the League is the great simplicity of the machinery which the Covenant establishes for its management against all sorts of temptations to complication. Conciliar management of an alliance of nations has abundantly proved its success, and the omission of elaborate legislative, judicial, and executive regulations is clear evidence of careful reflection. "Regional understanding" was not a fortunate designation of the Monroe Doctrine since it may undoubtedly mean an understanding between two parties, but it may also without question mean a one-sided understanding which prevails throughout a region, like the understanding about negro suffrage which prevails

in the South and like, I imagine, the understanding concerning the enforcement of prohibition which will prevail in many regions, some of them not large, when that law comes into force.

"Despite some appearances to the contrary, the Senate to-day occupies a position of great strategic advantage." May the party of moral ideas which controls the Senate see the moral issues which are involved in the present decision!

GEORGE BURTON ADAMS

New Haven, Conn., June 28

Article XII; Not Article X or Article XXI

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

A treaty thus unequal in its conditions, thus derogatory to our national rights, thus insidious in some of its objects, and thus alarming in its operation to the dearest interests of the United States in their commerce and navigation, is in its present form unworthy the voluntary acceptance of an independent people, and is not dictated to them by the circumstances in which providence has kindly placed them. It is sincerely believed, that such a treaty would not have been listened to at any former period, when Great Britain was most at her ease, and the United States without the respectability they now enjoy. To pretend that however injurious the treaty may be it ought to be submitted to in order to avoid the hostile resentment of Great Britain which would evidently be as impolitic as it would be unjust on her part, is an artifice too contemptible to answer its purpose. It will not easily be supposed, that a refusal to part with our rights without an equivalent will be made the pretext of a war on us; much less that such a pretext will be founded on our refusal to mingle a sacrifice of our commerce and navigation with an adjustment of political differences. Nor is any evidence to be found, either in history or human nature, that nations are to be bribed out of a spirit of encroachment and aggression by humiliations which nourish their pride, or by concessions which extend their resources and power.

To do justice to all nations; to seek it from them by peaceable means in preference to war; and to confide in this policy for avoiding that extremity; or securing the blessing of Heaven, when forced upon us, is the only course of which the United States can never have reason to repent.

No, this is not a present-day discussion of Article XXI, or Article X, or the Shantung cession, or any other of the contents of the Versailles Treaty of 1919; it is an excerpt from a letter written by James Madison ("The Writings of James Madison," edited by Gaillard Hunt, Vol. vi, pages 256-257), written August 23, 1795, in reference of the Jay Treaty of 1794. One part of that treaty, Article XII, encountered so much hostility in the United States Senate that, when the treaty was finally ratified by that body on June 24, 1795, an amendment provided that Article XII should be suspended.

E. F. HUMPHREY

Princeton, N. J., July 25

Book Reviews

Economics and British Common Sense

NEW FALLACIES OF MIDAS. A Survey of Industrial and Economic Problems. By Cyril E. Robinson, with an introduction by Sir George Paish. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

THE writing of a book on political economy which is comprehensive without being exhaustive, scientific yet not academic, interesting but not trivial, is a real achievement; especially in these days when intelligent laymen, lacking the courage to wrestle with one of the standard text-books, are eager for more knowledge of economic questions than they can get from newspapers and magazines. The text-books are good, of course, and necessary to a thorough knowledge of the subject, but for a book like this, which contains so much seasoned thought in so small a compass, the busy layman should be truly thankful.

The first part of the book is a sort of primer of political economy, a preliminary exposition of certain fundamental concepts—work, value, capital, monopoly, rent, expenditure and the like—leading up to an examination and criticism of industrial society from the points of view of socialism, syndicalism, and individualism. None of these ideals, the author finds, can be realized in human society, for all have their fatal defects; but they have also their strong points, which, if taken over by capitalism, would make that system almost ideal and well nigh invulnerable. This is sheer eclecticism, no doubt, but Mr. Robinson calls it compromise, and roundly asserts that by means of it the English have created political democracy, and will sooner or later achieve industrial democracy as well. Certainly, the conservatives of England have shown extraordinary capacity for absorbing the best ideas of their opponents, even as the aristocracy has maintained its vitality by the influx of new blood from the middle class.

However that may be, Mr. Robinson points out, as many others have done, that socialism, notwithstanding its ideals, is theoretically unsound, and that, if fully realized, it would involve a servitude more irksome than the "wage slavery" of the present day. Besides, there is no assurance that state socialism would give the wage earners any permanent benefit; on the contrary, it might cause a serious falling off in production, in which case there would be universal poverty and no diminution of social discontent. Unless we could be content, like the ancient Greeks, to be civilized without being comfortable, socialism would be a failure; and, emancipated but disappointed, we should be longing for the

flesh pots of Egypt. And yet, socialism has contributed something to politico-economic theory by showing what the state can do, and any plan for improving industrial society must take this into account.

While socialism has lost its hold on British labor, and the socialist members at Westminster are but a "handful of discredited cranks," syndicalism, less political but more revolutionary, has occupied the vacancy; and now the cry is for decentralization, direct action and unions of productive labor. Let the miners own the mines, the railway servants the railways, the agricultural laborers the farms, and let the state be little more than a statistical bureau, determining needs and adjusting values. Obviously, private property becomes group property under this system, and there is danger of exploitation as before, necessitating interference by the state, thus bringing centralization in by the backdoor. For all that, syndicalism has made an important contribution to political thought by showing what *esprit de corps* can be aroused in a productive group, and what notable results might be achieved if this enthusiasm could be utilized for increased production.

Similarly, individualism, notwithstanding its glorification of the strong and its cynical neglect of the weak, has its own offering to make for the general good. Liberty is the most precious possession known to man, more highly valued by the freeborn than life itself. From the economic side two phases of liberty are essential to happiness and progress—the right to choose or bargain, and the right to save, both involving, as prerequisites, the right to personal freedom and the ownership of property. The future industrial society, if it is to be truly successful, must provide for these.

Gathering up the threads of his argument, Mr. Robinson gives in rough outline his conception of the future industrial society. Capitalism will hold the field against all comers because no other system can give proper scope to the bargaining and saving instincts of man. This, however, by no means involves the concentration of property in the hands of a few; on the contrary, the ownership of capital can be and must be widely diffused, so that the workers may have a two-fold income and thus a double interest in the success and permanence of the capitalistic system.

The capitalism of the future will include what is of permanent value in socialism, for the state will carry on all those activities which can be done better by collective than by individual effort, although the limits to state activity can not yet be clearly defined. Similarly, capitalism will take what is best in syndicalism by giving more responsibility to groups of workers, allowing them,

where possible, a voice in the management, and encouraging them to acquire a financial interest in the business in which they are employed. Although profit-sharing has not yet been very successful, other plans for labor co-partnership are more promising. The time may even come when capital will no longer hire labor, but labor, whether of hand or brain, will hire capital. Then there will be no question of expropriating capital, but of encouraging its accumulation in order that it may be furnished to labor at the lowest rates.

Perhaps Mr. Robinson is a little too optimistic in his forecast because of his faith in the innate reasonableness of the English people. They grumble; they threaten; they rebel; but when confronted with an emergency they see where their true interest lies; they compromise their differences and unite with their former enemies until the trouble is overcome and the field is clear for other issues and new battles. State socialism is an importation from Germany, which the British have never taken seriously. They have played with French syndicalism in the same way and it is not likely that they will allow it to ruin the country. Fabianism is more to their mind, but the possibilities of improvement along that line are quite limited. Cooperation has been a great help to the laborers as consumers, but has not solved the problem of production. There is left the possibility of an alliance between labor and capital, and, as Mr. Robinson intimates, this is the only hope of industrial reconstruction in Great Britain.

Mr. Robinson's optimism seems to lead him astray in at least two directions. In the first place, he has no fear of the coming depletion of Britain's coal deposits, for long before coal is gone, we may be certain that some substitute for coal will be discovered. Engineers and other scientific authorities are not so confident as to that. Again, Mr. Robinson lightly dismisses Malthusianism as mere moonshine, and argues that the world is not within a thousand years of being overcrowded, because Russia has a population of only 23 persons to a square mile while Belgium formerly had 625. Such loose thinking in these respects does not, perhaps, invalidate Mr. Robinson's general argument; neither does it alter the fact that the United Kingdom has 45,000,000 people to support and can not maintain these in comfort unless she can hold and increase her trade with the less populous regions of the earth.

As to Midas, the author presents him at the beginning of the book and again at the end to point the moral, telling what a great mistake he made in wishing that everything he touched might turn to gold and in thinking that a miracle could make him a happy man. Now, as in the day of Midas, wealth is not the

same as welfare, and material things alone can not satisfy the soul. The life is more than meat and the body than raiment. If capital and labor both realize this, and if teachers plan their systems of education with the highest ends in view, a brilliant future lies before the British people.

National Readjustments

PROBLEMS OF PEACE. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE GREAT PEACE. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PROFESSOR FERRERO, in a brilliantly written little volume, has sketched interestingly and accurately the main outlines of European history from the downfall of Napoleon I to the conclusion of the Great War. He does more than this. With his breadth of historic vision, his insight, and his power of coordination, he points out the failures of statesmen in the past and the way of wisdom for the future. His main conclusion, on the last page, in favor of the League of Nations deserves to be quoted, both because it is the mature opinion of Italy's foremost historian and because it differs from so much of the imperialistic and anti-American talk which has been finding expression in Italian newspapers: "The Americans, who have already saved Europe from German domination by intervening when Russia abandoned the common cause, can do much to help Europe to save itself from the dangers which await it by using all the authority America so justly enjoys to encourage and impel the old continent to follow this path resolutely. They will by so doing render a great service to Europe, and to America as well. Western civilization is a grandiose Gothic vault, soaring sublime toward the sky. One of its arches is Europe, the other is America. If either arch is broken, the other will be endangered."

There is in Ferrero's volume relatively little special pleading for Italy. Italy, he thinks, however, was originally compelled to become an ally of Germany and Austria in 1882 in order to defend herself, not against France which had seized Tunis, but against Austria which was dangerous because Austria and Prussia had put an end to their long antagonism to each other. Italy really got nothing but the assurance that Austria would not harm her, while Italy on her side had to repress "irredentism." The Triple Alliance of 1882 was, therefore, for Italy nothing but an empty shell. But when the alliance was renewed in 1887 Count Robilant obtained real advantages from the pact with the Germanic Powers by two additional clauses; by one Germany undertook to

give armed aid to Italy if France, in Africa or elsewhere, attempted to alter the balance of power in the Mediterranean to Italy's disadvantage; by the other clause Austria pledged herself to respect the status quo in the Balkans as far as possible, and, in the event of being compelled to occupy more Turkish territory, to consult and compensate Italy adequately. Italy's motives in entering and carrying on the Great War may not have been quite what the author would have us believe, but there is truth in his contention (p. 252) that "though the effects of Italian intervention were at first not much felt by the Allies it may be said that the forces of Italy were the salvation of the world at the most terrible crisis of the war, between the collapse of the Russian front and the arrival of American reinforcements in sufficient numbers." For Italy's reward he personally makes only the modest and wholly justifiable claim to the Trentino, Trieste, and Istria. "Part of the nation would like to add Dalmatia and its islands and a protectorate over Albania . . . and her share of Asia Minor. But the Italian people are not in agreement about these claims, because influential groups maintain that the national, historical, and strategic reasons which justify the former demands do not cover Dalmatia, and they are very reluctant to involve Italy too deeply in Eastern affairs" (p. 242).

Professor Ferrero does not discuss in detail any of the complex problems which President Wilson had to face at Versailles, but only sets forth a few guiding principles which a century of history has made manifest, especially the importance of the recognition of the principles of Liberalism and Nationalism. By all lovers of Italy his volume will be welcomed as a little missionary which aims to retain for Italy the high regard of the American people.

Mr. Powers begins where Ferrero leaves off. Writing last autumn when victory was in sight and a peace conference imminent, he attempts to indicate the details of a just and lasting peace. After an elaboration of general principles he considers in turn the various regions of the earth where nationalities wish to be recognized, boundaries drawn, and wrongs set right. Many of the questions which were of supreme interest when the author wrote last October have now been settled (for the time being, at any rate) by the treaty which Germany has ratified. Most of them have been settled in a more radical, thorough-going, and anti-German way than he advocated or anticipated. Mr. Powers easily knocked to pieces the simple, off-hand solutions which were so freely offered early in the war by well-meaning persons who knew little of the complexity of European

problems. For he has traveled much in Europe and is able from personal knowledge to set forth warningly and impressively the difficulties and complications of rival claims. But he has failed to catch the enthusiasm and optimism of the newly-liberated nationalities; he often remains without a satisfactory solution of his own, or is pessimistic as to the suggestions of others. Austria-Hungary, he thinks, ought to be kept together, with the possible exception of the Czecho-Slovaks, but even for these "the prospect is not bright." "Polish history offers an inadequate basis for faith in a Polish future," the German menace of economic domination is dangerous, and hence he favors for Poland autonomy and federation with Russia rather than a nominal and unreal independence. To none of the other border peoples of the former Russian Empire would he accord any recognition, except perhaps the Finns. In the liberated parts of Western Asia and Africa he would probably favor the mandatory system, if that had been invented when he wrote. Time only can show whether his more conservative way of handling the problems of nationality would have been the wiser course.

A Novelists' Novelist and His Clients

The Works of Leonard Merrick: Limited Edition.

CYNTHIA. With an Introduction by Maurice Hewlett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER. With an Introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH. With an Introduction by Sir James M. Barrie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

WHILE PARIS LAUGHED: Being Pranks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

"THERE have been many author's editions," says Barrie in his preface to "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," "but never, so far as I know, one quite like this, in which the 'author' is not the writer himself but his contemporaries, who have entirely 'engineered' the edition themselves and have fallen over each other, so to speak, in this desire to join in the honor of writing the prefaces. Such is the unique esteem in which Mr. Merrick is held by his fellow-workers. For long he has been the novelists' novelist."

A title glorious enough but not free from negative implication. We may fancy Leonard Merrick accepting it with smile responsive but slightly rueful, since to be the tidbit of the elect is to be caviare to the general. This joint tribute of his fellow-craftsmen is a sort

of amende. "Why, then," says Mr. Howells, after giving his testimony, "is not this masterly novelist a master universally recognized and accepted? That is something I have asked myself more than once, especially in reading the criticisms of his several books, not one of which has lacked the praise of some critic qualified to carry conviction of its merit." Perhaps, he answers tentatively, because these books do not deal with titled persons and a great world; or because, however individual poverty and misery may be conquered in the given story, there remains a sense of the poverty that still remains in the world; or—and here we abandon geniality for criticism—because "the stories are almost always unhappy, very unhappy. There is no consolation in their tragedy; they do not even 'raise a noble terror' such as was once the supposed business of tragedy. Upon the whole, they leave you feeling mean, feeling retroactively capable of the shabby things which have been done in them."

This is a grave indictment, too grave, one must think, to be urged against the spirit of genial irony which rules Mr. Merrick's work as a whole. The novel for which Mr. Howells here in a way stands sponsor is "The Actor-Manager," which he thinks "in every way the best of Mr. Merrick's stories." He adds, it is true, "so far as I know them;" but this qualification does not change the fact that the book for him sums up satisfactorily enough the merits and defects of his author. But what of the other three stories on our list? From them, surely, we turn without any such sense of dingy complicity as Mr. Howells fairly connects with that rather dispiriting study of the theatrical world, "The Actor-Manager." Mr. Howells finds hearty praise, and rightly, for the rare excellence of Merrick's "form." The appraiser says he can not explain what he means by form, but mentions this practitioner's easy concealment of mechanism, and has in mind also, one supposes, that instinctive economy of means and that firm flow of narrative which are so much more commonly mastered to eastward than to westward of the Strait of Dover. There are John Galsworthy with his perfect handling of the major episode, Frank Swinnerton (in "Nocturne," at least), Sherwood Anderson but now in the tense restraint of his "Winesburg, Ohio" sketches. But Mr. Leonard Merrick is more easily and lightly a master of form than any of these. It is inherent in his action, keeps us continuously and expectantly in motion, with never a pause or a hiatus. "There is no one with a greater art of telling a story," says Barrie, accordingly, "if that art consists in making us forever wonder what we are to find on the next page."

But the one thing we may be sure of

(and this may be what has prevented Merrick's "universal acceptance") is that we shall find at the end no pat and comfortable solution of what may be called the running problem of the action. The story will have been told, but we ourselves left, as it were, with one foot in the air. Mr. Hewlett nearly puts his finger on the point when he speaks of Merrick's "underlying, deeply-fused sympathy with real things and fine things, and the seriousness of aim which, tantalizingly, stops short just where you want it to go on, and provokes the reader to get every book of Mr. Merrick's as it appears, just to see him let himself go—which he never does. He is one of the most discreet dissectors of the human heart we have." To dissect the human heart is bad enough (says the universal acceptor); to be discreet about it is hardly tolerable.

Meanwhile it is interesting to see how each of this man's fellow-workmen finds what he wants in him, and distrusts the rest. How natural that Barrie should exult in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," and should express a good-humored envy of a performance which is, indeed, a good deal in his own line. How natural that Mr. Howells should be attracted to the careful, if not highly enlivening realism of "The Actor-Manager," and should trace an analogy to his favorite Russians. And as for Mr. Hewlett, what more in character than his deprecation of the main theme of *his* chosen tale, and his exaltation of the romantic character of Cynthia. Apart from their "form," their excellence of structure, these books have in common a mood of unimbittered disillusion. "Cynthia" and "The Actor-Manager" express the almost foredoomed struggle of the honest but not inspired artist between his conscience and a livelihood. "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" expresses the hopelessness of middle age's yearning for past days and their irrecoverable zest. Strange how envious and apologetic the early forties are in the presence of the early twenties—as if the lesser age were the real possessor of the earth, and the greater a mere lingering encumbrance! "While Paris Laughed" gives utterance to the mellow remembrance, indulgent without envy, of maturity for youth and its follies and ecstasies. The poet Tricotrin is very ridiculous: who would not have been in his shoes, at that age? Mr. Merrick has accomplished no more surprising feat than the sublimation, in this book, of those very materials which have been so tediously pawed over and refurbished by commercial chroniclers of the pseudo-Bohemian life.

This limited edition, newly set with the author's final corrections, is notable for its modest excellence of format and its very reasonable price.

H. W. BOYNTON

Three Books About Poetry

A NEW STUDY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Henry Newbolt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY. By John Livingston Lowes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE NEW ERA IN AMERICAN POETRY. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT'S twelve lectures on English poetry constitute an informal "Poetics" for our time. Mr. Newbolt is a liberal with reservations. We doubt if he has melted down his plate; perhaps he has merely sent it to the new firm of silversmiths, Messrs. Bergson and Croce, for reëngraving. He restates the old poetical faith in terms conformable to the new philosophy, as fifty years ago theologians were recasting the Pentateuch in forms considerate of Darwin and Spencer. Mr. Newbolt is finally, we suspect, a sacristan in the great Catholic and Apostolic Church of English poetry, but a sacristan proud of the new memorial windows to Bridges, Yeats, and Binyon, and willing to place an altar candle at least for Mr. T. Sturge Moore. He has a quick and various delight in poetry; his attitude toward it is almost chivalrous; his faith brightens his polemic, like a glove worn upon a helm. He is, in short, a mixture of analyst and rhapsodist, a very good analyst sometimes, a very good rhapsodist sometimes, but not free from the liabilities or disabilities implicit in the combination. It is natural enough that his analysis should be happiest in negation. His disapproval of anything modern is the weightier for being cautious and polite; in an excellent lecture he disposes of the futuristic plea of Signor Marinetti with a suave thoroughness in which the thoroughness is braced by the suavity.

Mr. Newbolt defines poetry as "the act of expressing an intuition in words" (page 8), and an intuition is apparently little more than a sensation or impression realized as ours. This identifies poetry with an elementary psychic act, and in its vast comprehensiveness the old notion of rarity and specialty in poetry is lost like a chapel in an amphitheatre. Mr. Newbolt, however, is a worshiper, if man ever was, and he proceeds to restore the rarity and specialty by a definition of *great* poetry on lines quite remote from the definition of poetry itself. Great poetry is that which "touches the universal longing for a perfect world" (page 17). This definition seems not so much erroneous—as supine. The analyst is reposing; for the moment Mr. Newbolt is not so much rationalizing poetry as poeticizing logic.

Mr. Newbolt is much stronger in his contention that forms must vary and renew themselves, since form is merely the embodiment of spirit, and the sign

of the authenticity of spirit is difference or variation. This removes the dykes, but Mr. Newbolt, never so radical as his advertisements, restores the greater part of them by a very sensible remark to the effect that a "form, a metre, a stanza, may be used a hundred times by a hundred writers, and each time with originality" (page 305). In other words, the multiplex in metre is not the *condition* of multiple effects. For Mr. Newbolt personal expression is supreme. He does not quite class epics and dramas with lyrics, but he seems to regret that he can not nerve himself for the plunge. Of course he is right in the ultimate sense that poetry inheres finally in the man. We can not lock Shakespeare out of "Hamlet"; Shakespeare could not lock himself out. But Mr. Newbolt seems to us ill-advised in slurring the evident and important distinction between what moves us directly through its influence on ourselves and what moves us indirectly through our sympathy with its effect on others.

Mr. Newbolt seems at times on the point of acquiescence in Croce's doctrine that the test of artistic merit is the agreement of the artist's work with the artist's intention. But Mr. Newbolt is not an Englishman for nothing; from that verge he recoils, asking with quite irrefutable force: "A work of art may be a perfect expression of the maker's feeling, but what if that feeling be a cruel, a cynical, a frivolous, or an insane feeling?" (page 353). To which nothing need be added. The exorcism of that spectre is complete.

In the first chapter of Mr. Lowes's notable book, "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," the author is troubled by the fact that in poetry the means of communication is words, and that words, unlike the things they stand for, have neither form, color, warmth, taste, nor smell (page 7). How can this be? Mr. Lowes's distress grows out of his failure to perceive that words do not give objects directly, but give *meanings* which do give objects, and that, while the relation of word to meaning is that of a check to its umbrella, the relation of meaning to object is that of a shadow to its substance or an echo to its sound. Now checks—with patience—will fetch umbrellas, and shadows are images of things; and those two obvious but overwhelming little facts are the quietus to all Mr. Lowes's perturbations on the subject of the arbitrariness of words. Mr. Lowes, having decided that words can not express things, decides that they express nothing but relations, and by relations he means the likenesses of which simile and metaphor are the conduits (pages 8-14). Language can not give an eye or a star, but may express their similarity; as if the relation between an unimagined eye and an unimagined star

could be conveyed in any form that would have value for an art whose basis is the imagination.

After this first misadventure comes a bright and deft, but not supremely important, chapter on the "Ways of Convention," and then the *book*—the real book, the great book, begins. It is difficult to be patient with Mr. John Livingston Lowes. What is to be said of the sheer rapacity of a man who adds wisdom to scholarship and modernity to wisdom and equipoise to modernity and brilliancy to equipoise and geniality to brilliancy? What is to be said of the moral obliquity of a writer who robs his readers of the legitimate consolation of finding his defects in some particulars commensurate with his preëminence in others? What lastly, is to be said of a man who has packed into one book all the good things that the reviewer expected to say about poetry in the next ten years, and has rifled his existence of its meaning? It is doubtful if another American could bring an equal knowledge of the past to the assistance and support of an equal knowledge of the present. He is perhaps the single critic among us whose attitude toward innovators is wholly admirable, an attitude by which their friends and their adversaries might equally profit, and he has a smile as tolerant as Chaucer's for the queer grotesques who add themselves daily to the varicolored and noisy pilgrimage to our poetical Canterbury in this April of uncertain winds.

Mr. Lowes's cogeny is great. He forces even the born quarreler, the man who peaks and pines in the lassitude of assent, to a continuity of agreement by which he is at once astonished and provoked. One half wishes, however, that he would omit those Meredithian parallels to free verse on pages 277-279 which plague one with a fitting doubt as to his possession of the soothsaying ear. Surely that doubt is calumnious; without that gift how shall we explain that store of perfect phrase from the masters with which his memory is gemmed? We may add, much in his own vein, that the profusion of this pearl and gold in a judicial treatise strikes us as a little barbaric; a court of justice is not a cave of Aladdin.

A reader fresh from the catholicity of Mr. Lowes finds it difficult to keep step with Mr. Louis Untermeyer in the depreciation of the New England poets which occupies the foreground of his introduction. They lack "keen and racy originality," the quality that makes "the art of all great writers a human and enduring thing" (page 5). This detraction, even if successful, would be useless. On the current theory, which is undoubtedly Mr. Untermeyer's, that the fitness of literatures to peoples is a *relative* and a *changing* fitness, the sound-

ness of yesterday is no threat to the validity of to-day. The June number of a magazine need not defend itself against the competition of the May number by assertions that the May number was vapid or droning; it has a much surer defense in the far less debatable affirmation that May is May and June is June. In any large view the generations stand or fall together; futile ancestors will have baffled descendants. God, or Nature, or Destiny, or what you will, has not begun to love this waspish little world since 1850. Not even the birth of Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters has sweetened the temper of the universe. Does not Mr. Untermeyer see that if Emerson and Lowell and Whittier, in their day and in their way, really lived, the chances of a real life for Mr. Sandburg and Mr. Masters and Mr. Untermeyer, in their differing day and way, are indefinitely heightened?

We deprecate Mr. Untermeyer's causticities because it seems to us that he belies his own disposition in their utterance. In him these prickles are cutaneous; they have no roots in the large geniality of his temper. Again, one notes with interest that the same sin has different gravities in different persons. It is very wrong to enforce morals in poetry if you can offer no better excuse for this impertinence than the fact that you are Emerson or Lowell. But if you are Mr. James Oppenheim, the case is altogether different. It is regrettable that the privilege of being Mr. James Oppenheim is so unequally distributed in the United States of America.

Mr. Untermeyer's specialty is hardly thought; least of all is it analysis. Scholarship is a wrap for the aged and infirm with which his redbloodedness can cheerfully dispense. His clash with tradition now and then penetrates even to his grammar, and a profuse, hearty, jovial English does duty for style. On the other hand, his acquaintance with present-day verse is wide enough to shame other critics into a recognition of their own shortcomings. His sensibilities, naturally keen, if not subtle, have been quickened by the exercise of a poetical gift which, if somewhat overworked and undertrained, is nevertheless a true gift, revealing a frank and joyous commerce with the world as its distinctive property. This leads us to the pith of his criticism. Mr. Untermeyer is an appraiser of vitality. In the old days it was assumed that living people were alive as a matter of course, and literature undertook, not to bestow that life, but to give it shape and direction. Nowadays we have discovered that the world which physicians and biologists innocently presume to be alive is really in a state of semi-swoon or stupor, and the first object of literature

is not to guide it or fashion it, but to bring it to. If your patient has fainted, the cordial is more timely than the food; above all things you must cut his stays. The matter is burlesqued a little in the above phrases, but the burlesque covers a real, if qualified, sympathy with Mr. Untermeyer's attitude in this point. The characteristic vice of æsthetic impressions—of impressions of beauty—is tenuity; the desideratum in such feelings is often, not fineness or nicety, but energy. Mr. Untermeyer tests the new poetry for life, and that touchstone, even within the confines of the newer verse, is fruitful in discriminations. Toward H. D. and the Imagists he is cool; even the homage to Miss Lowell, though ample and unhesitating, is official in tone; it reminds one of a military salute. It may be thought that Mr. Untermeyer's criteria of life and death are rough-and-ready. In some persons he mistakes the convulsive for the animated; there are other persons whom he buries alive. The writer of this article can find a good deal of vitality in his graveyard, possibly because he is an inmate of the place. After all deductions, however, our critic has done a thing that it was well to do and that only a radical could have done for radicals. For that service let our thanks be ample.

The Run of the Shelves

ERNEST DOWSON is not a wholly admirable figure. If he had added rather more than he did to the world's store of beauty, it would, of course, not have found itself particularly troubled by the helpless dissoluteness, the utter lack of purpose and of self-control that marked the thirty-three years of his life. As it is, it will not be disposed to judge him too harshly, it may well, indeed, extend its pity and a measure of gratitude; for there are plenty of "drunk and disorderlies" who contribute nothing in exchange for the nuisance they make of themselves. Dowson, at least, did something. But it is one thing to be Poe, and it is another thing to try admiringly to behave like him—and worse; it is one thing to be Keats, and quite another to be, as Arthur Symons describes Dowson, in a little volume of his "Poems and Prose" (The Modern Library: Boni and Liveright), a "demoralized Keats."

Equally not at home in England and in France, he plumbed the depths of decadence and literally ended with the century. Incapable of giving body to the vague dream of beauty that haunted him, he sought a petulant and thwarted revenge by immersing himself in the sordid. French literary *cénacle* and cabmen's shelter in London were alike to him, since all were nothing. "Cynara"

is the poem most generally remembered, "certainly one of the greatest lyrical poems of our time . . . an intoxicating and perhaps immortal music," says Mr. Symons. But a very tawdry poem, for all that. The little "Requiem" for Neobule comes nearer, in our opinion, to an adequate expression to his very pretty and generally frustrated gift.

In his "Women Novelists" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. R. Brimley Johnson undertakes the not unprofitable task of presenting the file of English women novelists from 1778 to 1876 in that solidarity always produced in women by the withdrawal of the interfering male. As critic Mr. Johnson is not authoritative; indeed his criticism, of which the due supply is punctiliously forthcoming, is mere inspectorship in which gauging and measuring take the place of sensibility. It is hard to believe that he has even applied his mind to some of his own judgments. Speaking of Miss Austen's comic figures, he says: "We laugh *with* the eccentricities, not *at* them" (page 242). Now the difficulty of laughing with Mr. Collins or Lady Catherine de Bourgh, for example, though a very simple one, is quite insuperable: Mr. Collins and Lady Catherine do not laugh. If Mr. Johnson means that we identify ourselves with these persons, he exaggerates our humility; it is as difficult to feel with Mr. Collins as to think with Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson has a "Great Four," comprising Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Brontë, and George Eliot. He is friendly to Miss Burney, zealous for Miss Austen, circumspect with Miss Brontë, and apprehensive of George Eliot. George Eliot's faculty, her varied executive force, is almost harassing to Mr. Johnson; he seems to view it as an incumbrance to George Eliot herself. (The luggage of women is always a distress to their male companions.) She had not so great a genius as Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë; of that Mr. Johnson is certain (pages 208-9). She was "once acclaimed very humorous" (page 242)—*sic transit gloria mundi*. Mr. Johnson is more happily employed in the recall to momentary prominence of gifted writers, like Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Oliphant, and especially Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, whose fall from popularity to neglect was effected with merciless celerity. He has a good eye for critical documents; in fact he might have compiled an interesting chronicle of the rise and fall, or the flux and reflux, of these writers in critical and popular esteem. His true office in relation to these ladies is that of escort.

The grouping of these novelists calls attention to an unusual trait or contrast of traits which many of the leaders illustrate. Revolt and check—strong revolt

kept in hand by stronger authority—is almost the peculiarity of the clan. Even in Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen the potential rebellion is discernible. Both wrote decorous—ultra-decorous—novels, yet both showed a vigor of satiric impulse which, in another time, another race, or another sex, might have overturned decorums. Mrs. Shelley, who defied society in her elopement with a married man, lived to write the romance of "Frankenstein," which upheld, to quote her own words, "the excellence of universal virtue." The Brontë sisters, Charlotte and Emily, wrote novels equally remarkable for daring and the arrest of daring, novels in which a passionate originality bows finally to the restraints of a Yorkshire parsonage. George Eliot's case, probably the most signal of its kind in history, hardly calls for discussion. Never did emancipation go so far only to find itself halted and turned back by refusals peremptory enough for a Scotch Calvinist or a Massachusetts Puritan. Even Mrs. Ward, whom Mr. Johnson does not touch, exhibits traces of the same anomaly. Her fame began with a novel whose radicalism extorted a polite rebuke from the leader of political liberals, Mr. Gladstone; at the present date the securities, including perhaps the sobrieties and gentilities, would claim her as a valuable ally. The examples seem too numerous to be accidental. View these women novelists as disciples and subjects, and you are struck by their independence; view them as rebels and protestants, and you marvel at their conformity. The double temper is possibly explicable by the sex; perhaps it relates itself to the life of an island people, a people to whom the call of the sea is excelled or equaled by only one other force—the call of the port.

"A Treasury of War Poetry" (Houghton Mifflin) appears in Second Series, under the editorship of Prof. George Herbert Clarke. It is a treasury, filled with banners, various and splendid, and if a little faded by the passage of only a few months, still capable of stirring and summoning. It would be rash to say that there is a single great poem in the collection, but with such a record the future will never be forced to wonder what it felt like to live the war. As to what it was fought for, the poets are a good deal clearer than the politicians.

The reflux of British interest and sympathy into ante-bellum channels may be mildly presaged in the publication of the "Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York" (John Lane Company), prepared with taste and affection by Ethel H. Thomson, his daughter-in-law. The appeal of such a book will be mostly to the fellow-citizens and fel-

low-believers of the kind Archbishop who was successful for twenty-eight zealous years in reconciling manliness with a cassock and modesty with a throne. An American will linger a little over the signature, "W. Ebor," in which the shortened form of the Latin rendering of York (Eboracum) hides the homespun name of Thomson in the amplitude of its spreading train of historical associations. Ritualism is a conspicuous topic in the book, and, from the standing-ground of 1919, one looks back with a mixture of envy, pity, and astonishment at the seeming beatitude of a time and class which resorted to points of vesture and gesture to supply its demand for conflict and excitement. One is reminded of the early prosperous days of the Vicar of Wakefield in which the migration from the blue bed to the brown assumed the magnitude of an event. The Vicar's family, like England in our time, had its terrible awakening. Will the new time be restorative of the old values? One would be glad to know if the Primroses, in their old age, amid the fading memories of the anguish which had convulsed the family life, ever reinstated in its old significance the annual transition from the blue bed to the brown.

In the latest text-book on American history, published in the year 1918, is a paragraph on "The Meaning of Land Ownership," in which the authors tell us that "the peasants of Europe were also engaged in tilling the soil [though] very few of them owned outright the fields they tilled. It was otherwise in the colonies." Later, in a section on "Land Ownership and Liberty," they say further that "the embattled farmers" were "free landowning citizens" who "paid tribute to no barons of the soil." In general they leave the impression upon the mind of the reader, in most cases a young pupil attaining his first knowledge of American history, that in colonial America every man owned the land he tilled in full and absolute title and was the greater lover of liberty because of that fact. While the connection between landowning and liberty, as these authors state it, is somewhat problematical in view of the known conservatism of the landowning classes, and while it is idle to quarrel with those who would dignify every revolutionary radical and agitator as a lover of liberty, we do take exception to their statement that every American colonist was the owner of the lands he occupied and cultivated.

The authors of this text-book, and others of like minds, will do well to study carefully a work that has just been issued by the Yale Press, entitled "The Quit-Rent System in the American Colonies," by Professor Beverley W. Bond,

Jr., there to discover that outside of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, not a colonist legally owned an acre of the land he held, and that thousands of them, either willingly or unwillingly, paid "tribute" in the form of a quit-rent to "barons of the soil." Whether this payment to the king in the royal colonies or to proprietors elsewhere played any very vital part in checking or increasing the spirit of independence or is deserving of any great amount of consideration at the hands of the historian is not the question. The point is that such a quit-rent existed and was paid by thousands of the "embattled farmers." It is high time that the writers of our text-books and others with more ambitious literary pretensions familiarized themselves with the facts regarding our colonial land-system, if they intend to write about it, and to all such we recommend Professor Bond's book as an admirable source of information.

Among the books of Henry Holt and Company's Autumn list are "Colas Breugnon," Romain Rolland's first novel since "Jean-Christophe," DeMorgan's "Old Madhouse" and Inez Haynes Irwin's "The Happy Years," a new Phoebe and Ernest book.

It All Depends

Both in this country and in Canada the volume of outcries against what is termed the suppression of radical publications has been increasing among those who are pleased to call themselves revolutionaries. During the war the Governments of both countries in general and their post office departments in particular were the targets of bitter denunciation for their refusal to allow certain publications the use of the mails; among them Socialist periodicals that were believed to have given proof of opposing enlistment and obstructing the pushing of the war against Germany.

The seizing of power by the Bolsheviks has called forth legislation aimed to prevent the introduction of Bolshevism here. Although their control of Russia itself is anything but secure, the Bolsheviks have been boasting that they would make it hot for other countries, and there is not lacking proof that they have been sending funds to America and Canada to produce similar revolutionary movements. The sudden springing into existence here of Bolshevik periodicals evidences a campaign of agitation.

These periodicals, as well as certain native weeklies, have been declaiming against the Government for what they call its tyranny in adopting laws directed against freedom of the press and freedom of speech. In this cry the Socialists,

have vehemently joined—widely split as they now are into Right and Left wings. At the same time they are doing or trying to do more in the way of censorship than the Government ever ventured to do. Before the split, the press of the pro-Bolshevik wing was full of charges that the regular Socialist newspapers refused to publish notices of its meetings and proceedings, and such charges were not unfounded. The regular Socialists now retort that if the Lefts ever obtained majority power or rule by force they would ruthlessly suppress all moderate Socialist publications, as they have done in Russia. But whatever the two factions may do and say among themselves, both assume the rôle, before the great outside public, of being valiant defenders of the complete freedom of the press against what they denounce as reactionary forces.

Such professed solicitude for both the abstract and the practical rights of freedom has a most touching quality, and easily imposes upon the unsophisticated. No agency, in point of fact, has been as rigorous and arrogant a suppressor of a free press as this self-same Socialist party. Before the war, it was vigorously suppressing; and the precedents it then instituted still remain as precedents to be similarly exercised whenever its leaders think it expedient. The case of the *New Review* is an exemplification of this policy.

The *New Review* was an independent Socialist periodical founded in New York City in 1912 by Herman Simpson, William English Walling, Alexander H. Fraser, Bertha W. Howe, and others, all of whom were then members of the party in good standing. In its issue of August, 1913, the *New Review* published an article entitled "Danger Ahead," which showed that the membership of the party was declining at an alarming rate, that in a single year 50,000 dues-paying members, or about two-fifths of the entire enrollment had deserted. The figures were in fact taken from the *Party Builder*, the official organ of the party's National Executive Committee. But as published in that journal, their significance, owing to the obscure way in which the matter was put, was not easily visible, even to party members. Moreover, it was supposed that few outside the Socialist party ever read these dry, formal statements. But the article in the *New Review* was full, explicit, and conspicuously featured. It pointed out that this great defection was in large measure due to a constitutional clause forced through the Indianapolis Socialist National Convention in 1912 by Mr. Hillquit, Mr. Berger, and other leaders which provided for the expulsion of any member advocating sabotage. While the editors of the *New Review* likewise opposed the use of sabotage, they believed that the

passage of the constitutional clause was unwarranted and unnecessary. The bureaucrats, naturally, could not deny the accuracy of the facts which the *New Review* had published. What enraged them was the "exposure" and the extent of public attention which it attracted. But in addition they had long resented independence of spirit within the party, and they now determined, by stifling the *New Review*, to discourage the starting of any similar periodicals.

The Central Committee of Local New York thereupon passed a formal resolution boycotting and blacklisting the *New Review*. This proscriptive order barred not merely the issue containing the article to which objection was raised. It prohibited the sale and circulation at Socialist party meetings of all future issues, notwithstanding the contributors of the *New Review* were leading Socialists in many countries. What the order signified was the assumption of a hierarchy to dictate to members and prospective members what they should and should not read. Yet the claim could not be substantiated that the sole object was to circulate exclusively Socialist matter. At one juncture, when it suited the designs of certain of the leaders, the entire national machinery of the party was used to boost the circulation and sale of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a non-Socialist publication. The mailing lists of the party were placed at the disposal of the business office of that magazine, and members were employed as canvassers to drum up subscriptions within the party ranks. The nominal justification for this promotion was that the magazine contained a series of articles by Mr. Hillquit. But the subscriptions solicited were not for these few issues, but for six months or an entire year.

Just what the order against the *New Review* did may best be gathered from extracts of a written protest sent, on September 24, 1913, by the New Review Publishing Association:

To the Central Committee of Local New York, N. Y. City. Comrades: Through the Socialist press and otherwise it has come to the notice of the Board of Directors of the New Review Publishing Association that the Central Committee of Local New York (Manhattan) has promulgated an order forbidding the Branches of the Local from selling or distributing *The New Review* at public or propaganda meetings.

While comprehending perfectly the motives underlying this order, the Board of Directors of The New Review Publishing Association desires to protest vigorously against it. The members of the Board, who are also members of the Socialist Party, deny the right of any authority in the party, even the highest, to dictate to the smallest subdivision of the party what kind of Socialist literature it may or may not use in the propaganda of Socialism. This Board regards the action of the Central Committee as a usurpation of authority, which, if permitted to stand, threatens to destroy within the party all freedom of

speech or press and to suppress all honest and free discussion.

Free speech and free press are the most fundamental of all democratic rights, antedating the birth of the Socialist movement, and no progressive movement, least of all the labor movement or the Socialist Party, can thrive without the freest discussion of principles, policies, tactics and methods of procedure.

It has been asserted that this act of the Central Committee is not a violation of free press because it relates only to public meetings. The members of this Board deny that any valid distinction can be drawn between propaganda and other meetings. In the first place, the sale and distribution of literature takes place almost exclusively at propaganda meetings; hence to prohibit the sale of *The New Review* or any other publication at such propaganda meetings is equivalent to prohibiting its sale at practically all meetings. Secondly, to prohibit a minority from disseminating its views among those not yet members of the party is practically to prohibit that minority from propagating the ideas of Socialism in accordance with its own lights.

The protest concluded by demanding that "the high-handed and usurpatory order in question be reconsidered and rescinded." It was complacently ignored, not only by the body to which it was addressed, but by the whole Socialist party and its regular press. The very Socialist newspapers and periodicals which later, during the war, shrieked about governmental "violation of freedom of the press," had not a single word of condemnation to say on this occasion. To them the expurgation of the *New Review* was a perfectly proper and necessary demonstration of Socialist party discipline, and they stoutly defended it as such. But the main justification given was that the *New Review* was tacitly siding with the believers in sabotage. This was a pretext, as events proved. Less than four years later, when German agents were instigating the sabotaging of industrial plants here, a resolution was passed, in a formal national committee meeting, revising its attitude on sabotage.

Proscriptive tactics of this nature have been carried further by Lenin and Trotsky. Having the power to decree anything they please, they have suppressed, not merely bourgeois and moderate Socialist publications, but also trade-union magazines. One instance of many is the following decree published in the Bolshevik organ, *Bednota*, September 17, 1918:

Suppression of the newspapers.—The Department of the press decides definitely to suppress the following magazines, which stirred up agitation and made appeals to the upsetting of the power of the Soviets. They are: *The Professional Union*, *The Typographer*, and the newspaper, *The Free Voice of Labor*.

The list of publications suppressed by the Bolsheviks is a long one. No printed matter of any kind disapproved by the Bolshevik rulers, whether newspapers,

(Continued on page 264)



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(Continued from page 262)

magazines, books, or pamphlets, is allowed. The suppression is not merely temporary, it represents a permanent and implacable policy, attended by summary shootings. It has been hailed with delight by the Left wing of the Socialist party in the United States, which declares it "a necessity of class warfare." The Right wing, although disapproving of the suppression of moderate Socialist newspapers, strongly relishes the suppression of all "bourgeois" publications.

Yet facts such as these make no impressions upon the gullibles who, taken in by a flow of professions, rush forward to represent the radical press here as victims of a grinding governmental oppression.

GUSTAVUS MYERS

Books Received

FICTION

- Aikman, Henry G. The Groper. Boni and Liveright. \$1.60.
Emerson, Willis George. The Man Who Discovered Himself. Forbes & Co. \$1.50.
Goodman, Daniel Carson. The Taker. Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.
Locke, W. J. Far-Away Stories. John Lane. \$1.50 net.
Off Duty. Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. Century. \$1.50.
Tarkington, Booth. Ramsay Milholland. Doubleday-Page. \$1.50 net.

Weyl, Maurice. The Choice. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Fitzpatrick, Edward A. Budget Making in a Democracy. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Kalau, Maximo M. Self-Government in the Philippines. Century. \$1.50.
Purinton, Edward Earle. Personal Efficiency in Business. McBride. \$1.60 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

- Edwards, William J. Twenty-five Years in the Black Belt. Cornhill Co. \$1.25.
Hershey, Amos S., and Susanne W. Modern Japan. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.
Power, Rhoda. Under the Bolshevik Reign of Terror. McBride. \$2.00 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- A Treasury of War Poetry. Second Series. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.
Dowson, Ernest. Poems and Prose of The Modern Library. Boni and Liveright. 70 cents net.
Drinkwater, John. Abraham Lincoln, a Play. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.
Hagboldt, Peter. The Test. Cornhill Co. \$1.25.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- Hyslop, James H. Contact With the Other World. Century. \$5.00.
Kelman, Rev. Dr. John. The War and Preaching. Yale University Press. \$1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Gillian, Strickland. A Sample Case of Humor. Forbes & Co. \$1.25.
Husband, Joseph. A Year in the Navy. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.35.
Symons, Arthur. Studies in the Elizabethan Drama. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
Tompkins, Raymond S. The Story of the

Rainbow Division. Boni and Liveright. \$1.60.

Trevelyan, G. M. Scenes from Italy's War. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

The London Spectator Welcomes The Review

"The Review . . . is destined, we are sure, by its sanity and its wit to a long and prosperous career. It has been a cause of keen regret to many English readers that the once famous New York Nation, which used to reflect the spirit of New England, has become openly pro-German, pro-Bolshevik, and anti-English, while the New Republic, which was started some years ago to compete with the Nation, has also displayed a curious partiality for the Germans and Bolsheviks, though it is less hostile to this country. We are pleased to find the genuine American note sounded in the Review, as it is in the Bellman of Minneapolis, the Villager, and, of course, in the popular illustrated weeklies. It is highly important in these days that the educated public here should study the development of American opinion, and the Review will, we believe, represent the real America and not the wealthy little cliques which are more at home in Berlin or Moscow than in New York or Boston or Washington.—From the (London) Spectator, June 14, 1919.

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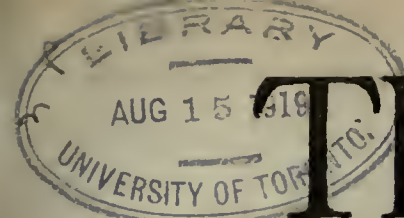
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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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New York, Saturday, August 9, 1919

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THE question of the treaty and the League has suffered a sudden eclipse. At both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, and everywhere throughout the country, the railroad issue has taken the centre of the stage, with labor troubles of many kinds and the problem of the high cost of living playing the part of a good second. In this new situation, the exponents of every view of the ratification question are looking about to find strategic advantage. But it is to be hoped that something more useful is also going on. The interval of inertia in the League contest might easily be availed of to shorten rather than lengthen the agony of cross-purposes. While economic and social issues are in the spotlight, intelligent leaders could, if they but understood their duty and their opportunity, quietly mature a final and reasonable programme. Just before the injection of the new issues into the field, the possibility of such an achievement seemed brighter than at any previous time. Seven Republican Senators of weight and standing had started a process which gave promise of resulting in

just that kind of reconciliation of apparently conflicting views which the case has all along demanded. To dispose of the treaty promptly is no less important to-day than it was ten days ago. The urgency of it is out of sight for the moment, but is sure to emerge again into the public consciousness before long. Is it utterly impossible for the leaders, and the great body, of the Republicans in the Senate to rise to the manifest requirements of the situation?

"I DON'T know of a Government-owned plant that produces more than two-thirds efficiency, and there are numerous examples much below this line." Coming from Chairman Hurley of the United States Shipping Board, on the eve of his retirement from that post, this verdict has unusual weight. And it is all the more impressive from the care Mr. Hurley takes to make it plain that he has no fault to find with the men who were associated with him in the vast undertaking of which he was the head. He found loyal coöperation on all sides—the public officials, the heads and managers of private concerns under government control, and the workmen employed, did all that could be expected. What was wanting was that force that keeps costs down, which is constantly operative under private ownership—the inevitable connection between good management and business success. "Special appeals," says Mr. Hurley, may "for a short time" take the place of that incentive of profit—or survival—which puts life into private management; but sooner or later the efficiency of the substitute disappears. The difference between the two kinds of stimulation, we take it, is a psychological one of fundamental nature. The motive of profit, or business survival, keeps a man's energy tense while not requiring him to be keyed up to any high state of moral tension—a state which, in time of crisis, bears him up as nothing else can, but which, except in extremely rare individuals, can not be maintained day after day and year after year.

JUSTICE NEWBURGER'S decision to stand for reelection against the candidate chosen by the Tammany boss is of even more interest this year than the like event would have in ordinary times. At all times Tammany's command of

judicial nominations has been one of the touchstones of good citizenship in New York. From that undisputed sway which the organization and its bosses had in the days of Tweed, its power in this field has dwindled, until for some decades it has been confined within narrow limits. The renomination of a man like Justice Newburger has come to be regarded as a matter of course, and not only the nomination, but the election, of such a man has been a foregone conclusion, because of the practice of endorsement by the Republicans, which has in a large measure taken New York City judgeships out of partisan politics. Murphy has chosen this particular moment to defy public sentiment, possibly counting on Justice Newburger, who is only four years from the legal date of retirement, not having enough personally at stake to be willing to take up the gauntlet. In doing so, he is performing a high public service, and the first reaction to his announcement appears to be a state approaching panic in the Murphy camp. It remains to be seen whether the public will do its duty and justify the boss's alarm. What tells in favor of Tammany in the impending contest is the overwhelming mass of public questions of the most vital character which are absorbing the attention of the community. It will be most interesting to see whether in the face of all this tumult the simple duties of old-fashioned citizenship will successfully assert their claim. A signal victory in this matter will mean much for the general idea of civic soundness, as well as for the immediate issue of a judiciary free from Tammany's dictation.

THE Chamberlain-Kahn bill for army reorganization has much to recommend it. It provides for a rather small regular army, 225,000, with whatever reserves can be obtained by volunteering. All physically fit male citizens, with the usual exemptions, between 18 and 20 years old are to be required to pass six months of army or naval training. By special exemption, the required training may be taken later, but not later than 26. These trained men may volunteer into the army or navy reserve, in which case they are for five years answerable for three weeks of training each year. If voluntary enlistment should ever fail to maintain the army and navy at the

peace figures, the deficiency may be made good by draft from the six-months men. What is proposed is a modification of the Swiss plan, universal training being the central idea. No healthy young man will be required to give more than six months to military training, but he will be encouraged to enlist in the reserve. The plan has the approval of the National Training Camp Association and doubtless represents General Wood's ideas of what is practical in reorganizing our military system. Detailed discussion must await Congressional developments.

AMENDMENTS to the Army court martial code forbid the reviewing authority to increase a penalty imposed by the lower court, or to reverse a finding of not guilty on any charge. Enlisted men are allowed to employ civil counsel at their own expense. For the layman we may recall that every court martial case is twice judged, once by the original court martial and finally by the authority that constituted it. The new regulations somewhat diminish the power of the reviewing authority and similarly strengthen the hands of the court of first instance. Very little practical difference will result from the changes. The reviewing authority almost invariably acts in the direction of clemency, and such an act as sending a case back for retrial and heavier penalties is extremely rare. Rather few enlisted men will want civil counsel. The new regulations chiefly bring into the code the principle that a man may not be put twice in jeopardy for the same offense. As an answer to the exaggerated agitation for tearing up the historic code this revamp is adequate. The reform expresses the judgment of the professional army that the court martial code is good, but was badly administered during the war. Here comparative statistics are eloquent. The army (Col. Ansell's figures) court martialed one man in twelve, the navy one man in seventy-five. The codes are virtually identical in the two services.

BY salving the sunken German ships, England raises an interesting point in law and policy. An abandoned, and all the more a sunken, ship is anybody's ship. It belongs to the first salver whose grapnels seize it. Hence the problem of the disposition of the German fleet becomes a simple one. Whatever hulls England chooses to raise henceforth will fly the cross of St. George and St. Andrew. We do not see that the most apprehensive American patriot needs to protest at this turn of naval events. The German ships, so highly is naval warfare now specialized, are rather trophies than reinforcement of the line of battle. The law of findings keepings may

not work theoretical justice, but the ships are in hands that will not abuse them. What is amusing, and perhaps instructive, in the close of the incident at Scapa is the outcome of the German attempt to spite the English. Here at least is poetic justice, even if the treacherous scuttlers are left at large to be punished only by a contempt seasoned with ridicule.

WHETHER a real anti-tobacco crusade is on or not, it is somewhat difficult at this moment to make out. But there is no inherent improbability in the report, except possibly as to its following so close upon the heels of the Eighteenth Amendment. Accordingly, it is possibly not too soon to point out a few features of the situation with which such a crusade would have to deal. In the first place it would have no barriers to overcome in the shape of an established regard for State rights, for local autonomy, or for the rights of minorities. All that was swept away, like chaff before the wind, in the onrush of the movement for national prohibition of alcoholic drinks. That the idea of personal liberty has suffered complete eclipse would be perhaps too much to say, but surely it has shown but the feeblest capacity to assert itself. Unless a reaction in public sentiment should take place, the fight on tobacco, if it should actually come on in earnest, will be concerned with a mere calculation of specific losses and gains.

It will be shown that a vast amount of money is spent upon tobacco and that the nation's life and efficiency can be sustained without the use of the weed, thus making all this enormous expenditure a dead loss. That the loss is cheerfully incurred by each individual spender has nothing to do with the case. If the tobacco money were translated into food and clothing, the community as a whole, it will be triumphantly argued, would be vastly better off. As regards the gains and losses from a more human standpoint, it may be argued in behalf of tobacco that while it may be highly wasteful there do not result from it the horrible consequences which attend upon excessive drinking; but on the other hand, neither do the joys of tobacco play a part in social and personal life anything like so important as that which has been played by temperate drinking throughout the entire period of recorded history. The abolition of smoking will not be acclaimed by anybody as the one thing needful for the extirpation of vice, crime, and wickedness generally; but neither will its abolition make anything like so radical a change in ordinary human life as the abolition of drinking. If, then, we no longer care anything about local self-government, and care next to nothing about the principle of

personal liberty, there doesn't seem to be any very convincing reason why tobacco should not go the way of its elder brother.

DR. JOHNSON'S growl about patriotism has been bandied about a good deal of late without any clear indication that its users were aware of what he meant by it. Like the man who refused to believe in the Bible because of its manifest absurdity in insisting that the voice of the turtle could be heard in the land, they have rashly jumped to the conclusion that by patriotism Johnson meant exactly what they would vaguely and variously understand it to mean. But Johnson meant by it something quite definite. "Patriotism," he burst out in a determined tone, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." To Johnson and to his hearers patriot was a perfectly understood term of reproach; in a later edition of the Dictionary Johnson wrote: "It is sometimes used for a factitious disturber of the government." Wilkes, who has recently been trotted out to display his martyr's crown to the edification of the Twentieth Century, was in Johnson's meaning a "patriot," and his adherents were even more "patriotick"; for, as Wilkes was anxious to explain, he was no "Wilkite." Other times, other manners. People nowadays are less at pains to assume a virtue if they have it not; they are more willing to set up an *ersatz*-virtue—philosophical anarchism, or internationalism, or pacifism. But there can be no doubt whom among us Dr. Johnson would to-day regard as perfectly fulfilling his definition.

IT is not surprising that many should now begin to desire that our dead be brought from France and restored, however pitiful a fragment, each to his family. It is a very primitive and human yearning, one not rudely to be brushed aside; yet those who feel it might well consider whether their desire is at the moment wholly wise and reasonable. Many, we know, are hardly capable of reasoning in a matter like this; their instinct rises from strata that were laid down in our common humanity before reason began to work. To such, an idle cenotaph is a mockery, a shrine without its relic to heal and console. Yet to satisfy, and by no means surely or with a complete and lasting satisfaction, this instinctive desire to live amidst our own dead, consider what must be done. The kindly reticence of many thousand graves must be invaded, their pathetically broken yieldings carried through a land burdened already to the breaking point with a grievous sense of loss, subjected to all the restlessness and uncertainties of the ocean, and here distributed from one end of the country to the other. No, particular disappoint-

ments would be too many, and the general indignity of the proceeding too painful, to admit of it. Roosevelt spoke wisely: "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." And the place is worthy of them. By the side of comrades with whom they shared the great vision of life and death, in the fields which their blood shall serve again to make beautiful, their simple monuments lovingly tended for all time and hallowed by the reverent visitings of a whole world, let them rest in proud tranquillity. Let us leave them there with their enduring glory.

CITIZENSHIP in a democracy is a great and glorious privilege, no doubt, but it involves so much responsibility that the common man, if he realizes his limitations, must feel quite unequal to the task. Consider, for example, the duty of keeping posted on the questions of the day—the League of Nations, intervention in Russia, the Shantung concessions, government ownership of railways, domestic and foreign trade, the management of the world in general. Consider the time it would take to read up on the least of these "social problems," for, if we may believe the scholars, the reading of a dozen books and fifty magazine articles would only give a beginning of knowledge—not light, but only darkness visible. So the case is hopeless, unless the citizen can himself drink deep of the Pierian spring or keep in constant communication with those who do. Such considerations as these should make the citizen realize that it is just as democratic to follow as to lead. In certain fields this democratic humility has already been attained. No layman pretends to original views on questions of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and other relatively exact sciences, except a few paranoiacs who have squared the circle, invented perpetual motion, or discovered that all animals were vegetarian before the fall of man. In the fields of political and economic science the case is otherwise, for there important interests are in conflict, sympathies are involved, doctors differ, authority is despised, and there is such a riot of loud-mouthed opinion that the still, small voice of truth can scarcely be heard. And yet, in a time of great emergency and danger men instinctively crave some form of authoritative guidance.

"**SPEED** up production" is so much the cry of the hour that even the British poet laureate becomes a target for the shafts of Parliamentary wit. The raw material is supplied him—England's part in the war, triumphantly concluded; he has been paid his salary; where is the finished product? Where are the battle songs? Where the odes to peace and to the League of Nations? Does the excel-

lent Dr. Bridges realize the transcendent importance of his position? As Fletcher of Saltoun said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who is Food Director or Home Secretary." One facetious member asks whether the cash payment made to the Laureate might not be once more recomputed for the traditional butt of Canary wine. Perish the thought! Better to be a butt than, in these days, to draw inspiration from one. In short, they dare the poor man to produce something—anything. It isn't fair. Dr. Bridges is a scholar and a gentleman, a poet of taste, if of no greater *enthousiasmos*. He can cite excellent authority for an incumbent of his position writing nothing at all, just as he can point to the horrible example of those who wrote too much, even in days when to write a pretty good poem was about equivalent to writing a pretty good sermon. If this sort of thing keeps on, the unhappy poet will be driven to eat his laurel wreath and go mad. Some seem to regard this eventuality as highly desirable. Like Orpheus, harried and torn by the mad women of Thrace, the head of the disjected poet might not remain, it might become, vocal.

The Country and the Brotherhoods

THE plan proposed by the four Brotherhoods of railroad employees for national ownership and coöperative control of the railroads has been put forward with great suddenness. Nevertheless it demands and will receive the most serious and concentrated attention of the public as well as of Congress. The questions which it raises are of the most profound and far-reaching importance, and will be considered from every possible point of view. But, profound and vital as is the issue in itself, a still more vital question confronts us on the very threshold of the discussion. It is a question transcending that of railroad status or management, transcending the claims of labor and the interests either of capitalists or of consumers in the economic effect of what may be done or left undone in regard to the railroads. What has to be settled from the very start is whether Congress is going to be a free agent in dealing with incomparably the most momentous question—other than one involving the preservation of the nation itself—that it has ever been called upon to decide. The charge that the Brotherhoods are "holding up Congress and the Government" has been promptly denied by them in a formal statement; let every Congressman and every right-minded American citizen see to it that the denial is made good. Here is a proposal the adoption of which would mean

a permanent and basic change in the entire economic structure of the nation, a change inevitably involving also the most far-reaching effects upon government itself. To pass upon it otherwise than deliberately, and according to the best judgment of the people's representatives, would be a gross betrayal of the country. Whatever else may be doubtful in regard to public sentiment on the question, it is absolutely certain that a manly assertion of Congressional independence would be met with the enthusiastic applause of the nation.

Coming to the proposal itself, one can in a brief space take up but a very small part of the questions it raises. Among the foremost of these must be counted the question whether the plan is calculated to accomplish the object which is put forward as the immediate occasion for the demand. That demand was made at this particular moment on account of the assumed impossibility of meeting in any other way the difficulties presented by the high cost of living. The raising of wages, the Brotherhoods say, can effect nothing, because it is immediately counterbalanced by increased prices due to that very raising of wages. Their plan, on the other hand, they claim, will keep costs down. The workmen, being given a share in any surplus of revenues over expenditures, will be interested in reducing costs through increased efficiency; and it must be admitted that the share they propose to themselves in the surplus is a most reasonable one—being limited to five per cent. of the gross operating revenue. The full argument by which this scheme is to be supported has not yet been presented to Congress or to the public; but on its face there does not seem to be anything in the scheme to warrant the expectation that it will keep down costs. Obviously, the interest of the workmen in increased wages will be far greater than their interest in the five per cent. dividend. The gross operating revenues of the railroads are now in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000,000 annually, five per cent. on which is \$250,000,000. This amount divided among upwards of two million employees would give them not much more than \$100 each, and it is not for increases of thirty or forty cents a day that the great fights of the railroad organizations in these times are carried on. Moreover, that limit once having been reached, the only thing left to do would be to strike, as of old, for higher wages. The coöperative or profit-sharing idea is, in itself, excellent. Presented on its merits as a separate proposition, it would be entitled to most favorable consideration; but as a solution of the cost-of-living question it appears to offer nothing of substantial value.

It is further most important to ob-

serve that, whatever advantages the principle of participation in surplus revenue may present, either to the employees as such, or to the public as interested in efficiency and economy, it is in no way bound up with nationalization of the roads. It would be quite as feasible under private ownership, and it is essential that the country be not stampeded into acceptance of Government ownership upon the plea of its being necessary for this purpose. The interest of stockholders in keeping down costs is of a radically different kind from that which the employees would have under this proposed five per cent. arrangement. The whole dividends of all the railroads of the country amount to less than ten per cent. of the operating revenues, and accordingly a matter of five per cent., or even much less than that, is of vital importance to every stockholder. This it is which gives the spur to efficient railroad management under private ownership; whereas under the Brotherhoods' plan, not only would the absence of a surplus be on its face of comparatively little importance to those in control, but there would remain the Fortunatus's purse of the public treasury to draw upon by special legislation.

In the case for the scheme as presented by the Brotherhoods, it is assumed not only that the present high level of prices will be maintained permanently, but that it is sure to continue to rise indefinitely and without limit. For this assumption there is no sound basis. No one can confidently predict the course of prices, but there is quite as much reason to suppose that in the natural course of things they will in the near future begin to decline as that they will continue to rise. As it is all more or less matter of conjecture, this might have no important bearing on the impending discussion, were it not for the circumstance that in attempting to rush legislation by whip and spur the assumed certainty of indefinitely continued rise of prices will be worked to the utmost. Among the many things upon which it will be necessary to keep our heads level, this is by no means the least important. To give in to the demand for the adoption of a policy to which only yesterday it was generally admitted that the whole country was opposed, on account of the sudden discovery, for which no rational ground is assigned, that ordinary adjustments of wages are henceforth impossible, would be the height of fatuous folly.

The Brotherhoods say that they are not engaged in holding up Congress and the Government. "This appeal," they declare, "is made to the American people direct. It invokes the judgment and common sense of public sentiment, of all the public which earns a wage or a stipend." There is one way, and only one, of ascertaining "the judgment and

common sense of public sentiment." It is for that purpose that under our system of government elections are instituted. By means of elections, and in no other way, can the nation's verdict be obtained on an issue so serious and of such vital and permanent import to the whole future of the country. In the interval between elections, upon a question on which there has been no popular mandate, nor the faintest semblance of one, the duty of every member of Congress is to act according to the true dictates of his own judgment and conscience. That the members of both houses shall do this, without fear or favor, without calculation of partisan or personal advantage, is all that the country demands. With this the American people will be satisfied; upon anything less than this they will be sure to pass the judgment of a righteous condemnation.

Bernhardi Carries On

EARLY in the Great War the world made the terrifying discovery of General Bernhardi. He had prophesied, perhaps even made, the war. The sensation passed, and General Bernhardi fell to the relative obscurity of Corps Commander, first in Russia and then in Picardy. From his present peaceful retirement under the Riesengebirge he resumes his most successful occupation, that of choragus of all

Ancient voices prophesying war.

Nay, he even foretells the particular next war. It is not, as the merely superficial surmise, to be between the United States and Japan. There is neither adequate clash of material interests nor satisfying promise of a real military conclusion. Neither nation can beat the other, then why should they fight? No, the war of the future is to be between the United States and England. Against that *Tag* we must cherish a by no means unfriendly Germany to be our European bottle-holder.

General Bernhardi takes pains to explain that he is not trying to stir up enmity anywhere, he is merely doing a plain duty as predictor of inevitabilities. He wishes ill to nobody, his fighting days are over. His voice and pen are engaged in the interest of humanity to let humanity know the worst. What is impressive in the attitude is its old-fashioned grace. Bernhardi must be pretty nearly the last leaf on the mechanistic tree, and he is cheerful in his isolation. He still holds, in the face of recent facts, that the fates of nations are mechanically determined. National free will, national morality are snares of the lexicon; the reality is national egotism, an insouciant will to greatness. To have held this view thirty years ago was to

espouse the fashionable commonplaces of philosophy; to hold it now is as heroically idealistic as wearing a Websterian beaver hat and swallow-tail coat in daylight.

The quaintness and pathos of the view almost inspire respect. It is so neat, so self-sufficient, so regardless of the millions that lie in untimely graves and of the tens of millions of mourners that go about our streets. They occur, says Bernhardi, it is deplorable, but the formula requires it. The formula is, in simplest terms, that if two locomotives manned by blind and deaf engineers approach on the same track there must some time be a head-on collision, in which the weaker mechanism will get worst smashed. Nations are like that. They must advance, they will clash. Foresight is limited to making good provision for the collision.

Here is perhaps the logical weak spot in the formula. No nation, to continue our similitude, can be foreseeing enough to provide the locomotives with engineers neither blind nor deaf, nor yet to build switches or erect danger signals. To do so might be good for the locomotives, but it would impair the formula. But, lo! one may add unnecessary steel to the locomotive, accelerate its speed, furnish it with spurs and rams, so that when it does crash into its fated opponent it may with least damage to itself do most harm to him. Philosophy permits no benevolent but only malignant precautions. A nation's will to power is unalterable, nothing is controllable by man except the particular tactics by which that will to power shall wreak itself. All this from a benevolent and clever old gentleman sipping his beer *sub tegemine*, with the midsummer clouds slowly balancing over the gentle undulation of the Giant Mountains.

The human picture is appealing. Is this the Bernhardi at whom we used to shudder? The voice is the same, but how different the effect to-day! Long may he live, keeping the formula warm, venerable gossip of such unsundering survivors as Julian the Apostate, Prince Charlie "the young Pretender," and Parson Jasper, who manfully lived and died in the faith that the world was shaped not like an orange but like a flapjack.

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American Finance and World Restoration

IN considering the problems of the rehabilitation of Europe's economic life and our relation to them, it is to be hoped that the American people will be at least as much interested in the duty of organized endeavor to meet the need, so strongly insisted upon both by Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Davison, as they were in the vivid and probably too terrifying picture drawn by the former of the European conditions themselves.

We lack somewhat the historical perspective which would enable us to look upon an after-war situation with the comparative calm that is natural to Europeans. Our own Civil War is just beyond the border of memory for most of us, but some may find something reminiscent in the stagnation of industrial life which Mr. Vanderlip describes. It is easy to forget that through fourteen centuries the nations of Europe have known many periods of apparent general destruction and chaos, disastrous defeats, and triumphs often equally disastrous. They have been many times in a worse plight economically than they are now, their populations more extensively cut down by famine and intestine strife, their lands and industrial equipment more thoroughly laid waste. Yet nothing is clearer in the historical record than the fact of the quick recovery of even the most hopelessly crushed and ravaged. Ten years after the Parisians were dining on rats, and France trampled and despoiled by a relentless victor and torn by internal dissension, the nation had made an industrial gain of fifty-five per cent. and was able to mock with her prosperity the financial indigestion and depression which the billion-dollar indemnity had given Germany. During the Thirty Years' War the population of Germany was reduced from 20,000,000 to 6,000,000. Saxony lost half her people and the rest were burdened with the support of the army with which the Swedes occupied the country. From then to the time of Napoleon the nation was racked by civil strife and repeated devastations of invaders, her population starving amid gruesome horrors that make Mr. Vanderlip's picture of Europe to-day seem sunny and joyous. Yet less than a hundred years later this nation could dare to bid for world domination and could hold practically the rest of the globe at bay for four years.

But every European peace readjustment in the past, as well as our own reconstruction struggle after the Civil War, was almost wholly a local and national process, more or less haphazard. On the other hand, it is clear that the present readjustment, like the war itself,

will involve international coöperation on a scale and by methods hitherto undreamed of, and it is here that there is the greatest call for the American imagination and for a constructive national consciousness. Europe will recover from the destruction of this war as she did from the equally paralyzing devastation of the Napoleonic wars a hundred years ago. But while it was then a matter of comparatively little concern to us whether she recovered in ten or fifty years, it is now of vital importance to every American that she recover as quickly as possible. Industrial stagnation in Europe means industrial stagnation here, perhaps on an even greater scale, since our industrial plant has been vastly extended by the stimulus of the war.

Only by some such "capitalization of faith" in the quick recovery of Europe as Mr. Davison calls for, can she and we recover without long and dark difficulty. As a basis, however, for the practical handling of the situation it is evident that we need in the first place a reliable and unbiased survey of the economic needs and capacities of the various nations. We can no longer depend upon each individual nation to take care of itself in coming out of the war chaos, nor can we depend upon the uncoördinated work of individuals or single organizations in this matter, involving, as it does, broad questions of international relations. At present there is little exact information on the financial and material requirements of the old and new nations of Europe. Various governmental and private agencies have, without coördination, submitted estimates of their requirements, making the situation appear worse in some instances and failing to present the needs of certain nations in others.

A second need is for some effective machinery commanding the confidence of all nations for allocating supplies and credit and for arranging the basis of security and the method of distributing the burden of such international financing as this unprecedented situation requires. Only a body of international character and responsibilities similar to and working along the lines of the Inter-Allied Supreme Economic Council, but representing all nations, and not only those of the present alliance, can make such a survey and adequately supervise such machinery. Since the United States will be called upon to furnish the bulk of the supplies and credits it is especially interested in seeing an organization of authoritative character established for these purposes. However constituted, such an organization of the world's recuperative resources is as imperative now as like organization was to the needs of war, and should command the earnest thought of all Americans.

A Sweetly Reasonable Anarchist

"THE Problem of the State" is the title of an editorial "featured" on the cover page of the latest issue of the *Nation*. Let it not be supposed that it is with any mere fiddle-faddle of improvement or reform that the article is concerned. One may speak of the problem of typhus, or the problem of counterfeiting—things that are not to be regulated or improved, but abolished—and it is in this way that the *Nation*, from and after August 2, 1919, must be regarded as looking upon the problem of the State. Half disease and half crime, the time has arrived when the human soul is going to throw off the incubus. The duel has begun, and "the ultimate issue is certain and near at hand; the instrument must finally yield to its creator."

Such being the *Nation's* conviction, we can not forbear to compliment it upon the exemplary patience which it manifests in looking forward to the emancipation of mankind from the miseries of government. By "near at hand" some thoughtless enthusiast might mean a few years, or at most a decade or two; not so this shrewd and sagacious guide. "Philosophic anarchism," he says, "is a creed that postulates too much nobility, too much self-restraint and self-abnegation, in common human nature to be immediately practicable. For many decades (perhaps even a few generations) longer, man must continue to bear as best he may with those accusing symbols of his moral imperfection, the policeman and the soldier." The arithmetic is a trifle puzzling, for it is difficult to see how one can have "many decades" in less than "a few generations"; but that is a detail. The plain fact is that the *Nation* does not expect to have the moral nature of all men completely perfected, thoroughly saturated with nobility and self-abnegation, in a period less than, say, sixty years, and is prepared to wait as much, we take it, as a round hundred years if absolutely necessary. Whether the editor of the *Nation* plumes himself on this exhibition of self-restraint, we have no means of knowing; but we think he is quite entitled to be, like the British conqueror in India, astonished at his own moderation.

Nor does this careful and sweet-tempered anarchist fail to make due provision for the guidance of mankind in the interval. "If, then," he prudently reflects, "the State can not at once be dispensed with, the alternative is reform, revision, melioration of the State idea." Just how this is to be accomplished is not, indeed, indicated with any definiteness; but as to the source from which the improvement is to come we are left in

no doubt. Just as the end is to be embodied in the moral perfections which are to be the common attribute of all men, so the means by which the end is to be attained are to be the contribution not of some superior mind here or there, but of the common thinking of common men. The *Nation* quotes the remark of a well-known writer that history is chiefly a record of the failures of government, and solemnly declares that "every good citizen must feel the stigma of that humiliating truth." Just how long it will be before "every good citizen" will feel that stigma as he should, we are not informed; but presumably it will be very soon indeed, for it is under the stimulus of that feeling of burning shame that he is apparently supposed to be stung into immediate action. Once get him going, however, and progress will be rapid:

He [every good citizen] must grapple as best he can with the problem of the State. As a beginning, Thoreau's suggestion is perhaps as good as any: "Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it."

Easy as rolling off a log—what a pity that it has taken the world some thousands of years to think of this simple method of finding forms of government to choose from! The only open question is as to whether the eighty years, more or less, of waiting are to be consumed in discussing these various interesting proposals or in trying them out, one after another.

With so much to praise in the broad lines of the article, it may seem a small matter to point out any special merits in the merely incidental reasoning that occurs in it. Yet there is one point of this kind that is so indicative of the superior mentality of the writer that we can not refrain from dwelling on it. After urging the absolute claims of individual freedom—"not the shadow of freedom but its substance; not political freedom merely, but moral and economic freedom," he exclaims: "If a government can not permanently exist half slave and half free, how much less can a human being!" A knock-down argument against the restraints of authority which has been waiting to be urged these sixty years; for we do not remember this obvious application of Lincoln's famous declaration ever having been made before. The trouble with so many people is that they are slaves not only to the traditions of politics, but to the traditions of logic. When Lincoln declared that the country could not permanently endure half slave and half free, he was talking about two physical halves of the country, in one of which slavery existed and in the other not; a situation which he thought was bound to result, sooner or later, in a decisive trial of strength

between the one part and the other, unless the discrepancy was removed. That was just plain ordinary logic; but here we have something that spurns the limitations of logic. Human beings have lived, each separate one of them, "half slave and half free"—in other words at liberty to do as they please about some things and not about others—as long as there has been such a thing as human society; but no human being has consisted of two physically separate parts, one free and one slave, as would be necessary in order to make Lincoln's saying have any bearing whatever upon the case. That is, any bearing according to the principles of rational thinking; but that only shows how necessary it is to abolish not only the laws of society but also the laws of thought.

If there is any fault to be found with this remarkable article, it is that it gives no hint of there being any excuse whatever for the blindness of the past. Mankind has borne so long with the State in spite of "its crimes against humanity," in spite of history being "chiefly a record of the failures of government," so many men accounted among the best and wisest of the race have in all ages looked upon government as the most indispensable agency of human welfare, that it can hardly be supposed that there is no good side to the thing. Far be it from us to defend either intellectual or moral cowardice; but possibly the supporters of the idea of law and government are to be accused rather of a lack of courage than of downright stupidity or absolute moral callousness. What they have done, and what the *Nation* is too high-minded to do, is to make comparisons not with that perfection which is now seen to be had almost for the asking, but with what mankind has been in the past, and with what, so far as human judgment can discern, it would have been in the absence of law and government. "The failures of government," these old-fashioned people have thought, measure what government has *not* succeeded in doing, but show nothing about what it *has* succeeded in doing. If history deals so largely with the failures, it is because the successes, when once firmly established, no longer call for recording—they are taken for granted. When men no longer go armed for self-defense, the fact is never mentioned in the annals of nations; when robber barons no longer levy toll on peasants and burghers, robber barons cease to figure in historic record; when women are safe from violation, when the highways of a whole kingdom are as secure as the centre of its capital city, when justice is meted out equally to high and low—nothing is said about these things. Of course, all that law and government has accomplished for human welfare and human development since the days of the cave-man is a

small matter in comparison with that sublimated perfection which the next eight or ten decades are sure to achieve; yet the contemplation of it does afford some slight explanation of the blindness of those who have not yet seen the light that shines on the editor of the *Nation*.

Art Homeward Bound

THERE is an interesting provision in the Peace Treaty, which gives to Belgium two masterpieces of old Flemish painting owned by the German Government. This is not a restitution. The wings of the "Altarpiece of the Adoration of the Lamb," by the fathers of modern painting—Herbert and John van Eyck—were honestly acquired by the Berlin Museum some ninety years ago. So were the wings of Dirk Bout's famous "Last Supper," painted for the now desecrated church of St. Peter at Louvain, legitimately purchased by the Museums of Berlin and Munich. The reunion of these severed wings to their parent panels at Ghent and Louvain is in no sense a restitution of stolen property. It is partial indemnity for the destruction of works of art in Belgium caused by German ruthlessness.

The transfer very clearly asserts the principle that indemnity for destroyed works of art should be rendered in kind. In most cases no other reparation is possible, since a fine work of art is unique and irreplaceable. There is not money enough in the world to repay the outrage wrought at Reims. A hundred million dollars will not restore her Cathedral to its former beauty. But the city of Reims could be partially compensated for the loss of her chief artistic attraction by receiving, say, all French Gothic stained glass, sculpture, and enamels in German museums. That would make Reims once more a place of pilgrimage for lovers of Gothic art. No mere payment of money would do so.

From the strictly legal point of view it may be noted that to give objects in German museums to communities deprived of their art treasures through German violence would be merely to attach national property for the payment of a national debt. With the former royal collections, the museums are state property. As the particular awards of indemnity are considered there will be many instances in which German money will not pay the bill Justice demands that in every case where German responsibility is legally shown and money can not pay, reparation should be made in objects of art—in kind. In this regard the Peace Treaty does inadequate justice to Belgium. It does afford a valuable precedent for similar future awards.

In the Treaty with Austria the precedent is considerably extended. The R

American Gardens Threatened

public of Austria agrees to negotiate amicably for the return to their country or origin of "artistic, archaeological, scientific, or historical objects" in the national or crown collections. For a special list of precious objects, including the relics of the Norman kings of Sicily and the Crown Jewels of Tuscany, with Polish and Bohemian archives, a judicial committee of three is to decide. If these objects turn out to have been illegally acquired, they are to be returned to the place of origin. Naturally Austria must give back all works of art seized during the present war. But here the Italians with amazing foresight and energy snatched the more important objects from under the batteries advancing from Caporetto. What is asserted in the Treaty is that exiled objects of art belong where they originated unless very good cause to the contrary can be shown. Evidently a general application of this principle would mobilize the public and private galleries of the world. We have to do, however, with a special case due to recent spoliation. Having certain restitutions to dictate, the Allies simply apply to objects of art the principle of self-determination. No question if the Berlin Van Eycks could speak they would vote to go back to St. Bavon's church at Ghent, and assuredly the insignia of the Norman Kings would prefer to rest within sight of the Matorana and Monreale.

Vienna, when all is said and done, will remain a capital of art. Most of the pictures in her museums go back to the old Hapsburg collections and were legitimately acquired. On the other hand, a proper insistence on reparation in kind may well transfer to Italy certain important pictures now at Vienna. Austria can not repay Venice in money for the shattered splendor of the Scalzo, once painted by Tiepolo, nor yet for the destruction of that rightly named jewel of a church, Santa Maria Formosa. But Austria can and should give to Venice that rarest of Venetian pictures, the *Philosophers* by Giorgione. That would somewhat make up for the destruction wrought upon Venice by the Austrian airmen.

We believe that as the committees on reparation consider the destruction of works of art, they will constantly be faced with the dilemma of fixing no indemnity or assigning futile damages in money. They will also find the defeated nations very reluctant to add to the indemnities for purposes of artistic reparation. Simple justice will then require that the indemnity be paid in kind from the national art treasures. Thus a general homeward tendency of older art may be merely foreshadowed in the Peace Treaties. As far as such reinstatements are called for by justice, they will be welcome to all lovers of history and art.

IT is not easy to get at the essential merits of the controversy that rages between the nurserymen and the Federal Horticultural Board over a ruling known as Plant Quarantine 37. Protests against it accumulate and the Board rejoins, explains, and scatters "releases" until the literature on the subject has attained formidable proportions. Yet it is a matter which profoundly concerns all lovers of growing things throughout the country, a matter in which they ought to inform themselves with the object of forming some sort of opinion. Briefly, the ruling, which went into effect on June 1, prohibits, with a few carefully guarded exceptions, the importation of all foreign nursery stock. This means that no yew or box or rhododendrons from Holland, no roses of name and pedigree from England, no peonies of the great French hybridizers, to name only a few of the more sumptuous of garden ornaments for which we are almost wholly dependent on Europe, can find entrance into this country. The object of this drastic action is not to exclude the shrubs and vines and trees which have conferred distinction on the recent renaissance of gardening in America; it is to exclude the pests that come with them.

No object, in the abstract, would be more laudable than this. Pests are not pleasant things. Our chestnuts are gone, the poplars, perhaps, are going, the white pine is troubled. The San José scale wrought havoc in our orchards, though the spraying necessary to check it worked to the improvement of fruit crops. Pests uninvited, like the gipsy moth and the brown-tail, or invited, like the grackles and starlings which bid fair to oust the sparrow from his pinnacle of disfavor, have no place in the best of all possible worlds in which we are about to live. The question here, as in so many fields, is not between good and bad; that brings its own answer with it. It is rather to ask whether the guarantee of future immunity from trouble promises to be good enough to compensate for the present sacrifices that must be made. If not, is there any other way to meet the situation?

The picture painted in the publications issuing from the Department of Agriculture is most doleful. The system of foreign inspection established by the law of 1912 has completely failed to cope with the difficulty. Some of the pests defy even the most expert detection in their early stages. Reinspection of importations from Holland, whose system is counted among the best, discloses no less than 148 species of injurious insects. Perhaps it is fair to say that none of these plagues has yet got a foot-

hold in this country. Our real troubles nearly all date back of 1912, and most of these, though not all, had their origin in the Orient. It is plain that even the sweeping action of the Horticultural Board merely reduces, without wholly removing, the danger of introducing unwelcome guests among us; such are not given exclusively to committing their pupæ to nursery stock or the earth about its roots; the burlap of bales, the wood of boxes or crates which enclose quite other merchandise will at once compass their purpose and our ruin. Since Eden, it has proved difficult to keep intruders out of gardens.

In the present controversy neither side can be regarded as unprejudiced. The scientific mind is always a little unscrupulous in cutting its way through the facts of life toward the conclusion of an interesting experiment. Government just now has the feeling that it has a free hand to make a thorough job of ridding the world of all that's wrong with it, with a hint that the action taken was necessary as a war measure, and now that it has gone so far the matter may as well be pressed to the end. The importers and growers, on the other hand, are ready to take some risk rather than see their business crippled. They can hardly lay claim to complete innocence of interested motives, although the campaign carried on by such a paper as the *Florists' Exchange* is characterized by a genuine desire to discover the course of wisdom. Though warned of the impending fall of the axe, the commercial men do not feel that they were consulted as to where it should fall.

Doubtless with this bit of legislative perfection, as with much else, we shall contrive to get on. Perhaps it will even achieve part of what its proponents claim for it. It may be that it will encourage the development of our native plant resources. It may be that the amateur gardeners of the country will be willing to pay the price necessary to justify in this country the propagating and continued transplanting of yew and rhododendrons. But it is only too apparent that for a long time any man who aspires to a garden must pay a high price for poor stuff. Fortunately the quarantine is subject to future modification; it is not embodied in a Constitutional amendment; it is only a ruling of the Horticultural Board. And surely as time goes on there will be ample opportunity for the experts of the several countries to come together in conjunction with the more far-seeing importers in the hope of finding more and more points at which the ruling may with safety, and with great advantage to our gardens, be considerably modified.

Capitalism and the Proposed Alternative

THERE is an old adage to the effect that however painful it is to be sizzled in a frying pan, a leap into the fire is unlikely to furnish relief. To the collectivist who, though he has no love for bourgeois capitalism, yet clearly sees the evils of Bolshevik sovietism, the aptness of this adage is constantly borne home. He has small desire to exchange a system under which, for all its defects, he has definite guarantees, a wide range of opportunities, and a certain freedom of action, for one under which he would have nothing but the memory of what he had lost.

Yet Bolshevism, or some variant of that political and ethical chaos, is the only alternative to capitalism that is now offered him. All the so-called radicals, of all conditions, from mere left-wing democrats to transcendental super-Socialists, and from "blanket stiffs" to the illuminati of the coteries, unite in singing its praises. Though rival factions quarrel a good deal over its terms and conditions and still more over the manner in which it is to be brought in and the agencies which are to be entrusted with the dictatorship, Bolshevism or near Bolshevism is their common goal. Up to five years ago the official Socialists had an alternative proposal which every collectivist could accept. From a variety of causes, however, these official Socialists have reacted from almost everything for which they stood in the years before 1914, and have now succeeded in virtually identifying Socialism with Bolshevism. Some recent tendencies toward a modification of their attitude are observable; but they have to do with means rather than ends, and they have been forced by the excesses of the dervishes and the impossibilists of the movement. They indicate no fundamental change. And thus, since all radical roads lead to Bolshevism, more than ever before it becomes necessary for the open-minded collectivist seriously to compare the thing that is with the things proposed. On the one hand is the system of capitalism as it obtains in the "bourgeois republic" of the United States. On the other is the set of conditions which prevails in Russia under the rule of Lenin, Trotsky, and Peters, and the proposals advanced by pro-Bolsheviks in this country.

In the first place, capitalism promotes political democracy. No one has shown this fact more plainly than Marx himself. The progress of political democracy has been greatest in the most highly developed capitalist countries. Bolshevism, on the other hand, openly

repudiates popular rule. There is nothing novel in the fact that an oligarchy, by whatever name it calls itself, mercilessly uses the bayonet in maintaining its power. The novel thing—the complete break with the past—is found in the attitude toward democracy now held by Socialists and other pro-Bolsheviks. Formerly, with most of these, democracy was a cardinal article of faith. Now it is either disavowed and rejected, or disingenuously explained to mean something other than what they have heretofore held it to mean. The first duty of a proletarian revolution, says Lenin, is to crush out opposition; and where this necessity rules, he further says, democracy can not exist. This doctrine, so brutally frank, is by the more fervent pro-Bolsheviks accepted as holy writ. But it is too strong for the stomachs of many who call themselves Socialists or radical democrats, and so they resort to new interpretations. Democracy, it would appear, is any kind of rule imposed by an oligarchy so long as it is imposed in the holy name of the proletariat; if this be not democracy in perfection it is at least a preparation, and will be complete, pure, and perfect as soon as all its opponents are bayoneted, hanged, or starved to death. It is something less than democracy only because misguided and wicked persons, blind to its blessings, refuse to accept it. This latter view has been developed at length by several Socialist and near-Socialist pundits and appears now to be the most favored one among the moderates. But whatever the angle of view, all the Bolsheviks and pro-Bolsheviks agree that opposition is to be suppressed. Capitalism allows for wide differences of opinion and constructs elaborate machinery for the protection of minorities and for the change of rulers as yesterday's minority becomes to-day's majority. Bolshevism in practice, as well as its sister creeds in theory, protects neither minority nor majority so long as it is in opposition to the régime. All opposition must acquiesce or be blotted out.

In the second place, capitalism does not convict the individual offender by secret accusation but by public trial according to long-established forms. Neither Bolshevism nor any of its sister creeds has any scruples about the means so long as it gains its end. Let it be granted that before our courts there is often found to be one law for the rich and one for the poor; it is certain that in Russia there is one law for the Bolshevik and another for the non-Bolshevik. Granted that in this country we

sometimes have a Mooney trial; in Russia all trials are Mooney trials if only the accused is a bourgeois, an intellectual, or a Menshevik; and so they would be in America under any revolutionary group—I. W. W., S. L. P., W. I. I. U., Left-Winger or Right-Winger—that succeeded in bayoneting itself into power. The cynical apologies for terrorism as a means of installing and maintaining the reign of brotherhood, benevolence, and justice, which one now hears on every side, leave no intelligent person a doubt that what has happened in Russia would be wrought out here on a larger scale and with a more ferocious intensity. Let it be further granted that in this country we have outbreaks of lynch law. But in the first place, our lynch law is sporadic; it has not been developed into a system, as in Russia; and in the second place its most typical example—that of the hanging or burning of a negro for rape—has nothing to do with the economic conflict and might conceivably as readily happen under communism as under capitalism. Nothing that our vociferous revolutionists offer us in the matter of the administration of justice is likely to convince others. It is even to be said that these revolutionists do not convince themselves; for there is not a sane one among them who would not, as he reflects upon the animosities of the contending groups, a thousand times rather trust his chances before a tribunal to a capitalist judge than to a revolutionary judge from a rival faction.

In the third place, capitalism permits its opponents to live and move and have their being. Bolshevism, on the other hand, is largely occupied with putting its opponents out of the way; and the pro-Bolsheviks sanction this course as one eminently wise and necessary for the protection of the régime. Under capitalism the antagonist of the government seeks the limelight. Under Bolshevism, unless he can buy immunity, he is more likely to seek an underground cell; and he would be equally self-effacing under a régime of any of the groups that are now clamoring for a proletarian dictatorship. This "bourgeois republic" draws the line at interference with the prosecution of a war and at plotting for a violent overthrow of the government; but outside of these self-preserved restrictions it allows its antagonists an almost unrestrained freedom of speech, press, and assemblage. Of all contradictions in a contradictory world there can hardly be one more absurd than the sight and sound of voluble agitators giving themselves up to every violence of accusation and incitement and in the same breath denouncing the government for its repression; in the same breath, moreover, while denouncing the minor repressions of a democratic republic, excusing and even extolling the major repressions of

a usurping oligarchy in Russia. No very lively sense of reality can be predicated of such persons. They see—that is, those of them for whom the rôle is not a mere theatric pose—everything in a distorted perspective. They have fanned their emotions into fanaticism, and as fanatics they see, and feel, and speak.

These are but three instances in a list of comparisons which any sincere and intelligent collectivist can indefinitely extend. Such a one has no need to forget or ignore what he has always regarded as the inherent defects and the attendant evils of capitalism. He has no need to surrender any part of his faith. He may believe as ardently as ever in the ultimate coming of the coöperative commonwealth. He has merely to compare, open-mindedly and point by point, the system under which he lives with what now prevails in Russia and to test the comparison in the light of the utterances of the Bolsheviks and their American disciples. He can not but conclude that the part of wisdom is rather to bear those ills he has than fly to others that he knows too well. Many of these ills, he will see, are remediable ills—amendable or eradicable even under the system which he believes creates them; and he can, in his devotion to the cause of humanity, far more profitably give himself to the common effort toward amelioration than to the countenancing of turbulent and anti-social revolutionism. He may grieve that a fusion of charlatanism and revolutionism has for the time spoiled him of his hopes and that the goal which a few years ago seemed so promising has been pushed back into a future more remote. Yet he can not but see that this flamboyant and corybantic revolutionism is a transitory thing; that it has no roots in the great mass of the people; that it is almost unanimously rejected by labor, which has most to say in the matter, and that its high priests and apostles are for the most part mere dilettanti of the coteries.

And possibly he could further see, if only he might read the inner selves of these revolutionary super-souls, that the goal they profess to seek is not at all the thing they want. Despite the evils they attribute to this bourgeois republic and notwithstanding the blessings they attribute to a Bolshevik régime in another country, they choose to remain right here; while the threat of deportation directed against some of their allies rouses them all to an extreme frenzy. They are, in fact, happiest and most fortunate in their present environment. Bolshevism would prove sorry times for them indeed. For a few of them there might be the brief ecstasy of sharing in the group dictatorship of power; and as they are all idolaters of power for its own sake, the transport and rapture of

this experience would be transcendent. But to most of them Bolshevism could provide none of the things which they now lack, and it would deprive them of all that now contributes to the perpetual flood of stimuli so necessary for their life and proper functioning. In no conceivable order of society could they be so favorably placed as in bourgeois capitalism. It can hardly be doubted that in their lucid moments they recognize this fact. It is further gravely to be suspected that with many of them the intensity of fervor for Bolshevism is in direct ratio to the degree of realization that it is unattainable. American Bolshevism can not be sure of its own supporters.

The capitalist order can assuredly draw no plaudits from one who has seen and comprehended the vision of the co-operative commonwealth. But when set off in sharp contrast to the wretched alternative now proposed, it reveals at least an acceptable *modus vivendi*—a workable means of going on. At any rate it carries a franchise from the majority; it is responsive to criticism; and it maintains itself by a constant series of adjustments to human needs. Bolshevism and its sister creeds base themselves on a terroristic reaction which denies the most primal rights of human beings and asks no other franchise than the bayonet.

W. J. GHENT

Why Is Kolchak Attacked?

IN the *Review* of July 12, I called attention to the malicious misrepresentations of Admiral Kolchak and the Omsk Government contained in an article by Dr. Joshua Rosett in the *New Republic* of July 9. In answering this attack I endeavored to analyze fairly the character of his argument and explain in detail its bias and falsity. I made no statement that could not be supported fully by reliable witnesses and documents.

In its current issue, the *New Republic* attempts a rebuttal of my answer, partly by editorial comment and partly by a memorandum by Dr. Rosett. The editorial comment states that "the answer admits the essential charge—that Kolchak crushed a democratic, anti-Bolshevik government in Siberia. It does not deny that acts of cruelty and tyranny without number have been committed by Kolchak and his clique. Mr. Landfield not only corroborates the accusations, but approves of the *coup d'état* and its methods." It further states that I characterized the Constituent Assembly as Bolshevik!

The best answer to this grotesquely unfair comment is my article itself, from which no such inferences can possibly be drawn. So far from admitting any such charges, I entirely disproved them by reference to the established facts. That the *New Republic* should seek refuge in such comment is in itself a confession of its inability to meet the facts.

In his memorandum, Dr. Rosett is no more fortunate in putting his case than in his original article. Again he not only falls back on newspaper comment but disingenuously twists it to suit his needs. The main feature of his memorandum deals with the attempted rising of December 22-23, 1918, at Omsk. Not having been in Omsk himself, but three thousand miles away, he makes up a story concerning this affair based upon

quotations from the Omsk newspaper, *Zaria*, which he manipulates rather stupidly to prove his thesis that members of the Constituent Assembly were murdered by Kolchak.

A simple statement of the authentic facts of the rising and of the lynching that followed its suppression will sufficiently indicate the general untrustworthiness and malice of Dr. Rosett's charges. A month before, Admiral Kolchak had been asked to take upon himself the task of reorganizing the government at a time of great crisis. The Avksentiev Directory had not only shown itself utterly incapable of running a government and of forming an army to meet the Bolshevik menace, but its head had been discovered intriguing with Chernov, chairman of the Socialist Revolutionary Committee at Moscow, who had come as an emissary to persuade Avksentiev and Zenzinov to betray their more moderate colleagues and deliver Siberia over to the Soviet Government. They had already started propaganda among the soldiers. At the same time, news of the armistice had come and the Czechoslovaks were planning to withdraw, which, thanks to Avksentiev's incompetence in forming a Russian army, would have left the people at the mercy of the Bolshevik forces.

Kolchak had nothing to do with the *coup d'état*. Let that be clearly understood. He was at the front when it occurred, returned in response to an urgent telegram, was offered the onerous task of leadership because he was the one man suited to it, and accepted unwillingly, but as a patriotic duty. During the following month there were two plots against him. The first was a monarchist plot. This was discovered and frustrated. The second was a plot of disgruntled Socialist Revolutionaries and Bolsheviks, and resulted in the affair to which Dr. Rosett refers. It was elabo-

rately organized and the conspirators even went so far as to have an office, with typewriters and other equipment.

The insurrection took place as per schedule, but it was quickly put down. One feature of it was the release from jail of the prisoners, both political and criminal. Certain of the prisoners voluntarily returned to their confinement when they saw that the rising had failed. A reactionary officer with a squad of soldiers subservient to him went to the jail, and by presenting a forged order removed several of the prisoners, who were members of the old Constituent Assembly, and killed them. To hold Admiral Kolchak responsible for this lynching, as Dr. Rosett does, is foul slander. The Government deplored this outbreak of mob violence and Admiral Kolchak rose from a sick-bed, where he was lying threatened with pneumonia, to put an end to it and to prevent a recurrence. He had an enquiry instituted at once. The officer and a government official implicated were arrested, tried by court-martial, and shot. When this rising occurred, it must be borne in mind that the new government had been established but a month, that conditions were exceedingly disturbed, and that everybody was fearful lest there should be a return of Bolshevik rule.

Now read the paragraphs from *Zaria* quoted by Dr. Rosett. They do not only corroborate this true statement of the affair, but they reflect the embarrassment of the Government lest it should be held responsible in the eyes of the world for an act that they would have prevented at all costs. Admiral Kolchak's declaration, thanking the troops and uttering a stern warning against any further uprisings, referred to the quelling of the insurrection and had nothing to do with the lynching. But the gem of Dr. Rosett's collection of misused quotations is the following:

"Why was this done?" asks a *governmentally-disposed* newspaper. "Is it possible that the members of the Constituent Assembly were murdered with a view to killing the idea of a Constituent Assembly itself?"

The purport is perfectly clear and evident. The editor, probably mindful of the earlier monarchist attempt against Kolchak, ventures this explanation of the purpose of the officer guilty of the crime. Most assuredly he did not imply that this was the purpose of the Government which executed the officer for his crime. Instead, it shows the loyalty of Kolchak to the Constituent Assembly pledge which he had made.

It would seem hardly necessary to advert to Dr. Rosett's other charges. He objects to my characterization of Agareff, whom he speaks of as "the regularly elected Mayor of Vladivostok, a man of great ability, sincere and firm in

the performance of his duties." Picture to yourself a corresponding situation in an American city. Imagine a notorious Bolshevik securing for himself a position as Mayor through the franchise of a mob of transient I. W. W.'s, and then resisting the authority of the Federal Government that loyal Americans had set up to restore their country after the chaos wrought by Bolshevism. This was the position of Agareff at Vladivostok. As to Nikiforoff, I have only to refer Dr. Rosett to the criminal records at Vladivostok.

But after all Dr. Rosett is only an insignificant Bolshevik. Under ordinary circumstances his misrepresentations and false statements would scarcely circulate beyond his own radical circles. The significant fact is that the *New Republic* exploits his story. The editors may, of course, have been taken in by him, but surely it was their duty to make the necessary enquiries concerning his record in America and his record at Vladivostok. The head of the American Red Cross there would have given them information. Further than this, they could have checked his statements by consulting with such men as Mr. John A. Embry, Dr. R. B. Teusler, Lieut. M. P. Cushing, and others, all absolutely trustworthy men with first hand information, men who had observed these things on the spot, and not simply heard about them as gossip three thousand miles away at Vladivostok. Why do the editors feature such tales? Why do they persistently attack Kolchak and Denikin, and advocate dealings with the Soviet tyranny that has killed democracy in Russia? It is for them to answer.

Some months before the outbreak of the Great War there was formed in Berlin an association for influencing the press of other countries. Sir Edward Goshen in February, 1914, reported it as a vast system of international blackmail. It was directed by Harmann, head of the Press Bureau of the German Foreign Office, and participated in by representatives of the Deutsche Bank, the Diskonto Gesellschaft, the North German Lloyd, the Hamburg-American Line, the Gruson Works, the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft, the Schuckert Works, Siemens & Halske, and Krupps. There is no space here to enumerate even a few of their known operations or how they acted as a sort of special General Staff to direct the activities of a great organization all over the world that was the complement of Germany's military machine. Many of their operations in Spain, in Switzerland, and in Italy have been exposed through treason trials, through the confessions of anarchists, through the discoveries of the secret service. Everywhere they promoted strikes and labor unrest, subsidized socialist and other radical papers, influenced public opinion

by the circulation of lies. Their biggest success was in Russia.

But here in America they were no less active. They worked through many groups and in divers ways. First there was the honest pacifist group. Innocent-appearing peace societies were organized. In one instance a fine old Civil War veteran became the president and leading spirit of such a society and did not discover until later that he had been made use of by German agents. Berlin chortled when Mr. Hearst espoused the German cause and began his attacks on England and Japan. Lying tales of Russian atrocities in East Prussia, tales of which the Germans themselves now admit the falsity, were circulated to alienate sympathy from Russia and to offset the authentic reports of German misdeeds in Belgium. Agents were sent among the negroes to stir them up against the whites. Later on these fiendishly clever men seized upon the Zimmerwaldian formula of "No annexations and no indemnities," the secret treaties, and the restatement of war aims as a means of splitting the Allies and confusing liberal thought in America. But these are only a very few of their manifold activities. Their military machine broke down and the war was ended—that is to say, military operations ended. But their propaganda machine is still doing business at the old stand, endeavoring to weaken the application of the terms of peace, and to gain control of the vast resources of Russia.

I have no space to chronicle step by step the campaign they have carried on in our own press. It is enough to indicate the anti-interventionist propaganda, the pro-Soviet propaganda, the "Why are American soldiers in Russia?" propaganda, the "Let the Russians settle it themselves" propaganda. At the present moment it is the anti-Kolchak propaganda. The scheme is clear and simple. If Kolchak and Denikin succeed in their noble and patriotic efforts, the national Russian state will emerge again. It will be directed by Russians and will be friendly to the Allies who helped them. If, on the other hand, this attempt can be killed, then chaos will reign again and the only power left in Russia will be the Soviet Government. The Germans have no illusions as to this grotesque experiment in government, but they have commenced trade with it and they will allow it to continue for a time while they are acquiring from it all possible stocks of raw materials. They know perfectly well that it can not last, but they know that with the fall of the Omsk Government the stock of the Allies in Russia will go to zero. What will happen when Lenin and Trotsky come to the end of their tether? The line is already indicated. It is not likely to be a violent revolution. Already the Soviet Government has de-

parted far from its communist programme and its Marxian theories. The Bolshevik leaders are now chiefly concerned, not with theory, but with the retention of their loot. Already thousands of Russians, despising the Bolsheviks, but hating the Allies for their betrayal of Russia and their treatment of her at the peace table, are working whole-heartedly in the Soviet organization. They do so because they realize that the Bolshevik rule is but a passing phase and they are preparing against the time that Russia will come into her own. The Germans realize this and know that they will be called upon to take part in the work of re-organization. The prize is in their grasp if only the Allies and America continue their stupid policy and let the Omsk Government fail. Why then should they not stir up the workingmen in all the Allied countries to demand that their Governments withdraw from Russia and give no aid to Kolchak and Denikin? Why should they not propose the absurd idea of an immediate Constituent Assembly to undermine Kolchak, just as they harped on the revision of war aims as a means of splitting the Allies? Why should they not attempt to damn Kolchak the Liberal and Patriot, by representing him in their subservient press as an autocrat, a tyrant, and a restorer of Czarism? God grant that America may awake and see the truth before it is too late.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Post-War Education

THERE are those who expect too much from a crisis and talk of a new dispensation or a new world-order; and there are others who are without vision or who close their eyes to the signs of the times and clamor for "business as usual." It is folly to expect too much: the chemical elements of the earth and the laws of physical nature, the mind of man and the character of human nature, are not to be altered by that which, though it looks to the awe-stricken participator like a convulsion, is, in the infinite perspective of things, no more than a flurry. It is the same old world, even after the Great War. And yet it is not altogether the same, either. Things are never the same after such a stirring of what are, to our slight fathomings, the depths. However loud the cry for life-as-usual, life has not been as usual—not then, during the war, and not now, after the war. Indeed, it seems quite safe to assert that one phase of the life of this nation, not to say of human society in general, has passed and another phase begun. Between has lain a transition period, as indefinable as that which separates youth and manhood.

The nation has sensed this change and

it is recognized in the much talk about reconstruction. It is as if a great fire had wiped out part of a city and provided a chance for wider streets and better architecture. Or it is as if rigid forms had been broken down and dissolved into wet plaster, capable of being re-shaped, if it can be kept stirred up until we can decide into what new forms to cast it. The idea of reconstruction has been pervasive. There are few social forms that have not been subjected to questioning scrutiny: economic relations, government, religion, even the constitution of the family. But it is the educational system, perhaps, that has come in for the most thoroughgoing criticism and prospective overhauling. This is natural enough if education is to be conceived of as an induction of a new generation into its responsible place in the general social order of the nation.

The crisis past, we naturally prize that which saved us. But what did save us? There has been a test as by fire, and certain sorts of knowledge seem to have come out of it resplendent. Why should we not feel that the next generation must concentrate more attentively upon that which preserved the nation and, indeed, civilization itself? The studies of the future, according to one clear-minded educationalist, are to be the physical sciences with their applications, especially in engineering; the modern languages, particularly those of the Romance group; history; and, perhaps above all, the social sciences.

On the face of it the chemist seems to have emerged from the late ordeal with the greatest acclaim; but he is closely followed by the physicist, the geologist, and all those specialists whose knowledge has made possible the better care of the wounded, the sick, and the undernourished. In this "war of the laboratories" the physical scientists have had their chance to make a demonstration, and they have seized it. Also, the monolingual American has derived from his European contacts the realization that it is well to know another language; and he has come to be enlightened, particularly, as to the utility, present and prospective, of the other great tongue of the Americas. The world has compressed and drawn together during the recent struggle, and language-barriers to free communication, formerly pretty much ignored by us as distant and theoretical, are now seen to be nearer than was thought, and practical. We are more nearly in the situation of the smaller European nations at whose command of foreign tongues we have marveled in the past—we have lost our traditional position of isolation and self-sufficiency, and are crowded together closer upon our fellow nations.

It is not that we propose to practice the vindicated arts of war in preparation

for other wars. Those of us who feared the inoculation of our nation with militarism have felt an ever deepening content during the post-armistice period, for if the last half year has shown anything it has shown the nimble recession of the American people from an enforced status of militancy. Chemistry does not possess its undoubted eminence as an indispensable to the art of war; it is cherished because of its promise, more sharply revealed during the exigencies of war, as fundamental for the arts of peace. For through all the ages the arts of war have thus transformed themselves into, or at least have contributed copiously, to the arts of peace.

The claims of history and the social sciences are a little less obvious than those of the physical sciences and the modern languages. It was not alone by our knowledge of chemical formulas, beneficent sera, or the laws of hygiene that we were saved. The faith that engendered morale rested its case upon the repeated verdicts of history and a perspective of the undiverted course of social evolution. This is implicitly recognized in the publishers' lists and in the records of libraries. There seems to be a feeling that we had better know the past life of our fellow nations a little more intimately than we knew that of Germany, and that it is well to understand, in general, how this recent cataclysm came to be. The past has been brought nearer to the present in somewhat the same way as the nations have been thrown into closer proximity; barriers of time as well as of space have become subject to attrition. There is a practical side to all this. The war has revealed to us that there were many economic, political, and social phenomena under our eyes which we did not apprehend or understand, but which ought to have been seen and appraised; as a consequence of the war still other vital questions of the same order challenge us; and now we want the next generation to be better prepared to grasp and deal with them—not in view of war again, but under conditions of prospective peace, and with a view to an enduring peace.

It is doubtful whether any studies can aspire to much prominence unless they are seen to have a practical bearing on the art of living. The race has always been obliged to cultivate utilities, as a condition of existence or of reaching a better existence. The popular studies of any nation have always been those that issued in utilities, or were thought so to issue. But if any one is listing evidences of design in the universe, he should note that studies which are plainly pursued in view of their practical product always carry with them unforeseen influences of a less material order. They both stimulate and satisfy intellectual curiosity, and every one of them

leads at length to an insight into the nature of things that fathers sentiments of wonder and awe in the presence of power—of limitless force acting in orderly fashion under all-pervading law. Thus there are no purely practical studies at all; and even if the curricula of the future are to be limited to the subjects of science, language, and history, provided these are really taught and really studied, there need be no misgiving as to irreparable spiritual loss.

There are said to be certain studies which yield the immaterial satisfactions, but do not yield, or do not any longer yield, actual services in the art of living: Greek, for example, or astronomy. This is disputable, of course: if the happiest man is, as some one once defined him, the man with the greatest number of interesting thoughts, then, since no one can very well contend that happiness is not practical, studies like Greek can not be stripped of all utility for the art of living. For certain endowed and fortunate souls these less practical studies will always be the most practical.

But for the average citizen they can not be so. He can not work up into the empyrean because his life is irrevocably concerned with the immediacies. There is no convulsion of society that could con-

ceivably arouse in him a taste for the remoter studies. In general, and more specifically, he gets what can be presented in the public schools, including, if he is better-to-do, the high school. He has always seen the value of the three R's. He has never seen the value of the studies, especially as they have been pursued, that educational reformers and pedagogists (who are not clear in their minds, though enthusiastic with the vision of half-knowledge, and wordy to the hypnotizing of school boards) have succeeded in foisting upon the schools. But now a crisis has revealed a popular interest in certain subjects—disciplines more advanced than the elementary ones, yet with a character sufficiently practical to be practicable. It is the acceptance and development of this lead, vouchsafed by the automatic out-working of things, that is indicated as a policy of educational reconstruction. The list of subjects used as a text in the foregoing may not be exhaustive, but it is typical. The hint is unmistakable to any intelligence not prepossessed: it is time to drop out the educational fads and fancies and to develop those studies interest in which has been evoked by the revelations of the recent crisis.

A. G. KELLER

Herman Melville

(IN TWO PARTS)

MY introduction to Herman Melville is due to Edwin Lucas White, the author of "El Supremo" and of much verse equally notable, if too little known. Amid the rigors of philology, to which we were then both bound, we kept certain private delectations of a literary sort. One afternoon he took me to his study and instead of the expected sonorous passage from Victor Hugo's "Légende des Siècles" he read me the following words out of a stout, shabby, cloth-bound book named "Moby Dick, or The Whale":

To a landsman, no whale, nor any sign of a herring, would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it, and suffusingly blowing off to leeward, like the confused scud from white rolling billows. The air around suddenly tingled and vibrated, as it were, like the air over intensely heated plates of iron. Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling, and partially beneath a thin layer of water also, the whales were swimming.

(Then began the chase)

It was a sight full of wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling green; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves that almost

seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurtings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down its other side—all these, with the cries of the headsmen and harpooners, and the shuddering gasps of the oarsman, with the wondrous sight of the ivory Pequod bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood—all this was thrilling. Not the raw recruit marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle; not the dead man's ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world—neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does, who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed, churned circle of the hunted sperm whale.

The tang of this was unforgettable. That reading made a Melvilleite out of me. I bought everything Melville published—it took me ten years to do it, and my collection was only completed with the two privately printed pamphlets of poems, through the gracious gift of Melville's daughter. I read my collection up and down with increasing delight. Gradually I learned that to love Melville was to join a very small circle. It was like eating hasheesh. Robert Louis Stevenson and Charles Warren Stoddard had given him brave praise. John La Farge told me of meeting in the

South Seas two American beachcombers lured towards the Marquesas by the spell of "Typee." La Farge made the charming drawing of Fayaway standing in the bow of a canoe and serving as mast and sail. It was for the ill-fated reprint of "Typee" and "Omoo" edited by the late Arthur Stedman, and I saw another charming Fayaway in clay in the studio of the sculptress, Miss Elizabeth Cornwall. I owe to my enthusiasm for Melville acquaintance with extraordinary persons on both sides the seas; for no ordinary person loves Melville. So on the centenary of his birth it is a double debt of gratitude which I repay most inadequately in giving some account of one of the greatest and most strangely neglected of American writers.

I

Herman Melville was born August 1, 1819, in New York City, of fighting Revolutionary stock on both sides. His paternal grandfather, Major Thomas Melville, had been prominent in the Boston Tea Party. His maternal grandsire, General Peter Gansevoort, made a gallant defense of Fort Stanwix against Burgoyne's army. His father, Allan Melville, was a prosperous merchant in Boston and New York. He himself married the daughter of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw. His youth was passed in such mansions as he describes in "Pierre"—"an embowered and high-gabled old home." He lived much with his Gansevoort kin at Albany, where he got his schooling, and much at Major Thomas Melville's farm at Pittsfield, "Arrowhead," which Melville himself later owned. Major Melville had lived long in France and retained "a faded brocade of French breeding." Thus young Herman Melville came up a rare combination, a country boy nurtured in good books, gentle manners, and a cosmopolitan tradition. It was a paradoxical fate that led him to pass his young manhood in forecastles, and on Polynesian beaches, and his old age in the obscurity of a New York customs inspectorship.

Like many another well-born lad of the day, Herman Melville chose an adventurous life and went to sea. At eighteen he shipped before the mast for Liverpool, and his experiences later were told in "Redburn." There was an interval of school teaching. Then in January, 1841, he shipped on a New Bedford whaler. Magnificently poetized, his impressions of whaling are presented in "Moby Dick." Disheartened by the brutality and hardship of this life, he jumped ship with a companion "Tony" at Nukaheva. His flight took him to the liveliest vale of the Marquesas, Typee, where he spent four months amid the gentlest of savages. A whaler needing a hand rescued him from this earthly paradise, and Mel-

ville soon again took French leave at Tahiti. For months he lived as a beach-comber, and finally shipped on the Frigate *United States*, reaching Boston in October, 1844, bearing with him quite unconsciously literary treasure trove of purest assay.

Melville repeatedly told the story of his Polynesian days to friends. He was rehearsing his best loved books, "Typee" and "Omoo." By 1845 the manuscript of "Typee" was ready. Melville's brother, Gansevort, who was going to London as Secretary of Legation, handed it on to John Murray, and it was simultaneously published in London and New York in 1846. It brought Melville intoxicating acclaim, making him the most talked of author of the day. On the strength of this success he married Elizabeth Shaw, August 4, 1847, and through their long union and its sadder vicissitudes she made him an ideal wife. Late in 1849 he made a flying trip to London, where he was much lionized. "Omoo," 1847, describing his Tahitian wanderings, fairly followed up the success of "Typee." "Redburn," 1849, being the log of his first voyage, and "White Jacket," 1850, were less favorably received. The great whaling epic "Moby Dick," 1851, found an indifferent public. Meanwhile, in 1850, Melville, now bearing a father's responsibilities, took over the old Major Melville place, "Arrowhead," at Pittsfield, and tried to settle down as a gentleman farmer, in a life diversified by lyceum lecturing, active but unremunerative literary production, and occasional Southern cruises with his sailor brother, Thomas. His neighbor, Hawthorne, through the happy accident of their being both driven by a storm to the same mountain ledge with only the encyclopaedic Duyckinck as chaperon, became his fast friend, and Melville, Hawthorne's enthusiastic critic. The association may have accentuated certain mystical tendencies already preponderant in Melville.

Melville, in prose, for he was also no mean poet, had three styles, like an old master. The swift lucidity, picturesqueness, and sympathy of "Typee" and "Omoo" have alone captured posterity. Melville lives by his *juvenalia*. "Redburn" and "White Jacket" are straightforward manly narratives, less colorful than their predecessors. They have not stood the competition with Dana's quite similar "Two Years Before the Mast." They are not quite as solid as that classic, but their chief fault was merely in being later. Then Melville developed a reflective, mystical, and very personal style, probably influenced by Carlyle, which the public has from the first eschewed. It asserts itself first in the strange allegory, "Mardi, and a Voyage Thither," 1849, it pervaded "Pierre, or the Ambiguities," 1852, and other later

books. "Moby Dick" shows an extraordinary blend of the first and the last style—the pictorial and the orphic; is Melville's most characteristic and, I think, his greatest book. Still, for the average reader Melville is merely the author of "Typee" and "Omoo." Chronology and the popular will, if it can be at all invoked in Melville's case, alike bid us slur his single historical novel, "Israel Potter," 1855, and his middle-western character sketches in "The Confidence Man," 1857, and even the excellent "Piazza Tales," 1856, in favor of the Marquesan idyl and the picaresque account of Tahiti.

As Herman Melville staggered down the cliffs and cascades above the happy valley of Typee, a famished cripple fearing the redoubtable cannibals, the first human beings he saw were:

A boy and girl, slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended at opposite points two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit. An arm of the boy, half screened from sight by her wild tresses, was thrown about the neck of the girl, while with the other he held one of her hands in his; and thus they stood together, their heads inclined forward, catching the faint noise we made in our progress, and with one foot in advance, as if half inclined to fly from our presence.

The direct, assured, unaffected style of this holds through the entire book.

Melville was adopted by the king, Mehevi, nursed back to health by the loveliest of mistresses, Fayaway, and most devoted of aged retainers, Kory Kory. For four months he saw the life of the gentlest of barbarians in every aspect. He chatted with the bachelors at the *Ti* (men's club); he saw the wild dancing at the feast of calamashes, shared in the rites of the puppet god Moa Artua, entered the funeral fastnesses where the effigies of former heroes eternally paddled canoes adorned by the skulls of their foes. He heard the clamor of a cannibal feast, and lifted the cover of a tub where lay a fresh human skeleton. He heard the superb warrior Marnoo incite the folk to resistance against the invading French. He mused by pools, splashing with laughing bronze nymphs. Every evening these anointed him for the healing of his wounds and better sleep. He saw, without fixed religion or other law than a wholly capricious *tabu*, an entire population living in brotherhood and peace. He saw honesty without courts or prisons. He measured this idyllic life against civilization and wrote:

The term "Savage" is, I conceive, often misapplied, and indeed when I consider the vices, cruelties, and enormities of every kind that spring up in the tainted atmosphere of a feverish civilization, I am inclined to think that so far as the relative wickedness of the parties is concerned, four or five Marquesan Islanders sent to the United States as missionaries, might be quite as useful as an equal number of

Americans dispatched to the Islands in a similar capacity.

But it is, after all, less opinion than pictures which counts in "Typee," and the pictures are so vivid because there is no condescension in the observer's attitude. Melville was one of the earliest literary travelers to see in barbarians anything but queer folk. He intuitively understood them, caught their point of view, respected and often admired it. Thus "Typee" in a peculiar sense is written from the inside. The ready tolerance that Melville had learned in the fore-castle had not blunted the gentleman in him, but had prepared him to be the ideal spectator of a beautiful life that has forever passed. As having distinctly saved a vanishing charm for posterity, "Typee" is perhaps Melville's most important book.

Quite unlike the well-compacted proportions of the Marquesan idyl, is the straggling, picaresque vivacity of "Omoo." From the unspoiled loveliness of Typee, Melville passed to the tainted life of the Tahitian beaches. His companion was one of those amazing derelicts which the sea best affords, Dr. Long Ghost, reduced to the fore-castle, but having at some time or other "spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen." They jumped ship, were imprisoned and put in the stocks; wandered in rags from village to village; saw strange British despots who ruled by virtue of rifle and powder-horn; and even reached the presence of Queen Pomaree. The casual, care-free flavor of the book can not be suggested in quotations. Its manly vigor, as certain British reviewers duly pointed out, recalls the masterpieces of George Borrow. Among underworld romances it is strange that it has not taken the high place which on its merits it deserves. The style, as in the case of "Typee," had doubtless profited through Melville's habit of telling these yarns to friends. There is a clarity which tends to fade in the later and more consciously literary works. I don't know that any American writer has had a better eye than Melville. He is not merely a capital storyteller, but a most trenchant picture maker. In a few just strokes, without pretentiousness or faltering, he achieves his sketch. I choose, not from the famous books but from "Redburn," a picture whose original I have often seen—calm and the sea-approaches to New York:

The ship lay gently swelling in the soft, subdued ocean swell; while all around were faint white spots; and nearer to, broad milky patches, betokening the vicinity of scores of ships, all bound to one common port, and tranced in one common calm. Here the long devious wakes from Europe, Africa, India, and Peru converged to a line, which braided them all in one.

Full before us quivered and danced, in the noonday heat and mid-air, the green heights of New Jersey; and by an optical

delusion, the blue sea seemed to flow under them.

In its combination of precise and delicate observation, curious felicity of phrase, and implications of mystery and immensity, with just a tinge of conceitfulness, this passage is purest Melville. In one sense "Typee," the adventure and the book, made Melville. At twenty-seven, from being an oddity of the fore-castle, he jumped into fame. From "Typee" and his antecedent experience at sea came the subject of every book of his that has lived. In another sense "Typee" undid Melville. Its success barred other roads. Surviving himself by nearly forty years, Melville tried restlessly in one direction and another to work out a sort of philosophic romance in which he relatively failed. The so-journ under King Mehevi's palm trees had made a skeptic of Melville, yet a skeptic with philosophical yearnings and profoundly religious intuitions. It had destroyed also all political and social theories and gone far to efface conventional maxims of morality.

These may seem only long words for the fore-castle mood, which "bolts down all events, all creeds, and beliefs, and persuasions, all hard things visible and invisible; as an ostrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gunflints." It is a mood, however, endurable only for one who thinks little, and Melville thought tremendously. To doubt everything, yet to retain certain saving intuitions became his avowed programme. This work of critical destruction and re-integration was that of Melville's times—the Victorian mood. But few of Melville's contemporaries had gone so far in disillusion, few had razed prejudice so thoroughly, few had lived so much. What might have been a triumphant process of reconstruction—for Melville had the intelligence and apparently the force—lapsed through invalidism and misfortune into occasional strenuous gropings not without their nobility and pathos. Herman Melville was gradually eaten up by his desire to understand the eternal mysteries, and his activities were not of a sort to clarify his quest. His fate superficially was that of the Ohio honey hunter, described in "Moby Dick," who "seeking honey in the crotch of a hollow tree, found such exceeding store of it, that leaning too far over, it sucked him in, so that he died embalmed. How many think ye, have likewise fallen into Plato's honey head, and sweetly perished there?"

The human interest of Melville's later and forgotten work is so great that I can not follow my predecessors and betters in criticism who have agreed to ignore it as unreadable. We may best approach Herman Melville's cavernous phase from the vantage point of the great transitional romance "Moby Dick."

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Correspondence

Self-Determination and Expediency

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

May I carry one step further the very interesting discussion that has been developing in your columns over the matter of self-determination and some other political principles that are now so seriously agitating the minds and the consciences of us all? The articles that I have especially in mind are that entitled "The Psychology of Woodrow Wilson" (May 24), and the letter called forth by it (May 31), as well as the reviews by Professor Willoughby in the same issue.

We have, most of us, taken existing political systems very much for granted—have in a cold-blooded fashion analysed and described them, and noted their tendencies. Aware of some of its faults, we have seen in democracy the forward-looking movement of the age—but our active interest in it has very often gone no further than that; and when we have realized that in many places its development was being thwarted by reactionary governments, most of us have, I fancy, calmed ourselves with the comfortable faith that in time the forces making for progress must prevail over those making for reaction—that where autocracy existed it must finally give way to popular government, and where old conquests still held people more or less unwillingly subject, some sort of system would ultimately work itself out where-by greater local self-government should be accomplished.

But all this we have, to repeat, thought and felt in a very passive way. Our belief in democracy—for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have on the whole believed in it—has been becoming more and more a belief in its general expediency, rather than in its unique character as ordained by the laws of nature or of God, and for this very reason—because the expedient carries with it no great inspiration—this belief has been accompanied with little fire.

The burning enthusiasm for democracy as a gospel belongs to the period of the French Revolution especially—and to a lesser degree, perhaps, to the revolutionary periods of the nineteenth century. It is, of course, particularly to Rousseau that we look as the chief exponent of the doctrine, and his teachings were at the time received "with the fervor of a religious faith," as one recent writer has put it. If we were to seek the reason for this state of things, we should find a very significant explanation in the fact of the then common belief in the theory of Natural Rights, which Rousseau in his writings put forth

in perhaps its most extreme form. A very fundamental characteristic of this theory is its absoluteness and finality: these rights thus described as natural and inalienable belong to each and every individual by the very fact of his birth, and depend on no incidental circumstances or relationships. They are his to do with as he will, and no outside power may rightfully tamper with them without his consent—hence the inevitably democratic form of any government logically derived from this doctrine. As the nineteenth century wore on, however, this doctrine was first questioned, and then disproved, and accordingly, little by little, it lost its poignant force. Belief in political democracy remained, but it was in its later phases a belief based on the conviction that self-government is in the majority of cases ethically right because practically most expedient, and grounded also in large part on the actual facts of social development—on the natural desire of men to manage their own affairs, and on the growing power of the masses to insist on the fulfillment of their desires. From one point of view it may be said that much of the early enthusiasm of the doctrine of political democracy was shifted to the economic field; for, in the works of Karl Marx and others, the ringing appeal of Rousseau is certainly to be found, and in this present revolutionary age is being heard anew in the revived "Proletarians unite!" of the Bolsheviks and the Spartacists, who, like Marx, also, are fusing in their programme the political and the economic in the so-called democracy that they claim to wish to establish, and who are putting forth a doctrine as absolute and as final as any of the era of the French Revolution.

In more recent times, also, some of the more purely political aspects of democracy have again been attracting much attention, and so far as formal expression, at least, is concerned, the doctrine of political democracy has taken on a somewhat changed emphasis from that of earlier days. The "consent of the governed" is a more than a century old formula, but the "right of self-determination," although recognized and applied in former periods, belongs in its more definite formulation rather to the present age. Even so, however, it is already proving a stumbling-block, and the interesting and significant thing about it is, that the reason why it thus sometimes seems to be serving as an obstacle rather than a help to a peaceful settlement of the difficult world situation, is because it is by many being adopted in as absolute and final a form as that which at the beginning of the revolutionary era the larger doctrine of Natural Rights assumed. In President Wilson's earlier enunciations of the doctrine he himself gave it somewhat

this universal character. In his 1917 speeches and addresses one finds it in this form:

No peace can last or ought to last which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right "anywhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property. . . . I speak of this not because of any desire to exalt an abstract political principle which has always been held very dear by those who have sought to build up liberty in America; but for the same reason that I have spoken of the other conditions of peace which seem to me clearly indispensable,—because I wish frankly to uncover realities. Any peace which does not recognize and accept this principle will inevitably be upset.

And again:

I am proposing as it were . . . that no nation should seek to extend its polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful. (Address to the Senate of the United States, January 22, 1917, on The Terms of Peace.)

In April, 1917, in his request that Congress declare war against Germany, he said: "We are glad . . . to fight them . . . for the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." In his later speeches he seems to have realized that modifying circumstances must sometimes be recognized in the application of this principle—that it can be a *right* only in so far as it is expedient and makes for the real peace and welfare of the world, and in that sense not a "natural but an ethical right under the given circumstances." Early in his address to Congress of February 11, 1918, it is true, he says:

The Reichstag resolutions of July themselves frankly accepted the decisions of that court [of mankind]. There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages. Peoples are not to be handed about from one sovereignty to another by an international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists. National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. "Self-determination" is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril.

But later in the same address, he sums up the principles to be applied in the peace that should end the war, in part as follows: ". . . Second: that peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, but . . . Fourth: that all *well-defined* national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them *without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism* that would be likely in time to break the peace of Eu-

rope and consequently of the world"—qualifying statements that clearly remove this principle from the realm of absolute natural right to that of practical expediency.

Among the oppressed peoples of the earth, moreover, it has quite naturally been taken up in the more absolute form of President Wilson's earlier utterances. Indeed, before his official statements of the doctrine, it had already received some expression among those nations themselves. In Russia, as early as 1915 a treatise by Lenin and Zinoviev had stated it as a socialist ideal: "The socialists can not attain their great aim without combating all national oppression. They must therefore insist that the Social Democratic Parties of the oppressing countries recognize and defend the right of oppressed nations to self-determination, in the political sense of the term—that is, as a right to political independence," and Leon Trotsky in his book "The Bolsheviki and World Peace," written for the most part, apparently, between 1915 and 1917, states unqualifiedly as one of the necessary conditions of a possible peace "the right of every nation to self-determination." One has, also, but to understand the spirit that has animated the peoples that chafed so long under the Turkish yoke and under Austrian domination, to know that the belief in such a "right" was there, although not always definitely expressed as such.

However, although belief in the more extreme form of this principle is quite natural, it is equally impossible that in an ordered world it should prevail and be applied in that form. As the writer of the letter in the *Review* of May 31 very rightly fears, and as Professor Willoughby in his reviews of Mr. Laski's and Miss Follett's books very ably points out, so applied, it could only make for political disruption and anarchy. Like the original doctrine of Natural Rights, such a doctrine of self-determination, carried to its logical conclusion, might lead us to an individualistic régime in which each individual self might prove entirely self-conscious and self-determined.

My especial point in making these observations lies, to repeat, right here. We shall, I believe, find the answer to the present difficulties—logical and practical—in which, in connection with the matter of self-determination, we find ourselves only by taking this aspect of the doctrine of democracy out of the realm of absolute natural right into which men are tending to put it, and bringing it over into that of practical expediency and ethical right.

ELLEN DEBORAH ELLIS
Mount Holyoke College,
South Hadley, Mass., July 19

Japan and Shantung

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In a letter published in your issue of July 26, "B. W.," after describing China as a heterogeneous "region" and Japan as a homogeneous nation, goes on to say:

Chinese patriotism is a philosophic abstraction; Japanese patriotism is a personal passion.

Under modern conditions, the independence of Japan demands, for safety, that no considerable centre of military or naval force be established on the continental shore of the sea behind the Japanese archipelago. Any such centre would be a standing danger of attack on Japan from the rear.

After describing the strong fortification of Tsingtao by Germany, and her procedure "so to connect it by railway with interior China as virtually to base it on the whole available resources of the Chinese dominions," your correspondent goes on:

When the world war broke out, Japan took advantage of it to seize this threatening base of attack on herself, as needful for her protection as the Panama Canal is for that of the United States, or the Suez Canal for that of British India. Unless she continues to control it—particularly so long as the multiplex political nationality of China remains in a state of recurrently revolutionary chaos—she will be in constant danger of attack from the rear by indefinitely considerable forces directed against the most homogeneous and passionately patriotic of recorded nations.

In view of the fact that the population density of Japan is about twice that of China and that Japan's natural resources are negligible compared to those of China, one is first moved to wonder why China should ever contemplate an aggression on Japan. An aggression by Japan on China would seem more logical under the circumstances.

A nation, or "region," which "remains in a state of recurrently revolutionary chaos,"—a house divided against itself—is hardly as likely to inaugurate an overseas aggression as is a naturally poor and overcrowded nation, characterized as "the most homogeneous and passionately patriotic of recorded nations."

In view of the natural, racial, and political conditions of Japan and China, as above suggested, is it not more likely that Japan in control of Shantung would seek to penetrate by rail "the whole available resources of the Chinese dominions" than that the distraught Chinese, whose "patriotism is a philosophic abstraction," should spring overseas to land on an already overcrowded archipelago?

Quite apart from such considerations in "Realpolitik," there is the human fact that the Chinese province of Shantung is Chinese and not Japanese—that it is occupied by 38,347,000 Chinese.

G. H. W.
New York, July 28

Book Reviews

The Tariff and World Commerce

COMMERCIAL POLICY IN WAR TIME AND AFTER. A Study of the Application of Democratic Ideas to International Commercial Relations. By William Smith Culbertson, member of the United States Tariff Commission, with an Introduction by Henry C. Emery, sometime chairman of the Tariff Board. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

IT is interesting to find the author of this excellent book following so closely the lines laid down a century and a quarter ago by the great Federalist, Alexander Hamilton. The states that had so lately broken away from British control could not live in harmony under their feeble confederation largely because of commercial rivalry, so they formed a "more perfect union" and gave to the central government power to regulate commerce between themselves and with foreign countries. Thus it came about that Hamilton laid the foundations of the tariff policy of the Union, the corner stone of which was—and still is—the desirability of the diversification of American industries, that the United States might become, not a nation of mere cultivators but "a nation of cultivators, artificers and merchants." Hamilton could not, of course, foresee that these foundations would be strongly reinforced by the world war; but such has been the outcome, and now they seem likely to last indefinitely unless superseded by some broader principles under a still "more perfect union."

Until that time—probably remote—the question as to whether we are to have a tariff or not may be regarded as decided in the affirmative; while the second and third questions—as to the articles to be protected and the extent of the protection required—are still open for debate. Dr. Culbertson carefully avoids discussing the protection of particular articles, but points out in a suggestive way the development of certain industries during the war, as, for example, the manufacture of coal-tar dyes and glassware for scientific purposes. The relation between the production of dyes and the manufacture of explosives is very intimate, as Germany was well aware. A good example of this is found in dinitrophenol, one of the derivatives of benzol, which melted with sulphur and sodium yields sulphur black, a dye; but when heated with nitric acid gives picric acid, a high explosive. Doubtless the United States will not lose interest in the dye industry for some time to come.

It is not the business of the Tariff

Commission to give advice to Congress as to matters of policy, but it can and does prepare data for the use of the Congressional committees in their arduous task of constructing a scientific tariff. If a given article is to be protected the import duty must of course be equal to the difference between the normal costs of production at home and abroad, due regard being had to varying costs, transportation charges, bounties, and all the other factors which enter into the problem. For example, the cost of production of beet sugar in the United States in the year 1916-1917 varied from \$47.31 per ton in one group of factories to \$123.48 in another, while the cost of production of cane sugar in Cuba varied from \$44.57 to \$78.65 per ton. If, therefore, these figures were used as a guide to the fixing of the duty on sugar, representative factories in the United States and Cuba might be taken and the tariff fixed to cover the difference in costs with a fair margin. Or, if it were decided to remove the tariff, it is evident that the price would fall to some extent, the high cost American factories might be eliminated, new Cuban producers would take their place, and other results would occur, some predictable, some highly uncertain. In reading Dr. Culbertson's lucid discussion of such facts and figures one wonders how Congress got along before the days of the Taft Tariff Board and the present Tariff Commission, and to what extent the Congressional committees now rely on the Commission for advice on questions of policy as well as for the statistical data which it is their chief duty to supply.

Dr. Culbertson gives many details as to the commercial policies of various nations before the war, together with his own interpretation of their significance. The practice of dumping is to his mind a serious evil, justifying the special legislation passed against it in the year 1916; but how the manufacturers of the United States endured it before that time, or how Great Britain, which has long been the dumping ground of all nations, has existed at all, is not made clear. There are at least three varieties of dumping: a merely temporary bargain-counter selling of surplus stock, a constant and deliberate selling abroad at a price insufficient to cover total costs, and a predatory price-cutting intended to destroy competition in the import market. Export bounties encourage a peculiarly persistent form of dumping, but Dr. Culbertson does not tell how the nefarious devices of the wicked may be circumvented for the benefit of the just, as when the German sugar bounties became the basis of the jam and marmalade business of Great Britain.

Discrimination in tariff making is another bogie that Dr. Culbertson raises,

and it must be confessed that the recital of its misdeeds in the past and its bad intentions for the future are enough to scare us back to free trade or forward to the League of Nations and an international tariff commission. Unquestionably, some discriminations are serious, but some are merely amusing, like item No. 103 of the German conventional tariff, which surreptitiously favors Swiss alpine cattle by a special rate on "large dappled mountain cattle or brown cattle, reared at a spot at least 300 metres above sea level and which have at least one month's grazing each year at a spot at least 800 metres above sea level." Less amusing to us, but possibly more so to the Swiss, was the prohibition of the importation of American hog products by Germany from 1883 to 1891, on ostensibly sanitary grounds. Similarly, special taxes were levied by Italy and Austria on imported cotton-seed oil when other edible oils were exempt. A free-trade country, the author thinks, is helpless when confronted with such discrimination, as it has no bargaining power; but he omits to state that such a country might impose a penalty duty and that when a protected country makes a concession it reduces its bargaining power in the direction of free trade, especially when a concession to one country is automatically granted to many other countries by the most favored nation clause so common in commercial treaties.

No doubt the nations of the world have been engaged in unseemly and dangerous rivalry in their eagerness to obtain colonies, concessions, spheres of influence, open doors, preferences, financial control, and all the other prizes of international competition. This ruthless competition—back of which is the pressure of increasing population and the demand, even more insistent, for better standards of life—was one of the chief causes of the world war, and is likely to bring on other wars unless measures are taken for the amelioration of the struggle for commercial supremacy.

To this end, as the author believes, the ratification of the Covenant of the League of Nations is a prerequisite, after which international commissions should be appointed which should do for the associated nations what the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Tariff Commission have done for the United States. Such commissions would naturally have two functions. In the first place, they would administer such rules, perhaps in the nature of a code, as were adopted in treaties, provision being made for appeal when desired to the League of Nations. Secondly, they should have wide powers of investigation and publicity relative to all economic questions arising between nations, whether covered by treaties or not, and their work should do much to

remove misinformation and misunderstanding.

But—and here again we are reminded of Hamilton and Marshall and the other Federalists—all this makes for centralization and limitation of independence. It is well to see the direction in which we are moving even though there may be no looking back. Economically no country is independent, for the commercial nexus is binding the civilized nations into one, and the political development, if it lags too far behind, will be cast aside like an old-fashioned and outworn garment.

Possession, Psychic and Spiritual

ACROSS THE STREAM. By E. F. Benson.
New York: George H. Doran Company.

MISS FINGAL. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WHITE ISLAND. By Michael Wood.
New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

WITHOUT departing from his easy, chatty manner, Mr. Benson here undertakes to tell a story more difficult than his wont. That interest in "psychical" matters which the sudden bereavements of war, and certain depositions like the "Raymond" of Sir Oliver Lodge, have notably intensified during the past year or two, is naturally reflected in Anglo-American fiction. Algernon Blackwood and others have given imaginative treatment to the themes of reincarnation, possession, multiple personality, and so on. More and more the minor creative fancy is playing with ideas of the interflow and continuity of then and now, here and there. The motive exists more subtly and therefore more powerfully in "The Three Black Pennys" of Joseph Hergesheimer; not merely heredity but some obscure or even occult inheritance links the three distant generations of that striking chronicle. One may call Mr. Benson's instance a case of auto-possession, if there be such a term in the lingo of the occult. After Mr. Blackwood's method, he takes an English youth of robust body and healthy, normal mind, and endows him with abnormal psychic powers. These powers are a puzzle to himself, but do not make him morbid, or queer in the ordinary business of life. They spring from a natural trick of self-hypnotism. In his trances, at first brief and involuntary, he seems in communion with the spirit of a brother, dead in childhood, whom he has never seen. This spirit's influence upon the living boy is beneficent, but is withdrawn as he reaches manhood. Then a malign spirit masquerading as the other gets control of him. We take it to be the embodiment of

his lowest self; it springs in the form of vapor from the youth's own breast, takes form and substance, and before withdrawal intensifies by direct speech and action its influence over the victim. A case of possession, as it would have been called in old days—but of possession by a subtly embodied subconscious self. The case of Dr. Jekyll is analogous; but Mr. Benson succeeds in giving the idea a fresh twist, and permits the almost doomed one to be rescued in time by the woman who loves him. But for his dropping here and there into that sort of wordy languor in which, in all his later books, this writer seems to be talking agreeably against time, the tale is effectively told. At bottom, it is hardly more than an episode, fit for the more compact handling of the novelette, or, to use a somewhat less clumsy makeshift for a form which has no good English label, the *nouvelle*.

"Miss Fingal" is another example of the easy and verbose British novel dealing with "the better sort" socially, but given a new turn by the inclusion of a "psychical" motive. Miss Fingal is as nice for a girl as Mr. Benson's young man is for a boy. But circumstances and her nature have brought her well into womanhood in a kind of negative state, a delicate but empty vessel into which life has not yet been poured. The signal of her awakening is conventional enough—nothing less than that sudden and unlooked-for inheritance of wealth which has been setting shabby-genteel heroines on their feet since heroines began to have feet. With the charming ingenuousness of British chroniclers, Mrs. Clifford now shows us Miss Fingal being cordially taken up, for her money's account, by the kind of people who have (quite as naturally) ignored her in her shabby years. The ensuing action concerns two persons especially, a pair who have loved and parted because they had to, to make the story. The still young and beautiful wife is ill and doomed; the husband is regretful but unbending. Miss Fingal is drawn to both of them. Then she is smashed up in a motor accident, and lies unconscious at the moment when the wife dies. There has been strong sympathy between them. Now into the pure but empty cup which is Miss Fingal is poured the richer personality of Linda. When she recovers consciousness she is, we take it, a sort of composite rather than (as the publishers say) dual personality. She is Aline Fingal plus Linda Alliston. For the children of the dead wife she conceives a strong devotion, and it is through her relation to them that her new-old personality attracts the husband, and the desirable thing, romantically speaking, happens.

From the not too exigent field of polite psychical romance we make something of

a step in turning to "The White Island" of Michael Wood, who is, since Hugh Benson, the most eloquent among Roman Catholic novelists in English. He also has a story of possession to tell, but of that divine possession to which we give other names. His René Clinton, unlike Mr. Benson's Archie, is markedly odd from the beginning: with "a wraith-like quality about the whole personality" and with a strange effect as of a physical luminosity. He cares nothing for boyish matters, and can not be taught the usual things at school. He has nearly reached manhood when his parents, both normal, intellectual people, fairly give him up as half-witted, and by chance commit him to the care of a kindly priest who is at the head of a private religious community in the country.

Here René's spiritual quality, of which he seems wholly unconscious, slowly manifests itself. Released from pressure towards conformity, he expands healthily, like a plant set in the right place. He has mystical powers of healing by his presence those who are spiritually diseased, and of confounding those who are spiritually vile. He is not exceptionally religious in the formal sense. His only vivid emotional experience relates to a vision, recurrent from childhood, of a White Island in which are green pastures and a Joyous Shepherd and perfect beauty and harmony of sight and sound. Something, in short, dwells in him, an angel his body entertains unaware. The good priest who tells the story leads up to, as climax, the only vision of his sixty years—the mystical glimpse by him and René's father of the boy alone on the downs at night, "wrapped in a turmoil of white light. . . . It was the divine Substance of Life; it was a living Body, and Handmaid of Him Who made It. I saw it did not wrap René round. It flowed through and through him; so that the pure body and childlike soul became an expression and an instrument of the White Glory. I gazed, as I thought, on a foreshadowing of the mystery of the resurrection of the body. I saw holy, holy divine Power linked in an eternal marriage with perfected and glorified matter." And about the youth, all unconscious of this shining, move companies of angels going upon their good errands. . . . We see no more of René, need see no more of him, since his function is to be, rather than to strive or to grow: to demonstrate, in the unconscious play of his influence, how incalculably the hand of God may work for the good of man. In its character of religious novel, the book has as true a quality of art as a religious painting by an "old master." Why not, indeed, "religious novelist," as well as "religious painter"?

H. W. BOYNTON

The Fight for Reform

FIGHTING THE SPOILSMEN. REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM MOVEMENT. By William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AFTER Theodore Roosevelt, no American publicist of the closing generation has enjoyed a lively political battle more keenly than William Dudley Foulke. Politically, he is to be classified as an independent, deserving, perhaps, a good deal of extra credit for the moral strength which enabled him, on due occasion, to reverse a natural tendency towards a vigorous Republican partisanship. Two concrete illustrations of his independence were furnished by his refusal to support Blaine in the election of 1884, and Harrison in 1892. In the latter case, the sole reason for his opposition was the unsatisfactory record of Harrison in the administration of the civil service reform measures provided for under the Pendleton Law of 1883.

Mr. Foulke entered the field of Indiana politics, as a member of the State Senate, just after the organization of the National Civil Service Reform League at Newport, in August of 1881. Sound conceptions of public duty led him naturally into the new movement, and the condition of Indiana politics gave to his convictions an immediate opportunity for practical expression. There was a large Democratic majority in the legislature, and its political leaders saw an opportunity for profitable patronage in the three great asylums, for the insane, the blind, and the deaf and dumb. It was, of course, a far easier matter to unite the Republicans in opposition to this abuse of power than it would have been if the spoils had lain open to their own grasp; but in Mr. Foulke's case there is no ground for the suspicion that the grapes of patronage at the expense of the unfortunate would have been any less repulsive if within his own reach. Frequent as such lootings of benevolent institutions have been, inevitably attended by brutality to the inmates, one hates to think that any man of humane and gentlemanly instincts ever looked upon such work with anything but sincere aversion. The bill was passed, and was soon followed by its normal crop of corruption, inefficiency, and cruelty. A fight for the reform of the asylums was immediately begun, under Mr. Foulke's leadership, and was finally successful.

In 1885 Mr. Foulke began to attend the annual meetings of the National Civil Service Reform League, and soon formed a very close personal friendship with its president, George William Curtis. From that time on, his name has been inseparably linked with the civil service reform movement, and no man living is better fitted to write a personal

record of the vicissitudes which the movement has undergone. If there is any flaw in his treatment of the subject, it lies in a failure perhaps fully to realize the peculiar difficulties encountered by Cleveland in 1885, and Wilson in 1913, as compared with Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, no one of whom followed a long era of opposition control. One may question, too, Mr. Foulke's apparent view that ambassadors and ministers to foreign powers should always be appointed from the lower ranks of our diplomatic service. A hard and fast rule of the kind in the past would have excluded men who have been among the very brightest lights in American diplomacy. Perhaps the author went just a little further than he intended in his justifiable feeling that a President should give no occasion for suspecting that a diplomatic appointment is a reward for a campaign contribution. It must be admitted, however, that we have had diplomatic service of very high value, occasionally, from men who have made campaign contributions used in the election of the Presidents by whom they were later appointed. The true solution of this difficulty lies in no absolute rule that a campaign contribution shall exclude the contributor from appointment to office, but in the cessation, either voluntary or enforced, of the acceptance of any campaign contribution of sufficient amount to be regarded as a possible bribe. The day has passed when an enormous campaign fund can really do much to improve the chances of a party or an individual at the polls, and one may be excused for suspecting that these funds are solicited to satisfy the appetites of hungry campaigners, fully as much as to insure success in the campaign.

Mr. Foulke passes in review the growth of the movement from its inception in his early manhood to the present day, constantly enlivening his pages with humorous incidents of the struggle, or brief character sketches of prominent persons involved, such as George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, Dorman B. Eaton, John R. Proctor, and Presidents Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft. The Presidents, he thinks, have all been at heart friendly to the reform movement, and the differences in consistency of its application under different administrations have been very largely due to differences in power to resist the enormous pressure of office seekers and Congressional office brokers. To Roosevelt he gives credit for the highest measure of success in this respect, with Harrison at the opposite end of the scale. If one finishes the story with some pride in the evidence that the high ideals with which Curtis and his followers began the reform had a practical basis, and have in very profitable meas-

ure been realized, he will also be convinced that it is not a gain which can be put in safety deposit, as it were, and retained with no further effort. Honest and efficient government, in any single one of its many phases, will never come, or continue, except as the result of unflinching watchfulness and intelligent endeavor.

Briefly stated, character and ability in the appointive public service has been the aim of the movement recorded in Mr. Foulke's volume. Perhaps one may add that the most obviously necessary defensive movement for the preservation of the ground already gained lies in a similarly persistent effort to improve the character and ability of our legislative personnel, local, State, and National. It may be questioned whether the "army of office seekers," of which we have heard so much for nearly a century, would ever have been numerous enough to give trouble except for the stimulation which it has continually received from the low grade of politicians allowed to creep into our legislative bodies, from the United States Senate down. It is they alone who stand in the way of the adoption of adequate civil service regulations, they chiefly through whom pressure to neglect or violate such regulations is brought to bear upon executive officials in whom appointing power is lodged. But we choose our legislators by the vote of the mass, and relief will come only with the quickening of intelligence and sense of duty in the electorate. Every life of vigorous effort for definitely conceived and attainable ideals of good government, such as the life of Mr. Foulke has been, every book such as the record which he has just given us, is a well-marked advance in the direction of that quickening.

The Run of the Shelves

AT last we may know the reason for the rise of the radical tide in American social life to-day. Our Bolshevik apologists, Rand School idealists, and I. W. W. agitators, are the reincarnated souls of North American aborigines, who, disinherited from their free ownership of this land, are now inhabiting white bodies (preferably of the European immigrant variety) and are impelled by their past wrongs to rebel against restraining influences. Furthermore, the souls of the American Indians still on the spirit plane are filled with hatred of civilization, and are by fixity of thought "trying to excite a scattered company of men in these United States—men of a low grade of intellect but of psychic temperament—to deeds of violence and destruction." This information, conveyed to Elsa Barker through automatic writing in

"Last Letters from the Living Dead Man" (Mitchell Kennerley), would seem to indicate the desirability of a Psychic Division of the Department of Justice. The Living Dead Man has already conducted a considerable automatic correspondence with Mrs. Barker, in successive volumes of "Letters" and "War Letters," and he is a spirit acquaintance of the Vagrom Angel, whose "Songs" were also brought from the spirit plane to earth level by Mrs. Barker. The present volume, we are earnestly assured, concludes the Living Dead Man Series, for the transcriber, in an extended psycho-analytical-occult introduction, records her decision, unless "accidentality" intervenes, to do no more automatic writing.

The letters themselves were written between February, 1917, and February, 1918, and portray the Living Dead Man, by precept and example, portentously doing his bit to end the war. Exhortations to the souls of the North American Indians, designed to calm their revengeful passions, exhortations mentally projected into the consciousness of earth-bound American legislators, and spiritual discomfiture of pacifists, were among his activities. On July 18, 1917, he solemnly announces: "No lecturer on earth ever had so busy a month as I have had this last month. I have spoken to hundreds several times every day, going from place to place, from state to state, from city to city. I can speak in San Francisco in the morning, in New York at noon, in New Orleans at two o'clock, in Butte, Montana, in the evening. I am not limited to railway time-tables, nor do I pay my fare." Dwelling on the spirit plane, with a cosmic view of this world, he offers counsel and consolation striking in its force and originality: "Do not fancy this war will end without greater changes than the world has ever known before." "America, do not despair, your destiny is assured!" "I am all for unity now. Do not let yourself be weakened by fear of the parts. America is a whole and as a whole she must work." "Build ships, build more ships, keep the men occupied." "The time has now come for America to get out into the world and take her place in the federation of nations." There is special cogency in the following: "The world will go on, and you will go with it. Make no mistake about that. The world is going very fast. All these new 'psychic' books are an evidence that the world is going fast. A few years ago no publisher would have issued them. I do not wonder that your head swims."

There is a summer resort of Whitmanites at Bon Echo, in Ontario, Canada, and the *Review* has received the last issue of the "Sunset of Bon Echo," of which Mrs. Denison, otherwise Flora

MacDonald, is the editor. Mrs. Denison's occult powers may be divined from her ability in the year 1919 to hold extended conversations with Walt Whitman. Her literary attainments may be inferred from her description of Mrs. Anne Gilchrist as "marvelously wondrous," and her announcement that "love and cheer exuded" from the being of John Burroughs—a being which is characterized in the same passage as "jaunty." These remarks are entirely friendly on Mrs. Denison's part; Mr. Burroughs must long for the shelter of enmity. One can imagine the sort of praise which is lavished upon Whitman by the Bacchic choir to which Mrs. Denison acts as corypheus. He is extolled in almost the precise spirit, in almost the precise diction, in which the poets of the New England group were extolled by the followers of that convention to which the Burly Whitman is supposed to have given a quietus. Even Mr. John Haynes Holmes employs this language: "To-day when we chant the 'barbaric yawp' of 'the good, gray poet.'" The world moves, if it does not progress. The "barbaric yawp" can now be *chanted*, and the "good, gray poet," the phrase which annuls all distinctions between Whitman and Bryant, for example, is the title under which his followers now delight to cloak his originality. Whitman, of course, is not responsible for the conduct of his disciples. The imprint of bronze on mush will be mushy, and the strong man—assuming Whitman's right to that title—will be loved by his weaker followers after the fashion of their weakness, not in the measure of his strength. But the orthodoxy of these Whitmanites, the prevalent similarity and complacency of their opinions, remains a curious and amusing fact. It is probable that Mrs. Denison would no more admit a rebellious or discordant note into the "Sunset" than the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1858 would have published a chapter from "Enfans d'Adam." But is an outcome of this kind, which assimilates Whitman's fame with the correct and immaculate fames of the New England school, the most perfect of rewards or the artfullest and most ironical of retributions? The second view is at least possible. There was one method of paralyzing Voltaire which the Papacy never thought of: it might have canonized him.

"A Year in the Navy" by Joseph Husband (Houghton Mifflin Company) begins rather tamely at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, where the author enlisted, but ends excitingly enough in the transport, big yacht and destroyer service off France. We have seen no better account of the difficulties of convoy guard, which the author experienced in the responsible position of a watch officer.

Plays Indoors and Out

THE LIVING CORPSE. By Leo N. Tolstoi. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

WITHOUT THE WALLS. By Katrina Trask. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A WORSE title than "Redemption" for the Tolstoian drama which was presented to New York last October, it would be difficult to imagine, unless it were the "Living Corpse," under which title an English version of the drama by Mrs. E. M. Evarts is now published. There is a good novel and a good play in the idea of the man who feigns to die, or dies legally, to allow his virtuous wife and her virtuous lover to reconcile virtue with felicity in a second marriage. But the novel should be long, the play short; Tolstoi has pared the novel and gorged the play; the result is too obese for a play, too meagre for a novel. The six acts are a mere extravagance, since the second and half the third are useless. The crises, the botched suicide, the feigned suicide, and the real suicide, together with the reports of the husband's life and death to the palpitating lovers, should be good; but Tolstoi's interest in non-essentials is so uncontrollable and his interest in essentials, though genuine, is so entirely controllable that the play, which saunters between the culminations, may almost be said to saunter through them. Fedya, living among crises, is cushioned against shock by the indolent placidity of his temper; and the play's temper is patterned upon Fedya's. In his final suicide, the crisis, though not the revolver, misses fire; the act, like Hamlet's actual slaying of Claudius, is a rectification, and rectifications do not startle us.

The handling of the thesis is still worse. Something is wrong with the divorce laws in Russia. Undoubtedly, but just what? We have a floating indictment of a hovering iniquity. Where the accusation is momentous, it is vague; where it is precise, it is diminutive. When Tolstoi, for instance, descends to the littleness of blaming an official for asking the vocation, age, and faith of a defendant, we feel that the captiousness of law has supplied him, not only with a target, but with a model. The truth is that the story and the moral suffer from the same ailment; the shredded thesis is the exact counterpart of the crumbled tale.

The work, of course, has valuable qualities; of that fact its authorship was the guarantee. Its psychology, though imperfectly dramatized, is astute; the dialogue, though not witty, and far from literary in the greyness of the English version, has warmth, warmth as of new milk or a new-laid egg, the sign of re-

cent contact with vitality; several of the episodes might interest us, if they did not furnish a dilatory story with an excuse for slackening its pace or stopping altogether. The strength of the play is Fedya. Some of his actions are merely pinned to his character, but, taken in the round, he is authentic and appealing. The feigned suicide has precisely that mixture of shiftlessness and magnanimity which would recommend it to both sides of his divided nature. His goodness will hardly make his badness incredible except for readers who have yet to learn that goodness may be shelter as well as screen for the faults which ripen undetected in its shadow.

Mrs. Trask's "Without the Walls" need not detain the serious reader long. It may interest moderately the reader who thinks himself serious, for whom a limpid and tepid account of a love-affair between a Jewish girl and a Roman soldier can be enlivened by a nominal articulation with the preaching and martyrdom of Christ. The relation ceases to be perfunctory at one point only—when the earthquake that accompanies the Crucifixion shatters the prison wall that opposes the reunion of the lovers. Standards of reverence differ; Mrs. Trask is doubtless reverent in her fashion; but to my mind the employment of that august means for that frivolous end is as if one used a splinter of the Cross for a toothpick. The drama, however, has its moment of elevation on a hill outside Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, where four men, a Roman soldier, a Roman courtier, a Greek philosopher, and a ruler in Israel, participating in the animation of the tumult from the safety of its edge, discuss the news from Calvary as the lips of gasping messengers report it. The idea is fortunate, and the execution not unskilful.

Mr. Sheldon Cheney is readable and sensible in his compact monograph on the "Open-Air Theatre." His interests are mainly contemporary, and the history of the form, though not overlooked, is treated with that incidental homage with which a well-bred young man salutes his elders on his way to more inviting companionship among the juniors of the party. Mr. Cheney divides open-air theatres into three groups: the architectural theatre, man-made, but placed in the open; the nature theatre, which man finds and chooses, but does not make; and the garden theatre, in which nature is supplemented by such man-made adjuncts as pergolas, stairways, stone walls, and trellis-work. The garden theatre is clearly only the architectural theatre with scant architecture, and the classification has the logical insecurity which marks all divisions whereby differences of kind and of degree are coördinated; as if one, for instance, should divide weathers into rain, drizzle,

and sunshine. Here the harm done is very slight; where shelf-room for facts is the grand desideratum, convenience is paramount to logic.

The architectural theatre, according to Mr. Cheney, is adapted to Greek plays, the nature theatre to pageants, and the garden theatre to the poetic drama. This fitness for specialties is a virtual acknowledgment of the unfitness of the open-air theatre for plays in general, and Mr. Cheney is wise and candid enough to make the acknowledgment not merely virtual but explicit. At this point—I leave Mr. Cheney for a moment—the relation of auditorium to scenery becomes instructive. The indoor auditorium is universal in its utility because it is neutral; scenery, that is, any given piece or "set" of scenery, adapts itself notably to a few occasions at the cost of unfitness or futility everywhere else. Now what the open-air theatre does is to put the *auditorium* on the footing of *scenery*, to destroy both its neutrality and its generality, to contract and to intensify its fitness. There is meaning, also, in the fact that, in all three of the dramatic kinds which Mr. Cheney indorses for the open-air theatre, drama is subordinated, or at least accommodated, to some non-dramatic element, to ritual in the Greek play, to picture in the pageant, to poetry in the poetic drama.

Another point occurs to me which I advance with the tentativeness of one whose first-hand knowledge of the open-air theatre is inconsiderable. A drama is a figment. Do we help a figment by making reality its neighbor, even its servitor? A normal playhouse is doubtless real in a sense, but, like the play, it is a human fabrication, and a fabrication, moreover, which the interests of a play have prompted, fashioned, and adorned. In the normal theatre the shell of art is art. Would the substitution of nature be a help? Is not a real sky or a real forest among a group of semblances liable to the same misgiving that would attach to a real friar in the part of Friar Laurence or a true prince in the part of Hamlet? Reality may crush and domineer; its position among mere simulacra may be as incongruous and disconcerting as that of Achilles in woman's dress among the maids. The mention of Achilles recalls the success of the open-air theatre among the Greeks. I grant the force of this example, but one must remember that the Greek in his mild climate viewed sky and earth with that habituation which annuls their intrusiveness, and that a Greek play, though including representations, was to the reverent Greek what the Mass is to a Catholic—a part of actuality, a veritable deed. It is noteworthy, also, that the pageant, the one form of drama which Mr. Cheney thinks appropriate to the

purely natural theatre, is the form which comes nearest to being an act or fact in its own right, which stresses least the mimetic element in drama. I voice impressions rather than views in the above argument, and they are impressions which I hold myself ready to surrender at a moment's notice to the persuasions of so liberal and kind a critic as Mr. Cheney.

O. W. FIRKINS

A Living Poet of Greece

"YOU might just as well say that the glory that was Greece is no more."

This was the sad conclusion of a modern traveler who had just returned from Greece. Homer, it seems, had not come down to the docks of Piræus to welcome him with his lyre, and Pallas Athene had not smiled at him personally from among the gold-stained columns of the Parthenon. He had not found any people looking like the ancients, had found no art, no literature, and no beauty.

Now when I hear this story again and again, I grow suspicious of its veracity, and my suspicions fly to the boatmen of the Greek harbors and the horse-boys of the interior who do not always exercise their monopoly in conformity with the traveler's views of economy. As a result they prejudice the impatient tourist from the very start and Greece has to suffer in the estimation of the world. The same thought came to me on hearing my friend's tirade, candid, and proud of it, in thus giving a Greek born a piece of his mind. Fortunately he was in my own room where I had immediate access to my reserves.

"For heaven's sake," I protested, "no art, no beauty, no literature, in Greece?"

"None except the ancient," my friend asserted furiously, "and even that is not understood there; they speak a corrupt idiom . . ."

"Now listen. Do you mean to say that during the numbered days you spent in Attica you did not see

Sky everywhere and sunbeams on all sides?

Something about like honey from Hymettus?

Did you not see

The lilies grow of marble witherless and old Pentele shine, birthgiver of Olympus? Does not

The digging axe on beauty stumble still, and Cybele's womb bear gods instead of mortals? Does not fair Athens bleed with violet blood each time the afternoon's arrows strike her? Does not the sacred olive keep its shrines and fields? And in the midst of crowds that slowly move, like caterpillars on a white flower, does not the people of the relics live and reign, myriad-souled? Does not the spirit glitter in the dust? And did you not feel it battle in you with darkness—

(Continued on page 286)



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(Continued from page 284)

as in the poet whom I am quoting to you now?

The relentless friend seemed impressed but was quick in dealing another blow:

"There you go again, quoting some of the old poets! They are dead and gone thousands of years ago. What I want to know is why the Greeks of to-day don't speak or write that way. Their unbearable jargon is so barbarous, so . . ."

I laughed radiantly; he was mine.

"But this poet is a modern poet," I interrupted.

"A Greek?"

"Yes, if you don't dispute his descent."

"How modern?"

"You might have visited him in Athens, where he lives now; but, it seems, you have missed the privilege of scolding him for writing such stuff in what you call an abominable jargon."

"Let me see that book." He snatched, rather unceremoniously, the manuscript from which I was reading, and read at random hurriedly and eagerly. His repeated comment during this procedure was:

"Well, I be d—d!"

Suddenly he rose enthusiastically: "Listen to this," he said and proceeded to read:

Fatherlands, air, and earth, and fire, and water!

Elements indestructible, beginning
And end of life! First joy and last of mine!
You I shall find again when I pass on
To the grave's calm. The people of the dreams

Within me, air-like, unto air shall pass;
My reason, fire-like, unto lasting fire;
My passions' craze, unto billows' madness;

Even my dust-borne body, unto dust;
And I shall be again air, earth, fire, water;
And from the air of dreams, and from the flames
Of thought, and from the flesh that shall be dust,

And from the passions' sea, ever shall rise
A breath of sound like a soft lyre's complaint.

"This is a universal note," he ejaculated. "What is the man's name?"

"Kostas Palamas."

"I never heard of him before."

"That is not his fault."

"Why has he not been translated?"

"The important thing is that he lives and that he is writing things worth while in the living language of the Greeks of to-day. He is not alone of his kind either, though he is certainly the greatest. There are many who write literature worth your attention and whom you might be induced to compare with some of your old dead friends. These are Greeks, too, Greeks in flesh and Greeks to the core. Palamas was born in Patras, the very city where you landed and among the very people whom he understands and loves in spite of you. He was brought up almost opposite Patras, in Missolonghi. Byron—Marco Bozzaris; eh? Then he went to Athens, where he studied and, later on, became the secretary of the University for many years. He is now about sixty. Know him? Why should you? His name is not in *Baedeker*, nor are his books advertised in foreign or Greek magazines. For a long while even the Greeks did not know him; and when they came to know him they called him a 'hairy one' and a 'traitor' because he stuck to the people and to their living traditions and above all to the people's language, which you call corrupt and which he calls a long-neglected 'thrice-noble fairy, born of sunlight and crowned with stars.' Only when his fame reached beyond Greece and a French critic picked him out as the greatest poet of Europe 'o-day people began to pay attention to him."

"He must be the only one in Greece."

"No, not exactly; you can not have a Shakespeare and an Æschylus without a miracle play or a Thespis to precede them; and when they come they may be suns outshining the stars, but the stars are there. In Greece to-day there are literary and artistic schools rivalling each other and struggling for expression. It could not be otherwise; in a land where the mountains drip with purple blood and the sea is a mantle of violet silk winding about you wherever you

go and the people persist in preferring dreams to realities and in conversing with wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, there is bound to be something of the old spirit of adoration for beauty. As Palamas puts it, in such a land one feels like Life's 'wedding guest, who travels far abroad to see the bride, thrice beautiful, and the bridegroom, a wizard;' and on his way to the wedding, he finds comfort

With sounds that like sweet longings,
waken him;

Old sounds familiar, low whispering
Of women's beauties and of home-born shadows;

Then flowers pour their fragrances for him,
And blossoms with no scent have their own speech,

The speech of voiceless eyes that open wide;
And candidly he speaks his words in rhymes
That with uncommon measure echo forth
The flames that burn within the heart, the kisses

That the waves squander on the sandy beach,

And the sweet birds that sing on children's lips.

"Well, let us know something more about these wedding guests."

"That is just what I would say. Know them! Know them before you praise them, and above all know them before you condemn them. Don't get the idea of ruins and death just because you see poverty that is proud, and can not see beauty that is hidden, simply because you suffer from *runitis*. The few Greeks you meet on the docks and in the hotels are not those who make Greece. You have to look for them in their huts and villages, in the mountains and in the towns, but you will never see them unless you approach them without declaring war on them and unless you understand their minds and their language. Of course, one who knows them might write for the benefit of others, the Philistines. But even that is difficult. Remember how long it was before even Homer found his way into a foreign language and God knows how many thousand years will have to pass before we can say that we understand him to our satisfaction."

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THE President has received, and deserves, unqualified praise for the words in which, in his address to Congress, he dismissed the thought of any sudden adoption of a radical change in our economic system. "We can not," he says, "hastily and overnight revolutionize all the processes of our economic life. We shall not attempt to do so." This is unmistakably directed at the proposals of the four Railroad Brotherhoods, embodied in the Plumb bill, and it disposes of that bill as an immediate issue in Congress. And it must be said, to the credit of the Brotherhoods, that they have consistently adhered to the denial, which they issued immediately after the presentation of their plan, of any intention to use threats or undue pressure in an attempt to force it through. Before the President made his communication to Congress, they had repeatedly declared that a strike, or the threat of a strike, was no part of their programme, and that if Congress did not choose to act in pursuance of their scheme they would appeal to the people at the polls. If they shall faithfully maintain this attitude, they will be entitled to a fair hearing for their proposal, and may count upon its claims being thoroughly threshed out between now and the national election.

WHAT the President said about strikes was equally meritorious, and was put in impressively persuasive form; but whether it will have the influence to which it is entitled is unfortunately doubtful. Many labor leaders undoubtedly understand that "strikes undertaken at this critical time are certain to make matters worse" for everybody, that "the worst, the most fatal thing, that can be done now is to stop or interrupt production or to interfere with the distribution of goods by the railroads and the shipping of the country." But the temptation to attain an immediate gain is often too great for the virtue of the reasonable leaders, while the extremists take little thought of anything but immediate success or the demonstration of power. The very distinction which the leaders of the fifteen organizations of railroad employees make between their efforts for higher wages or reduced cost of living on the one hand and the adoption of their nationalization scheme on the other, meritorious as it is in itself, points distinctly towards the use of the strike weapon on a great scale in the near future unless their needs are otherwise met. This situation calls for the utmost wisdom in its handling by Congress and by the United States Railroad Administration. Something may be accomplished in the shape of reduced prices of necessities by governmental measures, but surely not enough in a short time to make any notable impression upon living conditions. It is possible that a tendency to lower prices may manifest itself independently of governmental action; but this, too, there is little reason to look for in the immediate future. Accordingly, a prompt and thorough inquiry should be made into the wage question, so that the Government will be prepared to meet the employees upon a basis that will make resort to a strike unjustifiable, and array public opinion solidly against such a move.

THE questioning of Secretary Lansing by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations can easily be made the subject of ridicule. If it be assumed that the purpose of the questioners was to prove that the President had transcended his Constitutional powers, it can easily enough be shown that they are quite ignorant both of law and of the practices of diplomacy. But there is no reason to suppose that that was the

object in view. Apart from the desire to get specific information on particular subjects, if the Republican Senators were aiming to make a point against the President, it was not the point of illegality or unconstitutionality. Everybody knows in a general way that the President was the whole thing in Paris. But it is one thing to know it in a general way and another thing to have the fact exhibited in a form that will strike the public imagination as conclusive. Mr. Wilson may have been not only legally justified, but warranted by considerations of wisdom and sagacity, in settling every crucial question according to his own unaided judgment; but it is a perfectly legitimate move in the game to establish the fact. If the Secretary of State had little or nothing to do with the Covenant or with controversial points in the treaty, it is all the more likely that nobody else in the Paris delegation had any influence in the decisions. That of course does not prove anything about the merit of them. But it does accentuate the fact that what the President is demanding of the Senate is an absolute and unquestioning acceptance of the result of his sole individual judgment. Mr. Lansing's appearance before the Senate Committee seems fully to have accomplished what was expected of it.

SENATOR WADSWORTH has introduced the Administration army bill. It marks a great advance in providing for a genuinely national force under easy conditions of universal service. At nineteen, all physically fit male citizens are to receive three months of intensive training, as part of regular units. For two years thereafter, the trained men are bound to report themselves periodically, and in case of war may be called to the colors. As it is estimated that each class would exceed 600,000, there would always be available a partially trained citizen army of 1,200,000, besides the regular army. That is to consist of twenty-one peace-strength divisions, which, with auxiliary services, would require about 510,000 men. The National Guard would be maintained, subject to federalization. On the side of organization and principle the bill is excellent. It involves a minimum of sacrifice, and should provide adequate security. Three months in camp would not merely greatly advantage the individual soldier, but would powerfully

work for Americanization of our mixed population. Moreover, three months is about the limit of really intensive work.

The weakness of the bill is the figure set for the regular army. Before the war, it was hard to keep it recruited to 90,000, and it will prove impossible to raise a half million by voluntary enlistment. If any such number is needed, it is utter folly to let the regular army run down to 200,000, which, in view of shortened appropriations, is in immediate prospect. The number proposed in the Chamberlain-Kahn bill, 225,000, seems in every way more reasonable. That should man our stations, provide an instructional force, and as well the nucleus of a mobile army. Nothing more is needed, and nothing less should be considered. Both the Wadsworth bill for universal service and the Chamberlain-Kahn bill for universal training have already aroused short-sighted and provincial opposition from National Guard quarters. To underestimate the political weight of this dissent would be unwise. A considerable campaign of education will yet be necessary before this democracy can be persuaded to handle its military business in a democratic way.

THE balance of trade is highly "favorable" because of the fact that for nearly five years the value of our exports has vastly exceeded the value of our imports, and the difference has been payable—though not paid—in gold. This difference, during the fiscal years 1915 to 1918, amounted to about \$10,000,000,000, and could not possibly have been paid in gold, as that amount of gold money does not exist in the world. We have received about \$1,000,000,000 in gold and the rest in securities and promises. Of gold money we have now about \$3,000,000,000—more than one-third of the world's supply. One result is that the American dollar stands higher in the world's markets than ever before, when compared with the money of other countries. When compared with itself it is cheaper than ever before, but that is another story. The dollar used to be worth 5.18 francs, 5.18 lire, 4.2 marks, 4.93 kroner, or 1.94 rubles; now it is equivalent to 7.73 francs, 9 lire, 40 kroner or 15 rubles. Even the British pound sterling, which was once worth \$4.86, now bows before the dollar and offers itself for \$4.33, more or less. Of course, if the sovereign, or any other gold coins, were to come over to America in person they would be worth as much as ever, for gold is gold; but as they send only scraps of paper their promises to deliver themselves at some future time are taken at a discount. This is all very fine and "favorable" for us, and extremely gratifying to our national pride, but the upshot of it is that we

have parted with our goods and received only gold and promises in return, which do not put food into our stomachs, nor clothes on our backs, nor shoes on our feet, nor do they give us cheap apartments in which to dwell. Like Midas of old, everything that we touch turns to gold, and yet we find it hard to live. Fortunately, our "favorable" rates of exchange are unfavorable to the continuance of this one-sided trade, and when Europe is done borrowing she will import relatively less and export relatively more, while our situation will be the reverse of hers. She will be paying her debts and we shall be receiving payment in things that we can use. This will involve an "unfavorable" balance of trade—not necessarily a decrease in normal exports, but a marked increase in imports and a most desirable fall in the cost of living.

THE New York State income tax law made a shocking muddle of the case of the non-resident who happened to make his living, or a part of it, within the State. Some of its more glaring inequalities were interpreted away by the Controller, but it was still incumbent upon the non-resident to pay the tax of one per cent. on his whole income within the State, with none of the deductions—the same as those provided in the Federal law—which are allowed to residents. The non-resident was further discriminated against in being forbidden to deduct anything for business losses, and the whole arduous labor involved in the particular adjustment of general injustice was placed upon the employer. The decision of the Federal Court that this part of the law is unconstitutional expresses what has been obvious to the plainest citizen. One would think that the Albany legislators might have foreseen this outcome. But it is not certain whether they merely bungled or had some vague notion of raising up a generation of *metoikoi* in New York City, who should be suffered to do business there under penalties painful to themselves, but perhaps in the short run profitable to the State. If, however, the Constitutional guarantee of equal privileges and immunities means anything, it should regard small infractions with the same eye as big ones. The erection of barriers between States is the last thing to be desired. And if the present decision means, which it by no means certainly does, that non-residents will pay no tax at all this year, heedless legislators may be in the way of receiving a salutary lesson.

CLOSE upon the establishment of the *American Legion Weekly* comes the *Stars and Stripes*, mud of the trenches washed off and khaki exchanged for

mufti, which proposes to carry on, with some or all of its old editorial staff, as the *Home Sector*. "The fun-loving, bunk-hating spirit"—if the reborn paper can keep that, as it promises, there will be others besides the old overseas men who will be ready to give it a welcome. It will be remembered that it was solemnly resolved in France to bury the *Stars and Stripes* with the dispersal of the A. E. F. Let it be hoped that in its new incarnation no one will be reminded why it was that Cervantes felt constrained to kill off his Don Quixote, and Addison his Sir Roger de Coverley. Along with all this, *Collier's* announces that it provides more information about the American Legion than any other publication except the official organ. There promises to be no lack of opportunity for the returned soldier to make others see him as he sees himself.

HOTEL rates are to go still higher. Nobody is surprised, and some, no doubt, find gratification in the thought that a guest so pays directly for the splendor amid which he lives, and not indirectly by way of an expensive poison which he, or his fellow-guests for him, consumed under a mistaken notion that it was what he wanted. Such people are quite capable of saying, "if you don't like the prices, stay at home." Ah, Marie Antoinette, but there are so many now who have no homes, and can find none, save the warm, but now prohibitively expensive, welcome of an inn. The remedy is perhaps not unattainable. A sober eye does not require for its gratification the barbaric pearl and gold that is supposed to adorn what are somewhat widely known as our luxurious caravansaries, wearied limbs will find repose in a bed that is not of a period, an appetite unjaded with stimulants will find satisfaction in very simple fare. We can not, of course, return to the simplicity of the Eighteenth Century and earlier; the real Puritans, alas, all unsuspecting, held traffic with the demon Rum. But the later "family hotel," on a teetotal basis, managed a harmless sort of existence even in the unregenerate days. Such should be the type and model of the new age. Let us simplify at the top, and there will be a general scaling down all along the line. Now that the beast has been destroyed, perhaps only in this way can entertainment for the man be provided upon terms which he can afford.

BEFORE Chemistry—and that is not so very long ago—was Alchemy. And before Applied Psychology, which is very recent indeed, was Phrenology. The old alchemical dream has never quite faded; there are still people who are hot on the scent of the secret which shall turn base metals into gold, and

who are quite untouched by the shocking revelations of Geoffrey Chaucer and Ben Jonson. But alchemy is after all a fugitive in holes and corners; chemistry has established itself beyond the possibility of harm from the survivors of an earlier intellectual day. But the newer science of applied psychology stands in some danger from the activities of the "lunatic fringe," more especially from those who are eager to transmute its rather alluring promise into immediate gold through the agency of correspondence courses. So far as applied psychology can by simple tests anticipate and arrange the judgments of experience and common sense, it can do a good deal to help people to an understanding of the

things they are most likely to succeed at, and, even more, of the things they are not—or not yet—fitted to do well. Such tests performed a genuine service in the selective draft; as a means of indicating promise and power they now stand at the entrance gate of some of the colleges; they give promise of useful application to business. And so long as they are used in a way that does not subtly intimidate and discourage, so long as reliance is not placed upon them to the exclusion of other opportunities for a man to demonstrate his quality, they will find an increasing place for themselves. But before this is achieved there must be a heavy mortality among "phrenological" exploiters of the idea.

The Struggle Against High Prices

THE President's address to Congress has started a vigorous endeavor to check, or reverse, the rising tendency of prices. Whatever it may seem possible to do by administrative measures will certainly be done with all the energy that Mr. Wilson and the officials of the executive departments can command; and there is no doubt that Congress will be animated by the same spirit. Apparently even partisan jealousy has, for the nonce, been shoved into the background. The thing comes so close home to the daily need of every man and woman, and is seen, moreover, to be so fraught with possibilities of national peril through its relation to revolutionary discontent, that the ordinary obstacles of petty politics seem, for the time being at least, to have been swept away.

This is not to say, however, that opinion is unanimous, or anything like unanimous, as to what is to be accomplished. Upon the soundness of many of the President's recommendations to Congress, and of his indications of executive policy, there is, indeed, fairly general agreement; the difference of opinion comes in chiefly in the estimate of their importance—of the extent to which the measures proposed are capable of bringing about large practical results in the shape of lowered prices. And it is to be observed that nowhere in the address does the President himself give any, even the most distant, indication of the quantitative value that he attaches to the programme which he lays out. A certain degree of comfort, a certain improvement in the tone of public feeling, will have been imparted by the note he has struck; people will feel that something is going to be done, that their case against the shrinking dollar is not given up by default. But it must be noted that no definite hope of any specified degree of relief is being held out to them. Whether this is to be regarded as a merit or not depends on one's con-

fidence or skepticism as to the extent of the efficacy of the proposed measures.

Upon this point there is room for much difference of opinion; but the reasons for skepticism as regards more than a very moderate degree of relief are unfortunately very strong. Let us take, for example, the matter of monopolistic practices; and in particular, the most conspicuous example of concentrated control of prime necessities, the case of the packers. The Government is rightly setting in motion a thorough-going judicial test of their practices. The nation can not see with indifference the possession by a small group of men of power so enormous and ramifying in so many directions. If the packers have been guilty of violating existing laws, they must suffer the penalty; if, though keeping within the law, they have exercised a power which is baneful either in its direct economic effect upon the public or in its interference with the legitimate opportunities of other men, new measures should be enacted to curb that power. But all these things, be they ever so bad in themselves, may have little or nothing to do with the high cost of living. The comprehensive indictment of the "Big Five" made by the Federal Trade Commission presents an impressive picture of the strangle hold which these corporations have not only upon the meat supply of the United States, but upon that of many other food products in this country, and upon a large portion of the food supply of England, France, and Italy. Coming to the profits accruing from this stupendous business, the Trade Commission says:

The packers' profits in 1917 were more than four times as great as in the average year before the European war, although their sales in dollars and cents at even the inflated prices of last year had barely doubled. In the war years 1915, 1916, 1917, four of the five packers made net profits of \$178,000,000.

Now \$178,000,000 is a staggering figure,

to be sure. But what does it amount to as related to the cost of meat for, say, half the people of the United States? We must first divide by three, for it is the profits of three years, not of one year. This gives \$60,000,000 a year; and the very picture that the Trade Commission draws of the vast ramifications of the monopoly, both into other food products and into foreign countries, requires a big deduction from this figure. Another big deduction must be made, so far as meat is concerned, on account of the great sale of by-products which forms a large part of the packers' business. But let us deduct only one-sixth in all, and we have \$50,000,000 as the annual profit in the war years of these concerns, or one dollar per capita for half the people of the United States. Surely, it is not to these two cents a week of tribute paid to the packers that the American people owe much of the difficulty they have had in keeping up with the cost of living, nor would its entire extinction do much to relieve them of their troubles.

Again, consider the question of the accumulation of great stores of food-stuffs. The President is very explicit in his recommendation of legislation limiting the time during which goods may be kept in storage. It is difficult to see how in any large sense, and in any continually effective way, such limitation can operate as a remedy. In popular discussions of this question of storage the obvious fact is constantly forgotten that the man who keeps food-stuffs in storage for purposes of commercial profit can only get that profit when he sells them. A conspiracy in the nature of a corner, or storage on an enormous scale by absolute or almost absolute monopolists, could indeed run prices to fantastic heights, and result in vast profits through the sale of only a part in time of scarcity, in which case the selling of the remainder, even at a comparatively low figure, would be a matter of indifference to the manipulators. But in the present situation nothing of this nature is even charged.

It may or may not be that more food is being put in storage than a sound calculation of the prospects of supply and demand justifies; but it is upon the calculation of those prospects that the operation is based. It will not profit speculative holders to keep eggs or wheat or corn or cotton in storage for six months, or a year, or two years, and then sell them, unless the market prices at the end of six months or a year, or two years, is decidedly higher than the present market price. It is in the belief that this will be the case that the storage—if indeed there is such storage—is persisted in. If the calculation is correct, the effect of the storage will be not merely that accentuation of pres-

ent scarcity which is so conspicuous in the public eye, but also a corresponding relief of scarcity at a time when that relief will be even more necessary than it would be to-day. Taking the matter by and large, does it seem probable that our lawmakers are more likely by a fixed regulation to bring about an adaptation of supply to demand than are those whose fortunes depend upon their ability to adjust their operations to the facts? If indeed the Government would go further and adopt measures which would act directly upon supply and demand—such as rationing at home or an embargo upon exports—the matter would assume an entirely different aspect. But nothing of this kind appears to be contemplated; and so far as an embargo is concerned, considerations of humanity imperatively forbid it. In the absence of it we can not see how any large or permanent influence in the direction of lowered prices can be exerted by restrictions upon storage for commercial purposes. Hoarding by individuals for personal use is a different matter; the practice of this upon a large scale might produce scarcity when there was nothing in the situation to justify it.

Probably the most hopeful of all the efforts that are now under way is that which relates to retail prices. There is every reason to believe that in normal times the retailers' profit in the staple commodities of everyday use is kept fairly close to the minimum of what is necessary for the purposes of convenient distribution. But at a time when chaotic changes, practically all of them upward, are taking place with great rapidity, the forces which make for normalizing of profits have not time or opportunity to work. The customer is prepared for almost any price that may be asked, and competition does not come into play in time to prevent unreasonable exactions. It is quite possible that with strong effort, whether by legal regulation, by effective publicity, by concentrated effort on the part of citizens and special committees, or by a combination of all these, important results may be achieved. A spirited beginning in this direction has already been made by Attorney-General Palmer in his "fair prices" campaign, which deserves the hearty coöperation of the public.

However all these things may be, it is essential that the general public should understand that the essential cause of high prices lies far deeper than any of the practices of profiteers or hoarders. The enormous expansion of the currency of all countries, including our own, together with that inflation of the circulating medium which is produced by the unprecedented expansion of credits, is of itself sufficient to account for a large part of the rise of prices. The vast diversion of productive energy in Eu-

rope, and in a large measure in our own country also, from the creation of useful commodities to the supplying of the demands of war is another factor of perhaps equal potency. The first of these factors will continue to operate with almost undiminished force for at least a considerable time to come. In the case of the second factor there will be, it is to be hoped, a steady and rapid improvement from now on; yet it will be a long time before the productivity, agricultural and industrial, of European countries and the facilities of transportation will be restored to the pre-war level. With normal money resources enormously swollen, and with supplies for the world's prime needs enormously shrunk, the level of prices must necessarily be abnormally high. It is to the recovery of Europe from her desperate condition, and the consequent easing up of demand as compared with supply, that we must look for substantial relief. And there is no reason to suppose that such relief will fail to come within a comparatively near future.

Some mischievous misapprehensions are bound up with the current talk about the "vicious circle" of rising prices. The railroad Brotherhoods say that "the vicious circle is infinite"; and even the President in his address to Congress speaks of "a vicious cycle to which there is no logical or natural end." The temptation to speak in this way is obvious; when we see so exasperating a process continuing so long, it is perhaps natural to throw up our hands and say that it will go on forever unless something extraordinary be done. But in point of fact, though it is quite possible that something can and should be done, yet even if nothing were done the process would not go on indefinitely. In the era of low prices, a quarter of a century ago, the same feeling existed as regards the constantly falling value of the dollar, and it was the assumption that things were sure to go from bad to worse that gave such vitality to Mr. Bryan's great free-silver campaign of 1896. It is true that higher wages call for higher prices, that higher prices in their turn call for higher wages, and so back to higher prices again. But somebody has got to pay the prices, if they are to stand; and a point is reached at last where the prices will not be paid because people haven't the wherewithal in the shape of money to pay them—unless, indeed, a senseless policy of inflation is pursued by the Government. The Brotherhoods say that capital "fixes" the prices at which commodities shall be sold; but nobody has the power to fix prices beyond the capacity of the community to pay them. It may be difficult to keep our heads level on such a point as this at a time when great suffering and hardship are being experienced by millions of peo-

ple, but nevertheless it is of the utmost importance that we do so. If the evils from which we suffer were really of the character ascribed to them by those who look upon the rise of prices as brought about simply by a cycle of arbitrary increases to which there is no natural check, we should be driven, in the event that minor remedies prove of little effect, to desperate measures whose disastrous consequences no man can foretell. So far from its being "academic" to insist upon the fundamental truths of the relation between prices on the one hand and monetary inflation and productive efficiency on the other, there is no one thing which it is of greater practical importance to keep steadily before the public mind.

Are President and Senate Getting Together?

THE first indication of a break in the deadlock between President and Senate occurred when Senator Pittman of Nevada declared his unqualified approval of every one of the reservations which the seven Republican Senators who are trying to bring about a prompt settlement favor. What Mr. Pittman says is generally understood as representing the President's own attitude. The approval, it is true, was itself accompanied by a most important reservation; for the Senator insisted that the reservations proposed should be made in a separate resolution and not as part of the ratification of the treaty. It may further be pointed out that Mr. Wilson himself had in private conversation used language to almost the same effect, for he had expressed an unqualified belief that what is demanded in those reservations is already contained in the treaty as it stands. Accordingly, Senator Pittman's declaration does not on its face either satisfy the requirements of the conciliatory Republicans or go beyond the President's own informal statements made some time ago. Nevertheless, there is psychologically a great difference. For a step, though perhaps but a small one, has been taken in Administration quarters towards some kind of compromise as regards the actual stand of the Senate in relation to the treaty.

There is no reason why the Republican Senators who have been conscientiously favoring reservations should be content with this small concession. If the reservations are to be effective for their purpose, they must be made part of the ratification. The duty that thus lies upon the Senate is to make the substance and form of the reservations such as will not imperil the settlement, and this duty the seven Senators are scrupulously endeavoring to perform. In any such matter a certain degree of

risk must be incurred, and it does not lie in the mouth of either side to charge the other with partisanship or pig-headedness if it insists that not all the risk must be borne by its side in the contention. It is perfectly evident that a body of thoroughly sincere and honest opinion, both in and out of the Senate, regards with profound misgivings features of the Covenant which hold out possibilities of unnecessary and mischievous involvements in the future. It is purposed to remove these possibilities, so far as such removal is practicable, without inviting any serious danger of disturbance of the Versailles settlement. The mere existence of a chance of such disturbance, a chance so small that reasonable men are justified in regarding it as negligible, can not serve as a club to suppress all doubts and objections. The advocates of unreserved ratification declare that the reservationists' fears as regards the future are shadowy and artificial; the moderate reservationists have fully as much right to assert that the unpromising Administration men's fears as regards the immediate effect of interpretative reservations upon the status of the treaty are exaggerated or imaginary.

The Republican Senate leaders have quite enough to answer for in the blundering and chaotic way in which they have handled the situation. To charge them with a monopoly of partisanship or wrong-headedness is to go quite beyond the mark. The primary responsibility for the state of mind which has all along existed in regard to the question is with the President himself. To say that he had the Constitutional right to carry on the negotiations in his own way is to say what no one seriously disputes. He was under no legal necessity to take counsel either with the Senate or with his own associates in the Commission to Paris. He was under no legal obligation to keep the country informed as to what he proposed to do, or as to what he actually did do from time to time. But in deciding upon the course which he pursued in this regard he had to take its natural consequences. If the result was open to criticism, if the great scheme to which upon his own unaided judgment he proposed to bind the country raised far-reaching issues of permanent national policy upon which intelligent and patriotic men were divided in mind, it was for him to endeavor to win over after the fact the support which he did not feel it necessary to invoke in the course of the negotiations. He has thought fit to do nothing of the kind; apparently his calculation has been that the inherent forces of the situation would of themselves compel assent to his programme. The exasperation produced by this attitude is at the bottom of a great deal of the trouble which has

been experienced. If, on the one hand, that exasperation has now in a great measure worn off, and on the other the President is prepared to some extent to revise his calculation, the country is to be congratulated. Let us hope that we are on the eve of a settlement in which both sides will act with the firm purpose of arriving at a prompt and reasonable conclusion.

Andrew Carnegie

IT is no small tribute to Andrew Carnegie that, in the comment aroused by the news of his death, his traits as a man fully divide interest with the magnitude of his colossal fortune, the way in which he acquired it, and the public purposes to which so large a part of it was devoted. Probably no man ever before accumulated such enormous wealth in a lifetime beginning in poverty; and the magnitude of it was hardly more remarkable than the unparalleled economic development of which it was partly effect and partly cause. The industrial era with which Carnegie's name will be associated began after he had reached manhood, and so great have been the changes of recent years that it may be said to have ended before his death. His gifts to the public have been on a scale unprecedented in past times, and rivalled in our own only by those of Mr. Rockefeller. Yet almost everybody's first thoughts on hearing of his death were directed no more to these things than to the picture of the shrewd and humorous Scotsman which has so long been familiar to the American public. A racy personality, self-assertion sometimes crude or naïve but never silly and almost always marked by pungency and sagacity, manifestly sincere devotion to the ideals of individualist democracy, unbounded confidence in the possibilities of human improvement—all this, accompanied by genuine humor and enjoyment of life, has made Andrew Carnegie a figure not only interesting but likable, even to those who find more to blame than to praise in his career as a whole.

In the case of Mr. Carnegie, as in that of Mr. Rockefeller, the two aspects of their vast accumulation—its getting and its spending—evoke conflicting feelings. Between Mr. Carnegie's methods of aggrandizement and Mr. Rockefeller's there were great differences; but the two were alike in the extreme exploitation of the opportunities that existing economic conditions laid open to them. Yet the worst things that can be said of the means by which the Standard Oil monopoly was created are wholly inapplicable to Mr. Carnegie's operations. Carnegie's dominance was built up by the energy and sagacity with which he seized

upon every opening for the development of new processes and new methods in the steel industry, his extraordinary capacity for discovering and utilizing the talents of other men, especially young men to whom he opened the way to fortune, and, it is true, also by bold and unsparing strokes in his warfare against competitors; but the systematic and illicit suppression of competition which lay at the base of the Standard Oil monopoly did not enter into Carnegie's programme. As for the exploitation of labor, that is a different matter; Mr. Carnegie was not in advance of his time, and some of the hardships of labor most characteristic of the hardness of the capitalist régime at its acme were experienced by the Carnegie workmen.

In the giving of hundreds of millions for the benefit of their fellow men, both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller are entitled to praise far above that which attaches to the mere parting with that amount of wealth, when what is left is so far beyond the possible desires of any individual. In both cases, there has been evident an intense interest in the ends to be achieved. In Mr. Rockefeller's case, indeed, there must be recognized a degree of conscientiousness as to the best possible utilization of his benefactions which is probably without precedent. He seems to be guided by an almost entirely impersonal desire to compass the maximum of human benefit with a given expenditure, irrespective of any personal predilection. Mr. Carnegie, more human than Mr. Rockefeller in other respects, was also more human in this. Not only did he quite frankly indulge a harmless but somewhat childish vanity in the persistent affixing of his name to almost all of his countless public gifts, but the direction of them was determined, in the main, by his personal inclinations. It was his own experience, as a poor boy, of the need of books that made the founding of libraries for so long a time the exclusive object of his benefactions; and in nearly all of his later gifts it was causes which he himself had at heart, and not purposes recommended to him by experts, that drew out his millions. But his interests were wide and varied; he loved intercourse with great and wise men, and was stimulated by it not only in his thoughts but in his acts. Whether anything like his career will again be possible in this country, may be doubted. But there was about it something inspiring which may be lacking in a better age. In any case, Americans who wish to do justice to the age that is now passing may look with justified pride on the public spirit of those of our millionaires—and their name is legion—who, whatever faults may be laid to their charge, have been to all the world exemplars of noble use of great wealth.

The Hungarian Tangle

BELA KUN has fled. A million dollars in various currency were taken from him and his ministerial colleagues as he crossed the Austrian border. A Rumanian army holds Budapest, and a Jugo-Slav force will be there before this goes to press. Members of the new Socialist Ministry are held as hostages, and their authority has been flouted by the Rumanian commander. The local representatives of Italy, England, and the United States are endeavoring to restrain the Balkan armies of occupation. The attitude of the French representatives is ambiguous. Within a day of the Rumanian occupation, and evidently in collusion with the conquerors, rebellious Hungarian gendarmes seized the remnant of the Peidl government, and Archduke Joseph proclaimed himself dictator, promising a coalition ministry. To be sure he has waived his hereditary rights and supported the Karolyi government, but he rules not in the interest of the Entente but of the Rumanians, and may reasonably be suspected of dynastic ambitions. The Peace Conference has a new and incalculable fact to deal with. The confusion is a fitting last act for the prolonged tragi-comedy played between Versailles and Buda.

Hungary was the first enemy state to put herself in order for negotiation and in line for clemency, and she has been the worst treated of all. When Count Karolyi proclaimed the republic, last October, the Allies had a friend to deal with and a national mind resigned to the inevitable reckoning. Provisional guarantees of the integrity of old Hungary were given, and the Hungarians, under blockade and hunger, settled down to wait for terms. None were forthcoming. Versailles was busy with future peace. Meanwhile, the armies of Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia pushed over the neutral zone and into Magyar territory. Repeated protests from Count Karolyi demonstrated that the Entente was either unable or unwilling to check its Balkan allies. The Magyars are a proud race, without the Austrian cynicism, and as they saw themselves subjected to piecemeal invasion and dismemberment, and realized that the pledges of the Entente were valueless, they fell into despair. Count Karolyi bore with unauthorized aggressions. When he was formally commanded to turn over to the Allied armies a completely Magyar zone between Hungary and Rumania, his position became untenable, and he yielded the power to the Socialists of his Ministry.

Thus, late in March, opened the dictatorship of Bela Kun, perhaps the shrewdest demagogue in the world to-

day, which is saying much, for the breed abounds. By a wholesale policy of confiscation of wealth he caught the working people. Unquestionably Count Karolyi had faced the desperate expedient of seeking aid from Bolshevist Russia. This became Bela Kun's chief maxim. He has failed, largely because Russia had no surplus of force to lend her unexpected ally. Bela Kun, under the tutelage of Lenin, avoided the more shocking forms of terrorism. He was a bit easy on small landowners, and even on small industrial concerns. His aim was to present Bolshevism in fair and negotiable guise, to gain standing with the Entente, and incidentally to be an advance agent for Russian Bolshevism. He was to be communistic enough to satisfy the Reds and plausible enough to allure the numerous radicals at Versailles. Ultimately the Entente was to recognize the Bolshevist governments of Hungary and Russia.

Towards these ends Bela Kun's policy was very shrewdly framed. It met, however, two obstacles. The Magyars had never had any real zeal for confiscation. It soon became evident that while there was much seizing of property, there was little distribution. A highly individualistic people soon became tired of regimentation. And the Entente, whose permanent folly as regards Hungary Bela Kun was fully justified in predicating, actually had learned something. The conferees at Versailles had seen Hungary shift startlingly from their easiest to their thorniest problem. They declined to deal with Bela Kun except for his abdication. They encouraged the Balkan folk to nibble at the Hungarian boundaries, tightened the blockade, and gave a modicum of military support to the invading armies.

At the end of July, with the Rumanian guns in hearing, Bela Kun fled with his plunder, and a provisional government was set up with a Socialist Ministry headed by Julius Peidl. On August 3 this government addressed Versailles and was promised recognition. The situation had swung back to where it was in October. With the difference, however, that this time the Rumanian army was near. Although forbidden by the Conference to occupy Budapest, 30,000 troops paraded there in triumph, the Rumanian general took the day-old Socialist ministers as hostages, set up a military government, and issued an ultimatum for a burdensome separate peace. All this was pure revenge for the invasion of Rumania. Nothing more was called for by the situation than a police guard in cooperation with the civil authority. The Jugoslavs, who also have an uncompleted revenge, hope to follow the Rumanian example, and the Czechoslovaks are on the way.

Probably an adjustment is somewhere

in sight, but there is no ground for rejoicing, except in the fall of the outpost of Bolshevism. And here exultation is tempered by the reflection that, with ordinary considerateness on the part of the Entente, Hungary never would have gone Bolshevist at all. The friendly Karolyi was betrayed, the friendly Peidl has been unnecessarily discredited and humiliated. To a demonstration of folly Versailles has added one of impotence. There could be no better proof of the madness of sacrificing the peace of the present to the peace of all the future than is afforded by the case of Hungary. The acid test for the old Entente and for the incipient Society of Nations is at hand. If Rumania and the new Slavic states can wage a separate war of plunder regardless of the Peace Treaty, why then Central Europe has been Balkanized, and the League is the hollowest of mockeries. It was bad enough not to foresee the result of trusting the work of Europe to Balkan armies. The situation can now be saved only by decisive action which, while reestablishing a people's government in Hungary, shall transfer its military control to France, England, and Italy.

Direct Action and the Public

To say that the public is a third party to every strike is to utter a commonplace to which nobody would give a second thought but for the fact that the country is full of strikes and threats of strikes. The most disturbing feature of the situation is not the temporary inconvenience, however great, but the fact that our industrial system is so highly developed and so specialized that even a temporary stoppage of certain functions, such as transportation, threatens a serious collapse. Syndicalists and other revolutionists are well aware of this and are preparing to strike at the vulnerable point when the time comes; but ordinary unionists also, who have only their own welfare in view, are frequently ready to do the same thing, and it is not clear what defense the general public can make against this mode of attack—a sort of jiu jitsu by which a determined minority can force the majority to grant whatever it may ask. Fortunately, the public is not altogether helpless, as the records of a number of serious strikes clearly show.

The well-known "general strike" in Sweden in the year 1909 is a case in point. It was a strike of "folded arms," without violence, but none the less formidable, for the strikers purposed to abandon all works, except the care of the sick and of domestic animals and the provision of light, water, and sanitation.

At one time as many as 285,000 out of 460,000 wage-earners were on strike. The railway workers and the agricultural laborers, however, stayed at their posts. The strike was especially severe in Stockholm, but there, as elsewhere, the public—that is to say, the middle and upper classes, with a portion of the wage-earners—saved the day by forming a volunteer brigade which carried on all absolutely necessary work until the strike broke down. They manned the tramways, drove automobiles and delivery wagons, supplied food and fuel, loaded and unloaded ships and cars, guarded the waterworks and electric stations, and, in general, kept the industrial machine running, though slowly, until the emergency was over.

A similar strike, though not so general, occurred in Wellington and the other chief seaports of New Zealand in October, 1913, when the waterside workers ceased work for a trivial cause at a time when large supplies of dairy produce were awaiting shipment and cold storage facilities were inadequate to keep them from spoiling. The seamen and coal miners came out in sympathy with the wharf laborers, and there would have been a general strike of transport workers but that the railway men refused to join the movement. Business in the chief cities was almost paralyzed, and for a time the outlook was serious, politically as well as industrially, for the strikers had strong syndicalist leanings, and the "Red Fed," which directed the movement, was closely connected with the I. W. W. of the United States.

The Government determined to maintain order, and the strike was broken by the farmers, who, determined to prevent their produce from being spoiled, formed the backbone of a volunteer brigade in two divisions—the one a body of wharf laborers, the other a body of special police who protected their colleagues from the vengeance of the strikers. With the help of professional people, clerks, and others, they loaded and unloaded the ships and did the work of seamen, but they did not attempt to operate the mines. The watersiders' strike was practically over in three weeks, but the miners held out somewhat longer. After this defeat the "Red Fed" turned its attention to political activity rather than direct action, but the world war broke out before their plans could be perfected.

Still another illustration of the successful defense of a community against a semi-revolutionary attack is found in the recent "general strike" in Winnipeg, which began on May 15 and was not called off until June 26. The cause of the trouble was the refusal of the Vulcan Iron Works, the Manitoba Bridge and Iron Works, and the Dominion Bridge Company to recognize the Metal Trades Council in a dispute about the

wages of their employees. The metal workers appealed to all the wage-earners of the city, of whom more than 30,000 responded to the call—a very large number out of a population of about 200,000. Business was completely paralyzed. The city was without mail, telegraph, or telephone service; the street cars stopped, and no daily papers were published except the *Labor News*; practically all factories and wholesale establishments and most retail stores were closed; there was no gas for cooking, and bread and milk even were hard to get.

A Strike Committee or Council was formed, consisting of about 300 representatives of the unions, and the Rev. W. Ivens, the leading spirit of the strike, announced that two representatives of the City Council would be invited to sit with the Strike Committee at the Trades Hall, and that the new form of government would shortly be in power in all the cities of Canada. The Strike Committee was in effect a Soviet, and went so far as to issue cards permitting bakeries, restaurants, and theatres to remain open; but Mayor Charles F. Gray presently put a stop to this, declaring that he would recognize no such assumption of municipal authority.

Mayor Gray, with the help of General Ketchen, soon had the situation pretty well in hand, and determined that at all costs the city should be supplied with food and water, and that violence should be sternly suppressed. The Strike Committee also discouraged violence, but later on, when the strikers were losing ground, there were two serious outbreaks resulting in a number of casualties. Within a few days of the beginning of the strike a citizens' committee of 1,000 was formed to keep order and to carry on the essential activities of the city, and many thousands more were under arms or sworn in to hold themselves ready in case of emergency. After a while the police force of the city showed signs of disloyalty, and some 176 members were dismissed for refusing to sign an agreement not to take part in any sympathetic strike. Altogether, about 2,000 employees of the municipal, provincial, and federal governments were dismissed for participation in the strike, and the civic employees were severely blamed for going out, as they had but recently signed a contract for a year.

The Winnipeg Great War Veterans' Association at first decided to remain neutral, but later took sides against the strikers as the revolutionary character of the leaders became apparent. The dismissed police were replaced by returned soldiers and by the Northwest Mounted Police, but the direct aid of the military was not required, nor was the city put under martial law. At one time it looked as though the railway men

of the three great systems were about to be called out, but later they decided not to strike, and even issued a declaration condemning the whole movement. Sympathetic strikes were declared in numerous other cities, from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Amherst, Nova Scotia, but they had no effect on the final outcome.

It was generally acknowledged that the metal workers had a fairly good case against their employers and that the sympathetic strike might have been successful if their leaders had not early shown the cloven hoof of Bolshevism and thus turned all the conservative elements of the city against them, including the returned soldiers and a considerable part of their own following. The strike was practically a failure early in June, although it dragged on until near the end of the month. On June 16 the employers, with the approval of Hon. G. D. Robertson, Minister of Labor, issued a statement making considerable concessions as to collective bargaining. On the following day nine of the strike leaders were arrested by authority of the Dominion Government, on charge of sedition. These events, however, were results of the strike, rather than causes of its failure. The strike leaders naturally were furious at the final outcome, and one of them made a very significant statement:

There will be no sympathetic strike in future. We will now resort to the ballot. Constitutional measures only for us in the future, but we will have sympathetic elections. We are a majority of the electorate and we will next fall fill the city offices, and every public body, with the friends of labor. Then we will run things.

If organized labor can control the elections, a general strike, or anything like it, is a blow—and possibly a fatal blow—against themselves. If, on the other hand, they are a minority, and, as is the case of the revolutionists, a minority of a minority, an attack on industrial organization or any vital part of it will only cause the public to summon all its powers of resistance to defeat, and, if necessary, to crush the conspiracy. But—and this is the crux of the whole situation—the powers that be, ordained by the will of the people, must not abdicate.

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The Middle West and the Soviet

I AM not at all sure that the Middle West knows just how to classify a soviet. I have heard persons speaking of those shocking Russians, Lenin, Trotsky, and Soviet; and though both newspapers and public speakers have been full of the doings of the Bolshevik there are some here who still wonder whether it is a foreign breakfast food or a new poisonous gas. To the question whether they believe in the soviet, the rank and file in these prairie States would promptly answer no. And in general their answer would be correct. They are Americans first—as their attitude in the war has proved beyond shadow of doubt. They fought to preserve the American tradition, and they will have none of these foreign nostrums and quack remedies.

But notwithstanding their downright Americanism and their general devotion to the American tradition, there are some signs in the Middle West that seem to indicate that many persons there are disaffected. The fact should not be glossed over that there are a considerable number of agitators, some quite unselfish, who preach a doctrine altogether dissimilar to that inculcated in the Constitution.

In many respects the programme of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota, in Nebraska, and in many other prairie States smacks only too ostentatiously of a farmer's soviet. County-owned banks, county-owned newspapers, county-owned means of marketing grain—all this has an unpleasant connotation to those who fear inroads upon our American tradition. It might easily be gathered from a general summary like this that the Middle West—like the Middle West of the days of Populism—had gone stark radical, and was ready to plunge the country into the wildest excesses of political and social experimentation. But in passing it must be remembered that the Middle West to-day is rich—twenty and more years ago, in the heyday of Populism, it was poor, so poor, that Sockless Jerry was a joke only in the Golden East. In many a farmer's barn there is to-day beside the faithful day-laboring Ford a high priced touring car for more formal occasions. At a recent meeting in a south Nebraskan village of less than five hundred I saw drawn up along the curb among Cadillacs, Buicks, and Hudson Super Sixes, at least a dozen Packards of the latest design. The farmer of to-day invests in stocks and bonds. He is a poor man indeed who has not at least \$25,000 in Liberty Bonds alone, and only his banker will be able to tell you how heavily he has invested in local and even distant enterprises. No, the Middle West to-day is rich and in-

terested in more than local securities—it is not going to wave unadvisedly the red flag.

But it is still in place to say a word concerning the farmers' pseudo-soviet—the Non-Partisan League. It is not a thing of to-day—its origin was before the war and its leaders men who caught their inspiration before wheat was over two dollars a bushel. Had the war not come, like Populism, it might for a time have swept these States, for there was much talk then, as to-day, of profiteering and corners in wheat, and it was proposed as a remedy that the new party should establish some sort of direct control over the marketing of the farmer's produce by means of elevators and packing plants owned by State or county. It was distinctly a farmers' union to protect the farmer. But to-day it has lent itself, purely for political motives, to the general spirit of unrest, and allied itself with the I. W. W., the sentimental Bolshevik, and the soap-box socialist. Thwarted in its original object by war prices for foodstuffs, it has extended its arms to all who have a grievance; and thus in one large bed lie owners of property who hope by the help of the League to obtain more property, the wayfaring I. W. W. who disbelieves with all his heart in any property save in the name of the combined industry operating it, and the doctrinaire socialist who would make the State final arbiter in eugenics and birth control. It will be interesting in this Noah's ark of social and political ideas to read the editorials of the first State or county owned newspapers.

It is possible even to prophesy that with the possession of political power the League will become conservative. The history of radicalism in every field of thought is a story of succeeding waves of radicals, each of which after a term of storm and stress lapses into a spirit of greater and greater conservatism. It is hard to reconcile anarchy and responsibility. The various schools of medicine are a case well in point. The Homœopaths, as soon as they had become more or less scientific, were followed by the eclectics, and these in turn by the osteopaths, and these last by the chiropractors. The human mind is not so constituted that it will forever wave the red flag of revolt—the call for a settled order and tradition is too strong to be withstood forever. Even the wild delights of a dawn when it is bliss to be alive and to be young very heaven give place in time to a beauteous evening calm and free.

All over these prairie States there were before the war potentially significant farmers' alliances or farmers' unions with the avowed purpose of influencing legislation in favor of

farmers. They were radical organizations with much of the programme of the League to smash the control of capital over the buying and marketing of grain and cattle. They all talked State-owned or farmer-owned elevators and packing houses and even railroads; and New York and Wall Street were their modern Carthage. But to-day, reading of the wider excesses of the new radicals, they are creeping back into the fold of the old parties. In Nebraska there is to be a Constitutional Convention this autumn. To be sure, the League has its emissaries abroad, but so also have the older schools of radicals, and these now have united with the traditional political parties and have called in to their aid many of a former stand-pat persuasion.

The Middle West loves to pose as radical, as it loves the circus, and with this love is the adventurous man's eagerness to try anything once, but it loves its property still more; and ingrained with this love of adventure is a hard-headed common sense. It went for Populism with the zeal of a new convert, many of its leaders being men with thoroughly honest purposes, but when they urged upon it violent excesses, many of them not dissimilar to those urged to-day, common sense came to the rescue. The same result would hold to-day; even if the radicals should assume power, their control would be only in name. There will be no attempt to set up a soviet in the Middle West, for the one thing this section loves more than political theories, or constitutional changes, or the voice of the sycophant demagogue, is the call of its own broad and fruitful acres. The love of land is too deeply ingrained here to permit any rival. The Middle West flirts with the ideas of Progressivism, Populism, and a thousand other theories, until it sees that their intentions are serious, then back it goes dutifully to its first love with apologetic fervor. Perhaps we can never cure the Middle West of this habit.

Nor is it paradoxical to say of this prairie country that in spite of its love of radical and sensational posing it is the most conservative section of the country to-day. As a result of a long continued series of courses in political science in its State universities it has, in spite of the lucubrations of some of its chosen Senators and representatives, a more fully developed political consciousness than either the East or the West. It may be true, and probably is, that the very reason it *seems* so willing to experiment in politics is because it really knows a good deal about politics. Obviously a great deal that has been taught has been wrong, and it has paid dearly for its poor teachers, but these lessons have made it conservative in the head, though at heart it may be radical.

There are several reasons why there

should occur these sporadic outbursts of radical socialism in the Middle West in spite of its wealth and general sound sense. During the war the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice and work perhaps went farther on western farms than in eastern urban communities. It is literally true that these farmers who had the wheat and the flour—all they needed and more—skimped and experimented with substitutes on a scale that would put many of us who grumbled in the East and in the army to shame. They bought Liberty bonds and saving stamps with the same zest that before led them to buy each other's farms. Now that the war is over, a natural reaction is on in full blast, and they take the same liberties with the Government a child takes with his teacher when school is out. An irresponsible press report that the American Peace Delegates indulged in any orgy of "booze fighting" at the Hotel Crillon, is to many in this "silly season" an argument for Mr. Townley. And so there is a deal of vapid talk, and a little irresponsible voting. It is an interesting comment, however, that the returning soldier is having nothing to do with the business. In more or less silence he is going back to his farm, and thinking. What he will have to say later will be highly significant, but it will hardly win the applause of any group whose war record is not clean.

But now that the suppressing hand of the war has been lifted, high prices and an inflated currency have brought a renewal of the old gambling spirit of the West. Every one is trying to buy or sell on margins. Some farms change hands two or three times in a season, each time at a considerable advance in price—and this is particularly true of the newly broken semi-arid land near the foothills of the Rockies. Big fortunes have been made by speculators in the narrow compass of a few months, until much of the land in these prairie States has a purely fictitious value.

The natural result is a further stimulation of prices already too high and a feeling of uncertainty about the future. At these feasts of Middle West high finance sits always the skeleton reminder of the day of reckoning to come, of the day when the bills for this day's debauch must be paid in lower prices for land and produce. And, as in the days of Populism, people have fleeting thoughts of turning over the bills to the State to pay, to make it the receiver and legatee of their gambling debts and penances.

There is no severe labor problem in the Middle West—no so-called exploited class—no proletarian group dependent entirely upon shop foreman and time-clock. Yet there has been, even in farm and small factory labor, a feeling of insecurity in the face of high prices and high wages. Labor here has no serious

complaint now, when even an unskilled brick maker can command almost the wages of a college professor. It is the feeling of uncertainty about the future that makes him irresolute before the pleadings of a socialist or I. W. W. who promises State guarantees for future labor and future prices.

In short, the Middle West, like the country at large, is wrestling with the enigma of the future. The reason why the farmer soviet is so much talked about is the same, with conditions merely anticipated, which made Populism discussed so shamelessly twenty years ago.

They discussed Populism then, they even voted Populism and sent Populists to Congress; but when it came to acting Populism—their sound common sense saved them. The same thing may happen to-day—it has happened in North Dakota—but it is not likely that it will happen on a large scale. They may make the Non-Partisan League a Middle West platform, but it will not be a stage; they may speak from it, but they will not act on it. There will be no soviet in the Middle West. The Middle West is not made that way.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

The Leopard's Spots

IT may be that the character of an individual can change overnight as the result of a revival meeting, but it is unlikely that the change extends to the roots and fibres of his being. When the converted sinner keeps on the straight and narrow path it is generally, if not always, the result of changed environment, of submission to the constant influence of good men. The character of such a huge group of sinners as constituted the German nation can not possibly change overnight. It can change only gradually and under the steadying influence of wise and high-minded leaders. Yet a great many good Americans felt, and still feel, that Germany, by the very fact of the November revolution, had substituted a saintly for a demoniacal character; that it emerged from autocracy full grown in democratic virtue. The better simile would be that of baptism. Perhaps Germany was "reborn," but birth connotes an extreme of immaturity and helplessness. The German character can be, let us hope will be, remade, but the building of the new nation must be even slower than the building of a new man. Germany to-day is an infant with the thoughts of a man, bad thoughts, many of them, that must be eradicated if the world is to live in safety. Its curse is that it has no great men to lead it into sanity. It is drifting, and, as it drifts, the old ideas, halted but not destroyed by the revolution, naturally reassert themselves. Characteristic currents flow out to make trouble for the future just as they did in the past.

It has been asserted to the point of weariness, but must never be lost sight of, that the great trouble is that Germany does not know it was beaten. Germany to-day knows that its plans were foiled, but the mass of the people, in their growing execration of the old leaders, blame them not for having made the plans, but for having failed to carry them through. Blind adoration of the Kaiser is dead; but will the world be

much better off if this adoration of the Kaiser is merely replaced by equally blind adoration of the state? The cry is all too frequent in Germany: "The Hohenzollerns have failed us. Democratic Germany will be able to forge ahead into the dominant place that destiny has reserved for our nation." The rest of the world has got to live with Germany and has no right to restrain German progress. All that we must demand is that progress shall be achieved through legitimate means and that the rights of nations shall be respected. The mere overturn of an autocratic government does not and has not yet assured this result.

A few weeks ago a circular letter, purporting to be signed by Erzberger, was delivered to many prominent people throughout Germany. When the letter came into hostile hands Erzberger promptly denied the authorship, claiming that it had been written on purpose to discredit him. Whether or not this is true the letter undoubtedly expresses the ideas of a large part of Germany. The author claims that the war was merely one phase of Teutonic development, and that although Germany is at the moment out of favor, its position is really better than before the war because the Allies no longer hold firmly together. It has a word of advice as to the best means of increasing these misunderstandings and then turns to the favorite German topic of the "Drang nach Osten." Germany's road to the East must be kept open at all costs, especially by preventing Poland from becoming strong. A possibly spurious letter may be poor evidence, but in this case it is supported by facts.

Poland must not be strong because Germany must have free access to the great markets of Russia. Germany therefore pleaded with the Allies to leave her the mines of Silesia, on which so much of Poland's prosperity will depend. She claims that those regions were an integral part of the realm, that although a majority might be Polish-

speaking they preferred to remain a part of Germany because of the inestimable benefits resulting from German rule. The Peace Conference made a wise concession in decreeing a plebiscite for large parts of the disputed territories. What Germany hoped then, and probably expected, was that German officials would continue to control until after the vote was taken. Then there would have been no doubt of the outcome, because only those would have voted whose votes could be depended on. But the Peace Conference decided that in the interim the territory should be governed by an inter-Allied Commission. German troops are already withdrawing from the districts and evidently realize that if their return depends on a popular vote they will never return, since they are carrying away with them the stock from the farms and even the furniture from the farm houses. The Germans have been reduced to propaganda, but since democracy has not removed the old officials there are plenty of trained propagandists. The Polish miners are told that Poland will re-introduce the ten-hour day—and this in spite of the fact that Poland has an eight-hour day. They are told that they will have no electric lights and paved streets under Polish rule—although why a change of overlordship should quench the lights and remove paving-stones from the streets is not specified. They are informed that the pension and insurance systems will lapse—and this in spite of the fact that Poland has been instructed to retain them and in any case has equally good systems of her own. It is the old style of propaganda, based on lies. On the border there are clashes daily between German and Polish troops, but since the signing of the Treaty the German hope of creating, through Polish nervousness, a reason for active military intervention is fading. The German officials who have so politely escorted Allied reporters through the territory have shown them what they wanted them to see. This is why some American papers have had accounts of the meetings in Silesia of those in favor of remaining a part of Germany and have failed to record the far greater spontaneous demonstrations, held under fear of savage reprisals by the authorities, in favor of union with Poland.

But to keep Silesia away from Poland is only one of the German plans and is less sinister because the game must, to a large extent, be played in the open. The Ukraine is still, in its western portions, disputed territory. It is largely Bolshevik and the Bolsheviks are fighting the Poles. They are supported by the Germans. The Ukrainian armies are officered by Germans, they have German guns and German ammunition. Their propaganda, their attempts to stir up trouble in adjoining districts, are pecu-

liarily Teuton. More and more are the Ukrainians being bound to Germany, so that, whatever the outcome of the territorial questions, they will remain the debtors of Germany, their territory a friendly road into Russia.

Poland must also be hemmed in to the north, Polish ambitions—often unfair enough, it must be admitted—must be curbed in the Baltic states. The Allies in this region did not quickly realize the German purpose, so cleverly was it hidden. The new states, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, were desperately weak against the armies of Russian Bolsheviks. For a time, therefore, German troops were allowed to remain to assist in the defense. These troops became more and more arrogant, paid daily less regard to the local authorities. After the overturn of the government in Latvia by the Baltic barons, who are mostly German, assisted by German troops, the Allies at last understood that, so far as the independence of the new states was concerned, the Germans were a greater menace than the Russian Bolsheviks, and ordered the German evacuation of the territory. Long before this the local inhabitants had sensed their own danger. They knew that it could not always be chance that whenever the Russians attacked there were no German troops in the defense, that whenever the Russians retreated there were always German troops to occupy the land. It was not lost on them that in many instances when the Bolsheviks advanced the territory *behind* them was found to be occupied by Germans. It was evident enough that the defenders within the city were in complete accord with the attacking forces beyond the walls. Germany's road to the east along the Baltic littoral is closed, or nearly closed, for the moment, but it will not be permanently closed until Russia has been re-organized by a really democratic leader, be he Kolchak or some other yet to arise.

There is an eastward road farther south that leads through Hungary and Bulgaria. This road also Germany wants to keep open for her commercial armies of the future. But here again the newly democratic German does not see that victory may come as well by fair dealing in open competition as by intrigue. The exact relations between Germany and the Hungarian Bolsheviks have been and still are carefully hidden. The whole policy of Count Karolyi was based on friendship with the Allies. When they failed him—or when he believed they had failed him—he turned the government very near to the communists. Bela Kun and his tribe are anti-Ally. They depend ~~on~~ on Lenin, secretly on Germany. One instance, too little noticed, is enough to prove this. Four months ago, the Red Army of Hungary was little better than a rabble. A few

weeks ago it attacked the Czecho-Slovak army, made up largely of veteran troops, and drove them back a hundred miles and more. How was this possible? The answer is that Bela Kun, under instructions from the Germans, had introduced strict discipline. His army was officered by Germans who, in a few weeks, turned a rabble into an efficient fighting force. In making the Red Army efficient, Germany knew that it was prolonging a period of disorder, and this is everywhere the German aim. Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Rumania, the Baltic Provinces, must be kept in such a state of unrest on the borders that they will have no opportunity for orderly self-development and the establishment of stable governments. The best method, under present circumstances, appears to Germany to be the encouragement everywhere of Bolshevism or that state of radical unrest which finally issues in Bolshevism.

This German manipulation of Bolshevism is perhaps the most serious danger facing the world at the present time. It extends not only to support of the Soviets in Russia and in Hungary. It includes as well the support of radicalism in every country, carried on mainly for the broad purpose of demoralizing Germany's rivals, sometimes for the narrow purpose of securing a specific advantage. For example, there have been serious dock strikes in Denmark, the strikers supported by German money. Quite recently a steamer, loaded and ready to sail for America, was held up for lack of coal. A little group of men offered to put the coal on board at a rate approximating \$7 an hour. Rather than sustain the greater loss of delayed sailing the company paid. This sort of thing is to the interest of Germany specifically, in that it must have the effect of diverting trade from Copenhagen to Hamburg and Bremen. The tragedy is that German agents play on the passions of the ignorant, persuading them to strike, not for their own advantage, but to destroy their very means of permanent livelihood for the benefit of German interests.

It may fairly be said, of course, that German support of Bolshevism, although of imminent danger to the rest of the world, may mean the ultimate ruin of Germany's own plans. The German is playing a desperate game for high stakes. The highest stake of all is Russia. Germany has announced the resumption of trade with Soviet Russia. It must have been German ammunition that has driven the Kolchak forces eastward from the Urals—must have been, for the Bolsheviks are making little or no ammunition. The Bolsheviks attacking the Baltic provinces used German gas shells, in spite of the fact that the German troops were associated with the defenders. Whenever, in this

region, the Germans retreated they purposely left their ammunition to fall into Bolshevist hands. German experts have been sent to Moscow to assist in the nefarious enterprise of manufacturing counterfeit money. The Germans are thus trafficking with the Bolsheviks both along the lines of open support—economic and military—and through assistance in practices which even the most ardent advocates of Bolshevist doctrine admit to be immoral except, perhaps, as temporary measures. With the almost universal collapse of belief in individual rights has appeared, also, a passive acceptance of the theory that any means are justifiable if they tend to a good end. But few people outside of Germany will contend that German domination of Russia through a continuance of Bolshevism, outwardly despised and at the same time manipulated by German agents, would be a worthy end.

The great hope is that Germany, in thus for selfish ends supporting the Soviet Governments of Russia and Hungary, will lose the very commercial mastery for which she aims. Few people, except the shallowest radicals, believe

that Bolshevism as a system can survive. When its fall comes, will not the liberated peasants and artisans look about them and ask, "Who supported this odious thing which has so nearly wrecked our country?" Unless Germany has been extraordinarily successful in hiding what she has done the answer will be plain, and the freed peoples may well turn in anger and disgust from the guilty nation.

It is necessary for the world that Germany should again become strong and sound, but equally necessary that German regeneration should be moral as well as physical. Until Germany eschews deceit as she has eschewed the Kaiser, until new men with new ideas arise who have a finer sense of international and other-national rights, the Allies must not close their eyes to what is going on. This is necessary for their own safety, for the safety of the new children in the society of nations, for the sane upbuilding of Germany herself. Declarations of righteousness must be supplemented by scrupulously honorable deeds.

EXAMINER

On Cultivating the Fundamentals

NO service is done to education by anyone who tries to introduce new subjects at the expense of the fundamentals. The fundamentals are few, and they are easily recognizable. There is never any trouble in securing a consensus as to the indispensability of reading, writing, and spelling—the manipulation of the national tongue—and of an acquaintance with geography and with numbers and computation. Without such knowledge a person can hardly expect to get on at all in modern life; the experience of the race, over many generations, has made these subjects traditional. And now we are coming to see that both individual and national well-being call also for those studies, in earliest youth, whose pursuit leads to knowledge of the human body and of the laws of health. There is no tradition behind this fundamental, but a strong national persuasion is developing among the better educated classes, and hygienic living, if not adopted voluntarily, is likely to be imposed upon the stupid, indifferent, or recalcitrant. It is fair enough to call physical education a fundamental. But since its future seems bright enough, and since the tendency is to extend rather than to encroach upon and limit it, there is no occasion to defend its claims as, it is to be feared, there is occasion to stand up for the traditional subjects.

The assumption seems to be that any one can teach the "three R's"—that they are easy to deal with. It is not so. Like

anything else worth while, they are difficult in themselves; and they are rendered the more redoubtable to the instructor because they come first. The teaching of a second modern language would lose a large proportion of its arduousness and have greatly augmented prospects of success if the student but knew his own mother-tongue thoroughly and accurately. There would be no need to study Latin in order to understand linguistic structure, if English grammar had been thoroughly taught. Many of the exasperations of college teachers of economics would disappear if the students could carry out simple arithmetical computations with exactitude. In short, we have here something basic; and the transmission of it is the harder because it is basic and thus involves the making of a beginning—the getting of a foothold. It is no function to be intrusted to greenness, frivolity, and inexperience.

This earliest teaching, besides, is that which holds the strategic point in the formation of mental habits. The material it encounters is highly plastic; there is, as yet, not so much to unlearn. If the home were a school for life, as it ought to be, instead of a chaos devoid of discipline, or a hothouse, as it so often is, there would be a still smoother *tabula rasa* ready for the stylus of those who are called upon to write first. In any case, however, these latter have an opportunity to cultivate the by-product of mental discipline such as none of

their successors can ever have. But this by-product is, after all, pretty nearly the main thing in the educational process; it is a by-product only in the sense that it, like character, can not be sought directly, but arrives as a consequence of doing definite duties, voluntarily or under compulsion. It is better, perhaps, a sort of emanation or synthetic product—a quintessence that comes out of the faithful and repeated expressing of minor essences or essentials.

A mind is disciplined, not by reason of the quantity of related or unrelated matter that has been displayed before it, or crammed into it, but when it has learned to confront the difficult with intrepidity, relying upon methods of attack which it knows it can use with dexterity and precision because it has been using them right along, and which are in the available kit of tools just as the carpenter's saw and chisel lie in his chest sharp and ready for the grip of his hand. Mental discipline is a matter of the quality of instruction, and the quality of the mental application demanded by the instructor, rather than of the quantity of subjects presented. Hence a few proper subjects, in qualified hands, are enough to make a start with.

It is well that the fundamentals are few; and it is highly desirable that they shall have the whole field to themselves until, at the hand of competent instruction, they are thoroughly learned and assimilated. For they are difficult enough to afford a wholesome resistance to assault, calling for a strain and tension conducive to the strengthening of intellectual sinews; and the methods by which they can be reduced are the stock methods of all intellectual siege-operations. If any one has these fundamentals early, thoroughly, and exhaustively ground into his very being, there are not many intellectual gyrations that he can be called upon to perform for which he will not have the adequate mental musculature and stamina. He will have plenty of time later on, and also the capacity, to pick up a collection of the graces for himself.

Therefore there is the strongest objection to crowding upon and interfering in any way with the thorough learning of the fundamentals; and if any one who holds the foregoing views undertakes to advocate new studies in the schools to meet the spirit and opportunities of the time, it is understood that he is offering a challenge to the less fundamental parts of the curriculum alone.

If the earliest school years are as determinative as they have been asserted to be—if the proverb, "As the sapling is bent, so is the tree inclined," is applicable in this connection—then a plea for better education must begin with a

call for better primary instruction. It is perhaps bootless to recall the fact that many members of former generations got a substantial start in the old district schools, under the ministrations of some crotchety dominie who, perhaps, did not go very far, but was thorough as far as he went, and a disciplinarian always; who made keeping school his life-work, was proud of it, and enjoyed the respect of a community that was proud of him. With the concentration of population and its attendant social adjustments the day of such characters has passed; but it sometimes appears that their after-types are discharging their functions with no such steadiness of purpose and success. Perhaps these after-types know so much more that they are above their jobs. Perhaps for this reason, and because so many of them are young women, with destiny as wife and mother summoning them, they look upon their teaching as a temporary stage in their life-careers rather than as an important service to society, and an end in itself. With all deference to thousands of good women throughout the land, there ought to be more men in the elementary schools, especially in schools for boys. Boys are not by nature docile; they need the strong hand; and then, too, they are inclined to hold anything that seems to be typically "woman's work" in slighter esteem. There is a prestige and also a wholesomeness to be gained for elementary education by getting more men teachers into it; as things are, it is too one-sidedly unmasculine.

But it is almost laughably utopian to expect men to go into the teaching of letters and numbers. A college professor often feels that his students hardly regarded his instruction in trigonometry or history as real man's work; they may, later on in life, but that does not help his standing and efficiency while they are under him. The dominie "has it on him," as the saying goes, in this respect; for there no longer exists that reverence for learning *per se* that people used to have. And this altered attitude, which reserves its applause for the verb "to do" rather than the verb "to be," and is too impatient to see that first the blade and then the ear must precede the full corn in the ear, has its inevitable reflection in both the material and the immaterial rewards of the profession. If the best college seniors scarcely contemplate college teaching as a career, how can any one expect strong and ambitious men to go into primary teaching? How, indeed, can you expect any one, man or woman, to take up that occupation except as a stop-gap, or to continue in it except with discontent and a numbing sense of frustration and failure?

There are inalterable social laws that

set the conditions of social recognition and recompense for all the various vocations. It would appear that they do this, in many cases, independently or in defiance of the findings of reason. Theoretically everyone believes in sound education; nevertheless, in practice, that prime desideratum can not be attained in full measure because the rewards of service in this line are far below the grade necessary to attract the most highly competent into it. It is not desirable that the rewards shall stand comparison with those in, say, business; for the best teaching must always have in it the elements of disinterested enthusiasm and of self-sacrifice. But no one who is not a fanatic can contemplate a life, for himself and his, in which the proportion of sordid care is prospectively so great.

It is impossible to offer any solution of this, the ultimate crux of the educational problem. If popular sentiment for education were strong enough—if people prized it as highly as they think they do—the solution would doubtless appear. But when everyone freely admits that general education is a good thing, and lets it go at that, there seems to be no *point d'appui* at all. There is no heat generated, not even that of controversy. It is probable that there is need of some startling revelation to transform a theoretical but indifferently held persuasion into something more alive and efficient. Perhaps the war has done something to awaken sensibilities in this direction, as in so many others. In any case, the happenings of the past few years have somewhat altered the mood of the teachers, who seem inclined to less patience and resignation in their lot than heretofore. If the profession, having become impoverished, should now be deserted by the remaining desirables, perhaps it will have struck rock-bottom at length, and may start to rise.

The time now to come will call for education as never before. We have pretty well exhausted the natural advantages which we have had for the asking, and we have got to know more, as a nation, in order to hold our own in the closer competitions that are coming. All education, but especially the fundamentals, must be better done if we are to adjust and reconstruct under the imminence of altered life-conditions. But education demands schools; and schools are not mere piles of inorganic matter, however elaborately fashioned. A school is an atmosphere, generated by a teacher—a mere log, if the compelling personality sits at one end of it. The present pressing problem of education is the personnel of the faculties, and especially of those that attend to the elementary fundamentals.

A. G. KELLER

Herman Melville

II

IN 1849, about two years before "Moby Dick," appeared that strangest of allegories, "Mardi, and a Voyage Thither." The two works are companion pieces: "Mardi" is a survey of the universe in the guise of an imaginary voyage of discovery, "Moby Dick" is a real voyage skilfully used to illustrate the cosmos; "Mardi" is a celestial adventure, "Moby Dick" an infernal. "Mardi" is highly general—the quest of a mysterious damsel, Zillah, a sort of Beatrice, a type of divine wisdom; "Moby Dick" is specific, the insanely vengeful pursuit of the dreaded white whale. The people of "Mardi" are all abstractions, those of "Moby Dick" among the most vivid known to fiction. "Mardi" was far the most ambitious effort of Melville's, and it failed. Personally I like to read in it; for its idealism tinged with a sane Rabelaisianism, for its wit and rare pictorial quality, for the strange songs of Yoomy, which, undetachable, are both quaintly effective in their context, and often foreshadow oddly our modern free verse. It is often plethoric and over-written, it drops out of the Polynesian form in which it is conceived, and becomes too overt preaching and satire. It justifies the Bacchic philosopher Babbalanja's aphorism—"Genius is full of trash"; but it is also full of wisdom and fine thinking. It represents an intellectual effort that would supply a small library, and I suppose it is fated to remain unread. Perhaps its trouble is its inconclusiveness. Again Babbalanja is enlightening:

Ah! my lord, think not that in aught I've said this night, I would assert any wisdom of my own. I but fight against the armed and crested lies of Mardi, that like a host, assail me. I am stuck full of darts; but tearing them from out me, gasping, I discharge them whence they came.

The very seriousness of "Mardi" tells against it. One feels something, a breaking heart under the literary horse-play. Thus it can not hold its own either with such neatly fashioned ideal republics as Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," nor with the Horatian elegance of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," nor of course with the grim impassivity of "Gulliver's Travels." The occasional delver in "Mardi," however, will pluck out of it all sorts of surprises from foreshadowings of the superman to an anticipation of Samuel Butler's vitalism.

"Moby Dick" has the tremendous advantage of its concreteness. Captain Ahab's mad quest of the white whale imposes itself as real, and progressively enlists and appalls the imagination. Out of the mere stray episodes and minor characters of "Moby Dick" a literary reputation might be made. The retired

Nantucket captains, Bildad and Peleg, might have stepped out of Smollett. Father Mapple's sermon on the Book of Jonah is in itself a masterpiece, and I know few sea tales which can hold their own with the blood feud of Mate Radney and sailor Steelkilt. The style still has the freshness and delicate power of "Typee," but is subtler. Take the very modern quality of a passage which a Loti might envy:

It was while gliding through these latter waters that one serene and moonlight night, when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and by their soft, suffusing seethings, made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude; on such a silent night a silvery jet was seen far in advance of the white bubbles at the bow. Lit up by the moon, it looked celestial; seemed some plumed and glittering god uprising from the sea.

There is also a harsher note befitting the theme. The tang of it is in the passage with which this essay opened. The tragic and almost incredible motive of the quest of the demon whale gains credibility from the solid basis of fact, as mad captain Ahab himself is based, so to speak, on his ivory leg. The insane adventure itself grows real through the actuality of its participants: Was there ever such a trio as the savage harpooners? Their very names, Feddalah, Tashetego, Queequeg, are a guarantee of good faith. A reader instinctively hurrahs at the deeds of such mates as Starbuck and Stubbs while with them he cowers under the fateful eye of Captain Ahab. Throughout the book are shudders, sympathies, and laughs.

But "Moby Dick" is more than what it undisputedly is, the greatest whaling novel. It is an extraordinary work in morals and general comment. In the discursive tradition of Fielding and the anatomist of melancholy, Melville finds a suggestion or a symbol in each event and fearlessly pursues the line of association. As he and Queequeg plait a mat on the same warp, the differing woofs and resulting surfaces become a symbol for man's free will asserting itself against the background of fate. Such reflections are in a grave, slow-moving style in which Burton has counted for much and Carlyle for something. It is the interplay of fact and application that makes the unique character of the book. As for the Christian fathers the visible world was merely a similitude or foreshadowing of the eternal world, so for Melville the voyage of the Pequod betokens our moral life in the largest sense. An example may best show the qualities and defects of the method. "Ishmael" (Herman Melville) is at the wheel at night gazing at the witches' kitchen of "trying out" the blubber. The glare sends him into a momentary doze and a strange thing happens:

Starting from a brief standing sleep, I was horribly conscious of something fatally wrong. The jaw-bone tiller smote my side, which leaned against it; in my ears was the low hum of sails just beginning to shake in the wind. I thought my eyes were open: I was half conscious of putting my fingers to my lids and mechanically stretching them still farther apart. But, spite of all this, I could see no compass before me to steer by; though it seemed but a minute since I had been watching the card, by the steady binnacle lamp illuminating it. Nothing seemed before me but a jet gloom, now and then made ghastly by flashes of redness. Uppermost was the impression, that whatever swift, rushing thing I stood on was not so much bound to any haven ahead as rushing from all havens astern. A stark, bewildered feeling, as of death, came over me. Convulsively my hand grasped the tiller, but with the crazy conceit that the tiller was, somehow, in some enchanted way, inverted. My God! what is the matter with me, thought I. Lo! in my brief sleep I had turned myself about, and was fronting the ship's stern with my back to her prow and the compass . . .

Look not too long in the face of the fire, O man! Never dream with thy hand on the tiller! Turn not thy back to the compass; accept the first hint of the hitching tiller, believe not the artificial fire when its redness makes all things look ghastly. Tomorrow, in the natural sun, the skies will be bright; those who glared like devils in the forking flames will show in far other, at least gentler relief; the glorious, golden, glad sun, the only true lamp—all others but liars.

Upon the reader's slant towards this sort of parable will very much depend his estimate of "Moby Dick." Are we dealing with trimmings or essentials?—that is the critical question. Cut out the preachments, and you will have a great novel, some readers say. Yes, but not a great Melville novel. The preachments are of the essence. The effect of the book rests on the blend of fact, fancy, and profound reflection, upon a brilliant intermingling of sheer artistry and moralizing at large. It is Kipling before the letter crossed with Sir Thomas Browne, it comprises all the powers and tastes of Herman Melville, is his greatest and most necessary work. So while no one is obliged to like "Moby Dick"—there are those who would hold against Dante his moralizing and against Rabelais his broad humor—let such as do love this rich and towering fabrique adore it whole-heartedly—from stem to stern, athwart ships and from maintruck to keelson.

In a sense "Moby Dick" exhausted Melville's vein. At thirty-two he had put into a single volume all that he had been in action, all that he was to be in thought. The rest is aftermath, yet it, too, is considerable. The year after "Moby Dick," 1852, appeared "Pierre, or the Ambiguities." Legend assigns the author's swift obscuration to the dispraise "Pierre" aroused. It is too simple an explanation, as we shall see. The book is repellent and overwrought, yet powerful. The theme is the endeavor

of a long-parted brother and sister, a mere lad and lass, to cut loose and lead their own lives, as nominal husband and wife. The ambiguity of their situation leads to misery, madness, and ruin. Convention triumphs over a boy's genius and chivalry, as over a girl's unmeasured tenderness. The struggle is painful, without winning much sympathy. The moral that one must somewhat bend to things as they are is almost commonplace. The demonstration is powerful, but without much sequence; reflection and satire burgeon over the mishaps of the luckless brother and sister, as if the red, red rose and the briar should finally conceal the twin tombs of the ballad lovers. Yet as a literary curiosity "Pierre" is worth reading, and it is at least a curious coincidence that it completely anticipates in wire-drawn fashion what was soon to be the leading motive of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." The parallel is commended to would-be doctors of philosophy.

In 1863 Herman Melville sold "Arrowhead" to his brother Allan and soon went to New York and obscurity. A disastrous driving accident in 1864 and the resultant shock for months sapped the nerve of the former whaleman, and when he emerged it was to a new and smaller life. Family cares now pressed upon him, and in 1865 he took a position as customs' appraiser, humble duties which he exercised at the old Gansevoort Market for upwards of twenty years. He lived, a cheerful and courteous recluse, satisfied with his books and his home. Literary New York forgot him and social New York never knew him. Shortly before his death the magnanimous poet-critic, Edmund Clarence Stedman, managed a complimentary dinner for him, and with difficulty got him to attend it. It was about the only public recognition he ever received. I had the pleasure of seeing the home in which he died, an apartment in the now vanished "Florence," at 18th Street and Fourth Avenue. It was the mellowest home I have ever seen in Manhattan. There was a fine portrait of the Gansevoort grandsire, by Sully after Stuart; Washington Alston would have highly approved the prints after Claude and Salvator, and Charles Lamb would have reveled in the lustrous brown folios of the old English worthies. The simple old furniture was worthy of the rest. I liked to think that Herman Melville's last anchorage was in so sweet a port.

Perhaps Melville had written himself out, lasted just as long as his incomparable sea material, and no longer. For a smaller man the explanation would be adequate, as it is the simplest. I rather think poor health and brooding must chiefly account for the collapse. Among the numerous aphorisms in "Pierre" we read, "When a man is really in a pro-

found mood, then all merely verbal or written profundities are unspeakably repulsive, and seem downright childish to him." And again, "Yoke the body to the soul, and put both to the plough, and the one or the other must assuredly drop in the furrow." "Pierre" is one long parable of living too intensely morbidly, and individually. It probably reflects a personal struggle of the author for a mental equipoise which he attained at the cost of surrender of old activities and ambitions. Meanwhile he had greatly isolated himself. By telling the truth about the Polynesian missionaries he had sorely ruffled the devout, and had increased the offense by skeptical asides in his novels. From the New England writers, most of whom too clearly revealed "the striped origin of their German and Neo-Platonic origins," he stood off. He came to a New York in the literary doldrums. Solitude easily became a habit which stuck.

For recreation he still occasionally turned to verse, but nothing except "Battle Pieces," 1866, was even intended for the public. Of the war poems only "Sheridan at Cedar Creek" is remembered—

Shoe the steed with silver
That bare him to the fray

is deservedly in the anthologies. There are single lines and stanzas in the volume that are thrilling. The poems to the Swamp Angel, the great gun that reduced Charleston, is fine, as a stanza proves, in sustained irony and symbol:

There is a coal-bleak Angel
With a thick Afric lip
And he dwells (like the hunted and harried)
In a swamp where the green frogs dip
But his face is against a City
Which is over a bay of the sea,
And he breathes with a breath that is blastment,
And dooms by a far decree.

There are again striking anticipations of the terse and sententious method that Kipling was to make famous. Kipling himself might have thought this prophetic stave to the Monitor's victory:

Hail to victory without the gaud
Of glory; zeal that needs no fans
Of banners; plain mechanic power
Plied cogently in War now placed—
Where War belongs
Among the trades and artisans.

Melville had rather the soul of a poet than great poetical capacity, or facility, but there is power and probity in his feelings that atone for halting verse and occasional makeshift rhyme. He is too original a figure in American poetry ever to be quite forgotten.

After "Battle Pieces" the rest with Melville if not silence is whisper. He sunk resignedly into his habits. In a literary way he was not idle. I have seen in manuscript an historical novel,

half a dozen short stories, a volume of lyrics and some long narrative poems, but have had no opportunity to read this unpublished material. For a time Melville had the genial and accomplished Richard Henry Stoddard as an associate in the customs office. Towards the end he was in correspondence with the English writer of sea novels, W. Clark Russell. But in general Melville's situation was that which he treats in the privately printed poem, "John Marr," printed in 1888—a disillusioned mariner living by great memories and by family affection, drawing ever more aloof from the surrounding world.

In his early fifties Melville made the Mediterranean trip, leaving certain memories of it in his two privately printed volumes of verse and more comprehensively in the reflective poem, "Clarel, a Pilgrimage in the Holy Land." Of those who have actually perused the four books and two volumes of "Clarel" I am presumably the only survivor. Yet there are in "Clarel" vividness, humor, irony, and mind-stuff sufficient to stock the entire imagist school; only the blend was never quite right and the fashion of the poem has passed. Melville brings a group of flippant and serious skeptics, theologians, men of action, poets, and traders into Palestine and notes their reaction to the legend, scenery, and shrines of the Holy Land. There are charming lyrics, sharp and well-seen descriptions. The problem of faith and doubt is turned over in every sense, the bearing of both on public and private morals is constantly adumbrated often with prophetic intuition.

Arts are tools;
But tools, they say are to the strong;
Is Satan weak? weak is the Wrong?
No blessed augury overrules;
Your arts advance in faith's decay;
You are but drilling the new Hun
Whose growl even now can some dismay;
Vindictive in his heart of hearts,
He schools him in your mines and marts—
A skilled destroyer.

This should show the vigor of the thinking in "Clarel," and prepare the way for its eminently Victorian conclusion. Melville admits all the doubts, but *quand même* let the individual hold his modicum of faith in humanity and a God, and his hope in immortality.

If Luther's day expand to Darwin's year,
Shall that exclude the hope—foreclose the fear?

* * * * *
Yea, ape and angel, strife and old debate,
The harps of heaven and dreary gangs of hell;
Science the feud can only aggravate—
No umpire she betwixt the chimes and knell;
The running battle of the star and clod
Shall run forever—if there be no God.

* * * * *
Then keep thy heart, though yet but ill resigned—
Clarel, thy heart, the issues there but mind;
That like the crocus budding through the snow—
That like a swimmer rising from the deep—

That like a burning secret which doth go
Even from the bosom that would board
and keep;
Emerge thou mayst from the last whelming sea
And prove that death but routs life into victory.

With its patent *longueurs* and lapses "Clarel" is about all America has to show for the poetical stirring of the deeper theological waters which marked the age of Matthew Arnold, Clough, Tennyson, and Browning. And we need not be ashamed of our representation.

In the deepening twilight of his later years Melville printed for private circulation two little pamphlets of verse, "John Marr and Other Sailors," 1888, and "Timoleon," 1891. Here and there are flashes of the old genius which the Melvilleite will cherish, many fine lines and no quite fine poems. The little brochures were fittingly dedicated to W. Clark Russell and to Elihu Vedder, artists who respectively accord with the objective and the mystical side of Melville's vein.

I have left myself little scope for discussing the problem of Melville's decline. He seemed written out at thirty-two, when most authors are just beginning to strike their gait. Yet it should not be forgotten that not even the most neglected works of his are negligible for a reader who values rich idiosyncrasy. "Pierre" is perhaps the only positively ill-done book, and it is stuffed with memorable aphorisms. Amid the somewhat dreary wastes of "The Confidence Man" are numerous tidbits of irony and wit. "Israel Potter" contains the best account of a seafight in American fiction. But it is undeniable that after "Moby Dick" Melville never conceived a good book—"White Jacket" was a hang-over; his inventive processes became uncertain and fluctuating, the moralist in him eclipsed the man of letters. The extraordinary artistry, the ineffable magic of words so frequent in his beginnings becomes intermittent and rare. The new sententiousness and oracular eloquence never quite fulfill themselves. What he lacked was possibly only health and nerve, but perhaps even more, companionship of a friendly, critical, and understanding sort. In London, where he must have been hounded out of his corner, I can imagine Melville carrying the reflective vein to literary completion. As sensitive a friend as the poet Stoddard has written: "Whether any of Melville's readers understood the drift of Melville's mind, or whether he understood it himself, has often puzzled me." Yet there seems no mystery in the ambition to make great fulness of life contribute to fuller understanding of life's deeper enigmas. Robert Browning would readily have seen what Melville was driving at.

If Melville relatively failed in the

synthesis he sought, he left the evidence of its possibility in "Moby Dick." In sheer capacity to feel most American writers look pale beside him. Out of his loins grows the recent "strong school." They have nothing in common with him but his emphasis. At his best he commanded a witchery of words beyond any American save only Edgar Allan Poe. He combined in an extraordinary degree impressionistic delicacy and precision with emotional and mental vigor, and withal robust humor; he was both drastic and refined, straightforward and deeply mystical, precious, and delightfully homely. He felt keenly the task of harmonizing so many opposites, and perhaps has left the sufficient key both to his ambitions and disappointments in one of the poems of "Timoleon." With it we take leave of the most personally alluring of American men of letters:

ART

In placid hours well-pleased we dream
Of many a brave unbodied scheme.
But form to lend, pulsed life create,
What unlike things must meet and mate;
A flame to melt—a wind to freeze;
Sad patience—joyous energies;
Humility—yet pride and scorn;
Instinct and study;—love and hate:
Audacity—reverence. These must mate,
And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
To wrestle with the angel—art.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Correspondence

How Women Vote

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The prophecies of J. Rogers in his letter of July 12 have a strangely familiar sound. For many years the public has been hearing from suffragists of the marvelous things which would happen when women vote; but in cities where women *do* vote proof of these claims is startlingly absent.

Mr. (?) Rogers claims that the vote will give to women "a new sense of municipal responsibility" and will insure "the passing of the bartender." Would he be interested to know that at the February primaries in Chicago, when it was to be decided whether the city's notorious Mayor was again to be the Republican candidate, and whether a worthy Democrat was to oppose him, that out of the 660,000 women eligible to vote, *more than half a million* stayed away from the polls, showing no sense whatever of municipal responsibility? And that of the 135,000 who did vote by far the largest number cast their ballots for Mayor Thompson, who received more than six times as many women's votes as

the reform candidate who ran against him? It is under woman suffrage that Chicago has earned the verdict of our returned soldiers of being "the most despised city in the United States." In regard to "the passing of the bartender" Mr. (?) Rogers may be interested to know that two out of three of the women who voted in Chicago voted in favor of saloons, and that California under woman suffrage has twice defeated Prohibition.

At a suffrage meeting in Boston a suffrage speaker when confronted with disconcerting facts exclaimed indignantly, "Facts? What do I care about facts? Facts have nothing to do with this question!" Unfortunately this attitude seems typical of the psychology of adherents of "The Cause."

MARGARET C. ROBINSON

"The Clearing," *Jaffrey, N. H., July 16*

The Cost of Living

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the usual American home 44 per cent. of the nutritive value of the food consumed is in the form of bread and milk. Each year the average American consumes bread made from five bushels of wheat, and this gives him 38 per cent. of his total food supply. The same five bushels of wheat in the process of milling yield nearly enough bran (80 pounds) to supplement the rough fodder of cows in the production of approximately 100 quarts of milk for the annual use of the individual. This fulfills about 6 per cent. of his nutritive needs. The modification of the cost of at least 44 per cent. of the nation's food lies therefore with the Government in the controlled price of wheat.

Applicants for a reduced cost of food are apt to overlook one determining factor. It is obvious that cheap food can not be produced where farm labor is high. The high pay of union labor not only attracts men from the farms, but it adds highly to the cost of the farmer's clothes and boots, his barns and his machinery. At the present day one almost never hears of the fall in the price of any service or commodity.

It is obvious that the Government has the power to reduce the cost of 44 per cent. of the food value taken by the American people in the form of bread and of milk, but this would be a short-lived relief unless labor agreed to a reduction in wages. Such a suggestion never comes from labor circles, and yet it follows as a necessary corollary if there is to be any permanent reduction in the cost of living. For cheaper food depends on cheaper labor.

On account of the inability of many to grasp this situation it is improbable that there can be any permanent relief

from war prices. The demand for more money and less work lies in a universal human instinct. Whether such a combination of ideals is for the general welfare of mankind appears, however, to be philosophically questionable.

The profiteers are not individuals alone. We may well ask ourselves whether as a nation we are not profiteering. For we are selling to an impoverished and suffering world indispensable food and clothing in the form of wheat and cotton at prices based primarily upon inflated wages.

GRAHAM LUSK

New York, August 1

Book Reviews

A Modern Diogenes

THE VESTED INTERESTS AND THE STATE OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS. ("The Modern Point of View and the New Order.") By Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

PROFESSOR VEBLEN is not a socialist, perhaps, nor yet a social reformer of any familiar type, but rather a sort of Diogenes going about with lantern in hand looking for an honest man and finding none. His lantern is a powerful flashlight which he turns on all the badness in the body economic, and he has a sharp stick with which he touches all the sore spots; whereat the enemies of capitalism rejoice, and its friends begin to wonder whether there is any part of it that can bear examination. However, as he finds only the same old troubles, there may be less satisfaction on the one side and less anxiety on the other as to the final outcome.

This little book is a reprint of a series of articles lately published in *The Dial*, and in it the author gives the essential teachings of his earliest books—"The Theory of the Leisure Class" and "The Theory of Business Enterprise"—together with an argument from economic history designed to show that industrial society is about to get rid of the ideas of the 18th century, which it has long since outgrown; and, incidentally, to shake off the vested interests which, like the Old Man of the Sea, have so long been riding on its back. Then, too, the author extends the application of his theories to world politics, defending the thesis that the same vested interests, reinforced by the divine right of nations, are chiefly responsible for the world war. From this point of view national self-determination is a doctrine as out of date as the "natural right" to individual self-direction in domestic affairs; for a nation is an organization for collective offense and defense, essentially based on hate and fear of other

nations. Most people would say that a nation is something more than this, even as a man is something more than a fighting animal; but Professor Veblen delights in half truths and paradoxes, which are certainly thought-provoking even when least convincing.

The theory of business enterprise which the "certified accountants of economic theory" usually teach is that business men—farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and the rest—are producers first of all, engaged in the work of supplying the world with goods and services; although secondarily and incidentally, while serving others, they usually make a living for themselves. Were it not so, society would be muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn. Veblen, on the contrary, turns the proposition around, saying that men engage in business first of all to make money for themselves, and secondarily, if at all, to produce something for other people. Obviously, the two statements are expressions of the same process, the difference being chiefly one of emphasis. Still, they seem to give different results, for the economists, laying stress on service, glorify business; while Veblen, seeing that business men are seeking filthy lucre, finds them guilty of avarice and all the other deadly sins.

The indictment is serious, and the prosecuting attorney makes a strong case against the defendants. Business men, thinking chiefly of price, are not greatly interested in production; in fact, they usually seek to limit production in order to increase the price, and it is notorious that few factories ever run up to their full capacity. The factories of the country could produce twice as much—yes, four times as much—as they do if the business managers would give more attention to output and less to piratical corporation finance, and the meretricious devices of salesmanship and advertising. And yet, Professor Veblen would surely admit that most manufacturers do like to have a large output, as that involves low overhead costs per unit of output, and is the only source from which large manufacturing profits can come. Also, he would probably admit that the total output of the mills and factories could not be doubled or quadrupled without a corresponding increase in the supply of raw materials, though where those raw materials are to come from is not quite clear. He would admit, too, that some advertising and salesmanship would be necessary under any system, although he would insist, with all students of the question, that some is wasteful and some decidedly meretricious.

But Professor Veblen's chief attack is launched against the highway robbery so frequently practised under the guise of corporation finance, and here he is

on stronger ground, although, as usual, he overstates the case. For example, there is nothing heinous about the capitalization of such intangibles as goodwill, even though accountants may not recommend it, for such capitalization in itself gives no control over the price of the article sold. Whether a popular newspaper company is capitalized at \$100,000 or \$1,000,000 makes no difference in fixing the price of the paper, for it is the goodwill itself and not the capitalization of it that counts. However, with a public service corporation whose rates are subject to control, the case is different. But wage earners and consumers as such are not much interested in corporation finance, although as small investors they may be deeply concerned, for it is a case of dog eat dog, and the old rule of *caveat emptor* gives neither protection nor consolation to those who are taken in by the denizens of the ground floor. Probably the chief evils connected with corporation finance will be removed by the gradual education of the small investor, by the growth of higher standards of business ethics, and by legislation, and the residue of incurable badness will be no more than would necessarily attach to any form of human activity.

But denunciation of the evils of capitalism, as Veblen is well aware, will never overthrow it unless it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. On the contrary, just criticism may serve to strengthen it, if it can learn to profit thereby. What menaces capitalism at the present time is the fact that it is out of joint with itself, because its articles of faith, which were valid enough in the 18th century, are out of harmony with the material conditions of the 20th century.

What industrial property there was in the 18th century was for the most part the property of master craftsmen, who were investors, employers, and workmen all in one, much like the typical American farmer of the present day. They performed three functions, each of which was indispensable to the conduct of their business, but they received only one income, which they did not clearly differentiate into interest, profits, and wages, as economists do to-day. Quite naturally, then, they had strong faith in personal liberty and all that it involved on the economic side, including the right of self-direction, free bargaining, and the unrestricted ownership of property. These "imponderables" proper to the time were expressed and stabilized in the writings of such publicists as Locke, Montesquieu, the Encyclopædists, the Physiocrats and Adam Smith, as well as in such public documents as the Declaration of Independence, the American Constitution, and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man.

These ideas might have continued indefinitely to command the faith of man but for the changes that have taken place in the industrial world, especially the creation of a vast material equipment, a machine so tremendous that it has submerged not only the individual laborers, who are small parts of a great whole, but the "gentlemen-capitalists" as well, who are seldom or never seen about a given plant, and who, in so far as anyone can see, perform no necessary function at all. Because of the conditions of their material environment, the "variegated mass of common men" who do the work of the world are rapidly losing their faith in the old imponderables—self-help, personal initiative, free bargaining, and the unrestricted right to property—while the "kept classes," the gentlemen-capitalists, the owners of vested interests, vainly hold to the outworn faith of the 18th century. But this faith will not save them, for it is not the faith of the common men. Thus a discrepancy has arisen between the accepted principles of law and custom, which properly belong to a past age, and the mechanistic development of the new era; and since the mechanical side of industry is quite unbending, the imponderable side of make-believe must either bend or break.

This argument is evidently a variation of the familiar Marxian interpretation of history, without any mention of bourgeoisie, concentration of capital, exploitation, class struggle, or social revolution; but all are there in veiled form and all point to the disruption of the economic system and the domination of the proletariat. It would not be hard to show certain flaws in the argument, even assuming the questionable premises. For example, the fact that the shares in the common product of industry are now clearly differentiated into interest, profits, and wages, does not justify the assumption that the owners and investors perform no function and are entitled to no return, even if they are, for the most part, out of sight. The policyholders of insurance companies are never seen by the farmers to whom they have lent money. Yet they have rights that should be considered. And if, as in the case of these insurance companies, which are among the most important of investors, the ownership of property could be widely diffused, might not the common men still remain true to the faith of the 18th century, which, in fact, is almost as old as humanity itself? Certainly, Professor Veblen, who has pondered deeply on the subject, has not yet suggested any new system of make-believe to take its place. As a mere observer of the industrial procession, he is not obliged to do this, but it would be interesting to know what the creed of the new era is to be.

French Criticism of the "Anglo-Saxons"

MYSTIQUES ET REALISTES ANGLO-SAXONS.
By Régis Michaud. Paris: Armand
Colin.

FROM a short trip abroad it is easy to bring home knickknacks and curios and even, if one is swiftly impressionable, something of foreign manners and fashions. But as the intercourse of nations increases the curios become less curious and the difference in fashions and manners diminishes. Presently a traveler who wishes credit for a foreign sojourn will have to stay long enough to acquire some knowledge of the genius and character of the country with which he professes acquaintance. Then the period of international understanding will begin to succeed the period of international caricature; and one will hesitate to assert that one knows the French people well after a week in the restaurants of Paris, or the English after an altercation with a London 'bus driver.

A young French man of letters visiting New York a year or two ago told the writer of this review that up to date he had been disappointed by his adventures among us. He had come expressly to study the point of view of our younger generation. The people that he had met were too sophisticated to exhibit distinctive markings. Intellectually the young New Yorker was hardly distinguishable from he would not say the young Parisian, but the young European. He should have to go west, he said, to find what he was seeking. It was obvious that he, like most foreigners on a first tour of the land, was in quest of what we used to call "local color." He had come to establish a preconception. The Younger Generation of his dreams was to be pungently native, adorably naïve, insolent with great expectations. His mind was sensitized to detect if not the direct influence of the prairies and the redskins upon western literature at least some bold exuberance of the brave new world. His ears were keyed to catch the famous barbaric yawp. Somewhere between New York and Chicago he found, of course, just what he wanted. He met philosophic novelists innocent of grammar and with a vision of life as primitive as Adam's, poets with the singing voice of a village auctioneer, literary editors handling the vernacular with a touch like Jack Dempsey's and stamping o'er the heads of the elder generation of American writers like the wild ass of Omar Khayyám. According to the custom of romantic travelers he went home with these selected impressions to give his countrymen a vivid and interesting misconception of the spirit of American letters.

It is the frequency of such reports

that makes one value a work of international interpretation conceived in the spirit of Régis Michaud, who does not mistake the noisy for the significant, nor the queer for the characteristic. Considered as a *liaison* officer of the newly forming Anglo-French-American *entente*, he has already performed highly useful services which one hopes he may be encouraged to continue. On the one hand he has lectured here on French literature at Princeton, Smith, and the University of California, and has given us a French explanation of such national figures as Clémenceau and Maurice Barrès. On the other hand he has published in France a translation of Emerson's journals—a work as yet inadequately noticed in this country—and is preparing an elaborate study of Emerson and American Transcendentalism. It would be difficult to suggest a more valuable work of literary intermediation than thus leading French readers to the pure and undefiled headwaters of intellectual life in America. In the book now before us, the publication of which was delayed by the author's three years of war, Professor Michaud proves the breadth of his curiosity and understanding by admirably intelligent and skilful expositions of Emerson in relation to Montaigne, Pater, Whitman, Henry James, Mark Twain, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Mrs. Wharton, and Bernard Shaw. Now a Frenchman who has studied American characteristics in Emerson and Upton Sinclair, in Henry James and Mark Twain, in Jack London and Mrs. Wharton will not have a conception of current fashions as clean-cut and decisive as if he had confined himself, say, to the Imagists or the Chicago School of Poetry; but in compensation he will know infinitely more about the national character and genius.

The "message" of Professor Michaud's book, if one can be found in a work generally so objective and dispassionate, is doubtless directed primarily to French readers. And behind his effort of mere comprehension and interpretation one is perhaps justified in discerning a significant emphasis upon traits of American literature and life which a generation that sat at the feet of Renan and Anatole France would regard as foreign, and which a generation that fought under Joffre and Foch would regard as desirable. He recognizes at any rate in Emerson that "Puritan mysticism," that glow of idealistic exaltation, which distinguishes his skepticism from that of Montaigne and transforms the latter's nonchalant and almost Epicurean endurance of the world into the spirit of courage and practical enterprise, issuing in Emerson's disciple Whitman in a well-nigh orgiastic optimism, tremendously bracing when "the world with devils filled," as Luther sang, "threatens

to undo us." In Mark Twain, whom he rightly calls the Homer of the American epos and a good soldier of truth and justice, he signalizes the burly independence and self-confidence begotten by an immense popularity, springing in turn from an unsurpassed representation of indigenous manners and democratic sentiments. In Jack London's tales of the wild he finds the romance of American energy, the deep racial urge to adventure. "These Anglo-Saxons," he declares, "must have blows, hazards, life in the open, privations, battle with the elements. They know that in order to conquer the formidable and anonymous powers which sport with our existence one must give blow for blow, and appropriate their strength. Life, as Emerson was fond of declaring, is rough. The heroes of Jack London love her as she is and meet her with an equal roughness. It is the ideal of the race, and that counts for much at times."

Whatever check the French reader requires on this somewhat Rooseveltian conception of our racial destiny Professor Michaud supplies in his subtle appreciations of Walter Pater, Henry James, and Mrs. Wharton. As one glowing still with the relics of an old flame he describes Pater's exquisite researches for an æsthetic escape, his fusion and confusion of art with religion, the seductive morbidity in his reduction of life to reverie. With frequent glints of satire yet still with the insight of sympathy he analyzes the *beaux méandres* of the Jacobean novel and the æsthetic "globe trotters," saturated with emotion, art, and poetry, who people that *royaume des beaux esprits*—"Chère et regrettée Cosmopolis!" In Mrs. Wharton he recognizes a fine conscientious talent of the first order, original and personal; and he savors her tales of society written for the fashionable magazines and the Fifth Avenue folk, yet still "biblical and puritanic," indicating, as he says, that the soul of the American people has changed less than the manners. It is characteristic, no doubt, of us grave and purposeful "Anglo-Saxons" to put forth now and then such flowers as these, a scrupulous artist or two, an æsthete who prefers burning with a hard gem-like flame before an Italian painting to following the wolf-dogs across the Alaskan ice. But the countrymen of Renan, Flaubert, and Baudelaire do not need to go abroad to study the art of fiction or the confusion, delicious to the dilettante, of the good with the beautiful.

From a critic who perceives and explains so clearly both the fine and the robust American virtues—particularly all the athletic qualities of body and soul comprised in Mr. Roosevelt's "valor of righteousness"—it should not be intolerably painful even to Americans,

thinnest skinned of the Caucasian peoples, to hear that they have their amusing peculiarities, which, as reflected in this French mirror, might almost be called defects. It is a defect of their self-respect, observable in the pages of Mark Twain, and since his time rather on the increase than on the wane, that they tend, as Professor Michaud suggests, to erect irreverence into a system and to be unceremonious and rude on principle; and a comic aspect of their independence is illustrated by our national humorist's "application of the Monroe Doctrine to the fine arts." It is a defect in their culture, as exhibited in the novels of James, that when intensely pursued, it tends to the production of delicately perfumed expatriates, and fragile creatures like Milly Theale in "The Wings of a Dove," a pensive picture in a beautiful frame, "who dies of being only that." In French eyes, it is at least a curiosity in their social institutions that marriage is arranged by "a flirtation according to rule in which the woman offers herself without knowing whether she will be taken." Perhaps the comment which cuts deepest into the soft spot of the "typical American" is this on the heroes and heroines of Mrs. Wharton: "All, men and women alike, seem to apply to life and the pursuit of happiness the recipes of the mechanistic psychology of William James and the pragmatists. Psychology is reduced for them to a science of external behavior. Presence of mind takes the place in them of reflection. No prevision. . . . There is lacking in their souls that background of memories, traditions, habits, and those moral reserves on which every well-directed life is nourished. *They do not live; they improvise.*" If this is true, the austere moral discipline of our ancestors, which has so potently molded the American character, must be losing its grip; the inherited Puritan conscience, long discernible even in the uneducated and the "self-made man," must be growing dangerously vestigial and unintelligent.

Fabulists

FAR-AWAY STORIES. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.
RAMSEY MILHOLLAND. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

AT the end of "Far-Away Stories" Mr. Locke provides, by request, a note on Septimus and Marcus Ordeyne and other well-known characters of his, in war-time. They are shadows, he says: "But shadows are not cast by nothingness . . . These shadows of things unseen are real. In fable lies essential truth." In true fable—yes. The really important question about Messrs. Locke and Tarkington and romances of

their sort is whether they are true fabulists or clever fabricators. Do they believe in fairies? Is faith in the simple human virtues their real clue? Do they deal in types rather than characters because they can't manage anything better, or because type rather than character is proper to romantic fable? We may give the generous answer. These men believe in themselves and in their job. Whether they altogether understand what it is they believe in and what their job is, may be another matter. In fable lies essential truth, but truth in a singularly elementary and emotional form. Let the fabulist beware how he confounds it with the richer if sterner truth which is the hard-won guerdon of creative realism.

The fables in Mr. Locke's book are gleaned from the past of many years, all but one having been "written in calm days far-away from the present convulsion of the world." This makes their uniformity of temper and method the more striking. They are not markedly original in plot: what good fable is? To accept and slightly adapt some fairly familiar "situation," with the aid of tolerably familiar types, is the right game. Here are the pair of maiden-ladies, sisters, whose delicate and absurd self-sufficiency is broken into by the advent of a beautiful youth (cast up by the sea) for whom they suffer love and jealousy and so have their brief moment of life before he passes on, as youth and fortune decree. Here is a wicked old paterfamilias who at last awakes to his faults, reforms, and becomes a generous parent and a doting grand-daddy. Here is an unhappy little princess whose adventuress-mother is about to sell her to an infamous Jew-financier when the penniless young Englishman carries her off to safety and a cottage. And here are four tales of blind people whose disability merely gives them color and saliency as figures of romance. The substance of "An Old-World Episode" has been embodied in more than one short story of recent years, but never more skilfully than here. It is the tale of the two mates, the one blind, the other horribly disfigured, whose happiness is menaced by the operation that is to restore the blind one's vision. Mr. Locke's handling well illustrates his instinct for the acceptable way out. Your naturalist would show the wife helplessly loathing the horror to which she is legally bound. Your creative realist or high romancer would show her triumphing over the physical revulsion in the name of a spiritual union. Neither would be a tolerable "ending" for the reader of romance. His standards are those of the popular theatre; one has only to refer to these standards to see how impossible any solution must be which permits the

physical revelation. Our fabulist finds a "pleasant" way out by letting the wife recover her sight for an instant, so that she may see her child, and having her then deliberately destroy it that she may not see her husband. We quite frankly admit that she has only to see him to abhor an attitude that doubtless represents the survival of the ancient and elementary identification between the physically ugly and the spiritually foul.

"Ramsey Milholland" is Mr. Tarkington's fable of young America facing the war. Ramsey is that lad of the midlands (geographic and social) whom this writer has so often painted; a close kinsman to William Baxter of pleasant memory. He is the same uncouth, self-conscious, mumbling, sound-hearted stripling whose comic amours and vague quests we have so often followed, with Mr. Tarkington, in the past. From his lips fall those half-articulate sounds which we more or less ruefully identify with the speech of American boyhood. But it may not be quite snobbish to remark that it is the speech of a certain stratum which does not altogether represent American boyhood at its average best. In confining Ramsey Milholland as a college junior to the same sort of disjointed illiterate prattle that served him back of his teens, the story-teller somewhat overstrains our credulity. However, one of Ramsey's chief traits is that he uses as little speech as possible of any kind. All the strength in him is of a kind that can not be heard or seen—must at best make itself dimly felt as an emanation. He is almost a fool at his studies, almost a clown in social contacts, almost a negative quantity in matters of belief and principle. And yet there is a kind of solid power beneath, which can be called on at need, and makes itself recognized by people who can not define it.

Offset against this awkward half-submerged personality is the clever and articulate Dora, a natural leader of classes, deliverer of orations, winner of prizes and praises from all quarters. Not content with confounding him by contrast throughout his schooldays, she must carry on the process at the university, where fate more than once opposes them. But the law of opposites is working, and a small thing brings them together. Meanwhile great forces gradually hem them in. The war which in their Freshman year had seemed so remote begins to sound nearer: "The long strain was on the country; underneath all its outward seeming of things going on as usual there shook a deep vibration, like the air trembling to vast organ pipes in diapasons too profound to reach the ear as sound: one felt, not heard, thunder in the ground under one's feet." It grows louder: to Dora as the sound of a horror approaching, the unspeakable, in-

excusable horror of war; to Ramsey as a dimly apprehended summons, to be neither prated of nor disobeyed. He loves her, but not to argue with; and when she discovers that her faithful hearer is by no means her comrade, they quarrel. The boy goes his way to war, and the girl is roused to see that it is a rightful war which must be fought that wars may cease. "And she beheld the revelation sent to her. This ordinary life of Ramsey's was but the outward glinting of a high and splendid spirit, as high and splendid as earth can show. And yet it was only the life of an everyday American boy. The streets of the town were full, now, of boys like Ramsey." Yes, Ramsey and Dora are types, their story is a commonplace one, but shot through with the simple feeling, or if you will sentiment, for goodness and unselfishness and faith that gives virtue to every honest fable.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

"EDUCATION and Social Movements" is the far-flung title under which A. E. Dobbs (Longmans) promises to develop this thesis: "There is truth in the paradoxical statement of a modern writer, that progress in English education has owed less to the zeal of its advocates than to changes in the structure of social life which have often no apparent connection with educational movements." His purpose is to show the "points of connection between educational and social history" from 1700 to 1850. As we read the first paragraph we find that the style is dignified, even stately. By the time we have finished the third paragraph we forget the style and wonder what is wrong with the matter. Have we been inattentive? We apply our mind more intently, determined to follow the author's thought, and are mortified at not finding any thought. Surely we must be dull; for here are sentences that would do credit to Lecky, deft coherence, imposing footnotes—all is just as it should be among the best histories. Again we apply ourselves, and force our way through the first long chapter. It's no use. The book remains to our most receptive mood and our most determined attack a chaos of historical make-believe. All the proper motions are imitated with gravity and grace; all the outward seeming is of astute power; but inwardly there is only emptiness. We are moved about through the deep realms of citation from Vinogradoff and Marshall and Seebohm, but we get nowhere. In the later chapters, to be sure, we come here and there upon consecutive pages that convey meaning. There are even passages of droll quotations, and at one

point imagination is kindled by the statement that "a circle of Methodists read Paine's 'Age of Reason.'" But we have learned nothing.

It is pleasant to turn to the homely "cut it out" and "shy on" with which Evelyn Dewey tells us of education in her "New Schools for Old" (Dutton). Here is the story of how a Mrs. Harvey brought salvation to the farming community of Porter in Missouri. She was interested in making a pedagogical experiment with the run-down, one-room school and with the quarrelsome, backward village. Her zeal, guided by a tact that amounts to genius, remade the school and worked outward from this through the whole community. Within six years Porter was metamorphosed—socially, religiously, agriculturally, esthetically. How much the picture is overdrawn we can not tell. We can not believe that "any teacher should be able to follow her," or that the success of one zealous genius can be a model by which 200,000 wage-earning teachers in one-room schools can regenerate rural education. But we are glad to know of what one earnest spirit accomplished.

A bookseller's pamphlet brings us the following extract from Anatole France's last book, "Le Petit Pierre":

"Oh, sweet and great Racine! best and dearest of poets! . . . Beside you Corneille is hardly more than a skillful rhetorician and I do not know that Molière himself is so true as you, Supreme Master, in whom all is truth and beauty! . . . You alone have put real women on the stage. What are the women of Sophocles and Shakespeare in comparison with those you inspired? Dolls! . . . Yours alone love and yearn; the others talk."

The *Review* has not verified the passage, which M. France doubtless assigns to the mouth of his "petit Pierre"; but there is little reason to suppose that the translation is not substantially accurate and that the avowal is not personal to M. France. We are not called upon to be solemn with the French critic over a passage in which he is probably not serious with himself. He is entitled to his whim, and his fondling of the glossy and serpentine Racine in the open market will neither lift the dramatist nor lower the critic materially in the minds of a discriminating public. M. France and his paragon have points of similarity; a sexual fervor enclosed by a temperamental coolness is a distinctive property of both. Moreover, Racine has his value, and the unobtrusiveness of his merits endears them to critics who love a recessed and curtailed excellence. He is, like Euripides, an author whom one discovers or re-discovers, to whom we bow the knee at fifty in atonement for having shrugged our shoulders at twenty-five.

As for the disparagement of Sophocles and Shakespeare, it may be received with a smile in which M. France, with his accustomed suavity, would doubtless join us. When the nurse said to Juliet, "Romeo's a dishclout to him," the good woman intended no disrespect to Romeo; she merely felt that the praise of Paris was opportune. The doll Antigone and the doll Juliet will content the aspirations of the unexact Greeks and Britons. If we took M. France at his word, we should have to compare his immolation of Sophocles and Shakespeare to the infatuation of Herod: Salome dances prettily before him, and he gives her the head of John the Baptist in a charger.

In the second series of war letters written by the tender and manly Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson to his family, "Living Bayonets" (John Lane Company), there are two little passages which should be put side by side:

"Above the clatter I heard a sound which was almost alarming: the clear brave note of a thrush, piping, piping, piping. He didn't seem to care a rap how often the guns blew their noses or how often the Hun shrapnel clashed like cymbals overhead; he had his song to sing in the sunshine, and was determined to sing it, no matter how the song might go unheard."

"In the wood I found a hawk wounded by shrapnel and pressing close behind a fallen trunk."

The indifference of the bird-world, self-centred and joyous amid the cataclysms which shake and rive the human universe—that is one side of the picture; the other is the penetration even of that security by the arrival in the careless feathered world of the ricochet of the human catastrophe. The two thoughts draw significance from contiguity.

In the "Survey of the Ancient World" (Ginn) Professor Breasted covers the period from the Stone Age to the time of Charlemagne. This is a tremendous amount of history—some four thousand years—for a secondary-school student to assimilate in detail, a student who must also somehow find time to learn something about Roosevelt as well as of Themistocles, the Marne as well as Marathon. Professor Breasted, therefore, in subordinating the details of political history to matters of ancient art, science, industry, and religion, puts the whole subject more nearly within the grasp of the secondary-school student. The student really feels the importance of the Hebrew religion, Greek thought, and Roman laws. The title suggests a brief account, but it is brief only in politics and even there enough is given to enable the reader to see vividly the play of social forces between nations.

Drama

"A Voice in the Dark" and Other Melodramas

MELODRAMA in New York gravitates towards the detective play. The latest example is Mr. Ralph E. Dyar's "Voice in the Dark," audible for the first time in this city on July 28 at the Republic Theatre. It would be folly, no doubt, to take Mr. Dyar's play too seriously, but I do not commit that folly when I say that it is better—better by a clear margin—than the three detective plays from tried hands which have racked both the brains and the nerves of the New York public in the present summer. Those plays are Mr. Davis's "At 9:45," at the Playhouse; Mr. Broadhurst's "Crimson Alibi," at his own theatre; and Messrs. Shipman and Marcin's "Woman in Room 13," which Mr. Dyar's bright experiment is displacing at the Republic.

I doubt, myself, if drama be the fit vehicle for any detective story of which the threads are numerous and the woof complex. That description applies to all four of the above plays, in three of which the aim is to cast suspicion upon several persons for the taking-off of a miscreant whose existence is almost a ground for the repeal of the sixth commandment. Now a detective play is a demonstration, a logical chain-work; and if the logic is to be not only sufficient but efficient, it is clear that every link in the chain must be first valid, and, secondly, visible and conspicuous. A novel can take its time; a novel can revisit its point; but the touch of an acted play on many of its particulars is so swift and so slight that it rarely succeeds where its success means the lodgment of many small but indispensable details in the mind and memory of the spectator. Some link is always missing before, if not behind, the footlights. Moreover, the natural way to make sure that a chain holds together is to straighten it out; if it lies in laps and coils, its continuity is almost indemonstrable to the eye. But it is just these coils and laps, these inversions and perversions of the natural time-order, that are the pride and delight of the contemporary detective play.

I feel this difficulty more or less in all four of the specified melodramas. Something has always to be taken on faith; and I have the same disgust in granting faith in any point to a detective play that I should have in accepting the promissory note of a man who had lured me to deal with him by the announcement that he always paid in cash. The criticism relates to complex woofs of which the constituents are many and small.

Detective plays are perfectly legitimate when their lines are broad and simple enough to make the verification of their cogency feasible and enjoyable.

There is another vice in the prevalent handling of melodrama. The thing we are all bound to remember and all prone to forget is that the persons to whom grim and strange things happen are people like ourselves. If we once come to look upon these horrors as their native and congenial element, we shall sympathize as scantily with their perturbations as with the eyelessness of the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. People should be shown at the start or elsewhere in natural, easy, placid circumstances, as in Bernstein's "Thief" or Veiller's "13th Chair;" the normal should serve as border and prologue, that it may serve as contrast and metre, to the abnormal. Now the current plays begin with horrors: "At 9:45" begins with shrieks after the pistol shot; the "Crimson Alibi" rises on the act of murder; a "Voice in the Dark" begins at the coroner's with the body on the stage (though Mr. Dyar has made amends for this precipitation in the second act). When a dramatist ties people into a hard knot, the danger is that the people themselves will change into strings, and the audience will go home wondering how plays so sanguinary can be so bloodless. Mr. Broadhurst's "Crimson Alibi" (dramatized from Mr. O. R. Cohen's novel) finally obviates this difficulty by a second-rate but serviceable remedy. He is quite outplotted and outknotted by the authors of "At 9:45" and the "Woman in Room 13," but his play is the most enjoyable of the three, because the frank and rank sentimentality, however worthless and trivial in itself, humanizes the unfeeling plot. After too much hardtack, one has relittings toward mush.

The main lines of Mr. Dyar's technique will surprise no one who is conversant with "On Trial." There is play within play, the secondary play being the immediate and visible presentment of the narrative and retrospective elements in the primary drama. Mr. Dyar, however, is original in the dip of the emphasis, not towards the victim or his actual or presumptive assailants, but towards the witnesses, and in the violent but striking hypothesis that one of these witnesses is a blind old man, the other a deaf old woman. Both tell their stories in a lawyer's office, and the dramatization of their testimony is original in the use of pantomime to denote the woman's deafness and of darkness to suggest the blindness of the man. There are two lapses in the treatment to which the extreme difficulties of the problem invite us to be merciful. The pantomime is valid on the theory that the dramatization of a deaf old woman's memories

should not include sounds which she, being a deaf old woman, could not hear. But how can Mr. Dyar justify the inclusion in this pantomime of sights which this old woman failed to see because her eyes and mind were concentrated on a book? The mistake with the blind man is a little different. If the darkness typifies the blindness, it is plain that both should be total or both partial; Mr. Dyar, however, makes the darkness partial and the blindness complete.

I take pains to define these lapses, less because they are momentous than because they have interest of the novelty. Few of our so-called adepts have force enough to invent a blunder. Mr. Dyar's force is unmistakable in the admirable treatment in most respects of the second scene of Act I, in which the old woman's testimony is dramatized. The simple but stirring transition from library to glade, the dramatic vigor and occult interest of the pantomime, the profound, the really valuable, suggestiveness of the proximity of horrors and serenities in the strange order of this checkered world—all this is forcibly and finely done. I should add that the bold stroke of repeating the pantomime in Act II with the addition of voice had the success which its valor merited.

So much for Mr. Dyar's own play. I wish that play had contented him. But Broadway had to be reckoned with. Mr. Dyar was impelled from within or from without to annex to his fairly original play a second drama, a drama wholly conventional, which might serve as lifeboat if the ship should founder. In its exhibit of modernities this second play is unimpeachable. Everything is there, the fiendish victim whose death enrolls his slayer among philanthropists, the corpse on the stage, the suspicions which glance everywhere with dire impartiality, the blackguard or blackmailer with visitations of magnanimity, the guiltless claimant of guilt in whom lying rises to sublimity—all is there even to the leprous roadhouse. Most of this is smart and shallow. Mr. Dyar is businesslike even in his aberrations, and one may congratulate the tradesman in commiserating the artist. From one or two things even the tradesman should have shrunk. The puerility of the locomotive in Act III almost confutes the supposition that Mr. Dyar was its engineer. In another point his resistance to pressure should have been immovable. In the first scene of the first act the speech of the old woman, which has hitherto shown a bullet-like directness, begins all at once to move in loops and spirals, to be, in the Latin sense, voluble; it is hoped that these corkscrews may extract a laugh.

The play is remarkable for the precision and lightness of its gait. The

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events have a good carriage; they avoid that combination of shuffle and spring which marks the latest phase of the detective play. The performance was competent, without rising to distinction; an unhurried alacrity was a noticeable merit. The honor of the largest contribution to its success fell to Miss Florine Arnold in the part of the old woman. I see no reason why the play should not enjoy a prosperous run, or why other runners in a brightening series should not follow in its trail.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music

Oscar Hammerstein

THERE are certain figures we never associate with mortality, and Oscar Hammerstein was one of these. We knew that he had already passed his three score years and ten, but what did that signify? With him age was but a word divorced from rhyme or reason. He was both far younger and far older than most of those half his age.

Oscar Hammerstein was an idealist, and that his ideal was inextricably entwined with his ego only increased its all-absorbing intensity. Caring nothing for money, physical ease or any of the ordinary satisfactions of life, save only that of tobacco, he could the more completely dedicate himself to the mission which he believed was his. German by birth, Jewish by race, he was both extraordinarily a cosmopolitan and peculiarly an American. He was a cosmopolitan in that he would have been equally at home in Paris or Rome as he was in New York. He was an American in the expansive optimism of his spirit and his methods. In whatever country his lot had been placed his genius would have found its outlet, but its peculiar form could have come into being only in America and probably only in New York. His sympathy with French opera, his dealings with Italian artists, his understanding of the American pub-

lic proved again and again the catholicity of his spirit. It was only in England, a country which cares infinitely more for the sacredness of tradition than for the impact of a revolutionary ego, that he failed of a sympathetic understanding. The failure of his London Opera House was immediate and colossal. London can be conquered by audacity, but it must be an audacity tempered with tact and of tact Oscar Hammerstein was conspicuously ignorant. But New York was a different matter, and in New York he found an admirable field for the exploitation of his personality.

Despite its long operatic history New York had never been an operatic city, and it was to conquer this operatic inertia that Oscar Hammerstein dedicated the last fifteen years of his life. That he did not wholly succeed is self-evident. New York to-day has still only one first-class opera house, and there seems little likelihood of its having more. Yet Mr. Hammerstein's influence on that opera house was potent. The Metropolitan Opera Company owes him a debt of gratitude for raising it out of the rut of self-satisfaction, and perhaps something worse, into which it had fallen in the Corried régime. Mr. Hammerstein stimulated its performances, and at the conclusion of his four years of opera at the Manhattan added to it an opera-loving public which he himself had created.

Oscar Hammerstein believed in advertising, believed in the light but not in the bushel, loved color, loved exaggeration, loved the appeal to the public. Whether he also loved that public—whether he even believed in that public—we shall never know. Perhaps after all he was really a Coriolanus disguised under a hat and a cigar. He alternately praised the public for its appreciation or belabored it for its artistic obtuseness, and as to which belief was really his we shall forever be ignorant. Oscar Hammerstein was not of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

But in two things he believed with all his might—in grand opera and in

Oscar Hammerstein. Whether or not his belief in the former was well placed may be debated, but his belief in the latter was surely justified. He failed in every operatic enterprise he undertook, that is, he failed according to the definition of the world. The Manhattan, the Philadelphia, the London, the Lexington opera enterprises passed out of his hands and are no more. Yet who can say that Oscar Hammerstein died a failure? There is a world which is builded neither of hands nor of bank accounts. Accomplishment is not a matter of length of time, but of final result, and purged of all its bluff and bluster and brag, the Hammerstein influence is potent to-day, and potent for good. He gave to us modern French opera as modern French opera should be given; he gave to us Maurice Renaud and Mary Garden and John McCormack and Luisa Tetrazzini and Mariette Mazarin and a host of lesser artists, but best of all he created a public and an interest in opera where a public and an interest had not been before, and by his competition vitalized the Metropolitan Opera Company and radically changed its basic policy. The Metropolitan Opera Company is not to-day the private enterprise of any manager, but has become a semi-public institution which is none the less such in that it is supported by private capital. And this change we owe largely to Oscar Hammerstein.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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FIFTEEN CENTS

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AS we go to press, public interest in the treaty question is centred upon the meeting between the President and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. The next day or two may bring about such a clearing of the air as has long been prayerfully looked for, we are sure, by a large proportion of the American people. Upon the abstract merits of the League Covenant—not to speak of the many disputable features of the treaty settlement apart from the Covenant—there is room for great and honest differences of opinion; and the room has been abundantly occupied. But we believe that at least a very large, and probably a preponderant, body of opinion among thoughtful men recognizes that neither the merits of the Covenant nor its defects are of such character as to justify on the one hand unyielding insistence upon unreserved acceptance, or on the other hand such action as would put the whole settlement in danger. The need of the world, in its present state of unparalleled disturbance, for relief from the strain and uncertainty under which it has labored ever since the armistice is a consideration that must override every preference that does not rest upon unmistakably vital necessity. Let us hope that the meeting at

the White House will bear fruit in the shape of a determination on both sides to meet upon a middle ground and bring the long agony to a close.

THERE is one side of the situation in Siberia which is overlooked by our liberals, and that is the internal struggle for liberalism and democracy. The tragedy of this situation lies in the fact that while many of them, misled as to the facts, are attacking Admiral Kolchak as a reactionary, he is the very man who is putting up a brave fight against reaction. It is his misfortune in his Herculean task of organizing civil government out of chaos, and at the same time carrying on war with ill-trained and badly equipped troops, that he is obliged to depend upon second-rate and inexperienced helpers. And it is of course true that among the supporters of his Government are many men, especially of the officer class, who are reactionaries and have no use for democratic ideas.

Admiral Kolchak, in his honest endeavor to fulfill his pledges, has felt that he could count on Allied and American moral and material support. He has met with serious reverses in the field and he has a population wearied of long-continued war. The reactionaries taunt him with the failure of the democratic governments to come to the assistance of Russia, and advocate throwing over the liberal programme and securing the assistance of Japan. They would even enter into relations with the Germans. The crisis of the past fortnight has been less military than political. Kolchak has for the time being triumphed over the reactionaries, but if he does not receive American support it is doubtful if he can continue long to stand off the forces which plausibly point out a solution of Russia's tragic difficulties at the cost of democratic institutions.

MARRIAGES between American soldiers and German girls, which bring tears of benediction to the eyes of the internationally minded, are evoking criticism in Germany. The pure Teutonic strain, it appears, is in danger of contamination from the riff-raff of the world—"round"-heads, all of them; and a truly patriotic German mother can successfully give birth only to "narrow"-headed children. Really, however, it makes very little difference to Germany or to the world whether the Teuton of

the future is a broad-head or a narrow-head; her best endeavors ought to go to cutting down the birth-rate of square-heads. Brachycephalism or dolichocephalism, it is of no importance; what the world will be interested in for a long time to come is a hopeful decline in German megaloccephalism. The reports of recent travelers, like Lieutenant Franck and Lieutenant Dawson, are not reassuring.

INFORMATION has come unofficially to the Senate that President Cabrera, for thirty years dictator of Guatemala, and from all accounts a pretty just and wise dictator, has been notified by our State Department that he must not be a candidate in the coming elections—in other words, that he must step down and out to make way for a régime that more nearly fits the formula which the United States, with unhappily mounting frequency, undertakes to prescribe for its neighbors in a small way of business to the South. On the face of things Cabrera has far from a bad record. If somewhat too much in the manner of Diaz, he has at any rate kept the peace in Guatemala and brought to it the prosperity that is born of comparative freedom from revolution. He and his little country did their bit, and a good bit, in defending the world against Germany. Cabrera is no longer young and, grievous fault, presumably wealthy—the sort of job he has held is too risky not to command good pay. No doubt we can make him see the desirability of retirement if we resolutely set about it. But in the thin, cold moral atmosphere into which we invite him to enter and perish, fire still burns, and national fingers, scorched already at this dangerous game, are still sensitive. It is much to be hoped that the present report is unfounded, or that action, if contemplated, will be pressed no further until we get some formula less remote from facts than any we as yet seem to be possessed of.

QUESTIONNAIRES sent out by a committee of forty-eight, with a view to getting material for the formulation of a platform for a new "liberal" party, brought out a strikingly unanimous response. Almost without exception, the persons appealed to expressed their support of the programme of the American Labor party and of the Non-

Partisan League, voted for the initiative, referendum, and recall, an executive budget and a responsible cabinet, the removal of absolute control of foreign relations from the hands of the President, some limitation of the power of the courts to pronounce laws unconstitutional, proportional representation, the abolition of secret diplomacy, "the restoration of free speech," and equal legal and economic rights for women. The only points at which something this side of unanimity was noticeable was in the question on the Plumb plan, which got only 40 per cent. of the vote, 42 per cent., however, preferring some form of government ownership, while a remnant of 18 per cent. voted for private ownership; compulsory military training, which was voted down by only 85 per cent.; and supertaxes on profits, which were endorsed by only 83 per cent. It is obvious that all these matters do not stand on the same plane. Some represent ideal aspirations or mere common-places rather than real measures; others are questions of such grave importance that the judgment of a man who is cocksure about them may well be considered of doubtful value. But it is painfully plain that, to the hand-picked list who were favored with the questionnaire, any proposal which possessed the merit of never having been tried was irresistibly attractive. It will be interesting to see if a similar unanimity greets the programme of the new party—for the formation of which, by the way, a mere 80 per cent. voted—when, and if, it is submitted to the country.

SATISFACTION with the prompt termination of the Interborough strike should not divert attention from the gravity of the problem of which that strike must be regarded as only an exemplary warning. Mere adjurations to the sense of duty, or the civic loyalty, of would-be strikers are very far from sufficient to guarantee our exemption from repetitions, and much more serious repetitions, of the menace which has for the moment, and in this particular matter, been disposed of. There is no telling at what time, unless really effective measures are taken to prevent it, the life and the business of this great metropolis may be thrown into utter confusion, and the business of the country suffer infinite injury. Nothing but positive legislation can protect the public against the anarchy which constantly lurks in the present relations between the public service corporations and their employees. A law compelling the postponement of any threatened strike or lock-out until the case is passed upon by a duly authorized body is an absolutely essential requirement of public safety. The rigorous enforcement of such a law by adequate penalties would,

with the present awakened condition of public sentiment, command the energetic support of the community. Popular sympathy always tends to go with the workmen when they strike for an improvement in wages or working conditions; but this last strike—not to speak of others of similar character—has been so unreasonable, and the danger by which all of us are threatened in every such situation has become so manifest, that the public is ready to draw the line. We believe that no move would meet with more general approval and applause than a call by Governor Smith for a special session of the Legislature for the sole purpose of enacting a law to cope with this ever-present danger. The time has come for a real test of the strength of public sentiment upon the question. We are confident that if the Legislature were assembled for this purpose, it would be made to feel unmistakably that the demand of the public is for a real, a courageous, and an effective treatment of the problem.

THE charge made by Mayor Hylan that the Interborough strike was brought about by collusion between the company and the striking Brotherhood is of a kind which one usually rejects on the ground of inherent improbability. In this instance the source from which the charge comes is such that the impulse to reject it would in ordinary circumstances be so strengthened as quite to settle the matter. But the circumstances are not ordinary. The Interborough is in a position of intolerable financial difficulty, and might quite conceivably welcome almost any chance to force to a conclusion its demand for higher fares as the only means of operating without loss. The superficial facts concerning the strike tend to bear out the idea that the company was not so anxious either to prevent it or to fight it as is usually the case with traction corporations. Whether or not there is any real likelihood of Hylan's charge having any foundation, it is greatly to be desired that the truth about it be established beyond cavil.

While the strike was promptly settled, thanks to the vigorous and sagacious interposition of Commissioner Nixon and Governor Smith, it must be noted that the situation involved more than the usual degree of peril for the community on account of the peculiar relation to it of two out of the three parties dealing with it. The men, of course, were out for big wages and nothing else—that is quite the regular thing. But neither the company nor the city administration was single-minded in the matter. The company's interest in the question of increased fares—whether this affected its conduct or not—was more intense than its interest in the wage question; and

Mayor Hylan is everlastingly on the watch for a chance to break the company, and thus bring about a realization of his pet scheme of municipal ownership and operation. That in the face of this weakening of the forces naturally to be counted on in such a crisis some kind of settlement was so promptly arrived at, must be ascribed to the efficiency and intelligence of the mediatory efforts of Mr. Nixon and Governor Smith, together with the tremendous force which public indignation over the outrage to which it was being subjected put behind those efforts.

THE delegates of the National Federation of State Farm Bureaus said some very sensible things about the high cost of living in their long interview with the President. Extravagance in consumption and carelessness in purchasing unquestionably have a great deal to do with the difficulty which we are all experiencing. In connection with this it is to be noted, however, that when these gentlemen tell us that theatres and places of amusement, resorts, and watering places are crowded, and that in spite of the price of shoe-shines being doubled or trebled, people have to stand in line for their turn, although they could easily shine their own shoes at home for less than one cent, they bear testimony to the fact that while a very large part of the community is suffering intensely from the prevailing high prices, another very large part—and that including a large proportion of the laboring classes—have been having their incomes increased much more than their ordinary expenses have been increased by the high prices. That is one of the things which are going to be changed in the impending adjustment, and the loss to the exceptionally well-paid classes will prove the gain of the others.

AS regards the exactions of the "middleman," it can hardly be said that the illustration which the farmers' committee put to the fore in their talk with the President is very impressive, although in many quarters it seems to have been so regarded. If the materials that went to the making of a dinner for five, of which these gentlemen partook at a Washington hotel, fetched only 82 cents to the producing farmers, while the hotel's charge for the meal was \$11, the discrepancy shows nothing really substantial concerning the trouble with the high cost of living. The charge may have been entirely unreasonable; but the point is that there is no "natural" relation between cost of material and the price which a given type of hotel finds it necessary or expedient to charge. If, as some people say, it is self-evidently monstrous that those who had to do with the matter after the stage of original

production absorbed ten times the amount got by the producers, why would it not also be monstrous if they absorbed five times as much? The things that go to determining the prices charged in a hotel of a given character belong in a distinct domain, and in that domain are subject to every possible variety. That same eleven-dollar meal could be got for four or five dollars in plenty of places in the very heart of the business section of New York City, and on the other hand there are places where much more than eleven dollars would be charged for it. The same kind of startling arithmetical discrepancy occurs, and always has occurred, in a great many matters in which it is quite clear that the discrepancy is only apparent, not real. It costs more to send a letter from one part of New York to another than it does to send it from Chicago to New York. The publisher of a newspaper has to give as much to the newsboy who sells it on the street corner as he does for the whole enormously complicated process of its manufacture. The druggist has to make several hundred per cent. profit on the sale of many drugs in order to obtain an ordinary living from his business. In the case of every particular "middleman," the circumstances of his special business or function have to be considered before any conclusion can be drawn as to the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the percentage of gross profit which he makes in the handling of his goods.

THE American Convention of the Episcopal Church to be held at Detroit next October will have an interesting time of it if it takes up for consideration all the recommendations contained in the report of the Commission on the Revision and Enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer. These recommendations combine with an approach to the practice of the Roman Catholic Church a tendency to recognize some of the facts and prejudices of contemporary life. Presumably these latter, which are concerned chiefly with the phraseology of the marriage service, will meet with less opposition than will be called forth by such matters as instinction, prayers for the dead, the reservation of the sacrament for the communion of the sick, and the office of healing by prayer, accompanied with the use of holy oils or the imposition of hands. Not a few of these practices are already in existence; the question will turn on giving them official recognition, and no doubt the discussions will develop a great variety of values attaching to the "dissidence of dissent." Very few, presumably, will object to dropping the word "obey" from the responses of the woman. Patient Griselda is no longer the ideal wife. Nor do Isaac and Rebecca wholly fulfill the

modern view of perfection in matrimony. They will not be greatly missed. Against the gallant and generous offer to the man to endow his bride with all his worldly goods there seems to be very little weighty objection, though there have been weddings at which it has started something of a smile. The argument that the law sufficiently protects dower rights affords no very strong reason for dropping all reference to them from the service. The law is capable of taking care of the whole thing, for the matter of that.

A PAUSE in the conversation gave Professor McAndrew Cantlie a chance to discourse on the short-time and long-time effects of the indemnity. "If the Germans pay it—and how can they do otherwise?—they will spend the next forty years in the wilderness. Not that they are the chosen people to my way of thinking—far from that—but they will have the discipline of the wilderness just the same. They will have

hard work, long hours, low wages, small profits, high taxes, plain food, poor clothes, overcrowded dwellings, and much distress. Many will die. Indeed, the generation that made the war will leave their bones in the wilderness. Justice will be satisfied and a new generation will arise that have not known Egypt but have been trained in a hard school. By Saint Andrew, if they can endure it, it will make men and freemen of them—like the Romans, the Jews, the Armenians, the Yankees, the Scots. We Scots are a great people, and we owe it to our poverty—our barren moors, our rough crags, our niggardly soil, our dour climate, our oatmeal, our Shorter Catechism. True, we are of good stock, but the Germans are akin to us and the pressure of necessity may make them incredibly capable. Time will show. Meanwhile, we conquerors are going to take it easy, with ca'canny, the six-hour day, and all that. Very enjoyable, no doubt, but I fear it will make us soft in body and mind—I fear it."

Inflation and Prices

IN the very important letter of the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, nothing has attracted more attention than this sentence:

The increased volume of Federal Reserve notes in circulation during the last three years, in so far as it is not the result of direct exchanges for gold and gold certificates which have been withdrawn from circulation, is the effect of advancing wages and prices, and not their cause.

What Governor Harding here says is, in a sense, indisputable; but it is a mistake to regard the statement as going to the bottom of the question. It does not even go to the bottom of the question of the part played by the Federal Reserve notes themselves; still less does it justify inferences which have been drawn from it—inferences certainly not intended by Mr. Harding—as to the influence of an increase in the volume of the currency *as a whole*, and of the expansion of bank credits, upon the level of prices.

So far as regards the stock of currency in the country, nowhere does there appear in Mr. Harding's careful and comprehensive discussion any intimation that the great influx of gold which marked the period between the beginning of the great war and our entry into it was not instrumental in causing a great rise in the general level of prices. And as to bank credits, we have something more than the absence of denial to go upon. The credit expansion which has taken place as an accompaniment of our war finance was, Mr. Harding de-

clares, inevitable, but will be corrected as the securities issued by the United States Government for war purposes are gradually absorbed by investors. This expansion is measured by "the difference between the total of the war expenditures of the Government on the one hand, and on the other the total amount raised by the Government through taxation and by the sale of its obligations so far as *paid for out of savings*." And to remedy "the present situation" not only must we "produce and distribute the largest possible volume of commodities" and "exercise reasonable economies" in consumption, but also the Government's "obligations, so far as they are carried by the banks, must be absorbed." It is most important that the public should understand that this clear acknowledgment of expansion of bank credits as a *cause* of high prices is contained in Mr. Harding's statement; for no single thing is capable of doing more harm in the present critical time than the idea that the level of prices is brought about simply by the exactions of those demanding high compensation—whether capitalists or laborers—and is subject to no limitation in the basic facts of money and banking.

Let us go back now to the special question of the relation between the issue of Federal Reserve notes and the level of prices. Mr. Harding says that the high prices are the cause and not the effect of the increased volume of such notes issued against commercial paper. Undoubtedly the prevailing high prices cause a greater volume of such paper to

be offered for discount at the banks, and to be by them deposited in the Federal Reserve banks in exchange for Federal Reserve notes secured by that paper. But these notes in their turn enlarge the volume of the currency, and thus help to sustain the high prices; the check which the limits of the circulating medium tend to apply to the rise in the scale of prices is, to that extent, nullified. In the sentence immediately preceding the one which has attracted so much attention, and which was quoted above, Governor Harding says:

Thus there can not at any time be more Federal Reserve notes in circulation than the needs of the country *at the present state of prices* require, and as the need abates the volume of notes outstanding will be correspondingly reduced through redemption. [The italics throughout are ours.]

"At the present state of prices," undoubtedly; but one of the factors determining the present state of prices is the volume of the currency, and one of the factors determining the volume of the currency is the volume of the Federal Reserve notes. Governor Harding refers to the fact that, in addition to the deposit of commercial paper, a 40 per cent. gold reserve is required to be held against the notes. Suppose that instead of 40 per cent. only 20 per cent. had been required, and suppose—as we well may—that this would not have interfered with the fulfillment of any actual demand for the redemption of the notes in gold. Is there not every reason to believe that this would have resulted in a still greater enlargement of the country's currency? Every dollar of Federal Reserve notes would still have been issued in response to the needs of the country at the existing price-level, and in that sense would have been "the effect of advancing wages and prices"; but, though not displacing the gold standard, it would also have played its part as a cause of high prices, through the support it gave to them in the shape of increase of the circulating medium.

Our country, alone among the great commercial nations of the western world, remains strictly on a gold basis; all forms of the dollar are on a par with gold, there being no doubt in any one's mind of the practical exchangeableness for gold dollars of any of the various forms of the dollar in use. Some part of the obscurity in which the question of the relation between "inflation" and prices is involved in many minds must be ascribed to the ambiguity of the word. If inflation of currency is defined as such a condition of it as makes it worth less in gold than its nominal amount, our currency is not inflated. But while the application of the word is doubtful, the fact with which we have to deal is clear enough. In the United States, precisely because it is the only great financial and

commercial country that now squarely upholds the gold standard, anything that affects the volume of the medium of payments—whether in the shape of currency or of bank credits—has a potent influence upon prices. When the gold standard was actually maintained throughout the great world of commerce, a change in the banking or currency policy of any one country which brought about an enlargement of its media of payment other than gold had a comparatively small effect, because it would drive out gold and would (except for a brief interval) raise the price-level in the particular country only as it raised the world-level of prices; in the present situation, on the other hand, the United States is practically a closed domain so far as regards its circulating medium, and therefore anything in its banking or currency policy which tends to expand or to contract its circulating medium has an effect upon prices far more marked than it would have in normal times.

Another source of misunderstanding concerning the relation of the money supply to the level of prices is to be found in a sheer logical oversight. Nobody pretends that the volume of the currency is the sole determinant of prices; nor even the volume of the currency together with its rapidity of circulation and the extent to which banking and credit arrangements take the place of tangible currency in the transaction of business. These things constitute only one side of the equation; the other side is furnished by the volume of business. When there is an increase in the effective monetary supply—*i.e.*, the volume and circulating efficiency of the currency, together with the resources of the credit system—and at the same time an increase in the volume of business—*i.e.*, the volume of production, transportation, and exchange as measured in kind and not in money—two opposing tendencies are brought into play: the increase in the monetary supply tending to raise prices, the increase in the things to be handled with the money tending to raise them. The quantity theory of money takes both these elements into account, the second just as much as the first; but opponents of that theory often think they have overthrown it when what they have actually done is simply to overlook the second element. Thus it has been pointed out, by way of showing the falseness of the quantity theory, that in the period from 1873 to 1896, which marked the great decline in prices from the highest to the lowest level of that century, the amount of money per capita in circulation in the United States actually increased by about 18 per cent. But it was precisely in this period that there took place an unprecedented development of production and exchange, the introduction of labor-saving machinery on

an enormous scale, and the transformation of the United States from a comparatively primitive, and in the main agricultural, country to a great modern industrial and financial nation. Before one can draw from the figures mentioned any inference as to the soundness of the quantity theory, one would have to determine whether the increased quantity and changed character of the nation's productive activities—not forgetting the immense development of modern agriculture and transportation—was not far more than a match for the increase in per capita circulation and the enlargement and improvement of the credit and banking system.

What has happened in these last years is the concurrence of a vast increase in the effective monetary supply with a vast diminution in the production of useful commodities, the world over. Instead of two factors of opposing tendency, both factors have worked in the same direction, and their combined effect has been an unprecedented rise of prices. To check, or reverse, the rising tide, we must no doubt rely in the main, for a considerable period at least, on the increase of the world's productivity. If that beneficent process, which, speaking broadly, had been steadily going forward for many decades, shall be renewed, it will tend, as it has always tended, to pull prices down. But it would be most unfortunate if we should become blind to the fact that the unwholesomely expanded condition of the effective monetary supply—currency plus credits—is also a most potent element in the situation, and, though it may not lend itself to immediately remedial action, demands the scrupulous attention of those responsible for our banking and currency policy.

The Crisis in Siberia

UNLESS the news given out by the State Department is unduly pessimistic, the Omsk Government is facing a crisis which brings it to the verge of collapse and threatens to render unavailing Admiral Kolchak's valiant efforts to stem the red flood of Bolshevism pouring in from European Russia. If the collapse occurs the human toll will be frightful, as is sufficiently indicated by the hundreds of thousands of pitiful refugees who are now making their way eastward out of the districts already evacuated. In addition to this vast welter of physical suffering, there must be taken into account the moral degradation of that portion of the Russian population which up to the present has been most wholesome and sane, and has promised best for the rehabilitation of Russia. Perhaps the greatest problem which the world faces to-day as the re-

sult of nearly two years of Bolshevik rule in Russia, is the menace of a hundred million people degraded and demoralized, a source of infection to other nations. Even if organized government is speedily restored, years must elapse before anything like moral order can be regained, and this period will be prolonged by the untoward events in Siberia.

Allied and American policy in Siberia defies analysis, and it is impossible from available data to apportion the blame for its inexcusable failures. There should have been no hesitation from the first in drawing the line between the German-inspired Bolshevik movement, with its warfare on civilization, and the efforts of the Russian people to throw off this alien tyranny and restore the national Russian State. A year ago a golden opportunity was providentially offered to lend aid to the loyal Russians, who were still our allies, and the Czechoslovaks. Such aid would have enabled them to hold the line of the Volga and detain German forces and *matériel*, so that they could not be employed against us on the Western front. But we seemed utterly to misunderstand the nature of the struggle, and assistance was withheld, although there were hundreds of thousands of Russian rifles and other material available in this country that could have been drawn upon without prejudice to our needs in France. Upon the failure of the incompetent Avksentiev administration, Admiral Kolchak accepted the onerous task of carrying on the fight. Again a splendid opportunity was offered for coöperation with a régime that represented liberalism and order. We owe to England and France our gratitude for the assistance rendered by them, although it was of necessity pitifully weak. Our own detachment of 9,000 men, stationed at Vladivostok and bound by orders which limited their activities and enforced a false attitude of "neutrality," was a hindrance instead of a help.

Meanwhile there was let loose in America a flood of vicious propaganda falsely attributing to Admiral Kolehak reactionary and Tsarist designs and making utterly unfounded accusations against his administration. How far this plot to undermine the efforts of the Russian people to restore their country succeeded in influencing our own Government can only be surmised, but its effect in confusing public opinion has been serious.

On the heels of the report of Kolchak's reverses and imminent peril comes another significant item of news. It is reported that the United States Government has authorized the shipment to Siberia, for the use of the anti-Bolshevik forces operating under Admiral Kolchak, a large quantity of guns and ammunition. It is understood that 200,000 rifles have already been delivered

to the Russian representatives and that these weapons, with large quantities of ammunition, are now being shipped to Vladivostok. The implication is that our Government has changed its policy and has at last recognized the nature of the struggle and our own vital interest in it. That which should have been done a year ago is now being tardily undertaken. The delay will cost hundreds of thousands of lives, but the supplies may come in time to prevent the threatened collapse.

The actual military situation of Kolchak's army may not be so bad as the reports given out would seem to indicate. Fighting in Siberia takes place not on a continuous front, but along railway lines, of which there are but two west of Omsk. The Bolshevik forces in their recent advances have over-extended their lines of communication, and they are at the same time seriously threatened by Denikin's victories in the south. The Siberian population, although sadly exhausted by the unequal struggle, are a unit in supporting the Omsk Government in its struggle against the return of the hated Bolshevik rule. Private advices indicate that the Bolshevik advance has been held up and the Siberian army is making a brave stand. It is to be hoped that the Allies and America will now make up in energy for the previous lamentable delay, and save the situation before it is too late.

The German Constitution

THE new German Constitution, which came into force last week, seems a robust and healthy one worthy of a free and self-reliant people. Little else could be expected from a new democracy that claims to have cured itself of the sores of an obsolete despotism. But even the healthiest constitution is liable to a breakdown unless the body obey the dictates of its inherent laws. Its worth must be tested by the use that is made of it: not on its wording but on its working does its value depend. "All citizens of Germany shall enjoy complete freedom of belief and conscience," so the Constitution lays down; but what power is vested in the letter of that declaration if the people's spirit remains infected with the poison of anti-semitism? "All schools must make an effort to educate their students in the spirit of the German people and in the spirit of reconciliation with the peoples of the world," is another of these fundamental lessons in social conduct. But this twofold injunction will remain mere verbiage if the spirit of the German people be itself irreconcilable with that spirit of reconciliation it recommends, as we are

told it is by such as have visited Germany since the armistice. Little is changed there, they say, except that the Kaiser is gone. Comrade Noske is an autocrat in Socialist disguise, ruling by the grace of the Junkers, who supply him with the military power for the maintenance of order. And this new Constitution may, in practice, prove to be what minority socialists take it for: a democratic travesty of the old régime, to be thrown off when time and opportunity serve.

One may have full confidence in the legislators themselves, giving them credit for single-mindedness and sincerity of purpose, and yet suspect the work of their brains, which, being the product of this ambiguous and puzzling time, is bound to share its ambiguity. That Germany, at this precarious juncture, has a government at all is due to an unnatural alliance of Roman Catholics and majority Socialists. Hence the Constitution inevitably shows the earmarks of compromise. The Socialist ideal of one German State in which the individual States of the old Empire would be merged has had to yield to the opposition of the Centre, which, by its agitation for a Rhine Republic, has shown itself to favor opposite tendencies. The old frontiers within the realm remain intact. The unity of the "Reich" is not, in the first instance, realized by legislation, but is to be effected by economic means such as the socialization of national resources and the centralized control of production and distribution. The individual States retain legislative rights in all matters which are not exclusively governed by Imperial legislation. The problem of repopulation is naturally one of those which must be regulated by "Reichsgesetz"; immigration, protection of motherhood, and hygiene, which bear on the same question, are also exclusively subject to superstate legislation.

The individual States, however, are not deprived of all influence on the making of these Imperial laws: no bill of that nature can be introduced in the Reichstag without the consent of the Reichsrat, or Imperial Council, which will be composed of representatives of the individual States. In this revival of the old Bundesrat the number of votes that each State is entitled to will depend on the number of millions of inhabitants within its borders. To obviate the dangerous predominance of Prussia, the root of all evil in the past, the Constitution provides that no State can have more than two-fifths of the total number of votes in the Council. The power of the Reichstag, in which the will of the sovereign people is vested, is restricted by the Reichsrat in yet another respect: the nation's representatives can not raise the amount of the

budget without reaching an agreement with the Council; in other words, the control of the national finances by the representatives of the German people is held in check by other representatives elected by the same voters in their several capacities of Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Hessians, etc.

Even the possibility of war between the "Reich" and one of its States is faced by the Constitution. "The President," it says, "can employ armed forces for quelling disturbances, and may send them against States which do not fulfill their duties." Thus the Empire is given the right of punitive war against a recalcitrant or criminal member of the German community of States. This restriction of the right of war to the function of an interstate police is the ideal towards which the project of a League of Nations was primarily directed; how far the actual League constructed at Versailles falls short of it, all the world is fully aware.

The Actors' Strike and Others

THE sensational and humorous features of the actors' strike should blind no one to its significance. We have a strike mostly of high-paid artists. The really oppressed persons of the theatre, the chorus and supernumeraries, joined later out of sympathy. The walk-out was less for specific grievances than on the old issue of recognition of the union. The actors are merely doing on a conspicuous scale what other wage-earning intellectuals had begun to do. The News Writers of Boston are unionized, and without a strike have secured higher pay. Certain college faculties have allied themselves with the American Federation of Labor. When pay falls to the hardship level, considerations of gentility dwindle to the vanishing point, and justly so. Artist and artisan, reporter and ironworker, professor and coal miner, are not so different in the face of short rations. Even the Authors' League has come near to being transmogrified into a union.

We have fairly in sight unions of professional people, for the same reason that we have unions of workmen. So far the new kind of union acts just like the old, is indeed gladly guided by managers from the workingman. Thus the Actors' Equity Association really picked a quarrel with the managers in order to make a test of strength. It called the strike when performances were going on, causing as much trouble as possible to everybody. It showed it was strong enough to make its members obey unreasonable orders. It planned to frighten the managers into immediate submission.

As yet the event remains uncertain. Actors have flocked into the union, but some of great weight, like Mr. Sothorn and Mr. Warfield, have resigned. Meanwhile the managers have sued a brilliant list of union actors for damages caused by the strike.

Despite the famous decision in the case of the Danbury Hatters, labor unions have generally contrived to avoid financial responsibility. It is plain that if we are to have unions of professional people, such unions will have rich members who under present law can be made answerable for illegal damage caused by the union. We shall doubtless have a howl for legislative relief, but it is difficult to see how in justice a labor union may indulge in destructive practices that are forbidden to a commercial corporation. The mulcted hatters of Danbury gained sympathy, as poor men, which will not attach to the wealthy members of the actors' union. But the principle is in either case the same—there is a point at which a union is not allowed to push its special quarrel to the general hurt. Such considerations ought especially to restrain the new unions of intellectuals. As a matter of fact the actors too readily lent themselves to the stereotyped tactics of the walking delegates.

There is a fallacy in the view that all any union needs to do is to hit hard enough and it will be feared thereafter. A union is not judged wholly by its force but by the judgment it shows in the use thereof. For a generation the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was the most influential union in America. It rarely had to call a strike, it would have scorned to call the engineers off trains *en route* or to have left perishable freight at sidings. As the railroad unions have adopted the method of threat and political agitation they have sacrificed public sympathy. So the actors by taking the view that a strike is only a brute demonstration of force have done much to alienate support. In a democracy power must be respected or it will be suspected. The unions may gain particular points by indulging an industrial Prussianism, but they will not thrive in the long run unless they make a reasonable use of their power. Striking is not war, it is merely an acute stage of negotiation. It is to be feared that the managers of labor unions are mixing up the notion of collective bargaining with that of class warfare—the English industrial strike with the French political strike. If intellectual workers are to be unionized, as seems likely, they would do well to study their own interests and develop their own technic of controversy and negotiation. The way of a tragedian with his manager is not necessarily that of a boilermaker with his boss.

R. A. Blakelock

RALPH ALBERT BLAKELOCK died in the Adirondack home of friends on August 9. He was one of the most original figures in American painting and surely the most pathetic. Born in New York City, October 15, 1847, his early life was without incident except for a trip to the Rockies, which left permanent memories of the glamour of Indian life. A few very early canvases show the sturdy and somewhat clayey naturalism of the Düsseldorf landscapists. He had probably, with his generation, admired the Achenbachs and their American emulators. But he was completely self-trained, and soon developed a fantastic mood all his own.

A characteristic Blakelock is a twilight thing conceived in mellow browns and russets, accented with deep yellows and a dash of scarlet, and relieved by a patch of blue. The theme is generally a fret of dark trees against the sky; perhaps there are Indian lodges, or faintly indicated squaws and braves dancing, resting, or drifting in canoes. Everything depends on elementary picturesqueness of silhouette and on tone. The surface is worked and kneaded into a vibrating, lustrous veil apparently illuminated from within. Superficially the method is like the more sober phase of Monticelli. Blakelock was keenly sensitive to music, and the elusive quality of the more modern harmonies is in his pictures. In the main contours is a certain obviousness or even harshness which is made beautiful by the enveloping tone. One might say that the overtones count for more than the dominant. There is little reference to nature, but the mood is poetic and consistent in the orchestration of the arbitrarily chosen hues.

These delightful fantasies from the first left the public cold. They fitted into no admitted category. In poverty Blakelock resolutely pursued his vein. When it was clearly impossible to sell his occasional canvases, he painted for the auctioneers hundreds of little compositions, often on cigar-box covers. These were knocked down for twenty dollars or so in the cheap auction sales of thirty years ago, the artist realizing a few dollars a picture after frames and expenses were paid. Naturally his fame does not depend on this class of work, though it includes much that is charming. In direst need and haste the element of taste and poetry was never lacking in the man. But he will be remembered for his few great compositions like the nobly spectacular "Moonlight," now in the Toledo Museum, and for such masterpieces of an operatic mood as the "Indian Dance" in the Metropolitan Museum.

In his early fifties the losing struggle

with poverty and neglect at length broke the sensitive spirit. For eighteen years he was to live in the insane asylum, indulging beneficent delusions of unlimited wealth. The sensation aroused by his breakdown, which was pitiful in its circumstances, brought him a fame which his mere art had been unable to procure. His pictures actually brought good prices, and in the remarkable auction sales which from 1903 began to establish new values for American pictures, Blakelock reasonably held his own with Homer Martin and with Inness. He became a legend, was the subject of an excellent memoir by his friend Elliott Daingerfield, had the honor of being counterfeited by skillful forgers. It is to-day almost as difficult to get a real Blakelock in the casual market in New York as it is to buy a real scarab on the streets of Cairo.

The growing legend of Blakelock was enhanced still further through the piety of admirers, who in 1916 removed him from the asylum. Under kindly guardianship he revisited New York, saw his pictures in museums, was able to detect the spurious imitations, realized in a measure the fame that had befallen him. It was like a resurrection, and it profoundly impressed the world. That it was a sadly incomplete resurrection the pictures which Blakelock now painted plainly showed. His friends had won for him two years of liberty and some taste of fame. He went back to the asylum and only reemerged to die amid the forests he loved to dream of in life. He was seventy-two years old.

Unquestionably Blakelock was cruelly neglected in his prime. He never could have been popular simply for his painting—it was too individual for that—but any community really sensitive to imaginative painting would have seen to it that he had a living. He fell on a time when there was little independence of judgment as regards American art. The dealers, who very largely controlled the collecting of the seventies, handled preferably the sure and profitable commodity provided by Salon exhibitors. Blakelock himself received an honorable mention in the Paris exhibition of 1900, but he was already mad, as he was when the National Academy in 1913 elected him to its membership. He suffered in fullest degree all the penalties that a professedly individualistic age visited on almost every sort of artistic originality. One marvels at such proscription when one recalls how gentle and ingratiating Blakelock's modest self-assertion was.

His is a muted kind of painting. We possibly as much overestimate it now because of the glamour of his personal legend as we underestimated when his signature in its arrowhead frame meant nothing. His vein is at times a little cloying and thin. He had neither the

full-flavored romance of Monticelli nor the pondered and massive inventiveness of Albert Ryder. Alongside of these quite kindred artists, the limitations of his genius may readily be measured. Under more favorable conditions he would have done much more and better—the great decorative canvas "Moonlight" is the evidence that he but seldom fully realized himself as a designer. But even in its incompleteness, his art has its authentic vein of a shy poetry which should keep it alive longer than the unhappy legend of its creator.

College Salaries and College Quality

IN connection with the Harvard campaign for endowment there was uttered a warning that those who fear Bolshevism can not afford to underpay the men who teach their sons. The context leads one to infer that the remark was not altogether a joke. It is not. The sturdiest faith of even a conservative spirit, in the expediency of the order of things, can not survive years of petty harassment under that order. If there is anything that a mental worker requires it is peace of mind. In general, the professor does not make excessive demands for material rewards; he has "taken the vow of poverty" in a certain very real sense. It does not worry him that he has no steam yacht or limousine of luxury; he is quite content to go to some rustic region of a summer, and still further wear out clothes once discarded for reason of tenuity. But there are heart-sinkings when he sees, as the reward of his economies and doings-without, the gradual mounting of debt—of obligations for whose discharge he can see no means of providing. His salary has virtually been cut in half since 1900, and he was not doing too well even then. A pervading feeling of fear and depression lames his powers, and at length, when the hopefulness and resilience of youth is past, renders him critical and resentful. Add to this a certain concern lest all may not be well with his chances for a Carnegie pension, upon which he has hitherto reckoned, and you have a state of mind and temper that army authorities call low morale. And if the professor is getting into this state, what of the instructor? The latter has youth on his side; but he is, in a number of cases, as shown by a collection of young college teachers' budgets, either putting off marriage, putting off a family, or living with wife, or wife and family, in restricted quarters—"in a room with alcove"—and meanwhile, unless he has some savings, running into several hundred dollars of debt every year.

A man in this condition of mind distrusts the social system under which he suffers, and is on the road to a conviction that it can not be the worse for a change. Any one of us who has been careful and economical feels that he ought to have something to show for it. If care and economy do not get results in the world, it must be the fault of the system—not ours. The conclusion is that the system must be changed. Your professor, at any rate, is not getting on under it. He is being cramped and humiliated on all sides, is conscious that he is becoming quasi-miserly through over-attention to pennies—in fact, is himself living a petty and sordid life, and, what is much worse, sees those he most cares for, and for whom he is responsible, involved in the same destiny. He willingly took on the vow of poverty for himself, perhaps, but not for them. He would go into plumbing if he knew enough. He is in the clutch of an out-and-out exasperating experience, one that is destructive both of his dignity and his self-respect.

Whether, under this harrow, he reveals bolshevoid tendencies or not, a man in such a mood ought not to be teaching our sons. He is bound to be wearied and distraught, if not bitter and cynical. It takes enthusiasm and fervor to fire the heart of youth. There is call for the clear and equable mind, sufficiently at rest as respects its own concerns to be able to spare that force upon which his charges ought to have the right to draw. As things now go, the best men will keep out of teaching, and presently the inferior ones, less robust and resistant of nonsense, may actually fall, as some have already fallen, into the status of suggestible malcontents. The heads of most professors are not yet weak enough for Bolshevism; but certain journals that dish up brain-softening compounds, full of insinuation and suggestion, are far too popular among them. To such influences they are becoming ever more "open-minded." This is dangerous. If the cure of Russian Bolshevism is more food, the prophylaxis of professorial Bolshevism is more salary.

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Science and Our Social Problem

WE are moving rapidly into an almost panicky condition concerning the high cost of living and the whole social problem connected with it. We are crying out rather hysterically for a better, or as we more usually call it, fairer distribution of means to buy food, clothing, fuel, and the other things necessary to keep alive, and preferably comfortably alive. When we look to the encouraging statistics of last year's production of food crops, raw materials for clothing and shoes, of coal and oil, and to our hopeful official guesses of what this year's total production will be; when we read statements concerning great food stocks existent in the hands of packers and War Department and of tremendous exportations to Europe by food handlers and by Government, and then when we try to buy what we want to eat and wear, we detect something very rotten in Denmark, and set up a loud and prolonged howl.

This howl has been heard in Washington. And Washington, that is, Government, is hurriedly trying to do something. The President is having conferences; Senators and Congressmen are introducing bills; departments and commissions are starting investigations. But all these activities are chiefly aimed at immediate palliations of one kind or another. Above all they concern themselves with possibilities of an immediately better distribution of existent means to buy things and of existent things bought, and with immediately applied restrictions of one sort or another on profiteering and on overmuch middleman handling between producer and consumer. All these are highly desirable things to accomplish, and all undoubtedly capable of some degree of accomplishment, but all take into too little account one of the fundamental causes of the difficulty, perhaps indeed the cause without whose remedy no very serious palliation of our trouble can be expected at all, and with whose remedy—and it is a matter eminently capable of radical remedy—will go naturally a palliation of several of the other difficulties now being so anxiously considered.

It seems like uttering a paradox to say, in the face of our grain and meat and wool and leather statistics and our figures of food-stocks and exportations, that the fundamental remedy for our social problem is a higher productive capacity and more actual production. Of course, any added supplies from higher production must not be left to the uncontrolled tender mercies of profiteering criminals, nor started on a career of middleman handling and taxing that may involve a half dozen superfluous purely trading operations, nor, finally, offered

for purchase to a public mostly devoid of means to buy anything. Some of these things must be attended to by Presidential conferences, Congressional bills, and departmental investigation and action, in a word by Government and State interference. But some of them will get themselves straightened out naturally by the prime remedy for the whole difficulty.

Professor Arthur Lovejoy, who is a philosopher by profession and a man of much close observation, keen ratiocination, and common sense by natural endowment, has most effectively revealed in the *Review* (July 5) the fallacy in the assumption, commonly made by men now interesting themselves in finding some swift solution of our social problem, that there exists a social surplus and hence that the whole remedy is one of better distribution. It is not. The fundamental remedy, not the whole remedy but the basically necessary one to which others need to be added, but without which there will be no real remedy at all, is better, higher, more productivity. And this increase of productivity from the use of the same given number of acres, same number of hours of labor, or even the desirable fewer hours, from the same amount of rainfall and sunlight, and in the face of whatever other naturally fixed conditions there may be, can be effected, and effected only by acquiring more scientific knowledge and using more of what is already known. If Harvard succeeds in raising eleven million dollars for the increase of the salaries of its professors, so that these gentlemen and their families can keep comfortably alive, it will be a pleasant thing to note and will be given much attention as an effective contribution towards solving a very special social problem. But the really important thing that may come out of this Harvard modification of the difficulties of a few hundred men will be a permanent contribution to the material and social problem of the whole country, made by only one of them perhaps, thus aided to continue his work of scientific research without the present drawbacks of hunger, nakedness, and worry; his discovery alone may add eleven million dollars' worth a year to our present possible production. That will be a Harvard contribution to the solution of the country's social problem to be truly proud of. But it will, indeed, perhaps depend on the earlier temporarily palliating contribution of the better salary.

This added productivity that may be possible because of the Harvard scientific man's discovery, or that will certainly be attained, if we stimulate effort in scientific research among scientific investigators throughout the country, will

not, as many will at first claim, perhaps, simply add so much more potential well-being to that which is already apparent but tantalizingly out of reach of realization by most of us. It will rather tend strongly to put its new self and all that which already exists into our hands, because it will lower prices; it will change the relation of value between the available amount of commodities and the available amount of money.

The chief reason why our production, unusually good as it was last year and unusually good as it will probably be this year, does not suffice to effect the needed lowering of prices now, is because it has to face an unprecedented demand, a demand created by a happening which we all hope, and most of us are trying to insure, will never occur again. It is the demand created by a protracted war of which an astounding destruction and a seriously lessened production of food, fuel, and the materials needed for clothing and shoes were conspicuous incidents. The elevation of prices because of this great demand is materially added to by the notable increase that has taken place during the war and post-war period of the wages of all labor involved in production. These increased wages will not decrease, or will decrease but little. And the demand from Europe for food and materials from America will last for several years. We might, perhaps, if our producers would permit it, and we could close our eyes and ears to the terrible need in Europe, restrict our exportations by a series of rigorous embargoes. We might let all Europe go hungry, as we let Germany, during the war as a war necessity, go hungry. But Europe, too hungry, might make more trouble for us than will a persistence of high prices here until we can get our remedy of more production at work. And, anyway, we "have a heart." We do not want anybody in Europe to starve.

The relation of scientific discovery and the application of scientific knowledge to increased productivity and increased well-being hardly needs to be labored. We are all sufficiently educated to understand it. But we are inclined to pay too little attention to the conditions under which we can expect science to do its part towards helping us out. To get from to-morrow on, by the help of science, an annual addition of eleven million or eleven hundred million dollars' worth of added production out of the same acres, materials, and labor that we now have, we may need to be willing to put up at first eleven million dollars of which the income or even the whole shall be used to make the necessary scientific activity possible. It is necessary to prime the pump.

Curiously enough, England, whom we have never accused of appreciating and

sustaining scientific work more than we do, has better learned the lesson of the war in this regard than we have. Perhaps she needed more to learn it. At any rate, England, seeing that Germany was able to make the formidable war effect she did make largely because of her aid from science, and seeing that the final overcoming of this effort by the Allies and America was also largely due to a successful appeal to science, has already taken steps to keep science promptly available to her in all future time by a material encouragement of scientific research. She has established a Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, with a beginning fund of five million dollars to enable it to stimulate and support scientific investigation for the benefit of the Empire. In addition, the Dominions, notably Canada and Australia, have independently appropriated funds for similar work on problems peculiar to their own conditions. Japan has also established a National Laboratory for Scientific and Industrial Research with a fund of two and a half million dollars for use during the next ten years. Italy, despite, or perhaps because of, political and social difficulties, is also establishing a National Research Council. France is less forward in efforts along this line, although the matter is under active discussion.

All these efforts to promote the recognized fundamental basis of national material strength and well-being are outgrowths of the war's revelations. The British, Japanese, and Italian foundations date from 1916 and 1917. And from the war period also dates our own establishment of a National Research Council—without, however, any Governmental endowment or any Governmental support at all since the end of the war. The Council was established to mobilize, as it were, the scientific men and knowledge of the country to aid in achieving victory. And it really did aid. The Departments of the War and Navy will gladly testify to that. Now that the victory is won the Council has reorganized itself on a peace-footing, and intends to try to make itself useful in connection with any of those problems of peace time to the solution of which science can directly contribute. It has found some support from private sources, sufficient to maintain it as an organization, with an administrative staff and central office, and to maintain it in a position to appeal to the scientific men of the country to renew their efforts in research and to suggest and encourage coöperation among them in attacks on problems too many-sided for individual handling. On the other hand, America does give Governmental support, and for the most part very generously, to a number of well-developed scientific bureaus in various Government depart-

ments. But these bureaus are all pretty heavily burdened with routine duties and the popularization of scientific knowledge. They can and do devote some time and energy to scientific investigation, but they can by no means give themselves exclusively to productive research. And it is this that we need now above all else.

Our problem of higher productivity, greater actual production, and increased

well-being of the citizenry, in a word our social problem, for the social problem is chiefly only a summation of these various material problems, demands for help in its solution the immediate renewed and persistent efforts of science. And we must see to it that these efforts are forthcoming. They can yield wondrous results. They must, if we are to survive.

VERNON KELLOGG

The Tragedy of Liberalism in Siberia

FOR some weeks things have been going very badly for the Omsk Government. After a disturbing silence the State Department has made public reports that show the imminent danger which threatens that bulwark against Bolshevism. Perhaps by the time these lines are printed the Kolchak organization will have collapsed, or will be making a final stand in Eastern Siberia. Such a collapse would be a tragedy not only for the Russian people but for the Allies and America as well.

A year ago last June, the resistance of the Czechoslovaks to the treacherous plot of the German-directed Soviet Government to annihilate them made possible the freeing of Siberia from Bolshevik rule. Immediately there sprang up local governments which attempted to reorganize community life and bring order out of chaos. Gradually these governments were merged into larger organizations, with their chief centres at Omsk, Ekaterinburg, and Samara. The Government at Omsk was more distinctly Siberian and at the beginning showed less interest in European Russia. The Government at Samara was decidedly Socialistic, and, under the leadership of such theorists as Avksentiev, was in some ways not much better than Bolshevik, and embodied all the weaknesses of Kerensky's deplorable régime. But a conference at Ufa, in which all the available members of the old Constituent Assembly participated, together with representatives of other national units and local organizations, laid the foundation for a new Russian Government. The form of administration was a Directory of five members, at the head of which was Avksentiev.

With the collapse of resistance on the Volga, this Government was moved to Omsk, and in order to secure harmony and coöperation there was elaborated a Cabinet in addition to the Directory. After functioning for a short time and showing utter inefficiency, both in administration and in the formation of an army, this Government was overthrown on November 18. Of Avksentiev's

treachery and the other causes of this revolution, I have written in earlier numbers of the *Review*. As a result of this *coup d'état*, Admiral Kolchak was asked to undertake the supreme command and save the Government in its terrible crisis. Having had no share whatever in the *coup d'état*, and being a loyal, patriotic, liberal, and self-sacrificing man, he accepted the heavy task.

The difficulties facing him were stupendous. A whole new governmental organization had to be constructed after seven months of Bolshevik rule. An army had to be created to meet the forces of Bolshevism in the west, and for this munitions and money were lacking, and the brunt of the fight had to fall at once on raw levies. In the east his lines of communication were threatened by independent hands who did not recognize his authority and who were supported by the Japanese. To assist him in these gigantic tasks, Admiral Kolchak was obliged to depend upon second-rate and inexperienced men. Many of the Russian leaders had been killed or were in hiding. Others had fled to the south of Russia, or had sought refuge abroad. Of those of the intellectual classes who were in Siberia, many were poisoned with Socialism, and those who had had experience in administrative service under the old régime and who could have given valuable assistance were excluded because their employment would bring with it the suspicion of reaction.

The simplest materials for organizing were lacking. As an illustration of this, one of the men who took part in the establishment of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry told me that no maps of Russia were available, but he managed to get from the local agency of the International Harvester Company some little maps that they had published as advertisements. Newspapers and official announcements were printed on brown paper. Transportation was in a frightful state and a large amount of the available rolling-stock of the railroad was occupied by refugees, who could not be

turned out to freeze in the snows of the Siberian winter. Speculators sprang up on every side and sent prices skyward with their extortionate demands.

During the first month of its existence, Kolchak's Government was threatened by two plots, one monarchist and the other Bolshevik. In the confusion following the suppression of the latter, certain reactionaries took from the prison some radical Socialists who had been members of the old Constituent Assembly and lynched them. Although Kolchak at once secured the arrest, conviction, and execution of the guilty persons—more than can be said of some of our own Governors—lying propagandists in our parlor-Bolshevik journals are charging Kolchak himself with the murder.

Observers on the spot did not believe that Kolchak's Government could last out the winter in the face of the fearful obstacles that confronted it. But it had the support of all the people of western Siberia, with the exception of a few bands of criminal Bolsheviks that had taken refuge in the woods and made occasional bandit raids on unprotected communities. Bolshevik atrocities in eastern Russia sufficiently explain why the Siberians mobilized 450,000 strong, freely and without demur, to prevent a recurrence of soviet government. It is not difficult to understand why the peasants of two provinces, Tobolsk and Tomsk, this spring voluntarily paid their taxes a year in advance to aid the Government.

But America would not understand. Just at the time when help and sympathy were most needed, both were withheld. Our Government seemed to believe that the Kolchak Government represented a monarchist plot aimed at the newly won liberties of the Russian people. There were not lacking cunning agitators to spread this insidious slander. Men like Raymond Robins circulated such misrepresentations with persuasive oratory and clever writing. Note the steps in the tragic drama. Roland Morris was American Ambassador at Tokio. He undoubtedly had his views of Russia, about which he was entirely ignorant, colored by Raymond Robins, the friend and apologist of Lenin and Trotsky. President Wilson sent him to Vladivostok to report on the Russian situation, than which no place in all Russia was less suited for such an investigation. Is it strange that our Government failed to judge the situation correctly, especially since no effort was made to evaluate the evidence of scores of available witnesses in the light of the knowledge of serious students of Russia?

As a result our military expedition to Vladivostok, sent "to guard the rear of the Czechoslovaks," was confined to the environs of that city and our military zone became a haven and vantage ground

for bands of Bolshevik outlaws, towards whom we observed a benevolent neutrality, enabling them to commit depredations on the surrounding country with impunity. The Russians, who had been led by our fulsome promises to expect aid in their struggle against the common enemy, came to believe that our only object in sending troops was to guard the stores at Vladivostok in which we had a financial interest. Our War Trade Board, by instituting everywhere inquiries as to the needs of the population, raised hopes of assistance, hopes that were dashed to the ground. Interested parties managed to permeate the Y. M. C. A. organization with so many Russian-Jewish Bolshevik agitators that it had to be withdrawn from the front.

The Omsk Government, although possessing a gold reserve of over \$300,000,000, had no small currency and no paper or equipment for printing any. In New York was an abundant supply that had been engraved for the Provisional Government. It was shipped as far as Vladivostok on its way to the Omsk Government, but here we stepped in and prevented its delivery. This currency shortage has been one of the most serious handicaps of the Omsk Government and has contributed heavily to its present plight.

The feeling against America among the Siberians runs very high. They say that our promises are but empty words. They regard us as the friends of the Bolsheviks and know that several times we were very near to recognizing the Soviet Government. They feel this the more keenly because for a year the raw levies of Kolchak and the volunteers of Denikin, lacking all the necessaries of warfare, have borne the brunt of a terribly unequal struggle in our behalf.

The Bolsheviks have an army of at least 300,000 under strict discipline, splendidly equipped and munitioned from the reserves of the great war or purchased from the Germans. These troops were trained by German officers and frequently led by them. In Eastern Europe there have been set up a multitude of little republics, shaky and insecure. The Allies hoped that these would be able to stand alone, and withdrew military assistance. What will happen when the militaristic autocracy of Moscow shall be free to turn its forces upon them? It will do so the moment its armies are not fully occupied by Kolchak and Denikin. The fact is that Soviet Russia, aggressive and imperialistic, is building up the one remaining great military machine in Europe, at a time when the Allies are disbanding their armies and reacting against the spirit that could call them back into being. Bear in mind the close relations between Bolsheviks and Germans. Note that the theoretical programme of the

Bolsheviks has gone by the board, and that their leaders are now ready to adapt themselves to any system that gives promise of permitting them to retain their loot. Picture the next few years in Europe if Germany, recovering economically by exploiting Russia's natural riches, has in addition ready to hand a trained army capable of being expanded to any size. Then ask if the struggle of Kolchak and Denikin is any of our affair! Then insist that the Russians "be allowed to settle it themselves"!

The Omsk Government is undoubtedly in a desperate situation. For that we must bear our full share of the disgraceful responsibility. But it may not be as bad as pictured in the gloomy reports. Our Government has evidently seen the light, if tardily, and is now sending large quantities of arms and munitions to Siberia. The Bolshevik forces are probably over-extended in their Ural advance and are having difficulty with their communications. Word comes that Kolchak's tired forces are making a successful stand not far from Ekaterinburg. If they can hold out until supplies arrive, all may yet be well, and we may have the opportunity to atone for our grievous errors of the past. In the south, Denikin is driving the Reds before him and is reclaiming the whole Black Sea coast. The Bolsheviks themselves are by no means happy. They have an army and an abundance of arms and munitions, but transportation has broken down, food is terribly scarce, and workmen and peasants are kept in subjection only by force and terror. Winter is coming on to increase their difficulties. Therefore let us not lose hope in the face of present adversity, but have faith that right will triumph. Rather let our efforts be redoubled in aid of our friends and allies to the end that the tortures of Russia may be the more speedily ended and the era of her resurrection begin.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Correspondence

Repentance First

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

There appeared in the press last week references to the unchanged German spirit, as expressed at the meeting held by Germans (it would be an insult to add Americans) at Liederkrantz Hall in New York on July 24. As such a state of mind as this meeting proclaimed still exists among Germans in America, it is surely desirable that vigorous steps should be taken through State or Federal power to investigate, and abolish if necessary, the Liederkrantz and other similar German societies.

Good can not come out of organiza-

tions which are unconsciously or of set purpose organs of propaganda; for this reason such societies of foreign origin are to-day a national danger in our large cities, or wherever they exist among us. As harmful as the German are the Sinn Fein and other Irish societies, all of which import into our conglomerate American life elements of divergent emotion and violence, which are easily played upon in political life and which in their various reactions are wholly anti-American.

The average American, owing to his or her almost complete ignorance of foreign affairs and European history, is very gullible; but let any one who is now inclined to sympathize with Germany's present pains, and to forget what German doctrine and lust of power brought of agony, sacrifice, and horror to the world read Brand Whitlock's "Belgium." There the intolerable days and hideous facts are recorded. In those two volumes the horror mounts and grows: *Schrecklichkeit* in all its savage fury is set down in German *affiche* and document—if more than Mr. Whitlock's own statements were needed—till one's soul sickens with the appalling story. The only ray of light through those volumes is the impression of the unconquerable Belgian spirit and the record of the humane, the wise, the great work of mercy, accomplished through unceasing difficulties—which often threatened to wreck the work—by Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Hoover, and every member of the C. R. B.

The world can never afford to palter with the truth. Those who still condone the deeds of Germany are not fit for citizenship in a land, where—and it is a proud boast—we can produce such men as Brand Whitlock, as Mr. Hoover, and his aides and helpers.

If through that "American good nature" which we sometimes so mistakenly praise we tolerate to-day the whitewashing of the crimes against the laws of nations committed by Germany, we should recognize that it is a lazy moral and intellectual sense which makes us do so, not a virtue.

It is not enough for a nation to have one Prince Lichnowski. Not until thousands of Germans at home and abroad say to the world, "forgive us our crimes," should German frightfulness be put out of men's minds. We know the verdict at the bar of history: Germany's cynical official documents have settled that; the witness is unneeded.

As one thinks of the women, the children, the old men done to death by Germany's ruthless, bloody hand, the same that did "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," the solemn and magnificent words of one who was appealing against savagery rise to one's lips: "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered"—"saints" we make no claim they all were.

That Germans should now make appeal for favors and sympathy—pity them we may—is revolting, and their frequent denial of crimes which their own documents are proof of brings inevitably to mind the line from Faust, strangely applicable to Germany herself: "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint."

Let me end with a word which needs repeating, from the *Times*: "It is sharing of her guilt to declare her [Germany's] punishment undeserved and to denounce those who in absolute justice are inflicting it."

SARA NORTON

Ashfield, Mass., August 11

Cause and Effect?

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Taken in connection with the fact that revolution in Russia came not long after the suppression of strong drink there, the race riots now reported in this country may perhaps throw an unexpected light on one aspect of national prohibition. In this world there must always be suffering, and suffering must always lead to discontent. The sedative or anæsthetic most practicable throughout European history has been alcoholic stimulant. That evils have resulted from abuse of it everybody knows. That deprivation of it may result in maddeningly incessant consciousness of suffering and therefore in socially destructive discontent hardly anybody seems to have imagined. Prohibition undoubtedly decreases petty crime and individual violence; there is some reason to suspect, however, that it tends to increase insanity. Bolshevism and race riots, though evidently due in large measure to other causes, point that way.

B. W.

July 31

The Rôle of Joseph Caillaux

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

"*J'ai écrasé l'impôt sur le revenu en ayant l'air de le défendre.*" These cynical words from a letter attributed to Joseph Caillaux were printed in heavy type in *Le Figaro* by Gaston Calmette, the editor, on March 14, 1914. On March 16 Mme. Caillaux went to the office of the *Figaro* and shot and killed Gaston Calmette. She was tried and acquitted. Then came the war and M. Caillaux was mobilized. In November he left France for South America. For years he had been suspected of strong German sympathies superinduced by certain financial interests. This suspicion was notable at the time of the Senate investigation of the Accord Franco-Allemand of November, 1911. The Senate committee paid much attention late in 1911 and early in 1912 to the embarrassing *pourparlers*

officieux said to have been carried on by M. Caillaux, premier at that time. These *pourparlers*, it was alleged, were carried on without the knowledge of the President of the Republic, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or the French Ambassador at Berlin. As a result of information in the possession of M. Clémenceau at that time a ministerial crisis was created and M. de Selves, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, handed his resignation to the President of the Republic, and M. Caillaux was a few days later obliged to retire from office. M. Caillaux at that time was considered as one of those great financiers whose interest in public affairs is based almost exclusively on their financial affiliations; whose political attitude is conditioned by their business relations, and whose position on questions of national or international policy is largely determined by their own personal financial connections rather than on their country's welfare, security, and honor. In short, he was considered as favoring a close political and financial understanding with Germany. He was Germany's friend.

The war had not been going three months when there appeared in the German press an indication of what hope the Imperial Government placed in Joseph Caillaux and his power to dominate French policy eventually. The *Journal des Débats* on November 11, 1914, under the caption *L'Allemagne Déconcertée*, printed the following extract from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. (It is to be observed that the correspondent wrote ostensibly from Bordeaux.) "M. Caillaux has many partisans among the republicans," the extract read. "He is one of the few men in politics in France who are not worn out. The others for the most part are impossible because of their past, which loads them down with a share of responsibility for the war—a responsibility with which M. Caillaux could not be reproached, for he has always spoken in favor of good relations with Germany. . . . When the French begin to sober up, M. Caillaux will play in his own country an important rôle and, it is to be hoped, a happy one."

According to Charles Maurras, this same passage was to have appeared in his paper, the royalist organ, *L'Action Française*, on October 26, 1914. "Before appearing in this Austrian paper," he says, "it was published in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, October 17. This paper having fortunately come into our hands, we gave the passage relating to M. Caillaux. The censor requested us to put instead a blank space" (Maurras, *La France se sauve elle-même*, p. 421). It was not until November 17 that *Le Temps* published the same note, which was accompanied by the following comment: "Is there in these invitations

from the *Neue Freie Presse* and also, we are told, from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, a still more absurd hope, if possible, namely, to divide French public opinion, to arouse partisan spirit, to indicate more or less vaguely a pact for the future between certain republicans and the two German empires assuring 'reasonable politicians' a long lease of power in return for a reconciliation and an entente with Germany?"

Who can these "certain republicans" be? Why have certain Socialists in France supported Caillaux and consistently opposed Clémenceau? Why the courtesy and attention showed to Caillaux by German officials in South America during his stay there? Why especially did the German censorship give the following instructions to the German press on June 16, 1917: "For political reasons it is urgently requested that

nothing be written about the former French Prime Minister Caillaux and that his name be not mentioned under any circumstances." To be sure, the former Premier warned the German authorities against the excessive praise bestowed upon him by their papers, especially the *Neue Freie Presse*, and desired that the Mediterranean and Morocco agreements should be adversely criticized. His position in France was much injured by German praise.

Caillaux is to go before the High Court for trial. Will the *République des Camarades* reassert itself and rescue the quondam premier? Is Joseph Caillaux destined to play in his own country an important rôle and, it is to be hoped, a happy one? It is for the French Senate to decide.

W. A. McLAUGHLIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., August 9

The Victorian Centenary

PERSONS

Queen Victoria, b. May 24, 1819
Arthur Hugh Clough, b. Jan. 1, 1819
John Ruskin, b. Feb. 8, 1819
James Russell Lowell, b. Feb. 22, 1819
Walt Whitman, b. May 31, 1819
Charles Kingsley, b. June 12, 1819
George Eliot, b. Nov. 22, 1819

Time—Their Centenary Year, 1919

Place—The shelter of Igrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, whose roots reach down into The Kingdom of Death, whose trunk reaches up Heaven high, and whose boughs spread over the Universe

RUSKIN (*with sublime assurance*). Your late Majesty, aspect and shadow of bygone royalties, which only the spectral "likeness of a kingly crown" have on, now sees around you worthy head-workers, still well remembered on the "bank and shoal of time" (or shall we say, "bench and school of time"?): —immeasurably the truest claimants these to the Victorian name, since all of them were born just one hundred years ago in your Majesty's own birth year, and since all of them, unlike rust-kings and moth-kings and robber-kings, gathered treasures of wisdom for the English-speaking folk during the long lustres of your reign. Though I, John Ruskin, who outlived all save your Majesty, was born in London, ghastly heap of fermenting brick-work, my art-gift belongs to me by birthright, and came, by Athena's will, from the air of English country villages and Scottish hills; Charles Kingsley here, like me a strong and deep disciple of Carlyle and his gospel, and inferior only to Turner and myself in his loving thought of things and people and in his sense of form and color, sniffed in his cradle the western breezes of Dartmoor and the Devon coast; George Eliot, born Mary Ann Evans, was reared to womanhood in as sweet a Warwickshire home of ivy-cov-

ered red brick as ever hallowed the hearts of my readers (such word-pictures of mine bettering even the reality); and here is Arthur Hugh Clough, whose young eyes were first blurred by the smoke and soot and cinders of Liverpool, a city smeared by civilization's dirty finger. But these two Americans, —one of whom, James Russell Lowell, your Majesty will graciously remember at St. James's in the eighties of our century, and whom I knew through my friend Norton, —dwelt happily (so could not I) in a country that boasted neither castles nor cathedrals.

Lowell (*incisively*). The only "Cathedral" that this American ever reared (my poem of Chartres) was straightway brought by you, Mr. Ruskin, within the range of your critical canon. I have often felt the working of the old-world spell in the gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters at your Oxford and Cambridge; and yet I have returned to the unvenerable buildings of my own Cambridge with a deeper and fonder emotion than any antiquity could stir. And do not forget that we of the older Yankee stock spring from Shakespeare's and Milton's England, and hence have drunk more deeply of wells of English undefiled than—

Whitman (*interrupting aggressively*). I am Walt Whitman, a growth and idiom of America, my tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this air, born here, of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same. I did loaf and invite my soul far from decrepit old Europe, its ennui, its feudal shapes, its centuries, caste, heroisms and fables, cults and traditions, arts and languages.

Queen Victoria (*loftily*). We are not entertained.

George Eliot (*solemnly*). A new generation has arisen that denies and blasphemes our gods. The fortunes of our house have tottered, our characters have bled on every side, our faith has been questioned, our works belied, our wit forgotten, our learning trampled on, our very name, Victorian, derided—and, worst of all, our furniture and carpets banished! This perverse generation needs, as Mrs. Poyser says, "to be hatched again and hatched different."

Kingsley (*with vehemence*). What can be hoped, your Majesty, from an age which omits from the Coronation Oath the requisite declaration against Romanism? (*Queen Victoria starts ever so slightly*.) Can such an age breed English gentlemen and yeomen?

Clough (*sadly*). What hope is there of a time which prefers to the mettlesome prancing of hexameters the club-footed pedestrianism of free verse—beg pardon, Mr. Whitman, I quite forgot you—and turns from the mountain air and water of my Highland "Bothie" to the dust and ashes of the Spoon River graveyard?

Lowell (*benignly*). In truth, we types of the true elder race need no longer shake a rattle and talk baby to this bumptious century, for it has lately been matured out of much of its juvenile self-conceit. Though pert, the youngster has never been prudish. It may have yawned over your "Hypatia," Mr. Kingsley, but it has never, like your first public, denounced the book as immoral, and it seems as little inclined to bowdlerize you, Walt, as to expurgate Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Howe. Moreover, the authoress of "Daniel Deronda" must remember that this generation, which she deems perverse, has converted her Mordecai's prophecy of a Jewish political nationality into the popular programme of Zionism through the power of a righteous war.

George Eliot (*severely*). Righteous war! Can the bloody sword of battling rage do right?

Ruskin (*magisterially*). You forget, Madam, that, fifty years ago, I reminded the women of England that war was sometimes willed by Him of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, "In righteousness He doth judge and make war." Every soldier vows to his country that he will die for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her any way challenged or endangered honor. Indeed, I told every young soldier of England then that I had much rather that he should ride war horses than back race horses—much rather would I have him slay his neighbor than cheat him. War causes an incalculable amount of human suffering, but it breeds beautiful characters and great nations.

Whitman (*head high in air*). I hear,

in the hurrying, crashing, distracted war-year, the song of the banner, a new song, a free song, drums beating, trumpets blowing, millions jubilantly shouting, armies tramping, sentries challenging, guns roaring. I hear Liberty.

Kingsley (*with enthusiasm*). The same song filled the misty air of our fenlands when the last heroes of the old English race flocked from every hamlet to back Hereward the outlaw in his guerilla struggle for freedom against the Norman William, and when the chivalry of Elizabeth's England poured forth from every haven in tiny pinnacles to measure its strength against the Spanish Armada, and to determine the law which God had appointed for the half of Europe and the whole of future America. For the self-same stakes men have just been playing the war-game.

Clough (*dreamily*). In the mid-century I knew wars of the spirit, fervent soul-struggles, that wrought far more for liberty than the wretched clash in the Crimea. As Matt. Arnold said in his "Thyrsis," my piping took a troubled sound. I died before the raging storms had passed.

Queen Victoria. Against all the wars of our reign—wars with Chinamen, Russians, Boers—thoughtful subjects of ours lifted grave voices of warning, as they lifted them against the American War in our royal grandfather's time. But against the World War of to-day our spirit's ear hears no Anglo-Saxon cry of protest.

Lowell. Your Majesty, "civilization doos git forrid sometimes upon a powder cart." Hosea Biglow was long dead in 1914 or men would then have heard one nasal Yankee war-note blending with the British. Thank God, John and Jonathan, who in my prime often shook fists at each other, have at last joined hands against what Hosea would call "a pesky varmint."

Queen Victoria (*with grandmotherly sternness*). Mr. Ruskin, you know the Bible and many other books. Was it Solomon or Shakespeare who said "Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child"? Had there been more laying of hands by his Father and Mamma on that imperial imp, William, in his "tetchy and wayward infancy" (that's surely Shakespeare), there would have been less laying of hands upon the world in his subtle and bloody age. We ought never to have let Victoria marry a Prussian; but in those days of my beautiful Prince Consort my people rather liked the Germans. (*The Victorians glance somewhat shamefacedly at one another.*)

George Eliot (*bravely*). Yes, your Majesty; we even admired them—with reservations. Much of my younger time was given to German religion and philosophy—Strauss, Feuerbach and Spin-

oza—and three months in Weimar with my dear husband, George Lewes, himself steeped to the heart's core in Goethe and Schiller, are a cheerful recollection. But I was never blind to the heaviness of Germanity, never unaware that all a German's subtlety is reserved for the region of metaphysics, and that his perception is seldom delicate. Indeed, I have said in my comment upon the one famous exception, Heinrich Heine, that German humor generally shows no sense of measure, no instinctive tact; that it is either floundering and clumsy as the antics of a leviathan, or laborious and interminable as a Lapland day, in which one loses all hope that the stars and quiet will ever come. A German comedy is like a German sentence: you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author.

Lowell (*smiling*). What a language it is to be sure! with nominatives sending out as many roots as that witch-grass which is the pest of all child-gardens, and sentences in which one sets sail like an admiral with sealed orders, not knowing where the devil he is going to till he is in mid-ocean. Like the criminal classes, I object to long sentences!

George Eliot. I perceived in Germany—who would not?—the gross unwisdom of a bureaucratic plan of government, and the evils of a system which disregards traditions and attachments, and combats the healthy communistic life of the peasant. The German mind and the German method made a long and noisy day. But now the stars and quiet may come at last.

Ruskin. Men have often charged me with inconsistency; and I admit with my wonted frankness that in one instance they amply sustain their charge: for the waves of my opinion in respect to Germany's wars knew many an ebb and flow. It is true that finding, with Carlyle's good help, many merits in the political economy of Prussia, I applauded the fitness of the hereditary name of its princes, "Friedrich" or "Rich in Peace," and crowned them with wild olive; yet I was hospitable to the view that Frederick's history was sad stuff for anyone to read, unless he believed man was made to be a butcher of his fellow-man. It is true that I proclaimed Germany's success in 1870, "the victory of one of the truest monarchies and schools of honor and obedience ever organized under heaven," yet elsewhere I emphasized with equal force the dangers of a military organization into which the Devil put pride of caste. It is true that, at first, I refused to raise my voice against the ravage of France, deeming this inevitable; yet when I apprehended the imminent danger to

Strassburg Cathedral and Sainte-Chapelle, and sensed the horrors of human suffering at Paris, frantic head and heart cried out together against these wrongs. While in the body, my spirit bewailed the harm wrought to Tintoretto's great canvas at Venice by Austrian shells; now it hovers over the shattered columns of Rheims and the fallen Cloth Hall of Ypres.

Kingsley (*penitently*). *Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa!* I loved these Germans once, and tried to read them aright, but my interpretation seems now all awry. The idealism of their older and better days—all their talk about genius and high art and the rest of it—I rejected. Goethe seemed to me the ruin of Germany—a great fog coming down on the German people and wrapping them up. I blamed them in the mid-century, because they had been for fifty years finding out and showing people how to do everything on earth, and yet doing nothing themselves. And so when Germany's great day of action came in 1870, I rejoiced that her people were at last ready, and I was full of hope for them, believing that the war would work good for generations to come. I was as blind as my own Amyas Leigh, and with far less warrant.

Lowell. Say rather that our tiny tapers gave too little light. And yet often men of to-day foolishly extinguish their own flashing arc-lamps and turn for illumination to the dim little candles of precedent. They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth. You and Mr. Ruskin were led astray by Carlyle, who, in his later time, took as his type of what is highest in human nature, not the sagacious and moderate Goethe, but some Götz of the Iron Hand, some assertor of the divine legitimacy of *Faustrecht*. Like the latter-day German, Carlyle mistook downright violence for strength, and seeking sheer inhumanity, he got at last to kings, types of remorseless force. As I once phrased it, this is his conclusion so congenial to Teutons: constitutional monarchy is a failure; representative government is a gabble; democracy a birth of the bottomless pit; there is no hope for mankind except in getting themselves under a good driver who shall not spare the lash. As an American I have a deep-rooted dislike for the flick of the royal whip.

Clough. In 1870 the broad-bosomed earth had received me. Twenty years before, "Hermann and Dorothea," my only German inspiration, did not greatly endanger my freedom of soul. Such an idyll is a peaceful path, you know.

Whitman. Give me, instead, the noisy open road with jostling journeyers as companions. In 1870 all my hopes were with the star of France, dim smitten star, panting o'er a land of death, heroic

land, the struggle and the daring, rage divine for liberty, star crucified. Then I, the only seer among you all, foresaw (do I speak verse or prose?) the clouds dispelled, the travail o'er; and reborn high o'er the European world (in gladness answering thence as face afar to face reflecting ours, Columbia) thy star, O France, fair lustrous star, in heavenly peace, clearer, more bright than ever, beaming immortal. I saw truly, because I did not build my faith on old conquerors, old campaigns, old reigns of kings across the sea—all phantoms—but on such realities as the democratic average and basic equality, the pride of man in himself, and from first to last the soul of the working man, the working woman.

Kingsley (*with dignity*). Others of us may have lacked, Mr. Whitman, your gift of prophecy, but one thing assuredly we did not lack, a very practical sympathy with our brothers, the workmen. I was a Church of England parson—Parson Lot, because I looked not backward—but a fighting man as well, and throughout the Chartist movement, Labor's struggle for the suffrage, I was in the forefront of the battle. Carlyle's teachings inspired in me the fiercest hatred of society's great king, *Laissez faire* ("Devil take the hindmost!"), who slips with smug complacency along the ruts of easy-going routine and do-nothingism, and takes no thought of tinker and tailor. Christian Socialist to the core, I taught that Jesus Christ, the poor man who died for poor men, would bring about freedom for them, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against them. In my novels I entered the Cockney home and the Cockney sweat-shop, and read amid the dirt and darkness the ignorant hearts that I found there—what a contrast to the country, the yard in which the gentlemen live! Through all this war for the rights of man, I sought to keep my loyalty, my love, my zeal,—my faith that a nobler day was dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry. With a like hope, my eyes are fixed on Weimar now.

Queen Victoria. We always loved our subjects. Mr. Tennyson, shortly after we made him Poet-Laureate, told the Americans that they must not mix the English queen with those that wish to keep their people fools, that she comprehends the race she rules, and that the foes of its freedom are her foes. I read your books, Canon Kingsley, about the fight between the rich and the poor, and those of Mr. Disraeli and of Mrs. Gaskell, who seemed to see both sides very much better than you men. But you must admit, Mr. Kingsley, that your Chartists behaved very badly indeed with all their rows and rioting. Why, the Duke and seventeen thousand spe-

cial constables had to go out to stop them. Still, in the end, after many years, they got what they wanted; and on the whole they caused much less trouble than the masses seem to be giving to-day.

Clough. I, too, sat at the feet of Carlyle. And I can show what I felt about landlordism's comfortable doctrine of *Laissez faire*, if you will let me transpose some of my "Bothie" hexameters. *Laissez faire* says to the rich:—"O ye rich! be sublime in great houses, purple and delicate linen endure, cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam in your foreheads. Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness, not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory."

George Eliot. I remember that my Felix Holt told the working men after they had got the suffrage, that the value of their political power depended entirely on the means and materials—the knowledge, ability, and honesty—they had at command; that a society, a nation, is held together by the dependence of men on each other and the sense they have of a common interest in preventing injury; that society can not be steadily improved by the attempt to do away directly with the actually existing class distinctions, but by the turning of class interests into class functions or duties; that the danger hanging over change is great just in proportion as it tends to produce disorder by giving any large number of ignorant men, whose notions of what is good are of a low and brutal sort, the belief that they have got power into their hands, and may do pretty much as they like; that each class should be urged by the surrounding conditions to perform its particular work under the strong pressure of responsibility to the nation at large—such counsels seem more timely than ever!

Walt Whitman. I follow you, lady, for I am of every hue and caste, of every rank and religion, a farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker, prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest. What is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest is Me, not asking the sky to come down to my good will. I breathe the air, but leave plenty after me, and am not stuck up, and am in my place.

Ruskin. In my early life, I sought to raise men's sense of the beautiful in art; in my later, to raise men's moral standard in life, to transfuse into the younger generation a social sympathy. I lectured, preached, instructed, counseled the poorest and most ignorant, caring for their bodies, their minds, their souls. I warred against *Laissez faire*, not in the terms of a soulless political economy, but by taking my Bible and acting on it. I grew also daily more sure that the peace of God rested on all

the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor; and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity. Is not that the essence of the religion of Humanity?

Lowell. You are right, Mr. Ruskin, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy. But our republican ears fail to catch, in the teachings of your master, Carlyle, the accent of democracy. The Carlyle gospel is the feudal one of master and man—let mankind find the bravest and best, and obey him! Democracy means to Carlyle despair of finding any heroes to govern you, and contented putting up with the want of them. It is to him a ship trying to round Cape Horn in bad weather by vote of the sailors instead of by will of the captain. And you, Mr. Ruskin, say that all freedom is error, that liberty is on the whole and in the broadest sense dishonorable and an attribute of the lower creatures. Not so, Mr. Clough, spoke Philip Hewson, the hot radical hero of your *Bothie*, which, you will remember, I admired when you visited us at Cambridge. Not so your dearest friend and elegist, Matthew Arnold, when he tells us that "culture seeks to do away with classes, that to live in a society of equals tends in general to make a man's spirits expand, and his faculties work easily and actively, and that our inequality materializes our upper class, vulgarizes our middle class, brutalizes our lower class." Not so speaks the British Constitution, which, under whatever disguises, is essentially democratic. But even Carlyle admits that universal democracy, whatever we may think of it, has declared itself as an inevitable fact of the days in which we live. Not only is universal democracy with us, but, as I said to an English audience at Birmingham thirty-five years ago, America is in the air that all men breathe.

Queen Victoria (*sympathetically*). We like to hear you talk, Mr. Lowell.

Whitman (*rapt in vision*). The time has come to enfold the world. One thought is ever at the fore—that in the Divine Ship, the World, breasting Time and Space, all peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same voyage, are bound to the same destination. I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing; Freedom completely armed and victorious and very haughty, with Law on one side, Peace on the other, issuing forth against the idea of caste; men marching and frontier-marching by swift millions; the frontiers and boundaries of the old autocracies broken; the landmarks of European kings removed; and this day the people beginning their landmarks.

FREDERICK TUPPER

Book Reviews

Spiritualism and Science

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE: Levitation, "Contact," and the "Direct Voice." By W. J. Crawford. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

CONTACT WITH THE OTHER WORLD: the Latest Evidence as to Communication with the Dead. By James H. Hyslop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOTH Dr. Crawford and Dr. Hyslop are convinced spiritists, but thereafter they have nothing in common. Dr. Crawford is a lecturer in mechanical engineering and has had much experience in graphic statics and temperature charting; Dr. Hyslop was a professor of logic and ethics, a psychologist through and through. Naturally, then, in the great division which splits the spiritist body, they came out on opposite sides. Dr. Hyslop gives sixteen pages to the physical phenomena; Dr. Crawford deals with practically nothing else, and while he "admits the genuine nature of mental phenomena," he is "appalled at the difficulties of sifting them; the mind of the medium has far too much to do with the results." Even for specific communication from the departed he prefers "the direct voice" and "psychic photography." It is a clean-cut antithesis of physicist and psychologist.

And naturally the physicist gets the most definite and assured results—assured, that is, apart from easy "they are all lying" criticism. The book is a continuation of his previous "Reality of Psychic Phenomena" and the greater part is occupied with experiments with Miss Goligher, the Belfast medium. About thirty-eight pages are given to "direct contact" phenomena with other mediums, that is, phenomena in which the hands of the sitters are in contact with the table, and to "direct voice" phenomena through so-called "trumpets." In both cases his mechanical experience has enabled him to make distinct advances in criticism and verifications. The real possibilities in contact were marked out through ingenious electrical apparatus, and even the direct voice, otherwise under the darkest suspicion, was made to register into a phonograph under excellent test conditions; excellent, that is, apart from the darkness which is asserted to be necessary. From the "blasting" effect on the record—so called by phonograph manufacturers—the voice would seem to have been very close to the horn of the phonograph, and if that was the case, the mouth-end of the "trumpet" must have been at least four feet from the medium. Yet, because of the darkness, Dr. Crawford keeps these experiments by themselves and publishes them only to put

them on record for what they may be worth.

The others are in quite different case. They are further elaborate verifications and examinations of his hypothesis that table-levitations, raps, and the like are produced by cantilever rods projected from the body of the medium. These rods, which are sometimes, when great force is required, struts with a basis on the floor, consist of matter in a so far unknown form, apparently possessing weight but not palpability, and invisible under ordinary conditions. Yet if the hand is put through one of them a "disagreeable, cold, spore-like sensation" is felt. Their presence, nature, and working can be precisely demonstrated by mechanical tests; they are disintegrated by all light, except red light; they do not change the temperature of the table; their free ends are not conductors of low tensive electricity; they can not pass through open mesh cloth screens unless these are closely wrapped round the medium. If the medium touches the table with her bare hand, some kind of psychic circuit is made, the force is discharged and the table at once drops. If the hand is gloved the table drops more slowly; similarly, if the contact is through iron or copper. But a piece of twisted paper or of wood in the medium's hand did not seem to make the circuit. This evidently connects with the use of a wooden table as a concentrator of the force; it is a kind of Leyden jar. All manner of raps are produced also by these rods acting apparently as hammers on the floor. The mechanical reactions upon the medium as to weight, push and pull, and tipping strains were elaborately tested and recorded. It is also demonstrated, to all appearance, by exact weighings, that while the matter of these rods is taken from the medium and is returned to her without diminution, the force used is mostly taken from the sitters in the circle and involves a permanent loss of weight of half a pound each, more or less. All these experiments were carried out with the hearty coöperation of the so-called "controls," communication with whom was maintained by raps.

Dr. Crawford admits his indifference, for the purposes of these experiments, as to whether these "controls" are "discarnate human beings" or "masquerading sub-conscious elements of the medium's brain." But he is himself quite convinced that they are the first, and we now look to him for his reasons for this conviction. He knows certainly how much more difficult this step in his demonstration will be. He has put dynamite under our ordinary conceptions of matter and shown it mobile and plastic under the direct action of mind and will. Can he demonstrate that the mind and will in the case are discarnate?

Almost all spiritists have either been ignorant of this difficulty or ignored it.

Again, Dr. Crawford does not make plain whether he regards the projected material-rod method as that by which all telekinetic phenomena are always produced. He seems even to explain personal levitation by it, but would it meet the cases of levitation recorded of D. D. Home, for example? Also, would his hammer-like rods explain all rappings? Other physicists have been driven to the hypothesis of little explosions in the molecular structure of the material from which the raps seemed to come. Further, the material of his psychic structures, in its invisibility, seems essentially different from that which is used in materializations—as those of Schrenk-Notzing—although the two are alike in mobility and plasticity under the direct influence of mind and will. It is true that Dr. Crawford is evidently working towards a hypothesis that there are two different unknown forms of matter in his psychical structures. He is driven to that by the problem of how, at the one end, these rods can make connection with the body of the medium without injuring it, and, at the other, with the objects moved so as to affect them in these different ways. Finally, there can be no question that these two sets of experiments mark the greatest advance that has been made as to the physical phenomena since their reality was established to the satisfaction of Sir William Crookes. It may even be that they mark an epoch in our knowledge of the ultimate structure of matter as definite as the discovery of radio-activity.

No one could leave Dr. Hyslop's book with a similar feeling of certainty and possibility. His methods are almost entirely mental and his recorded results have evidently an utterly different effect in print from that which they had on the first-hand recipients. Neither William James nor Mark Twain nor Isaac K. Funk nor Carroll D. Wright is in the least convincing. After working through their communications the feeling remains that we have seen a great deal too many ghosts to believe in them. There is some music which is very interesting to the player but bores the audience, and the "cross-correspondence" engineered by certain members of the English Society for Psychical Research, and intended to be absolute logical demonstrations, have had little weight outside their circle of origin.

On another side Dr. Hyslop is so convinced a spiritist that the disinclination which most of us feel to the admission of an entirely different class of moments in the balance of forces, or kind of personalities in the drama—as you please to put it—does not exist for him. Discarnate spirits acting through mediums still in the body are part of his accepted

scheme of things. Thus, when telepathy is urged as a counter-explanation to "spirits," he asks why telepathy may not be worked by "spirits" and points out, rightly enough, that telepathy is scientifically as unexplained as "spirits." He has passed entirely beyond our ordinary position that it is "easier" to posit that A's mind directly affects B's than to posit that A's mind by means of discarnate spirits affects B's. That is, he has passed beyond Occam's law of the limitation of agencies to the strictly necessary. Of course he can answer that we do not know what is "strictly necessary." Similarly, he has a chapter on "obsession," and accepts it. And it is true that much of the popular spiritualist literature of the present day shows a distinct drift in that direction. Whether that will tend to sanity in the popular mind is another matter; it is hopeless now to attempt to keep the most hazardous guesses of the laboratory out of the talk of the market-place. The popular mind must go through with everything until it becomes immune again. We can only hope that the "obsession" will not reach the peak of witch-burnings.

Dr. Hyslop's best chapter is undoubtedly that on "the process of communicating." This is very clearly and fully worked out—fully, that is, within the limits of our present psychological knowledge and the spiritist hypothesis—and many investigators of experience might well take it to heart. It shows that, at the best, the process is a deal more complicated than such new Pilgrim's Progresses as "The Seven Purposes" would suggest. Even so sane a student as Dr. L. P. Jacks might find light there on "Old Scott," "Young Scott" and "Sir Walter Scott," in his "Adventures in Psychical Research." Whether it would lead him to "spirits" or to still more pronounced agnostic despair is another matter. For the picture of that process which Dr. Hyslop puts before us is not an attractive one and raises wonder how under these conditions anything evidential can ever come through. The "spirits" seem like a cloud of moths fluttering round a candle or like the shades which swarmed round the trench of Odysseus, all trying to communicate at once. And even the one which, for the moment, has caught the medium's eye may send over all kinds of penumbral, fleeting thoughts besides that which he really means to communicate. And then the medium's "sub-conscious" comes into play with possibilities of Sally's and obsessions. That hoary old reprobate, Dr. Phinuit, a creation as human as Falstaff, seems solid beside all this.

But while Dr. Hyslop's book suggests all these limits and cautions, it can be read by any one to good purpose. And it is urged throughout by a passionate

belief that only in acceptance of the spiritist position is there any hope of stemming the ever-rising tide of crude materialism. On that key the book begins and ends.

British Labor

MANAGEMENT AND MEN. A Record of New Steps in Industrial Relations. By Meyer Bloomfield. New York: The Century Company.

ONE of the most extraordinary features of our modern life is the rapidity with which books are made. In the good old days most writers were slow in formulating their thoughts—Adam Smith spent ten years on his "Wealth of Nations"—but now it is possible for one skilled in gathering material to compile in a few months a volume of 600 pages and to write several readable magazine articles as well. This journalistic *tour de force* is what Mr. Bloomfield has achieved since he visited the industrial centres of Great Britain in the fall of 1918, and while such a work may be quite ephemeral, it must be admitted that it has considerable value at the present time when those who are interested in industrial movements are eager to keep in touch with what is going on abroad.

Like several other recent writers, Mr. Bloomfield has included in his book an enormous appendix of illustrative material, such as the Whitley Reports in full, the Constitution of the British Labor Party, and various pronouncements as to the shortages of houses, the international distribution of raw materials, the employment of women during and after the war, the restoration of trade-union restrictions, and other problems of industrial reconstruction. This penchant for documents must surely have originated with the red, white, blue, and otherwise colored books of the early war period; and to those who like to drink from original sources the appendix will be quite welcome, although those who prefer their information boiled down may be somewhat disappointed in the scant 200 pages of "main text." It should also be said, in passing, that men will look in vain in this book for any light on questions of time and motion study, bonus systems, shop discipline, overhead, turnover, or other phases of management so dear to the heart of efficiency experts—for it is a book on British plans for promoting good feeling between management and men, which, perhaps, may be prerequisite to the success of those other devices.

There was much ill-feeling between labor and capital before the war, and although they made a truce by which organized labor for the time of national peril gave up the right to strike and its cherished trade restrictions, as

soon as victory seemed assured the truce was declared off and the forces of labor began to be mobilized for a determined effort to obtain better living conditions and a larger part in the control of industry, if not for a revolutionary attack on the strongholds of capitalism. Labor was well aware of its services at home and abroad, without which the war could not have been won, and, when peace and security were restored, demanded as much consideration as when life, liberty, and property were threatened by a ruthless enemy. The employers as a class have been very free to recognize these services, and have gone far in concession to the demands of labor, but their advances have been received in a spirit of suspicion and hostility that augurs ill for the success of the schemes for industrial coöperation that have been launched with so much éclat. Perhaps, as Mr. Bloomfield suggests, this distrust and irritation may be due to the nervous strain under which the British people have labored and fought during four long and weary years; but, whatever the cause, the trouble is there and threatens to break out into a civil war in which Great Britain may bring upon herself the disaster which all the armies and navies of the Central Powers were unable to inflict.

Certainly British labor is none too modest in its demands, as the following list of items in its programme clearly shows:

The throwing open of land for use and development by the people; a public health act to prevent illness; a million new houses built at public expense and let at fair rents; nationalization of the public services, mines, railways, shipping, armaments, and electric power; extension of trade unionism; a national minimum wage for each industry based on determinations by industrial boards; abolition of the menace of unemployment; limitation of the hours of labor; drastic overhauling of the various laws dealing with factory conditions, safety and workmen's compensation; enlargement of the coöperative movement; international labor legislation to deal with the competition of sweated goods; revision of taxation upward; and equal treatment of men and women in government and industry.

Comprehensive as this list is, it does not include the most important point of all—the demand for a greater share in the control of industry. The unions, of course, exercised a certain negative—and very injurious—control through their trade customs or restrictions, which tended to reduce the output of industry; but, as these may never be fully restored, they demand, as an equivalent, a large measure of positive control, promising to coöperate with the employers for the increase of output and the general prosperity of the country. Some such control as this many unions exercised during the war, through the shop steward and works committees; but now they want these powers continued

and extended and will be satisfied with nothing-less.

The appointment of the Whitley Committee by the Asquith Government in the year 1916 was designed to anticipate trouble by providing a workable plan for the coöperation of capital and labor in the rehabilitation of industry after the war. The first report of the committee was made in March, 1917, the second in October; and these, together with the supplementary reports, contain many valuable suggestions as to methods of coöperation between employers and employed, even though the general plan may be still highly experimental and probably not applicable to conditions in other countries. The committee devised an elaborate, though elastic, scheme for industrial councils which it was thought might be adopted with modifications by practically all the well-organized industries of the country. Three sets of councils were recommended: First, National Joint Standing Industrial Councils to consist of representatives of employers and employed in equal numbers elected by their recognized national associations; second, District Joint Industrial Councils similarly constituted but of limited jurisdiction and subordinate to the National Councils; third, Works Committees composed of representatives of employers and employed in particular works or establishments. All this points towards the creation of a National Industrial Council, and this, in fact, was unanimously recommended by the National Industrial Conference at its adjourned meeting on April 4, 1919. The setting up of an Industrial Parliament beside the ancient Parliament at Westminster would be a startling innovation in British life and would have most interesting and far-reaching results.

Already the Whitley scheme has been adopted by a considerable number of industries, so that the experiment is receiving a fair trial under the most varied conditions. The inauguration of the first Whitley Council—The National Council of the Pottery Industry—took place at Stoke-on-Trent on January 11, 1918. Major F. H. Wedgwood, of Wedgwood and Sons, was elected chairman; Mr. S. Clowes, of the Potters' Union, vice-chairman; Mr. A. P. Llewellyn, secretary to the Manufacturers; and Mr. A. Hollins, secretary to the Operatives. The National Council of sixty members—thirty on each side—was elected, representing such manufacturers as Doulton and Company, Furnivals, Ltd., the Wedgwoods, Cartwright and Edwards, and many other well-known firms. A constitution was adopted stating the chief object of the Association to be the advancement of the pottery industry and of all connected with it. The work of the Council was specified under the following heads: To induce all manufac-

turers and operatives to join their respective associations; regular consideration of wages, piece-work prices, and conditions of industry; maintenance of such prices as will afford reasonable remuneration to both employers and employed; consideration and settlement of disputes; regularization of production and employment; removing of danger to health in industry; encouragement of research and invention, and publication of results, where desirable; collection of statistics of wages, prices, profits, costs, and the like; representation of the needs of the industry to the Government and to the community generally.

As Mr. Bloomfield frequently points out, the Whitley scheme is still in the experimental stage. All that has been done is to provide machinery for joint consideration of certain phases of industry, and its successful operation will depend on the spirit of tolerance and coöperation animating the heretofore opposing interests. The employers will be slow to turn over to the workers any important share in the management of their properties, and the workers, who are aggressively pushing for all they can get, will not be satisfied to receive the shadow of power without the substance. Then, too, as Dr. Addison, formerly Minister of Reconstruction, has pointed out, the Councils might be used to form trusts or price rings inimical to the interests of the public. Again, there is some danger of political interference, although the committee has sought to guard against that. Like any other human invention, the plan has its strong and weak points, some of which will not appear until it is put in operation, and the progress of the experiment will be watched with intense interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

More or Less Truth

THE TAKER. By Daniel Carson Goodman. New York: Boni and Liveright.
THE GROPER. By Henry C. Aikman. New York: Boni and Liveright.
THE CHOICE. By Maurice Weyl. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

HERE are three new stories, two of them "first" novels, which express anew the marked impulse in our recent fiction towards sober interpretation. They make no attempt to be amusing. They doubtfully attain that rating as "good stories" which, we may fairly say, belongs as a matter of course to all novels of the broadest merit, as well as to a vast number of novels which have, otherwise, no merit whatever. For the crude elements of a good story are, like those of a good play, almost self-sufficient. You can find them in the fables of the late Shakespeare or the later Henry James, but more or less overlaid with literature and things. The advan-

tage, for the clientèle of the hour, remains, say, with Messrs. Rex Beach and George M. Cohan, in whose works you can find little else. And it is a real advantage, especially when the comparison lies between the Cohans and Beaches on the one side, and writers like those with whom we are at the moment concerned on the other. Everybody loves to be entertained, but not quite everybody hankers to be enlightened as well—still less instead.

These three books are, if you like, chronicles and commentaries rather than tales. Their common theme is the quest of the individual for personal success and happiness. Their method is consciously realistic, to use the word in its vague popular sense. Mr. Goodman's realism is not far from Mr. Dreiser's: not far, that is, from naturalism or animalism. It wishes above all things to eschew sentiment, and succeeds in sentimentalizing the squalid. Men are a little higher than the animals, and thereby less happy. They lack the courage of their impulses, yet impulse prevails. Leonard Vernon is the spoiled son of a widow of the American midlands. At eighteen he wearies of her spoiling and flings off to make his own way. He knows how to go about his task: "I'm going to get on . . . I'm going to be hard and mean . . . I'm going to be cold—strong." He gets foothold in an "Art Glass Works," marries his employer's daughter, becomes a master of men in his business hours, and of women when business permits. His commercial prowess we take pretty much for granted. The more (or less) enlivening task is ours to assist at his petty and miscellaneous philanderings. He has cast off a Jennie and married a Mabel and escaped her for the moment, when we are privileged to have a day off with him in New York: "Walking up Broadway, with chest out and shoulders back, which made his grey walking suit fit unusually well, he thought how different he was from all the people who passed him, the actors out of jobs with their careless apparel, the rough-looking men with weak faces who lined the curbs—suddenly he felt ashamed that he should be seen walking in this district . . . So at Forty-Fourth Street, he turned and went across town to the more adorned trumpery of Fifth Avenue. 'Here,' he thought, 'New York puts on a varnished mask over her harlot's heart, and doesn't betray herself.' And with his muscles echoing to the will of his mind he assumed a more elastic, tripping manner in his gait, while with his cane he cut the air every few steps. As he walked, he noticed how women turned and gave him a second glance." In course of time, two women commit suicide for the sake of this amiable citizen. He has a notion of doing it later,

himself, but finds it easier to get drunk, and then to take back the comfortable original Jennie, and then and forever to go on ogling the women on the streets and feebly flirting with the new girl at the cigar-counter. . . .

After all, a good test of creative realism is its giving us people we can somehow tie to. These feeble cads and egotists with whom current pseudo-realism so largely concerns itself sufficiently refute their authors. There are plenty of people in the world like these, but why harp on them? They are of relatively little consequence in the larger scheme of things. It is not they or their philosophy that makes the world go round. We are not all "takers," pure and simple. Many of us, thank God, are finders, and more of us at least are gropers after something higher and better than the blind and brutal enjoyment of the hour. Lee Hillquit of "The Groper" is not an heroic figure, he gropes often in miry places. But there is a decency in him, a spark of aspiration that will not be quenched and that in the end kindles his life to meaning and to a generous happiness. It is in his hour of failure, when the fabric of his easy "success" has crumbled and he must take a lesser place in the world, that his heart is eased to understanding of what honest labor and honest love still have in store for him. He, like "the taker," returns to his first love, but for giving as well as taking. Her need as well as his own strengthens the solid foundations of their union, which is to bring him "a regenerating faith in himself," and in "the fundamental integrity of his own lonely soul."

"The Choice" is a study of marriage in which the woman holds in the foreground. Asenath McBride is a remarkable portrait. There is nothing salient about her except her beauty, which we have to take the author's word for. Daughter of a narrow-minded and pious laborer, she is narrow-minded without being pious. She has instinctively good taste in music, in dress, in all civilized trappings; but no intellect. Her speech is crude, half-articulate. Yet while still in her teens she strongly attracts two men of superior breeding, and marries the one who has the better mind. There are obvious consequences. The young husband, a man hungry for intellectual companionship, is gradually disillusioned as to his wife's possibilities. He sees that the mental sympathy he has given her credit for has been merely unreasoning assent. A great part of his life lies in the mind; and he must live it alone in so far as he lives at home. Asenath realizes her disability, but is powerless to change; and that fine gift of honesty which is her great possession forbids her making conscious pretense, even if it could conceivably be of use. But the husband happens to be a fine, honest,

normal fellow. It doesn't occur to him to desert his wife, or to be unfaithful to her! He sees that his wife's lack is not her fault. They have many things in common: music, pictures, their child. Somehow they are together, the choice made: "Had it been his choice? Was it he that has selected her or was it something stronger, something which overruled his judgment? Instinct?" After all, it doesn't matter; they belong to each other, and the best they can make of it may turn out to be very good indeed. "She was his wife and the mother of his child. And he was humbly grateful." In realism of detail there is little to choose among these three records. As for "truth to life," it lies for one reader with those interpretations which are based upon a conviction of the fundamental integrity of that collective soul we call human nature.

H. W. BOYNTON

"Orchestrating" Society

TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: The John Lane Company.

THE publisher's note that the discussions in this book are mainly with reference to the League of Nations and the place of labor under the new conditions to be created thereby is not very well borne out by the text. Still less is the statement justified that "Miss Willcocks possesses unerring insight into the deep springs of human action," and the concluding reference to her book as a "thoughtful analysis of world conditions" presses the advertiser's license to the extreme limit.

In sober truth, Miss Willcocks has no particular care for the League of Nations at all, unless the nations concerned should go into virtual dissolution in the process of giving it birth, in which case it would, of course, cease to be a League of Nations. If the extreme opponents of the League could once convince the world that its terms involved an international suicide pact of that kind, not one of the nations represented at Versailles would ratify it. It is no blind tumbling into racial and political chaos that is intended, but the discriminating attempt of well-defined national entities to aid one another in preserving, not destroying, the legitimate national functions of each.

If "unerring insight" and "thoughtful analysis" were characteristic of Miss Willcocks, one would expect to find also that lucidity of expression which is the normal attendant of these qualities. What one actually finds is the vague and incoherent language which springs inevitably out of an unanalytic habit of mind, and either the inability to see the deeper things of life as they are, or an unwillingness to look deeply when the

first glance is not favorable to one's preconceived views.

If one can sift out a fairly constant note running through this volume, it is that the days of private property are numbered. The change from the present régime to an absolutely "socialized" system of production and distribution may require generations rather than years, a new and untried race may have to be brought to the front as the instrument of the new order, but the era of "possession" is doomed, all the same. And yet when Miss Willcocks feels the need of answering the objection that the fine arts would not thrive under such a system of communism as she heralds, she assures us that "with enormous labor-saving devices and with a world-wide wealth in the hands of the people, there will be leisure for art and ample means out of which *the artist will be paid*, not by individual patrons, but by the State." How inevitably, in every writer of this class, some such slip as this betrays the utter failure to follow their supposed principle through to its necessary results!

In her chapter on Self-Determination, Miss Willcocks betrays her own possession of that individualistic instinct which, in spite of its abuse, has been one of the strongest and most constant factors in the progress of human civilization. Some one has well said that the most reliable safeguard against the final triumph of communism in England or the United States is the fact that the average English or American laborer is at bottom so individualistic in temperament that when it should come to the test he would shoulder a gun to free himself from the shackles of such a system. Miss Willcocks is evidently haunted by the fear that under a system of the absolute leveling of the rewards of labor, together with the individual's self-determination of his sphere of activity, some rather important branches of labor might not find the necessary number of recruits. But she evades any close grip with the difficulty by imagining the race so transformed that the joy of creation is a reality, and that men and women can be "orchestrated" to the joint working out of some conception that is wide enough to claim the services of all types of character and of all degrees of mental power. "Orchestration" was an unfortunate word for her to use. Let her go to the leader of some really successful orchestra and ask him just how much room there is for self-determination in the musicians whom he directs. The negro slave before the war was not so wholly subject to his master's will as are the members of a successful orchestra to the will of a great leader *during the time while they are functioning as an orchestra*. But if they do not like it they may resign, a privilege for which the all-

embracing industrial orchestra so easily imagined by Miss Willcocks has no provision. The simple truth is that a communistic control of all production and distribution, doing away with all private property, is humanly attainable, as nearly as it is attainable at all, only as a system of state slavery.

Miss Willcocks tells us that when "social production" comes it will be but a return to the primitive type of production. When we look into primitive communism, she thinks, we see "the very warp and woof of human nature itself." And what we find there, she holds as good, "especially to us, who seem born to come into contact with nothing but human selfishness." The first instinct in those times, she adds, was to see that none of the tribe should go hungry. Miss Willcocks is, of course, not the first to draw from imagination this rosy lining to the sombre cloud of early human history. The flaw in it is simply its utter lack of harmony with amply attested facts. The level of primitive communism was a level at the bottom of human comfort and convenience, in which "the instinct to secure that none of the tribe shall want" often failed disastrously of realization. And failure of the means of subsistence then did not start streams of aid from afar, as in these days, when we "seem born to come into contact with nothing but human selfishness." The "very warp and woof of human nature itself" is not to be sought in the fact of a greater or less degree of primitive communism, but in the individualism which, starting with the desire to better one's own position, has made countless advances of benefits to all. If this individualism can degenerate into a selfishness requiring restraint, it can also rise to the highest manifestations of self-sacrificing altruism.

Miss Willcocks imagines that "socialized" production and distribution will put so vigorous a spirit into the laborer that the rate of production will at once be greatly increased, making it possible eventually to reduce the day of labor to four hours, if not even less. As to the food supply, "by applying atomic energy to agriculture we shall produce on a scale that baffles all measurements of to-day." It had been our impression that atomic energy was already at work in agriculture, but perhaps it was unionized and ordered out on strike at the close of the golden reign of Saturn, when the crops ceased to grow without human toil, honey no longer exuded from the leaves of trees, and the advent of Jupiter made it necessary for mortals to live by the sweat of the brow.

But we can go no farther with the vagaries of Miss Willcocks. The volume is significant only as a well-marked symptom of what she herself, with a

flash of insight wholly uncharacteristic, names "the peculiar mental disease of this time—a vague desire to make the world better, combined with absolute ignorance of how this is to be done."

The Run of the Shelves

IN the alarms and excursions of the present time, with its racial frictions and dynastic overturnings, it is refreshing to find Spain producing and printing its first translation of the *Travels of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela*, its great Jewish wanderer and geographer (*Viajes de Benjamín de Tudela*. Por Ignacio González-Llubera. Madrid: Sanz Calleja). There is a good introduction, especially on the personality of the author and his place among mediæval geographers, critical apparatus, commentary, bibliography, and full indices—in every way a useful and creditable production. It is a monument of the new Spain and should have been dedicated to the Manes of the Jews of the old time.

"Patriotism and Popular Education: Thoughts and Questionings on these and many other Matters of Urgent National Concern" is the title of certain "hot discursive thoughts" addressed by Henry Arthur Jones to Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, president of the English Board of Education (London: Chapman and Hall). Mr. Jones, whose plays are but scant indications of the range and even the quickness of his mind, is one of the sprightliest writers and one of the keenest and most caustic debaters with the pen to whom England can point at the present moment. It is impossible to follow through all its flexures the "discursiveness" of a criticism which will quicken reflection in minds predisposed to reflect, and provoke in others that anger which is the reaction of thoughtlessness to thought. We may pause on a single topic. Mr. Jones thinks popular education in England largely a failure, and he also thinks that the disappearance of Shakespeare from the English stage at a time when popular education is becoming universal is illustrative and demonstrative of that failure. He is cruel enough to remind his countrymen that "in the year before the war there were sixty-six companies playing Shakespeare in Germany, . . . while 1,104 representations were given of 'The Merchant of Venice' alone. Our English record for that year is too contemptible to be set down."

In America, Mr. Jones's test of the soundness of popular education seems irrelevant, not to say impious. We do not connect Shakespeare with popular amusement in this country any more than we connect prayer with baseball.

Still, there is Mr. Jones, the inexorable Mr. Jones, with his peremptory and indiscriminating test. Is that test unfair? The proof of a man lies in the voluntary rather than the involuntary part of his days, in the hours for which he lives rather than the hours by which he lives; and for the common man that chosen part, those vital hours, are represented by amusement. It would certainly not be fair to test popular education by its failure to make Milton or Bacon popular, but Shakespeare is quite another matter. There was no barrier between Shakespeare and the common man of his own time, and there seems every reason to suppose that the common man of to-day is a better fellow in sense, knowledge, and taste, if not in wit, than his Elizabethan prototype. Shakespeare never forgot that man in the street by whom he is now so obdurately forgotten. In New York to-day Shakespeare would be just the man to stand shoulder to shoulder in staunch comradeship or eye to eye in genial understanding with the very clerks and artisans who now desert the "Taming of the Shrew" and the "Comedy of Errors" for vaudeville and the cinematograph. Shakespeare "spells ruin," and it is difficult to argue with ledgers; still, it is a little curious that the love of pounds and dollars should bar from the stage in our time a set of plays to the making of which the love of crowns and sixpences was an unmistakable incentive. It is as hard to believe that Shakespeare in New York to-day would find the Messrs. Shubert or Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger incomprehensible as that he would find Mr. Eugene Walter or Mr. Rupert Hughes unsympathetic. Without overstressing a line of argument which has many disheartening facts to meet and face, it seems almost worth while to put once more the question whether the division between Shakespeare and common folk is an organic and necessary division, or whether it is a matter of fashion and habit which reform in education might control. There is that insulting German record of 1,104 representations of "The Merchant of Venice" in the year before the war.

A few years ago a lot of extraordinary gold and jeweled ornaments came out of Egypt and were sold to American, English, and German collectors. The objects included heavy pectorals adorned with coins and medals, necklaces with medals, a remarkable openwork breast chain, jeweled bracelets and earrings. It happily occurred to the late Professor Walter Denison to publish these splendid things, widely scattered as they were, in a single volume, which now appears in the *University of Michigan Studies* (Macmillan). The date of the treasure is the middle of the sixth century A.D.

There is a very interesting medallion bearing an Annunciation and Miracle at Cana, not to mention large cameos of various dates. While Professor Denison's minute and thorough commentary is naturally intended for archæologists, the numerous plates will delight anybody who cares for fine goldsmith's work. The perforated ornamentation forecasts interestingly both later Byzantine metal work and the splendors of the Saracenic style.

At last the fur-covered animals are receiving deserved recognition—in a reliable, popular, illustrated account of their lives and their place in the fauna of this continent. It is high time, since, more quickly than the birds which fly above us, or the reptiles which creep beneath, mammals are going to the wall before the onrush of human dominion. Another half century will unquestionably see the end of most large mammals except in game preserves and zoological gardens. Mr. Nelson, Chief of the Biological Survey, in his "Wild Animals of North America" (Natural Geographical Society) has written over one hundred brief biographies, giving a résumé of the habits and the ways of life of North American Mammals, and this is accompanied by a wealth of colored plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, sketches by Seton, and photographs. There is no attempt at systematic classification, the two parts of the thin, limp cloth volume being divided arbitrarily into the Larger and the Smaller Mammals, and all the troubles of subspecies are hidden away in the phrase "and its relatives." The accounts are well balanced, many given at first hand; the book should help to attract some of the interest which in most lay lovers of nature is wholly expended upon flowers, insects, and birds.

"Marie Bashkirtseff: the Journal of a Young Artist," published thirty years ago, has appeared in a new edition (Dutton), with the text of the translation revised, and with some additions, very slight in amount, from the original French. The journal begins when the writer is twelve and ends just before her death, when she is twenty-three. The early pages are, from one point of view, as insufferable as ever, with their exhibition of childish vanity and self-analytical precocity. Yet even these outpourings have a peculiar value, for they are written by a child, not, as in other documents of self-revelation, by a mature man or woman looking back with humorous compassion on the silly dreams of long ago. Vanity and petulant self-analysis remain till the close, but they are tempered by real and growing power as the writer, working courageously under the handicaps of ill health and traditions of idle wealth, develops her talent as a painter. Her comments on the

world and on art, pungent, penetrating, and sympathetic, become more frequent than her praise of her own good looks and cleverness. Literary talent appears: bits of description of Spain, for example, are masterly in tone. And through the whole runs that aspiration for power and fame based on solid achievement, and not on mere social charm, which was the dominating note of the woman's character. Despite all its tinsel, the book has gained a permanent place, and a place of high honor, in the literature of self-revelation.

The Orange Convention in Canada

DURING the last week of July the ninetieth annual convention of the Supreme Grand Lodge of British North America took place in the city of Ottawa. Over two thousand lodges were represented and the resolutions adopted mark a very significant departure in the annals of the Orange organization. Three facts stand out in relief, as consequences of the lengthy deliberations of the delegates. The reëlection of the Supreme Grand Master; the attaching of the Order to one particular political party; and the extraordinary attitude assumed in regard to the Irish question.

The reëlection, by acclamation, of Mr. Horacio C. Hocken as Supreme Grand Master of the Orange Order in British North America, was not unexpected, nor was the distinction undeserved. Certainly no more zealous and competent man holds office to-day in the organization. Mr. Hocken is a Canadian by birth, of English parentage and a journalist by profession. He has been Mayor of Toronto and sits to-day as Member of Parliament for one of the divisions of that city. He received his education in Canada and worked up from the "case" to the editorship and proprietorship of *The Sentinel*, the organ of Orangism on this continent. Were he not so closely attached to the one special interest—that of his Order—there is every reason to believe that a brilliant future might await him. He has administrative and executive ability of no mean order, and, with his kindly disposition, strong determination, and natural talents, he is possessed of all the qualifications of a Cabinet Minister. He has, however, chosen another sphere of activity, and certainly he has so far been very successful in that.

On the third day of the Convention the Orange Order adopted, unanimously, a resolution to the effect that henceforth the whole body, and each individual member thereof, should support the Union Government and help in establishing in Canada a Unionist Party.

This is very significant. According to the charter of the Orange Order, obtained in 1890, the objects of the Association are set forth as being mutual benefit, fraternal coöperation, patriotic endeavor, and the protection and propagation of Protestantism. Ever since it has been the unvarying theme of the leaders of the Order to proclaim absolute independence in politics. Even Mr. Hocken's own organ, *The Sentinel*, not later than last June announced that the Orange Order was attached to no special party, but held itself free to support for the time being any policy that agreed with their own special aims. By this last resolution the entire Order, in Canada, is bound hand and foot to one political party. That independence which was heretofore its strength seems to have vanished with the closing of this convention. This is a situation that needs no elaboration. Suppose that the Knights of Columbus, in convention, were to pass a like resolution, it is quite obvious that such a course would lead to disintegration within the Society, and to an immediate falling off of its influence in the affairs of the country. So is it with Orangism in Canada; henceforth, instead of being an independent factor in the great political struggles of the Dominion, it will be considered merely an auxiliary of one party.

The third remarkable expression of this Orange Convention is its attitude towards the Irish issue. One could readily understand its absolute sympathy with Sir Edward Carson; its offer of support financially, morally, and otherwise; its faith in Ulster and all that the Carsonites stand for; its opposition to Home Rule in any form; its antagonism to Sinn Feinism, and all that the extremists of that ilk profess and propose; but it is hard to reconcile their persistent demand for an undivided, peace-enjoying, and prosperous British Empire with their declaration that they will not have any settlement of the Irish question. If they mean by this that they are opposed to the division of Ireland into North and South, or the establishment of Home Rule along the lines of Dominion government, or the creation of a Federal system for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, they do not say so. They indicate no special policy, they suggest no solution. They simply declare that they are opposed to the settlement of the Irish question. If they mean what they say, certainly it is not for the greater peace and prosperity of the Empire they are acting. It is scarcely conceivable that any body of men, or any person in particular, who has an honest interest in the welfare of the Empire, could wish to see the thorny Irish trouble perpetuated unto the end

(Continued on page 330)



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(Continued from page 328)

of time. We can conceive how natural is the antagonism of the Orange Order in Canada and elsewhere to the "Irish Republic," the utopia of De Valera and his following; all that is in the order of things. But we vainly seek for an explanation of the two resolutions above referred to—support of the Union and opposition to all settlement of the Irish question—unless A. G. Gardiner throws some light upon it. In his "Pillars of Society," speaking of Carson's motive, that observant journalist says:

The motive is the Ascendency of his caste established and maintained by the Union. For a century or more the Orangemen

have had Ireland under their heel: . . . With the Castle at their back they have held Ireland like a conquered province—they have held it as the British hold India. They have planted their nominees in every fat job; they have controlled the administration; the police have been an instrument in their hands; justice has been the tool of their purpose; the law has been of their fashioning and the judges of their making. And now the Ascendency is done. The outworks have gone; the walls are crumbling. Landlordism has been put to flight. The Irish people are emerging from the dust. They have their land; they have their local councils; they stand erect and ask for full freedom in their own household. The whole fabric of Ascendency is collapsing before our eyes. A new Ireland is dawning across the Channel. And against the dawn there stands a figure

baleful and heroic, challenging the new day—a figure emblematic of an ancient tale of wrong and a night that is past.

Does this passage explain the exceptional attitude and the peculiar resolutions of the Orange Order in British North America?

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada, August 4

Books Received

FICTION

Burt, K. N. The Branding Iron. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.65.

Pallen, C. B. Crucible Island. New York: Manhattanville Press.

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THE President's decision upon the railroad wage question is what the situation clearly demanded. His appeal to the railroad men ought to find a response in their patriotism and their regard for the public weal; whether it will or not remains to be seen. The attention of the country is so centred on the hardships of high prices that the President's insistence on the impossibility of keeping prices down and at the same time yielding to constant demands for raising of wages will be sure to find a hearty response among the people at large. With this state of public sentiment to reckon with, it may be that the railroad workers will realize that not only public duty, but also a calculation of their own interests, counsels a reasonable attitude and acquiescence in the President's decision. If this should prove to be the case, well and good. But the question that must be in the mind of every one seriously considering the situation is, what will happen if the railroad workers persist in their intention to strike?

PERSUASIVE as the President's appeal to the railroad employees is in many ways, it lacks one note which it would have been wise as well as cour-

ageous to sound now, instead of putting it off to some time when the situation may be more acute. To be conciliatory, to point out that a little waiting may relieve the situation, to assure the railroad men that their just claims will be taken care of in the future if this expectation should be disappointed—all this is right enough. But it is taking a great risk to implant in the minds of the men the idea that everything is likely to be mended in a short time, and that if it isn't they can count on the Government giving them all they want. For if things do not work as smoothly as the President appears to expect, there is going to be trouble; and when trouble comes the Government will have to take a stand, unless it is prepared to clothe the railroad unions with the power of being supreme judge in their own case. Short of this, it will become necessary, as it has so often been in the past, to assert the rights of the public by something more than smooth words. A reminder that in the last resort the workers must submit to orderly methods for deciding their claims, and that the right of the country to uninterrupted working of its transportation system will be firmly maintained, would have been most salutary.

THE radical action taken by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the question of Shantung must not be regarded as at all indicative of the attitude of the Senate. The vote was 9 to 8, Senator McCumber voting with the Democrats. With this exception the Republicans voted solidly for the change in the treaty; but the two most extreme opponents of the League—Borah and Johnson—and several others almost as extreme were included among them. This is, of course, not at all representative of the Senate Republicans as a whole.

Nothing more dangerous to the peace of the world at the present time, and to the prospects of good international relations in the future, can well be imagined than the adoption by the Senate of this violent and ill-considered move. The objections to it were formulated with admirable clearness and force in a statement made by Senator McCumber immediately after the vote of the committee. That it would render necessary the reopening of the entire treaty question is self-evident. For us to under-

take in this way to pass unqualified judgment against Japan would be an affront to which she could not passively submit. That she would not only harbor resentment against this country, but would refuse to complete her membership in the League of Nations, may be set down as certain. President Wilson is probably right in his view that the settlement as made was the best to which Japan could be brought to consent at Versailles; but, whether so or not, to tear up the settlement now would mean a break of good relations which would bear the seeds of infinite mischief in the future.

What is necessary as matters stand is to work patiently towards the bringing about of justice to China, building both upon Japan's promises and upon the underlying principles to which she, in common with the rest of the nations of the world, is committed by membership in the League of Nations. The Senate should put on record, in connection with the ratification, its judgment of what ought to be done, thus refusing to give its sanction to the Shantung provision. To go beyond this assertion of the desire and attitude of our country would be reckless and dangerous folly.

THE Hungarian situation has reached a temporary balance without much advance towards a solution. The Rumanians have explained that they entered Budapest before orders to the contrary reached them, and they have abated their demands on the Magyars. They remain in military possession of Hungary as acknowledged agents of the Supreme Council, and subject to the orders of a local mixed commission of the Council. How this patched-up arrangement is working does not yet appear. Meanwhile the Rumanian Government has disclaimed all sympathy for or responsibility concerning Archduke Joseph's dictatorship. Remains to explain how his stroke was made at the moment of the Rumanian occupation and with the tolerance of the conquerors. The Archduke's coalition cabinet shifted almost from day to day. The spectacle of a Hapsburg in control of Hungary was highly disquieting to the new Slavic nations. The Supreme Council—thanks, possibly, to Herbert Hoover's courageous and indignant protest—has at least cleared the air by compelling the withdrawal of the Archduke.

A CURIOSITY of Sinn Fein agitation is a Society of Friends of Freedom for India largely officered by Irishmen, and including several disloyal Americans of pacifist and pro-German stamp. A similar organization undertakes the cause of Egyptian autonomy, and we may doubtless expect a Hiberno-Persian and a Hiberno-Tibetan brotherhood. The idea is to raise a smoke against England in every possible direction, appealing to the latent Anglophobia of the country. These movements will be judged by well-informed people according to the membership of these societies. America will not wish to be instructed as to the liberties of the world by those hate-blinded Fenians who only lately regarded Germany as the guarantor of universal liberty, nor yet by hyphenated Americans who sought a victorious peace for the Kaiser, nor even by unhypenated Americans who opposed the raising of our armies. Doubting Americans may yet come to love England for the enemies she has made.

THE American Rights League was born of the Lusitania outrage, and its patriotism is altogether beyond challenge. It has issued an appeal for prompt ratification of the treaty which ought to have weight with the Senate. The arguments setting forth the urgent need of immediate action, and the benefits to be hoped for from the League of Nations, are put in concise and effective form. On the subject of reservations, the language is not entirely clear, the statement being that there should be no reservations "of a nature to make necessary a reopening of questions the adjustment of which has been accepted by the representatives in Paris." If these words are to be understood as permitting the reservations formulated by the Republican group of seven in the Senate, we entirely approve the position taken by Mr. George Haven Putnam and the patriotic league of which he has been president during these four fateful years.

THE Thracian dispute promises to end in a lame compromise under Mr. Wilson's universal formula of internationalization. Originally the whole region was Grecian, as it still is predominantly. Through persecution and proscription the Bulgarians, since the Balkan War, have artificially created a small Bulgarian region in western Thrace. Our delegates in the Peace Conference have ill-advisedly honored this poor claim to western Thrace, on the theory that the Bulgars would fight if they were not satisfied. France and the European members of the Conference generally urged the cession to Greece of all of Thrace except the zone behind Constantinople. The real argu-

ment of the Bulgars was simply the outrages committed by them in recent years and whatever atrocities they may be disposed to add in the future. This plea was naturally not sufficient to sustain our brief for Bulgaria. So the Conference is now considering the creation of the classic neutral strip, under the League, which will give Bulgaria an outlet to the Aegean Sea, while dividing Grecian Thrace into severed parts. It is the Dantzig makeshift repeated. On the merits of the case, Bulgaria has no just territorial claim in Thrace, and her commercial aspirations could be satisfied by proper port and railway facilities. To multiply unnecessary jurisdictions merely weakens the League. We trust our delegates may be instructed to abate a quixotic championship of the most dangerous and treacherous of Balkan Powers.

AS remarked in the *Review* last week, Admiral Kolchak's determination to fulfill his pledges to maintain a liberal and democratic policy and resist all attempts at reaction has placed him in an extremely difficult situation, because those Governments which sympathize with this policy have not brought timely assistance. This lack of moral and material aid had played into the hands of the monarchist reactionaries who desire a restoration of the old régime, and who count among their number many of the officer class. These men taunt him with the failure of his friends to help, and propose close coöperation with the Japanese, and later with the Germans. For the time being Kolchak has surmounted a serious crisis and is maintaining his position. The strength of the opposition, however, is indicated in the following propaganda news despatch which appeared in the American papers August 22:

Tokio, Sunday, August 17 (by the Associated Press).—The All-Russian Government at Omsk has transferred its gold reserve and archives eastward to Irkutsk, according to apparently reliable reports received here. Other information from Siberia indicates that the Omsk Government's position is growing weaker instead of stronger because of the advance of Bolsheviks and the desertion of Siberian troops.

The *Hochi Shinbun* today published a despatch from Peking that the Omsk Government had fallen, but added there was no confirmation.

It is believed here that the Japanese Army, if it becomes necessary, will attempt to prevent an advance of the Bolsheviks east of Irkutsk.

The casual reader would immediately receive the impression that the Omsk Government was on its last legs, which is not borne out by the authentic news from there. On the other hand, this communication from Tokio indicates clearly the connection between the reactionary opponents of Kolchak and the Japanese authorities, and evidently is in-

tended to prepare the public for an announcement of Japanese intervention if Kolchak falls.

WE have to confess a serious error in understanding the *Evening Post's* reference to the fact that between 1873 and 1896 prices fell in spite of an increased supply of currency in this country to have been meant to show the falsity of the quantity theory of money. As the *Post* justly points out, this statistical fact was cited by it as refutation of the notion that currency expansion is "the sole and single cause" of changes in the price-level. As against any such crude notion as this the fact adduced is, of course, quite sufficient. We can only say, in explanation of our misunderstanding, that the *Post's* remark, although attached to the crude notion in question, was made by way of showing that Mr. Harding might have strengthened his case if he had referred to those figures of 1873-96. But in point of fact Governor Harding nowhere in his letter made any reference whatever to the notion which the *Post* attacks. He was engaged in showing that the increase of Federal Reserve note issues was not the cause but the effect of high prices; and his argument to that end could not in any way have been strengthened by proving that currency expansion is not the *only* cause of increasing prices.

Curiously enough, the *Evening Post* misunderstands our own position in regard to Governor Harding's letter. It says:

The Board is criticised [by the *Review*] for not making full allowance for the influence of the great import of gold, between 1914 and the middle of 1917; also for not giving due attention to the part played by expansion of bank credits in the rise of prices.

So far from criticising Mr. Harding on these points, it was a large part of the purpose of our article to draw attention to the fact that Mr. Harding's statement about the expansion of Federal Reserve note circulation—from which we dissented—was not to be understood as in any way denying that expansion of the currency as a whole operates as a cause of high prices, still less that expansion of bank credits operates in this way. On the first of these points we said:

Nowhere does there appear in Mr. Harding's careful and comprehensive discussion any intimation that the great influx of gold which marked the period between the beginning of the great war and our entry into it was not instrumental in causing a great rise in the general level of prices.

And, after quoting Governor Harding on the second point, we said:

It is most important that the public should understand that this clear acknowledgment of expansion of bank credits as a cause of high prices is contained in Mr. Harding's statement.

The danger against which we were seek-

ing to guard is illustrated in such a remark as this, in the New York *Times's* leading editorial on Mr. Harding's letter:

Those most fearful of inflation regard it as the cause of the rise in prices complained of in the protests against the high cost of living. The Board regards it as "the effect of advancing wages and prices, and not the cause."

It was not as to "inflation" in general, but only as to the increase of Federal Reserve notes, that the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board made this assertion.

THE attractive crime of arson has found its devotees among the aspirants to fame ever since the days of Herostratus. The latest addition to this long line of pyrotechnic celebrities is made by a man who would seem to need no flaming distinction to be remembered with awe by posterity. This modern Herostratus, however, has a more subtle way of going about his incendiary business; he left the crime to be committed by others, not from any conscientious objection to its effects, but that he might the better surprise the world with the subsequent discovery that he was its actual instigator. In a letter to General von Falkenhayn, only recently published but written as early as September 17, 1914, he recommended a newly invented flame-thrower for military purposes. "I consider the suggestion to make use of the new invention from airships to be a very happy one." "Happy" is, indeed, the most felicitous term to describe this novel means of spreading Kultur. The torch of civilization kept burning and handed down from generation to generation is a symbol too commonplace and insipid to suit the imagination of these more refined days. A statue of dapper Herr Erzberger, the writer of the letter from which we have quoted, passing a flame-thrower with his pudgy fist to a martial emissary of Kultur, would have far more appropriateness. We consider the suggestion to make use of this statue for the embellishment and rehabilitation of the now-discredited Sieges-Allee in Berlin to be a very happy one.

A PAUSE in the conversation enabled Professor McAndrew Cantlie to slip in a word about the obliging ways of railway officials. "I asked for a return ticket to a near-by suburb and instead of giving it to me at once the ticket-seller most considerately explained that a war tax was placed on all tickets over forty-two cents, and, as a single ticket to my destination cost only thirty-nine cents, two single tickets would be less expensive than a round trip. Indeed, his thoughtfulness saved me six cents. I was most grateful. Only the other day, too, my wife desired to see our eldest

daughter off on her first railway journey alone. But it appeared that they must part in the crowd that was surging about the gate. It seemed that there was no legal way in which her maternal solicitude to see her child safely deposited in the coach could be satisfied. An official, however, was again most fertile in suggestion. He proposed that as she passed the man at the gate she make a gesture indicative of the pos-

session of mileage in some inaccessible corner of her bag. When the doubtful success of this experiment was pointed out, he suggested that she buy a ticket herself, and after having employed it as a sop to the Cerberus at the gate, carry it to an officer upstairs provided for that purpose and there redeem it. The efforts of these officials to eke out the imperfections of the law are most worthy of commendation."

Obligations and Reservations

IN the meeting between the President and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, the central theme was the nature of the obligation imposed by Article X. of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the way in which that obligation might be affected by reservations. Any fair critic must, we think, admit that a remarkably high degree of ability was displayed by both sides in the discussion; the questions put were pertinent, the answers were in clear and straightforward language, and the argumentation on both sides was keen and concise. But the question remains, Was anything accomplished by this "matching of minds"?

If we mean by this question, Was either side brought to a new view of the subject, Did the two sides come closer to an agreement, the answer must be "No." But if we mean by it, Were the issues more sharply defined, Is it more possible than it was before for fair-minded men to pass a trustworthy judgment on the situation, then the answer must be emphatically "Yes." For it was brought out beyond peradventure that the President understands the obligations of Article X. to be just what they are understood to be by the great bulk of those who, ready to assent to the League Covenant with effective reservations, are resolved not to permit ratification without such reservations. Accordingly, there is every reason to believe more strongly than ever, what there has long been strong reason to believe, that the final issue on the League in the Senate will be simply that between adopting reservations separate from the act of ratification and adopting them as part of the act of ratification—in other words, between really securing the points covered by the reservations and merely putting them on record without securing them.

In his attempt to remove the seriousness of the differences between these two forms of action, the President wholly failed. His plea for the adoption of the less effective course on the ground that the more effective one would involve delay has just such weight as any one may feel inclined to assign to it; his endeavor to break the force of the inherent need of the reservations themselves can

not bear the test of serious examination. His distinction between legal and moral obligation was ingeniously and accurately phrased, but leaves the matter just where it was. The question is, and has again and again been stated by advocates of reservations to be, just this: If Congress were in any instance to refuse to take part in that preservation of territorial integrity which is guaranteed by Article X., would such refusal constitute a violation of the obligation imposed by the treaty? Mr. Wilson admits that the treaty imposes "a very grave and solemn moral obligation," and declares that "a moral obligation is of course superior to a legal obligation, and, if I may say so, has a superior binding force;" the only way in which a moral obligation is less constraining than a legal one is that in the former "there is an element of judgment" and in the latter not. But if that element of judgment relates only to the question of fact—the question whether the contemplated contingency has arisen—it does not meet the objection; and if it goes beyond this, if it means the right to judge the claim of the situation on its inherent merits, then it reduces the guarantee of territorial integrity to a nullity. There is not the slightest reason to believe that the other Powers that are parties to the agreement view the obligation in this way; and if that is the view the United States takes of the obligation it is assuming, it is essential that this be made clear at the time that we enter into the contract, and as part of it. In point of fact, the resolutions that represent the views of the important group of Republican Senators known as moderate reservationists do not go so far as this. They do not go into the abstract ethics of the matter at all, but they set forth in unmistakable language the fact that the execution of the undertaking of Article X., in so far as it may require "the use of American military or naval forces or economic measures, can under the Constitution be carried out only by the action of the Congress," and declare that failure of the Congress to take such action "shall not constitute a violation of the treaty." If that is what we mean, that is what we ought to say, and we ought to say it in such a way as to be of

binding effect upon our relations with the nations with which we are to be associated.

It might conceivably be urged that the express statement of this attitude would lessen the moral effect which, in the absence of such statement, Article X. would have in spite of everyone's knowledge of the actual limitations of our Constitution. In the case of any treaty whatsoever, a future Congress has, of course, the power to refuse the means of its actual execution; yet everybody understands that, unless for very exceptional reasons, the obligation, resting as it does on the good faith of the nation, will be observed. The peculiarity of the present treaty, however, as regards Article X., is that its scope is so extensive and varied as to involve from the start the gravest doubts whether the nation ought to bind itself in anything like so absolute a way as is the case with an ordinary treaty agreement. For those who entertain such doubts, it is clearly the demand of honesty that warning of the actual attitude of the country should be clearly and authoritatively given. And, strange to say, the course proposed by the President, as interpreted by one of his leading spokesmen in the Senate on the day following the White House conference, does all that the effective resolutions would do to impair the moral effect in question, and yet fails to protect the country from a future charge of bad faith. The resolution introduced by Senator Pittman is identical with that of the Republican reservationists except in the single point of being proposed as an act distinct from the act of ratification. This cuts from under the feet of the Administration every argument against the adoption of the reservation as part of the act of ratification except the single plea of the delay which the latter course might entail.

That the treaty should be ratified at the earliest possible moment no one has felt to be more urgently necessary than has the *Review*. But it is highly improbable that any serious difficulty would be experienced in getting the express acquiescence of the principal Powers, and the tacit acquiescence of the rest, to these reservations by the United States, if the Administration accepted them with the sincere purpose of promptly securing such assent. According to the President himself, they but confirm an understanding already extant; and whether this be so or not, the interest of all the rest of the world in completing the settlement is so intense, so much more imperative than that of the United States, that the reservations would almost certainly command ready concurrence. It was pointed out by Senator Knox at the conference that exchange of diplomatic notes would be quite sufficient for the purpose. In any

case, the object is too important to be waived on account of the bare possibility of immediate difficulty in the arrangements for securing it.

One cause of intellectual confusion in regard to the whole subject is to be found in the circumstance, inevitable in any such large matter of controversy, that some of the arguments invoked by opponents of the Covenant as it stands are in conflict with others. There are those who strenuously contend that the Covenant violates the Constitution by depriving Congress of its right to determine the question of peace and war. That this contention is not sound has been amply shown, and was brought out with particular conclusiveness in Senator Kellogg's able speech a few weeks ago. It is not a question of Constitutional legitimacy, but of far-reaching national policy, that is at issue. It is precisely because the obligation assumed in the treaty is *not* different in kind from what many former treaties have embodied that the reservations are called for. Not only in Article X., but also in the question of withdrawal, the question of the Monroe Doctrine, and the question of control over what we regard as purely domestic issues, the matters disposed of or affected by the treaty are of such comprehensive and fundamental significance that a due regard for the integrity of our future policy and conduct demands a plain statement of any limitations which the considered judgment of the nation recognizes as necessary.

The time has come for facing with intelligence and resolution the actual facts of the situation as between President and Senate. If the *impasse* is to continue, the fault will lie either upon the President or upon the leadership of the Republican party in the Senate. The little group of irreconcilables can not be blamed for it. They squarely take their stand upon ground on which it is impossible for those to meet them who wish to bring the affair to a reasonably prompt close. Such is not the case, however, either with the President or with the great bulk of the Republican representation in the Senate, not excepting Senator Lodge. A clear way is open to them for a rational settlement of the existing differences. Mr. Wilson has no reason to believe that the Republicans will yield to his demand, or that the country insists upon anything of the kind. The failure of leadership on the Republican side has consisted in its inability or unwillingness to take a definite stand. If the resolutions proposed by the reservationists should be adopted as representing the position of the main body of the Republicans, the President would be confronted with the necessity of a clear decision between the acceptance of that programme and insistence on one which,

upon his own showing, has almost nothing to recommend it. Let the issue be sharply drawn in this way, and we feel sure that the country will make its wishes unmistakably known.

Lloyd George Faces the Coal Situation

ALTHOUGH Lloyd George is probably the best-hated man in the United Kingdom, he is apparently quite indispensable. At any rate, he has held high office through all the vicissitudes of the war and in every time of emergency and crisis both friends and enemies have looked to him for deliverance—and never yet in vain. But trouble did not end with the signing of the armistice, and it remains to be seen whether this astute leader will be able to meet the new difficulties that arise on every side, not the least of which is the dispute about the nationalization of the coal mines.

The Premier seems to have been afraid of the Miners' Federation, and no wonder; for it has a membership of 800,000 out of 1,100,000 coal miners in Great Britain, and it is backed up by the railway men and the transport workers, the other members of the formidable and notorious Triple Alliance, an aggregation of more than 1,500,000 men under the leadership of Robert Smillie, who is also chief of the miners. If all these workers were to strike together, as they have frequently threatened to do, all the industries of Great Britain would be paralyzed, and irreparable damage might be done to the economic life of the country. So Lloyd George has time and again taken orders from Robert Smillie, and the Sankey Commission allowed the miners practically everything that they demanded, going so far in the final report as to recommend, by a vote of 7 to 6, state purchase of royalties and the nationalization of the mines.

Socialists in Great Britain and America have viewed this process with undisguised satisfaction, and have heralded it far and wide as the twilight of capitalism and the dawn of socialism, forgetting that there might come, between twilight and dawn, a dark night of ruin and chaos. Ruin is what stares Great Britain in the face at the present time, for coal-mining is her most basic industry, and the total output, as well as the output per miner, has been rapidly falling off. Various causes have contributed to this result, but the fact remains that the export trade in coal is threatened with extinction, while the general export trade also is menaced and with it the means of subsistence of millions of people.

Nationalization is put forward by the

miners as the one and only remedy for this state of affairs, but their arguments, which have in them a large element of personal interest, are not very convincing. Of course, they did not convert the six employers' representatives on the Sankey Commission, nor did the employers' arguments convert the six representatives of labor. Justice Sankey, the Chairman, who heard all the pros and cons during four long months, seems to have thought that the opponents of nationalization had the better of the argument from the merely economic point of view; but he gave the casting vote in favor of nationalization on the ground that it would promote better feeling among the miners and thus contribute to increased production. Obviously the Chairman's decision was somewhat influenced by political considerations, especially by fear of the long-threatened strike of the miners and the whole Triple Alliance.

While public opinion was slowly forming on this great question, and the Government were retreating from one compromise to another, the miners were advancing with great confidence, and it began to look as though they could whip the whole country into line and levy toll on every industry. But in their triumphant career they made several rather bad blunders. It was not wise in them to threaten the British nation, for while John Bull is a good fellow at his best he is a nasty customer at his worst, and will not take more than a certain amount of rough usage even from his best friends.

Again, the Executive of the Triple Alliance made a stupid move in advocating a strike for political ends, such as forcing the Government to withdraw from Russia. Direct action for political purposes is quite foreign to the spirit of the British people, as the promoters of it presently learned. The railway men, through their Secretary, J. H. Thomas, declared against the proposal; the transport workers did the same; the Lancashire miners also; so it was finally referred to the Trades Union Congress for decent burial. The second strike of the Yorkshire miners, too, which was really a failure, was another hard blow to Mr. Smillie, for it was an act of rebellion against both the Federation and the Government, and did much to alienate public sympathy and to show lines of cleavage in the once solid Triple Alliance. Finally, the miners' dogged insistence on nationalization without regard to the serious objections urged against it, or to the interests of the country at large, has made a bad impression and deepened the conviction that, sooner or later, the long-standing dispute between the miners and the general public must be fought to a finish.

Lloyd George, with the instinct of a

born politician, must have nicely gauged the strength of the various factors in the situation or he would not have come out so strongly against nationalization as he did in his speech of August 18. Evidently he feels that the time for concession and retreat is past and the time has come to stand in his battle position, and, if possible, to advance. For in solemn truth the country is in a bad way. It has been living for five years on accumulated capital and on borrowed wealth, producing less than formerly and consuming more, and the time has come to call a halt if bankruptcy is to be averted. Since the year 1914 the annual output of coal has declined from 287,000,000 tons to 200,000,000; the "adverse" balance of trade has increased from \$729,000,000 to \$3,800,000,000; the public debt has increased from \$3,100,000,000 to \$37,900,000,000; and sterling exchange on New York has fallen from \$4.86 to \$4.20 and even lower. These and other facts indicate a serious state of affairs for which, as the Premier said, there is but one remedy:

We shall never improve matters until we increase production, or we shall be driven later to reduce even lower the standard of living in this country. There is no alternative except quitting the country for which we have fought for four years.

The application of such hard facts to the coal situation is obvious. Nothing must be done that will reduce the output of coal by a single ton, and the cost of production must, if possible, be cut down. By these tests nationalization stands condemned. Moreover, there is no assurance that the miners will not quarrel with the Government, as they did in the Yorkshire strike; so the argument upon which Justice Sankey rested his casting vote falls to the ground. The Government will buy out the owners of royalties, as recommended in the Report, but they will not nationalize the mines at the present time. They will, however, proceed to unify and reorganize the mines by districts, giving the miners representation on the advisory bodies and the district directorates—much as outlined in the minority report of Sir Arthur Duckham. Everything possible will be done in the way of improving housing and other living conditions; and of course all efforts will be made to restore harmony between the mine owners and the miners, to reduce the cost of production and to increase the output.

Without doubt the miners will be furious at the miscarriage of their plan. And yet they have no just cause for complaint, as the question of nationalization is one that concerns not themselves alone but the whole British people. They may call a strike, but if they do, it will not be an ordinary legal strike for their own benefit, but a political strike de-

signed to force upon the Government a policy which the country has not approved—the very sort of direct action which their own allies so lately condemned. That the British people will submit to anything so revolutionary is not at all likely, and the miners will be well advised if they do not force the issue.

Accounting for Caporetto

GREAT military disasters are seldom fully explained. The beaten army or nation prefers to let a bad matter alone. But Italy, with Latin lucidity, decided to probe the catastrophe of Caporetto to the bottom, and has begun with a court of inquiry which finds General Cadorna and two of his generals responsible. The next step should be a court martial. These measures seem harsh, but they should be judged in view of what actually happened.

Early in the autumn of 1917 the Austrians and Germans located a morally rotten spot on the Italian front. Strikers from the northern industrial cities had been sent to what was regarded as the quiet sector of Caporetto. Soon they demoralized the discipline of certain regiments. Insubordination became the rule, Socialist and pacifist agitation a regular camp activity. Upon these disaffected units of the Second Army the Teuton worked by direct propaganda and by deceit. Forged editions of famous Italian journals were circulated with disheartening news of the war, and statements that peace had been declared. The war-weary shopmen and peasants were made to feel that they were fighting alone while more prudent nations had withdrawn from a hopeless struggle. The Russian revolution was dangled before them as the earnest of a new order in which the plain people should rule. Meanwhile came tidings of increasing hunger from the families at home. So when the Germans struck, on October 24, whole regiments surrendered without firing a shot, others fled, and in a day the position was pierced to a depth of over twenty miles on a front of nearly forty. Such was what the Italians appropriately call "the treason of Caporetto."

As the whole front was turned back, the retreats sometimes amounted to thirty miles a day. The artillery was sacrificed. The traffic management, which had always been bad in the Italian army, became null. Under these conditions panic infected much of the Second Army. It was stricken from the rolls after certain regiments had been paraded in the great cities with arm-bands reading "Traitor to the fatherland"—*Traditore alla Patria*. It had

suffered undeserved ignominy for the baseness of a few of its units. How the battered armies at Asiago and the Piave thrust back the Huns and saved a breathing space for recuperation is one of the proudest chapters of Italian military history.

Caporetto, it will be seen, means two quite different things—the initial breakthrough, made possible by treason, and the subsequent retreat. Only the first could fairly be made the subject of a Court of Inquiry. Here the responsibility of General Cadorna seems unquestionable. It is a hard but a necessary dispensation that a commander-in-chief is held for complete knowledge of the condition of his command and for all acts of his subordinates. Evidently the Italian high command either was ignorant of the wretched morale behind Monte Nero or failed to act on information received. General Cadorna could not reasonably be expected to know that too many strikers had been assigned to a single sector. That was a detail of staff management. But once demoralization set in, the commander-in-chief should have detected it and dealt sharply with it. It may be admitted that it was very difficult for the company and regimental officers involved to report the rottenness of their commands. Whatever error of suppression they committed, however, most of them paid promptly with their lives. Again, it was the General's duty to make the report or to get the information through the secret service. Defective information explains many military failures but excuses very few. It is assumed that every commander's information about his own force is complete. Presumably some sort of punishment will be inflicted upon General Cadorna, but it is doubtful if any penalty can exceed the horror of seeing the positions gained through months of heroic fighting lost shamefully in a couple of days.

While the military responsibility for the breakthrough seems clear, in a larger sense Caporetto should be charged to the ignorance of the Italian peasant, to the fanaticism and treachery of the Italian Socialists, to the plotting of the Clericals, to the agitation of the pro-German defeatists of Giolittian stamp, and above all to that Campanilism which prevented in all but elect spirits any vision of Italy as a whole. Caporetto was an eye-opener. The Italians saw the price of humoring traitors, of indulging small politics and local squabbles in the face of the enemy. The work of military and moral reintegration was miraculous. From the shame of Caporetto Italy issued for the first time really a nation. That fact will seem important to historians long after the narrower responsibility for the crumbling of the Italian front shall have become a catch question for minute military examiners.

The Shortened Working Day

THE problem of the proper length of the working day has three aspects which must be clearly distinguished in any discussion of it, but which are generally confused or ignored in current discussion. It is, in the first place, a question of wage adjustment, in which considerations of fatigue, output, leisure, etc., are secondary to the question of the method of calculating wages. The Federal Eight-Hour Law, as amended to apply to war work, the Adamson Law, and any legislation for a basic eight-hour day are measures of this character. They aim to regulate rates of wages rather than to limit hours. They affect hours of labor only so far as they penalize overtime by higher rates, and in practice it has been found that their effect in this regard is the reverse. Measures shortening the basic day have been found not only to increase the amount of overtime worked by regular workers, but to increase the amount of absenteeism during regular hours, for with premium overtime rates workers can earn their usual wages in shorter time and are thus more inclined to "lay off."

A study of 20,000 shipyard workers in San Francisco during April, 1918, showed that for a group of over 3,600 workmen employed at a wage of \$5.80 a day working under the basic eight-hour day, overtime constituted 11.8 per cent. of the total hours worked. These workers lost so much regular time that, even when their overtime was taken into account they were still 19.4 per cent. behind the full time which continuous work for the regular eight-hour period each day would have yielded. By working at double rates an amount of overtime equal to about one-half of the total regular time lost, these workmen earned 99 per cent. of the wages they would have received for regular full-time work.

Wage measures which establish a basic length of work-week are more likely to operate effectually to limit working hours, since overtime rates become operative usually only after the full weekly working period has been worked, and overtime is thereby largely robbed of its premium advantage. Wage adjustments under the guise of changes in the nominal working schedule are favored by organized labor, which has consistently, as at the conventions of the American Federation of Labor in 1914 and 1915, defeated resolutions favoring the enforcement of a straight eight-hour day by law, and have opposed other such measures for hour limitation except in the case of women and children.

The problem of working hours is in the second place a question of industrial

efficiency, and in the third place a question of social values. It is obvious that these are really the pertinent issues. Wage adjustments can be made on their own merits, whether by force or by arbitration, quite independently of working schedules, and are being so made. But the proper length of the work-day or work-week is inseparably bound up with the effectiveness of the working industrial plant of a country and with the health, morale, social life and tone of the workers. The first adjustment is primarily a matter of relative bargaining power; but the adjustment in respect of industrial efficiency and social values calls for intensive and extensive investigations of the effects of various working schedules on output, organization and costs, and on the health and lives of the workers, of which we have as yet had very little.

What we have, however, makes it abundantly clear that there is not likely to be any answer of absolute, final, and general application, and that the proper length of the working day is as yet an unknown quantity in a series of complex social equations, a variable dependent upon many other variables such as the character of the industry, the organization of the plant, the nature of the special process in which the worker is engaged, market conditions, working conditions, speed of machinery, wage rates and systems, labor training, mechanical development, etc. The requisite knowledge has as yet been furnished for only a small portion of a few scattered industries.

The reports of the Health of Munitions Workers Committee, and of similar British Government agencies, resulting from investigations undertaken in 1915 to determine the relation between the length of work-day and the health and output of war workers, is, for example, extremely suggestive. Under stimulus of the war, laws and customs governing hours of work in British munition factories were generally abrogated. The work-week was lengthened until 80, 90, and even 100 hours became common. There was widespread discontent among the workers, evidence of excessive fatigue, and, what was most serious at the time, a continued shortage of product. These investigations were undertaken by the British Ministry of Munitions chiefly to see if the latter situation could not be remedied.

These reports definitely indicate that exceptionally long work schedules are uneconomic. Output from 70 or more actual hours of work per week was, in almost every case, less than that subsequently obtained under much shorter hours. For certain heavy labor by men, involving considerable hand work, the reports show that maximum output was secured from about 51 hours per week.

For certain moderately heavy labor, performed by women, they show that maximum output was secured from about 55 actual hours per week, and they indicate that somewhat shorter hours would have yielded equal production. For certain lighter work, chiefly of the machine type, performed by women, they show that 55 actual hours per week maintained maximum output. For still lighter machine work, performed by boys, they show that with 55 actual hours of work per week, output was about 4 per cent. less than the maximum obtained in 69 hours, and that a further reduction in hours involved a marked loss.

The value of these studies lies in broad suggestions rather than quantitative result. They indicate that reduction in work-hours within certain limits does not necessarily decrease output, but on the contrary may, for some classes of labor, actually increase it. But they can not be regarded as establishing the precise number of hours in which maximum product may be secured. Before even approximate conclusions on this point can be arrived at, it is essential to have a much broader basis of observation under normal conditions.

It must be remembered that these reports deal with actual hours, not with nominal hours which were the factory's official schedule. The nominal hours were much longer than the actual hours and there was no constant relationship between them, for they included varying absences, tardinesses, and minor interruptions of work. Furthermore, the investigations deal with war industries under war conditions and with British working conditions. Patriotism may have exerted an important influence, as may the high rate of wages. The reductions in hours which took place were made largely through the abolition of Sunday labor, and such labor and long-continued excessive hours may have resulted in an abnormally low rate of production at the time the studies commenced. Furthermore, output during the early course of the studies may have been deliberately cut down by the restrictive rules and customs universal in British industry before the war, and it is impossible to tell how much the individual efficiency of the worker was increased by the change from the closed shop to the open shop during this period.

For these and other reasons it is impossible to take more than the broadest hints from these investigations for American industries. To say, as has been said, that they prove that an eight-hour day is more productive than a longer one is not justified. The merits of an eight-hour day are really not discussed in the reports, but in practically every instance when actual hours of work per week fell below 48 (the latter

being, of course, considerably in excess of the actual hours to be expected under a nominal 48-hour week) a significant loss in output is indicated. But the evidence on this subject in the reports is too meagre to warrant conclusions. Practically all the British reports, however, emphasize the importance of rest periods within the work-day, and considerable evidence is presented to show that, by checking fatigue, rest periods may increase total output.

The more recent investigations of the relation of hours of work to output and health conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board in several American industries are more timely and more to the point, although their conclusions are still far from positive. These investigations cover 126 establishments employing 47 per cent. of the total number of wool-mill workers in the United States, 85 of which had reduced hours in recent years; 166 establishments making standard cotton products; 84 establishments employing 32 per cent. of all the silk mill workers in the United States, and 138 boot and shoe manufacturing establishments.

These investigations point clearly to the varying effects of reduction of hours on output in the various industries, according to the nature of the processes involved in them and also according to the character of the labor employed and the system of wage payment. Reductions in hours in the Northern cotton mills from 58 or 56 to 55 or 54 have in a great majority of cases resulted in an approximately proportional decrease in output. Such data as are available for Southern mills indicate that hours in excess of 60 per week do not necessarily yield a materially larger output than 60 hours, while reductions below a 60-hour schedule, on the other hand, usually resulted in substantial decreases in output. In the wool-manufacturing industry the adoption of a 54-hour schedule in a large majority of cases involved a loss in output, strikingly in the more modern and larger mills; but taking the industry as a whole this loss has not resulted in a heavy burden upon production. In the silk industry experience with a 50-hour week has in a great majority of instances shown a loss in output, and the point of maximum production lies somewhere between 50 and 54 hours per week. This is also true of the boot and shoe industry, though there is evidence that there is an opportunity for a marked increase in efficiency of operation in this industry through the removal of arbitrary restriction, the more efficient routing of work and the regularization of nominal hours of work and of the work of piece-workers, which might permit as high a productivity on a 50-hour schedule as on a longer one.

In general the evidence of these re-

ports is that in none of the industries covered could a 48-hour week be introduced without loss of productivity, and that this loss is greater in proportion as the processes involved are more continuous, mechanical, and automatic, requiring less of personal skill and attention on the part of the worker. They show, too, that the location, mechanical organization, unionization, wage-customs, and modernity of the plant are factors that strongly affect the loss or maintenance of production under change of hours. So far as these four basic industries are concerned, these reports point clearly to the necessity of some radical reorganization of method such as a six or eight-hour shift system, or some new development of manufacturing process, or to some compensating readjustment of price and demand, if the work-period is to be arbitrarily reduced generally, in response to arbitrary demand or to social consideration of the health and leisure of the worker.

It should be noticed in this connection that innovations like Lord Leverhulme's are primarily of the nature of reorganization of method and manufacturing process rather than sheer reductions of hours, and apply only to those industries in which the manufacturing process and the conditions of market demand are continuous. In such industries continuity of production is of first importance. Any reorganization which achieves such steady production, and thus increases output and at the same time benefits the worker, is of maximum social value. In industries which have not this advantage, a work-week which will not maintain factory production at a maximum may nevertheless be justifiable on broad social grounds. The relation of reductions of the working-period to the health, leisure, and social conditions of the workers is a distinct question, upon which the reports throw little light and of which there has been practically no painstaking study. Yet it is important that there should be such study, since the demand is everywhere being made that production should be generally sacrificed on the ground of such considerations.

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In the Name of Liberty, Reaction

A MODERN Madam Roland, perusing an article by Mr. Norman Thomas in the August number of the *World Tomorrow*, could not but cry out, "O Liberty, what pleas are made in thy name!" Certain readers, it appears, have found fault with that periodical's habitual palliation of Bolshevik crime, enforced starvation, and suppression of speech, press, and assemblage. They are puzzled that a journal which so insistently professes to stand for civil liberty, tolerance, and absolute abstention from the use of force should find so much virtue in a usurping oligarchy which rejects the idea of civil liberty, which proclaims and consistently practises intolerance, and which ruthlessly exercises the most brutal forms of force in maintaining its hold. In bewilderment they ask, Why? The editor, therefore, feels called upon to explain.

No one should miss the explanation. Its chief merit is that it explains more than is intended. It shows (as has often been shown) that vehement denunciation of offenses wrongly imputed to one community or sect or nation may be attended by excuses equally vehement for the real and monstrous offenses to another. It illustrates anew how prone is the zealot's mind to blind itself to the most substantiated facts and to make terms of established meaning do a multiple duty in standing for anything it chooses to make them mean. It further illustrates the kernel of truth (for it is not all a truth) in old John Dryden's aphorism:

For priests of all religions are the same; and it gives evidence that the priest of a secular cult may go quite as far as one of a supernatural faith in justifying any means believed to contribute to a desired end.

First, he says, the western democracies are as bad as the Bolsheviks, and perhaps worse. "It seems increasingly clear," he proceeds, "that the atrocities and tyrannies of Bolshevik rule . . . are paralleled in the internal affairs of all the so-called western democracies. We are even inclined to think that if a disinterested jury could be empanelled, let us say from the planet Mars, Lenin might well afford to challenge Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George to appear before it to argue whether there was not at least as much civil liberty, tolerance and fair play, and less hypocrisy in soviet Russia, surrounded by her foes, than in victorious England or America."

This comparison, be it noted, is written by the editor of an opposition newspaper in a land in which such newspapers flourish and wax fat, in praise of a régime under which opposition newspapers are, most of the time, wholly suppressed; by a citizen of a land in which

civil liberty has long been established, in praise of a régime under which civil liberty is openly rejected as a mere "ideology" of the bourgeoisie; by a citizen of a land in which broad tolerance is the rule, however shameful the exceptions, in praise of a régime which rejected tolerance as a crime and which openly avows its primary purpose to be to "crush out opposition"; by a citizen of a land in which the jury system, for all its defects, everywhere prevails, in praise of a régime under which conviction is by star chamber and individual decree; by a citizen whose income, whatever it may be, is secure, in praise of a régime under which there is no security for any form of personal property. In brief, it is the expression of an individualist whose present environment gives him every freedom and security consistent with the freedom and security of others, in praise of a régime under which avowedly, as well as practically, the individual has no rights, and under which any assertion of rights means a prison cell or a firing squad. The comparison can not have been written in ignorance, since no testimony in any degree credible can have given warrant for such fabricated assumptions. Even the most fanatical pro-Bolsheviks have given over the pretense that any of these immunities and securities exist in soviet Russia; instead, they content themselves with the declaration that none of these things really matters—that the terms in which they are expressed are mere bourgeois "ideologies." The comparison can have been written only in contempt of the plain facts and in blind unconcern for the rendering of a just judgment.

But the argument from comparison isn't enough, says the editor; "after all, it is a sorry defense for a cause to prove that its foes are as bad or worse." And, therefore, the crowning argument is presented—that the end sought estops us from too close an inquiry as to the means. The Bolsheviks, it appears, are actually doing something for the world. First, "in an age when chauvinistic imperialism has reached its bloody apotheosis they have clung to an ideal of international solidarity." Second, they have reformed education and have made the treasures of art and music available to the people. Third, they have adopted the principle of occupational representation in government; and, fourth, they "are making an honest attempt to free men from the manifold slaveries of our profit system by organizing society for the benefit of producers rather than of investors."

Because of these "positive achievements" and these "honest attempts," the

sins of the Bolsheviks, even though they be scarlet, are to be as snow. We must look lightly upon their derelictions. For there *are* derelictions, reluctantly as the fact is admitted. In the earlier part of the article they were even referred to as "atrocities and tyrannies." But that use of the terms was probably merely rhetorical, to set them off against the "atrocities and tyrannies" practised, for instance, in the United States of America. In the latter part of the article they become merely mistakes. "In this gigantic experiment," he says, "they [the Bolsheviks] have made mistakes which the rest of the world ought to avoid." A more benign and indulgent condemnation could hardly be voiced. But, despite their "mistakes," the Bolsheviks are to be acclaimed. "All Americans who keep their faith in Liberty [capital L] must hail their positive achievements as steps along the road to the ultimate emancipation of the human race."

That none of these "positive achievements" has been achieved could easily be shown were that the point at issue. On the one hand, the world is farther from chauvinistic imperialism to-day than it has ever before been, and, on the other hand, the profession of an ideal of "international solidarity" on the part of a régime which uses to the limit of its power armed force against every people that desires to separate from it is merely a hollow pretense. There may be, and doubtless is, a "new passion for education" in Russia; but Lunacharsky's imaginative recital of the reforms he boasts of having accomplished is not taken at par by any open-minded student of Russian affairs. The principle of occupational representation has indeed been proclaimed; but the practice, except in rare instances, as every one knows, has not been followed. And finally, if the Bolsheviks are really making an "honest attempt" towards "organizing society for the benefit of producers," they must be voted the most inept and impotent ruling class that ever bore sway. The net result of their endeavors has been to reduce production, both in the fields and in the factories, well along towards zero.

But whether or not these achievements have been scored, in whole or part, is a question that may here and now be waived. What matters is, that the assumption that they are real is used in palliation of Bolshevik repressions. A "Libertarian," with a supreme faith in liberty, tolerance, and pacifism as ends in themselves, excuses Bolshevik violations of liberty, Bolshevik intolerance of opposition, and Bolshevik use of armed force as things of small moment in comparison with the "positive achievements" of Bolshevik rule.

In the jazz and turmoil of a world shaken to its foundations by a gigantic

war, Bolshevism has won multitudes of heterogeneous disciples. There is nothing strange in the fact that it draws to its support those who are indifferent to the rights and securities of individuals; who believe in the sole arbitrament of power; who believe in violent overturns, in the smashing and scrapping of all that the race has won in its long struggle upward. But it is strangeness past parallel that it should be lauded in the name of liberty, tolerance, and non-resistance—entities wholly absent from Bolshevist thought or practice. That it should be so lauded is but another evidence that the turmoil in social conditions is matched by the turmoil in social thought. New schools have arisen which vie with one another in the fostering of a belief in the preposterous. The reaction from the rationalism of Huxley and Tyndall is at full tide. We have

everywhere the cult of neo-obscurantism, which, though it uses the forms and phrases of liberalism and progress, sets itself in passionate zealotry against the substance of liberal aims. In the name of inquiry it refuses to investigate or to accept the results of investigation; in the name of enlightenment it obscures the truth and darkens counsel, and in the name of reform or revolution it plays into the hands of social and political reaction. It is itself an insidious form of reaction, and it can not help but ally itself, in spite of its professions and protests, to the more open and evident forms. In the falsely appropriated name of the noblest aspirations and ideals of the world's prophets and teachers it lends its aid to throw us back to stages long passed by the better thought and conviction of the race.

W. J. GHENT

The Situation in the Mohammedan World

THE very stating of such a title as that above involves absurdities. Is there one situation? There are a dozen. Is there any clearly separate Mohammedan world which can be considered by itself? There is not. Everywhere, except in parts of Arabia, that world is enmeshed with other worlds and their respective actions and reactions are of the essence of the problem. There is only one certain statement which can be made of all the situations and of all the worlds in their complicated mutual relationships and that is that the long armistice and the protracted negotiations at Paris have permitted the golden moment to slip by when feelings were warm and hearts were open, when the sense of deliverance was high and of brotherhood was real, when ambitions, local, dynastic, or personal, were at least in the background and the great human realities making for a new sanity and understanding were clearly in view. For a time it seemed as though the world of Islam and those oriental worlds with which it is entangled were hot metal on the anvil, to be forged to shapes and uses of the world's desire and made a real part of the great machine of things. That, it is certain, has passed, and what is left is a strange confused jumble in which the old elements are only too plainly to be seen, though twisted by stresses and strains full of questions and even misgivings to those who know the old best. In this *annus mirabilis* new things are bound to come even in the unchanging East; but all orientalists are certain that however it changes in forms and formulæ, it will be the same in mass and substance; that the democ-

racy of the People of Mohammed will mold even Bolshevism to its own image and find the possibility of soviets in the Constitution of Omar. They know, too, that little economic influences will have more abiding effects than armies, and that the ideas which are sure to rule will be different from those of the West, however much they may proclaim themselves the same.

But taking the Mohammedan world as much by itself as we can, all roads in it lead either to Constantinople or to Mecca, and the deepest of its problems centre in the relationship of those two. All that world in its talk to-day is expressing its sympathy or repulsion, confidence or distrust for the personalities ruling in the one or the other. At one time it seemed as though Constantinople and the Turks had hopelessly lost their hegemony among Moslems and that, wherever the centre of the Moslem world might in the future fall, it would not be found in the capital of the Ottoman Sultan. That was the time of the beginning of the great schism when the entire Arabic-speaking world southward and eastward from the line of the Taurus fell away in revolt, open or veiled, and when the non-Turkish Mohammedan world seemed in sympathy with the break. But old habits are hard to change and the glamor of a prestige of five hundred years can survive even shattering defeat; and so the figure of the Sultan-Caliph of the Ottomans who had reigned for centuries in the City of the Cæsars in a quasi-Headship of Islam is rising again before the imagination of the Moslem peoples. And with it returns the fatal and unhappy unity of

these peoples as a power banded for undying warfare against all that is not Moslem—undying until the whole earth is reduced to the faith and obedience of Mohammed. The general Jihad, forced by German propaganda upon the Turks, failed for many fortunate reasons, but the unity which was its basis is rapidly being restored. The time of the Church-State has not yet gone by for the East, and our doctrinaire politicians may, among other indigestible facts, take that and its possibilities to heart.

Such is one, and a most unhappy tendency to unity. Those towards disruption and multiplicity within that unity are manifold. It will be simplest to begin with Arabia, the historical source of Islam and still the religious centre of Moslem life. At one time it seemed as though the revolt of the Sherif of Mecca against Turkish overlordship had swept into unity all Arabia, Syria, and Mesopotamia, the entire Arabic-speaking part of Asia. Fundamentally the revolt was one of Arab against Turk; an expression of century-old antagonism to an alien, intellectually despised yet heavy-handed conqueror. The immediate occasion was religious. The Turks, it is true, were fellow Moslems, but the ruling party among them, the Young Turk Committee of Union and Progress, had plainly thrown in their lot with unbelievers, and in speech and act had set themselves against essential Islam. So Arabia and its immediate confines rose, while Syria and Mesopotamia would have risen if they had dared. And everywhere little local causes and situations hastened or hindered the change. The first news of it all to reach us was that the Druses, not Bedawin but a war-like people of settled life, had abandoned their plains in Hauran and withdrawn to their inaccessible Mountain. There they remained to the end, holding out against the Turks and waiting for the coming, of which they had long dreamed, of their kinsfolk, the English in red coats. There will be more of them and of this dream hereafter. The revolt of Mecca and of Arabia in general followed, and the Turkish armies and garrisons scattered through it were either captured or hemmed in and besieged. An army in the Yemen and the garrison of Medina did not surrender until after the armistice. But Arabia was at once lost to the Turks. The fate that has ever befallen all alien invaders of that land of isolation befell them; they vanished in it or withdrew, shattered, from it.

But meanwhile, in Egypt, the Moslems there either could not—would not—believe in the revolt or they assailed the motives of the revolters. Since the British occupation they had not been under Turkish rule and they had for-

gotten what it meant. They were more Turkish than the Turks in their attitude, and it is plain that even in the recent revolt of March and April of this year they had not realized that the Turkish cause was lost. For them the King of the Hijaz, despite his undoubted descent from Mohammed and his official status at Mecca, the centre of the Faith, was—and is—a puppet monarch set up by the Allies and maintained by British gold. This, of course, is in part true; but true also are the spontaneity of the Arab revolt and the feeling of the Arabs against the Turks. In India the revolt seems to have been similarly discounted although the respect there for the Sultan of the Ottomans was more academic and an expression of a feeling of a need for a visible centre in the Moslem world.

In Arabia itself, apart from the Yemen which was held more or less by a Turkish army, there were, and are, four elements of which account must be taken. There is the Hijaz, the Holy Land of Moslems, the Land of Pilgrimage, with its two sacred cities, Mecca and Medina, the one the City of Allah, where is the House of Allah, the Ka'ba, and the other the City of the Prophet where he lies buried. These with their surrounding territory are now controlled by a descendant of the Prophet, of a family—that of Qatada—which has been prominent there for some seven hundred years. That may seem to us a respectable antiquity but other families of the blood of the Prophet regard them as upstarts and criticize the Sherif who has now taken the title of King of the Hijaz, as a climber. Kingship, it is true, is alien to the nature of the Arab tribe, an individualistic democracy swayed only by the influence of respected families and individual chiefs. It is often said that this "King" has taken the further dignity of Caliph. That, so far, is not the case. He was very slow, even, to throw off all allegiance to the Ottoman Sultan, asserting that that Sultan was not responsible for the actions of the Young Turks who had usurped the Government at Constantinople. Now, however, he is an independent sovereign professing to rule in a constitutional manner over a part of Arabia. Poets, singing his praises, may call him "King of the Arabs," but he has claimed no such title himself and the rest of Arabia will at most accept him as *primus inter pares*. It is hard to see, too, how he could constitutionally himself assume the title of Caliph. That must come to him, if at all, as a free gift from the democracy of Islam electing him to that office, and the validity of his tenure would depend on the width of the electorate professing to represent that democracy. It is in his favor that he controls the Land of

Pilgrimage and thus may extend his influence through the whole Moslem world. If that control is just and beneficent the pilgrims will return, full of his praises, and he will gain prestige even to the point, it may be, of being regarded as the visible head and centre of that world. But, on the other hand, he must overcome the reputation of being a climber and of being "kept" by the British. And this leaves out of account the evidently, if strangely, recovering prestige of the Sultan-Caliph of the Ottomans.

A second element in Arabia consists of the little states along the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, Kuwait, Bahreyn, Oman, etc., down to the hinterland of Aden, the so-called Trucial Chiefs, relationship with which can be regarded as the oldest element in the British Empire as it goes back to the days of Elizabeth. Contact between these and the Government of India has always been close and they can be regarded as practically British protectorates. With the Hijaz the British connection is rather through Egypt, and just as there were the two Expeditionary Forces, Egyptian and Indian, in Syria and in Mesopotamia, so there are already signs of cleavage in diplomatic influence and policy between India and Egypt. India is under one Secretary of State and Egypt under another and their emissaries may meet and even clash in Arabia, just as in the early part of last century John Company and Great Britain sent rival embassies to Persia. But, whatever may come, the outlook of these states is eastward across the sea to Persia, India, and the lands beyond. Their sons have wandered far in these seas and lands for centuries and centuries; the teller of the story of Sinbad the Sailor, voyaging from al-Basra through uncharted ways, was but an oriental Hakluyt working behind a thin veil of romance.

The other two elements in Arabia are strictly Arab in the narrowest sense and have dominated the politics of Central Arabia for almost a century. One of these is the dynasty of the Ibn Rashids at Hayil and the other that of Ibn Sa'ud at Riyad. The first is an Arab court of the desert, probably liker to the Omayyad court of the old days at Damascus than anything else which yet survives; it took the part of the Turks and in consequence, for the time, but for the time only, is negligible. The other is the surviving representative of the Wahhabite power of a century ago, which for a time threatened to spread from Egypt to India and to found again a great and militant Moslem empire. At present Ibn Sa'ud is the rival in Arabia of the King of the Hijaz. He is not so astute a politician; he has not known how to change and rise with the

times; but he is a far more sincere Moslem and holds the respect in a higher degree of the sincere Moslems of Arabia. But he is handicapped by the sincerity of his religious principles and by the memory of the Wahhabite rule, to which Moslems look back, much as did the English to Cromwell's Protectorate, with a feeling of never again. Yet there can be little question that in his desert capital he is drawing around him the Bedawi tribes and trying to make them more thorough Moslems and a weapon fit for his hand. He is, apparently, using for this the old method of Fraternities, perhaps linking up with that of the Senusites, but on all this our information is still too scanty and uncertain. It may even seem strange that so much attention should be paid to a little town buried in Arabian deserts, but Ibn Sa'ud is the one rival in sight to the King of the Hijaz and there are signs that Indian Moslems think more highly of him. In consequence, emissaries from the British Indian Government have visited Riyad, journeying from the Persian Gulf. It is not well that any one man, especially the ruler of Mecca, should feel himself too indispensable, but, on the other hand, to play with Wahhabism is to be on terms with the most intransigent form of Islam and may call for a very long spoon.

But the Arab problem is only the other side of the Syrian and the Mesopotamian problem. All these populations call themselves Arabs in a sense; they all speak Arabic and serve themselves as heirs on the entire Arabic past. But this does not mean that they are Bedawin, Arabs of the desert; or even that they are all Moslems. The Syrians are intensely jealous for their old Syrian civilization, reaching back, they maintain, to Phœnician times. Damascus has its memories and historical ambitions, expressed in 1913 at a Congress in Paris; Aleppo has its different memories linking up with the Kurdish Ayyubids and Saladin. Over the population of Palestine, Christian and Moslem, the fear of Zionism has fallen—and lies; to them it is the coming of Jewish capitalists to seize their sacred places and exploit their peasantry. Plainly, only a scheme of the loosest confederation would meet such a conglomerate of cases, but equally plainly there had to be some centralization.

For that, political exigencies pointed to Mecca and the Kingdom of the Hijaz was created with one of the great Sherif families as its ruling house. This purely Arab state was to be—one dare not say, is to be—flanked by a British Protectorate in Mesopotamia and a French one in Syria; the Zionist problem in Palestine was to be treated separately. Decentralization was, if neces-

sity, to characterize the government and there were to be, besides, separate autonomies as the Lebanon and Kerbel-Nejef. Such, at least, was the scheme worked out on the British side by Sir Mark Sykes and carried through as far as the sovereign state of the Hijaz was concerned. It was expressed in the proclamations of General Maude on his entrance to Bagdad and of General Allenby on his entrance to Jerusalem. But it is plain that such a scheme required thorough understanding and good feeling between the confederated elements. That might have been possible in the early days of the conquest when the feeling of deliverance was strong and fostered sentiments of brotherhood and mutual tolerance. But as time dragged on there reappeared in full force the old sectional jealousies, the fear of each others' ambitions, the personal rivalries, the fickleness to purposes, the inability to form enduring political structures, which have characterized the Arab race as long as history has known it. Six centuries ago Ibn Khaldun, the first philosophical historian, observed that nothing has ever united the Arabs except the personal influence of a prophet, and Disraeli in his novel "Tancred" has given a striking and thoroughly true picture of this temperament in the person of Fakhredeen. Characteristic, too, of this temperament is a tendency to assert that its views are those of all Syrians.

One fundamental split was, as always, that between the Bedawin, more or less nomad Arabs of the desert and its oases, and the settled races of the fertile soil, peasants, farmers, merchants, manufacturers. The troops of the King of the Hijaz in Damascus might well send shudders of apprehension through that city population, for the desert has looked forward to plundering it for hundreds of years. Even the Druses, a heavy-handed people accustomed to hold their own and thinking themselves kinsfolk of the English, swung away from them at what they saw of favor to the Bedawin. Further north in the old Kurdish capital Aleppo the Kurdish-Armenian strife flared up again in massacre. Further north still in Asia Minor the railway lines and the principal centres are being held, but we know little about what is happening off them. The most cheering news is that General Allenby has been put in command of all the Allied troops there and it is certain that the British will need to remain in force north of Mosul in the mountains. There the Turks and Tartars combined are hoping to take control again. For all this the delay at Paris is largely responsible; uncertainty leads to unrest, and both have done their work. The recent attempt to shoulder off responsibility on the Senate is, of course,

absurd; the mischief was done months ago and is now becoming evident. The recent speech by Lloyd George, too, has made plain that the British Government was led by the President to believe that the United States would accept a mandate for the new Armenia. But the people of the United States do not seem to regard the matter in the same way. In Palestine the situation produced by Zionist hopes and British encouragement of them is equally tense if outwardly more peaceful. The non-Jewish population, both Moslem and Christian, has united to form anti-Jewish committees, and "pogroms" are now in order. On that point, at least, Syria is as one. It does not mean to be exploited by the capitalists of a race which lost all historic sovereignty nearly two thousand years ago. And the Syrians, claiming to be the heirs of the Canaanites, and still holding the land, are prepared to take up the war again against Joshua and the invading Bedawi tribes of Hebrews. Thus history comes round after more than three thousand years.

So much for the situation, moving from Mecca out. What of Constantinople? For the Turks themselves Constantinople is a foreign city; they have always rightly recognized that Asia Minor rather was their home and they would probably move to Brusa or Konia with no great shock to their national feeling. But it is different with the wider Moslem world and more different the farther away that world stretches. For India, especially, much of the magical glamour which surrounds the figure of the Sultan-Caliph of the Ottomans is because he rules there at Stambul. Far away, shadowy, half-mythical, he is for them a dim uniting figure in all their divisions, political and religious. Heretics and schismatics, sects cast out and refused recognition by historical Islam itself, all feel that he speaks the oneness of their world. This, apparently, is the explanation of the sudden upflaring of Indian Moslems against the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire and especially against its expulsion from Constantinople. This, too, is the explanation of whatever hesitation has showed itself in Great Britain towards the "bag and baggage" policy. Cynical theories about the Turkish debt may be discounted; as also that there is a hopeless pro-Turkish prejudice in the British official mind. The feelings of a population which runs into hundreds of millions must be considered. Yet it must also be considered that in a Moslem state, under Moslem law, no non-Moslem can have the rights of a citizen. He *may* be protected; he can not be on an equality. If a Moslem state abandons this position it forfeits the support of all true Moslems.

But far more dangerous is a theory of Islam openly propounded by the spokesmen of these inarticulate millions and made the basis of their claims. It is that the Caliph has been and is a spiritual head, a Pope, and that the separate secular governments should recognize his spiritual headship and rule over their Moslem subjects. When this is urged by Moslems it can only be in conscious reliance on the ignorance of the non-Moslem governments to which they address it. All educated Moslems know that the Caliph has always been simply an executive, the administrator of Islam as it exists. He can not state doctrine or law; he can not even interpret them. He is, in legal term, a "corporation sole" for all the machinery of Moslem government. The agreement of the Moslem people provides him with the law which he must administer and he has no part in reaching that agreement except as an individual Moslem. Any government, then, which recognizes him, recognizes a super-state, a foreign sovereign who has been yielded the right to administer a separate and complete system of law in territory which is not his own. Against this kind of Pope English sovereigns had to pass statutes of premunire. That he can be or become a spiritual Pope is rendered absurd by the fundamental fact that Islam yields to no one spiritual authority over another; that a class of priests in Islam is an impossibility. All this is the merest commonplace among the constitutional lawyers of Islam and any one who denies it is relying on the ignorance of his audience.

Of farther-lying Islam it is hard at present to say anything. What have Bochara and Samarcand done with and to the Bolsheviks? We may guess that the old Emirs are back in power. Afghanistan is evidently passing through a dynastic revolution under external stimuli, which makes it for the time a most uneasy and unpleasant neighbor. From the Moslems of China we hear nothing. Persia has kept on protesting its neutrality, but its fate will be intimately connected with Mesopotamia and India. At present it is pretty thoroughly policed. What new thing Africa will send forth no one can tell. The Senusites have had their lesson but Lake Chad guards its secrets and the desert of Jupiter Ammon suggests oracular style. It is certain that everywhere men are awake and alert; that the unrest is general, but its forms multitudinous; and that if Pan-Islam is to have again a meaning it will be one entirely different from any it has had in the past. The hope of the future in the East as in the West is in the growth of national attitudes which respect, understand, and support one another.

D. B. MACDONALD

Romain Rolland's Return to Fiction

IT is with mixed feelings that many readers will learn of the appearance of a new book by Romain Rolland. Hostility towards Rolland has been very strong of late. The war had hardly begun when people took to speaking of *Romain Rolland et sa bande*, and only yesterday his name appeared in the unflattering title: *M. Romain Rolland, l'initiateur du Défaitisme*.

So strong, indeed, is this feeling that we are tempted to see in it an explanation of the fact that, though his "Colas Breugnon" was ready to appear five years ago, the publishers have only recently seen fit to put it on the market.

That Rolland the man, as distinguished from the author, has deserved this obloquy, there can be no doubt. One must of necessity associate "Au dessus de la Mêlée" with Rolland's retreat to Switzerland, and this retreat itself with the dire need of France at the moment and the evident justice of her cause. Rolland was too old or too young, either too prominent or too obscure, to take with impunity the stand he did during the war. Only a sage supported by the thought and observation of a long lifetime and corroborated, in his general tenets, at least, by the approval of thousands, could be forgiven for that complacency which permitted Rolland to cut himself off from the physical suffering and the moral anguish of his fellow-countrymen, to assume, far from the scene of torment, the rôle of a detached seer preaching wisdom to a world distraught; and only a stripling, misguided by the generous inexperience of his years and enjoying the privileges of irresponsibility, could be excused for setting such an example as he of inopportune-ness: the value of ideas, even of noble ideas, is contingent upon the circumstances of their expression, and the utterances of Rolland at a moment when his country needed, not vague preaching, but the whole-hearted support of all her sons, was as poison in the veins of France as she fought for a lofty ideal.

Rolland's new novel, "Colas Breugnon," can offend no one: it has no connection with the inspiration of "Jean-Christophe"; and if anything is needed to reconcile us with its author, nothing could be more effective than the seven or eight hours of delight which it affords. This is a good book, strong, healthy, well written (in my opinion, though many will think otherwise), and bearing the stamp of a quality not far removed from genius. It is without doubt one of the best novels that have come out of France in the last twelve-month.

"Colas Breugnon" is unlike Rolland's previous books. The author's own explanation of the fact is not without interest to those who are occupied with the *gens irritabilis vatium*. For all their preoccupations, novelists as a class are, it appears, not so different from the rest of us, after all. They, too, require relaxation and yield at times to the pressure of instincts much like our own. Have we not read recently the following most gratifying confession by Paul Margueritte? "Si différente qu'elle semble de ma manière, cette médiocre nouvelle, *l'Abdication*, répond au goût d'aventure qui m'a fait écrire depuis . . . trois grands romans d'action." Much the same spirit appears in the *Avertissement au lecteur* of "Colas Breugnon": "Les lecteurs de *Jean-Christophe* ne s'attendent sûrement point à ce livre nouveau. Il ne les surprendra pas plus que moi. . . . Cette œuvre insouciance . . . est une réaction contre la contrainte de dix ans dans l'armure de *Jean-Christophe* qui, d'abord faite à ma mesure, avait fini par me devenir trop étroite. J'ai senti un besoin invincible de libre gaieté gauloise, oui, jusqu'à l'irrévérence. En même temps, un retour au sol natal . . . a réveillé en moi un passé que je croyais endormi pour toujours, tous les Colas Breugnon que je porte en ma peau. Il m'a fallu parler pour eux. Ces sacrés bavards n'avaient pas encore assez parlé, de leur vivant!"

This passage sets the tone for the whole volume. Colas Breugnon, its hero, is what the French would call *un fameux original*. From first to last, he fascinates us by the display of an amusing and aggressive personality in which are successfully fused very different elements. Strange as it may seem, Rip van Winkle, Cellini, frère Jean des Entommeures, he reminds us vaguely of all three, this crony of the trees and the birds (Guillaumet the finch, Marie Godrée the robin, and la grise Sylvie the warbler); this wood-carver loving his art "de la bonne manière, voluptueusement, de l'esprit et des membres"; this physical exuberant whose gastronomic enthusiasm before a full bottle or a well-laden board is equaled only by the joy of his muscles when dealing mighty blows.

Life in its totality, teeming and varied, justified and glorious because of its appeal to all our faculties, animal, æsthetic, and intellectual, this is Breugnon's delight. He has the vigor and the curiosity of the wide-eyed civilization of the Renaissance; and it is fitting that Rolland should describe him sitting at the head of the table surrounded by his numerous progeny, in a passage recalling the canvas of some full-blooded painter of the sixteenth century: "Ce soir, nous sommes à table, tous mes enfants et les enfants de mes enfants. Cela fait trente, en me comptant. Et

tous les trente crient ensemble: Le roi boit! Le roi, c'est moi. J'ai la couronne, sur mon chef un moule à pâté. Et ma reine est Martine: comme dans les Saints Livres, j'ai épousé ma fille. Chaque fois que je porte à ma bouche mon verre, on m'acclame, je ris, j'avale de travers; mais de travers ou non, j'avale et n'en perds rien. Ma reine boit aussi et, gorge nue, fait boire à son rouge teton son rouge nourrisson, mon dernier petit-fils, brillant, buvant, bavant, et étalant son cul. Et le chien sous la table jappe et lape la jatte. Et le chat, en grondant et faisant le gros dos, se sauve avec un os."

Breugnon's character is shot through, as the above quotations show, with an irrepressible and spontaneous vitality, the pressure of rich blood and of an easily kindled imagination which might be expected to make their possessor blind to the hard realities of life. This suggestion is further developed by the peculiar cadences and occasional rhymes appearing in Rolland's prose. Yet it should be noted that not a little of our interest in Breugnon is due to a canny shrewdness underlying this exuberance. With what evident satisfaction, after a season of merrymaking at an inn, he remarks: "En trois petites heures eh! j'avais récolté, avec deux bons diners et de gais souvenirs, une commande du notaire pour deux bahuts qu'il me fait faire!"

The fact is that this flaneur, artist, and bon vivant is after all essentially a bourgeois. He has not only the bourgeois's keen eye for business, but also his eye for the secret motives animating those about him, his appreciation of the practical and the impractical, and his jealousy of his independence. Thus, though his exuberance is often a mere vent for his good spirits, it is often also a shield to protect him from the consequences of a very personal philosophy, an impatience of authority and a fundamental irreverence. In a passage on the typical Frenchman's exhilaration as true as it is amusing, he explains: "Ma fantaisie s'égayé et donne le spectacle à ma raison qui la regarde, assise confortablement. . . . J'ai pour théâtre l'univers . . . je crie *bis* à ces gens qui se cassent la tête. C'est pour notre plaisir! Afin de le doubler, je feins de me mêler à la farce et d'y croire. Mais je n'ai garde, ohé! J'en crois tout juste ce qu'il faut pour m'amuser. C'est ainsi que j'écoute les contes de fées . . . Pas seulement de fées! Il est un gros monsieur, là-haut, dans l'Empyrée . . . nous le respectons fort . . . Mais entre nous . . . Bavard, mange ta langue! Cela sent le fagot . . . Seigneur, je n'ai rien dit! Je vous tire mon chapeau."

Such then is Rolland's hero, one who charms us by the effervescence of healthy

instincts which the exigencies of our modern life have chilled to stagnation; and it is in a setting well suited to the expression of these instincts that Rolland has put this hero: he makes him a citizen of Clamecy in the days when France was ruled by Marie de Medici as regent and by her favorite Concini, "la vermine que la grosse dondon de Florence, la reine, apporta dans ses jupons." Breugnon philosophizes cheerily upon the havoc wrought in the wine cellars and among the women folk by the passage of troops whose duty it was, on the contrary, to protect the body and to safeguard property. He throws himself lustily into the festivities on the eve of Lent—the eating and drinking, the quarreling and dancing, the picturesque processions with their costumes, their banners, and their floats. He fights with a mighty arm and with a no less redoubtable tongue in the half-serious, half-mock battles between the Clamecycois and the men of a neighboring town. And when the great curse of those days, the pest, comes to Clamecy, he, too, is stricken down, only to rise again, however, with a vigor such that he becomes the leader of his more timid townsmen as they wreak a fearful vengeance on marauding bands who, like the *diables pilleurs et meurtriers* of Rabelais, are taking everything in the town except—the pest!

It is in Rolland's treatment of this setting that we find the most evident traces of a thoroughly modern, one might say contemporaneous, art. He introduces us, to be sure, to the vicissitudes of an age in which all the little amenities of the Litany, plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death, added zest to human existence. But he makes no attempt at an historic reconstruction. It is possible to read many pages of "Colas Breugnon" without becoming aware of any particular localization, temporal localization, of the story. Differing in this from the novelists of a slightly older school, Rolland has not weighed down his account with material details based upon a presumably scientific study of his period, the early years of the seventeenth century. His is not the preoccupation of the writer of an historic novel: he is interested merely in an atmosphere or attitude, caring little for its provenience or its date; or rather, far from seeking to isolate this atmosphere within the limits of the past, he invites us to assimilate it to the present. And this peculiarity, one of the most interesting features of the book, brings us back once more to what was said of the diversity of elements contained in the character of Breugnon.

Here, too, we notice the same peculiarity. I spoke of a vague resemblance to Rip van Winkle, Cellini, and frère Jean des Entommeures. A little reflection

would no doubt suggest better parallels (with the exception of the last, there is undoubtedly an influence of Rabelais in the portrayal of both the character and the incidents given by Rolland). The one thing to note is the association in the character of Breugnon of two very different attitudes, that of the Renaissance and that of a civilization much nearer our own. Passing lightly over everything that might label this hero as belonging exclusively to any particular age, Rolland has fused the past with the present; and it is in this fusion that lies what is perhaps the real aesthetic originality of his novel, and what is certainly the source of some of its most delightful pages.

Gently and discreetly, so delicately shaded as to avoid the cacophony of too sharp a contrast, there sounds throughout this book, amid themes and moods of three hundred years ago, a melody or bit of harmony belonging only to the nineteenth, or even to the twentieth century. For, in addition to the incidents of plot and the traits of character on which I have dwelt already, there appear others of a different nature, containing a suggestion, for instance, of the romantic surrender to nature or of that pervading pity that made Daudet once say: "J'aurais pu me faire marchand de bonheur."

The very skill with which this fusion is accomplished, makes it impossible of adequate illustration here; but the sensitive reader will not fail to discern it, and to his particular attention I recommend the chapter devoted to la Belette. This whole chapter is full of a remarkable charm; it contains one passage which I quote because it seems to me typical of the art of the book as a whole. After thirty-five years Breugnon has seen again la Belette, the woman he had loved and lost in his youth. Their interview has been anything but romantic: neither has lost the pride and independence of former days. Nevertheless, when Breugnon is on his way home, when he is alone, surrounded by the trees and birds which he loves with such picturesque familiarity, he is overtaken by memories of a beautiful evening spent years before with this same Belette:

Alors monta des vignes, sur lesquels la nuit de printemps s'était posée, la voix du rossignol. Pour ne pas s'endormir sur les ceps dont les vrilles traîtresses s'allongeaient, s'allongeaient, s'allongeaient, autour de ses petons à s'enrouler cherchaient, pour ne pas s'endormir chantait à perdre haleine sa vieille cantilène le rossignol d'amour:

"La vign' pouss' pouss' pouss'
Je n'dors ni nuit ni jour . . ."

Et je sentis la main de Belette qui disait: "Je te prends et je suis prise. Vigne, pousse, pousse et nous lie!"

Nous descendîmes la colline. Près de rentrer, nous nous déprimés. Depuis lors, plus ne nous primes. Ah! rossignol, tu chantes toujours. Pour qui ton chant?

Vigne, tu pousses. Pour qui tes liens, amour?

It is impossible to read these lines without feeling their beauty. Their expression and lilt are reminiscent of the earliest European lyric. No one, however, would take them for a genuine product of the Middle Ages. They are a modern creation based on an old popular love song. And it is with the whole of Rolland's new book as it is with this passage. In content as in style (I have already pointed out the peculiarity of his prose), Rolland has so fused choice inspirations of the past and the present as to create a work of art, vital and full of meaning, and bearing the stamp of originality.

A. G. H. SPIERS

Correspondence

Professor Corwin's Reply

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Professor Adams, in his counterblast against my "Examination of the Covenant," voices a suspicion that I am trying to excite "special antagonism to the Shantung agreement" by stigmatizing it as a concession to the "discredited principle of the balance of power." I plead "not guilty" to the charge. Historically, to be sure, "balance of power" seems to have been applied to many and various situations and to have taken color from its diverse employment. I employed it in explanation of the Shantung agreement simply in its literal sense, and to indicate the idea that unless Japan could be induced to join the League of Nations, there would be a dangerous preponderance of power outside the League.

Like Ex-President Taft, President Lowell, and other advocates of the Covenant, Professor Adams feels it incumbent upon him to attempt to put a passable countenance on the Shantung arrangement. I agree with him that he is under this necessity; with his explanation of the arrangement itself I entirely disagree. He writes: "The arrangement demands nothing of China which she has not already granted, and the definite promise of restoration gives her a new advantage." But "the promise of restoration" is far from covering all the ground. Japan promises to restore China's territorial rights in the "leased territory" of Kiaochow, but on the condition that she be allowed to plot out for herself a "concession" in Tsing-tao, and she says nothing about privileges which, according to the Chinese at least, she has screwed out of China in territory surrounding the leased territory. She also promises to restore China's "sovereignty" in Shantung, but not the

mines and railroads which the Peace Treaty transfers to her, together with "all rights of exploitation"; and she stipulates upon the right to police these railroads. True, China had "granted" all these things to Japan—at the point of the bayonet!

But the arrangement was "necessary"! Necessary for what and for whom? To be sure, England and France had already committed themselves; but not the United States, unless possibly in connection with the Lansing-Ishii agreement; our information regarding which is still perhaps somewhat fragmentary. But that possibility aside, our assent to this gross breach of trust, the like of which by private treaties would have subjected them to very stern treatment indeed, was the price our representative paid to get Japan into the League. No doubt the situation was peculiar, but it was by no means unparalleled in the history of international relations. So the question confronts us, Do we wish to enter a League the maintenance of which may repeatedly exact a surrender on our part of our freedom of moral judgment as a nation? Professor Adams instances as analogous the Slavery Compromises in the Constitution. These were, it will be remembered, but the first of a series of compromises touching the same subject, leading down to the war which grew out of them.

Professor Adams thinks Article X indispensable to the Covenant and indeed to any league "of any value for the preservation of peace." It would undoubtedly be indispensable to a league which undertook to provide a conclusive settlement of all international difficulties, but that is not the case with the proposed League. Professor Adams writes that "the execution of a judicial mandate or a mandate of the Council is not aggression." Certainly not. But I find no provision in the Covenant for such mandates in support of a "recommendation" of the Council; only an obligation not to go to war against disputants complying with the recommendation. Furthermore, such recommendation must be by unanimous voice of the Council, not counting members who are parties to the dispute under consideration. So, it seems to me that the contradiction which I point out between Article X and certain other features of the League remains. It is the dangerous contradiction of the features of a "strong league" with those of a "weak league."

Professor Adams takes me to task for declaring that the primary purpose of the League must be the "maintenance of a solidarity of interests among its principal members." He characterizes this assertion as "an assumption without justification." But let us suppose that solidarity is not maintained among these

principal members, then what becomes of the League?—indeed what becomes of the Peace Treaty? So that the criticism boils down, as Professor Adams substantially admits, to a quarrel over the question of the most usual basis of international solidarity in the long run. And it is in the answer they return to this question that the Shantung and Fiume episodes become so instructive.

Another contention of mine which draws Mr. Adams's fire is that the Conference confused two distinct problems, that of enforcing the Peace Treaty and that of providing a satisfactory settlement of international differences generally. But is it not obvious that the former task must be left in great part to a political body acting subject to constant instruction from the several home governments, and is it not equally obvious that such a body is not the best sort of body to win and hold the confidence of the world in its capacity for the disinterested consideration of international questions generally? True, Professor Adams maintains that the powers of the Council "are quite different and *much more independent*" than those of the Peace Conference (italics mine). By "independent," I suppose that he means independent of political control; and if so, this is a very important statement. But what proof is adduced for it? None; and I am unable to conceive what proof he may have in mind. It is interesting to note that Mr. Taft is beginning to betray some uneasiness on this point, and that one of his proposed "reservations" or "interpretations" endeavors to deal with the problem, though certainly in a very inadequate way. As to the powers of the Council being "*different*" from those of the Peace Conference—they are so, I should say, principally in the sense of being much more general and undefined.

But, Professor Adams protests, "Conciliar management of an alliance of nations has abundantly proved its success." Precisely; if we are in for a general alliance, the Council ought to prove a very satisfactory body for effecting an exchange of views, for the secret elaboration of policies, the mutual underwriting of projects. But personally I hope that this country will never consent to enter such a council, or to submit to it.

One or two other features of Professor Adams's article demand passing notice. His attempted demonstration that the supplementary treaty guaranteeing France against unprovoked attack by Germany constitutes a vote of confidence in the League itself, I am unable to grasp. Another matter is his assertion at the beginning of his communication that "no advocate of the Covenant can maintain that there are not substantial objections to it." This is a mistake which does credit to Profes-

sor Adams's own fairness and moderation—but a mistake just the same.

I have met advocates of the Covenant this summer—enthusiastic advocates—who have never read it, and who consequently do not feel free to admit objections to it—at least, serious objections. The fact of the matter is, that the great mass of the supporters of the Covenant gave this document their sanction before it was ever disclosed. Being average Americans, they have great faith in legislation, even though they don't read the laws. They know that the Rum Traffic has just been abolished by Constitutional Amendment, and they see no reason why war should not be dealt with in the same efficient way. Besides, has not the President assured them that a new era is at hand? It is true that the President had earlier pledged himself—or so they understood him—to keep them out of war and then failed to live up to his word.

Nor is this matter of the intellectual processes of the trusting American public beside the point—the point being that we have missed our destination. We set out to provide an expected procedure for the peaceful consideration of international differences, a procedure designed to bring those differences to the test of the world's reasonable opinion and sense of justice. We wind up with a scheme which would make us sit in at every quarrel. We set out to make our aloofness available in healing age-long animosities. We wind up consenting to subject the questions of this hemisphere to the tangled exigencies of European politics. We set out picturing to ourselves a method by which governments would be compelled to submit their controversies, in the first instance to the uncoerced and so far as possible unbiased judgment of good men. We wind up in an effort to set up a few governments, whose principal title to the rôle is their power and the fact that they have widespread interests and so can not be unbiased as the arbiters of the world's affairs. I can conceive of no worse miscarriage.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Ann Arbor, Mich., August 3

A Legacy of Hatred

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

For years the Balkan problem has been the despair of European statesmen. Is it certain that the attempts of the Peace Conference to solve it will be more successful than other attempts have been? The various little wars still raging suggest a negative answer.

When Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece combined to overthrow Turkish rule there was a strong hope that the day of bitter quarrels among them was past. Yet in the very moment of victory the

old dissensions broke out. And what Bulgaria did to Serbia in this war has created a gulf that the present generation need not expect to see bridged. Nor is this all. Complicated questions, full of danger, are raised elsewhere. The Jugoslavs are at odds, not only with Austria and Hungary, but with Rumania and Italy. Rumania, her claims ignored, is dealing with Hungary "off her own bat." The President blithely disposed of the Fiume issue, but it remains to plague all Europe. Albania is another tinder box. There are serious disputes between Italy and Greece.

Worst of all, America, which was never at war with either Turkey or Bulgaria, now seeks, through her delegates at Paris, to protect Bulgaria at the expense of Greece. The President as cheerfully runs the risk of alienating the countrymen of Venizelos as of alienating the countrymen of Orlando. What is his purpose? What does he expect America to gain by this policy of rewarding your enemies and punishing your friends?

Probably he would explain it all on the principle of "self-determination." But there are dangers in that principle which he apparently ignores. It is doubtless easy to misapply the lessons of history. But it is undeniable that each new state means a new possibility of war. If the League of Nations can hold all the new states in leading-strings, peace may prevail. Nevertheless the breaking up of empires has always been attended with dangers. One need not be a Cassandra to doubt the reasonableness of Mr. Wilson's confidence in his own supreme wisdom. The legacy of self-determination may conceivably turn out to be a legacy of hatred.

EDWARD FULLER

Philadelphia, August 11

Poetry

Aftermath

There is a beauty of the withered old
That autumn in its haggard noons has
not,

Nor spring that has lean winter days
forgot

To dream of summer's fullness yet un-
told;

There is a beauty of the withered old
That is not in a lone and lovely plot
Of summer twilight, nor in morning,
shot

By winter's affirmation of the cold;
There is a loveliness in old men's eyes
Not in the asking face of youth; a wraith
Of deeper presences that we surprise
And then forget and reck no further of;
'Tis but the ensign of an ancient faith:
That wisdom comes alone of given love.

CHARLES R. MURPHY

Book Reviews

Colonel Repington's Memoirs

VESTIGIA: REMINISCENCES OF PEACE AND WAR. By Lieut.-Col. Charles à Court Repington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WE have in this well-made book the personal story of the famous military correspondent of the London *Times* up to the opening of the World War. The narrative begins with a mass of genealogy, which the author considerably advises the reader to skip. It continues idyllically in country places of Surrey and Ireland, with sports galore and glimpses of kindly and famous people; passes swiftly the brawls and un-scholastic joys of Eton, and the gentler recreations of a German coaching school for the Army; and closes the youthful chapter at Sandhurst.

Born in 1858, Charles à Court Repington fell upon the last days of the old army. The officers were patricians of abundant courage and physique, often clever minor tacticians, but hopelessly ill trained, unadaptable, and unprogressive. They often took their lead from their Commander in Chief, the worthy but thick-headed Duke of Cambridge. Apparently the single military maxim was the invincibility of the British soldier when led by "one of our sort." Charles Repington came up saturated with this belief, and his subsequent emancipation does him credit.

As a subaltern he had a brief experience of the clearing of the Khaibar Pass, where he observed the impolicy of minute orders imposed from afar upon a field force. Invalided home, he served for a time in Parnell's tumultuous Ireland. "I carried away with me one conviction at least, namely, that only Irishmen should deal with Irishmen, for they alone understand them." On a vacation Repington had written a little book on the Italian Army, and this with excellent examinations secured admission to the Staff College. Here he had mates of the stamp of the future Generals Plumer and Smith-Dorrien, and went far in the study of military theory. He rejoined his battalion in Upper Burmah and became enamored of the beauty of the scenery and the gentleness of the folk. Invalided again, he served as military attaché at Brussels and The Hague, obtaining a sound knowledge of European politics generally. Visits of German officers both in England and the Low Countries opened Repington's eyes as to German military psychology. One whom he took to the Derby surveyed the crowd open-mouthed and exclaimed, "Ach! what a mark for shrapnel."

Already well initiated in the Intelli-

gence Branch, Repington had no difficulty in being transferred to Egypt for the Atbara campaign, and in the two great battles he had the luck to be temporarily on Kitchener's staff. Here we glimpse young David Beatty, the future hero of Jutland, as an intrepid commander of a Nile gunboat. Kitchener is graphically hit off. He declined to have a chief of staff, because it "created a channel." He gave chiefly verbal orders. For the Atbara only three orders were issued. "The Sirdar hated functions, public speaking, and ceremonial or display of any kind. He would, for preference, have lived in a cloud of smoke, unnoticed by the world and his men. I never saw him look at or speak to a private soldier or take the slightest trouble to ingratiate himself with his troops." After the assault on the Atbara, he had fairly to be dragged out to receive the cheers of the little army. He hung lovingly around his supply dumps—"nuzling" his staff family called it—and had little interest in tactics. Asked before Omdurman how he proposed to attack, he replied "that he had brought us 1,500 miles into Africa and had fed us, and that he expected us to fight the battle for him." In rare moments of leisure he loved to drive rivets in the river boats which were building. "It was an unwritten law for anyone with him to mark the K. rivets with a chalk cross, that they might be riveted afresh."

After an interval in Holland, at the first Hague Conference, and in Belgium came the Jameson raid and its sequels. It is commented in a most instructive letter from the Kaiser to an uncle of Col. Repington's. The notorious dispatch of congratulation to President Kruger is described as "the thankful outcry that our men and money had been saved from loss and ruin," meaning the German interests in the Transvaal. Col. Repington was appointed to Gen. Buller's staff. He found there had been no real estimate of the military in London, and that Buller had no plan to meet the peculiar Boer tactics except "to blow them off the kopjes with our guns." For a year the blowing off worked quite the other way. Buller increased his helplessness by isolating himself from his staff (Kitchener had always messed with his) and revealed the most curious mixture of sheer rashness and irresolution. The old Army had developed good field officers whose mentality stopped with the regiment. Between the merciful lines of Col. Repington's narrative one reads an awful tale of tactical incompetence and strategic nullity, yet one retains a certain tenderness for a stupidity so massive, warmhearted, and consistent with itself. Buller was likable. After an unnecessary retreat he once congratulated the chief of staff on the success

of the movement. He merely sputtered in reply, "We have practiced it twice lately."

Shortly after the Boer War, Col. Repington resigned and began a campaign for army reform which led him to the *Times*. His extraordinary articles on the Russo-Japanese War, which, very sensibly, were written not at the front but at London, gave him a position of great authority. His problem as a war correspondent was whether to take a strictly professional or a political and opportunist view of his function. He wisely took the latter course and made himself the champion of such remarkable War Ministers as Mr. Arnold-Foster and Lord Haldane. He saw a general staff organized, an expeditionary army provided, and the territorials brought into a divisional organization of all arms, while the Officers' Training Corps was re-vivified. English Liberalism has many failures to answer for, but it should not be forgotten that no Tory government has ever taken anything but an amateur view of army matters, and that but for Lord Haldane's reforms there would have been no Expeditionary Army to help at the Marne and Ypres, the Germans must have seized the channel ports, and England's very existence would have been imperiled. In all these matters Col. Repington played an influential rôle, mediating between Lord Roberts's sound but politically impracticable programme and the indifferent public and the hampered ministers.

Before the great war he clearly foresaw the conflict itself and the effects of the new inventions. He was right on the value of the aeroplane, and on the futility of fortresses; foresaw the submarine peril and the new naval tactics implied, at the moment when the Admiralty was still mumbling about cutting-off expeditions behind Heligoland. All these issues were fully discussed in the remarkable articles "New Wars for Old," 1910, but the teaching fell largely on deaf ears. Lord Morley was a true prophet when he told Col. Repington that he would never get the army he wanted until the country was at war.

Perforce we have dwelt on the professional side of a book which is rich also in anecdote and personal reminiscence. It is most instructive reading, and its companion piece, which will treat the war just finished, will be eagerly awaited. We could wish that this country had a journalistic expert combining the professional accomplishments and parliamentary sense of the author. Our few war correspondents of distinguished parts have done little to aid in an army reform, which is only less needed here than it was in England after the South African misadventure.

This book contains the necessary maps and a few family portraits of interest,

including a very enlightening miniature of Nelson's Emma, which was a gift to the author's grandmother.

A Mighty Hunter

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O. By J. G. Millais, F.Z.S. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

WITH but very few exceptions, Captain Frederick Courtenay Selous, D.S.O., was the last of a long line of old-fashioned pioneer hunters of African big game. By long odds he was the most famous and conspicuous man of his kind. He lived and hunted for the period of the big-calibre smooth-bore elephant gun that he loaded at the muzzle with a handful of powder as he ran at full speed, up through the 577 English express rifle of the 70's, to the modern highly finished Mannlicher of small calibre and tremendous power.

It is with the feeling of a hungry man attacking a banquet that every admirer and friend of Selous will take up J. G. Millais' volume. Its bulk and the honest solidity of the types promise well for the fullness of things. A stirring and adventurous life of sixty-five years is not to be dismissed with a few perfunctory and double-leaded pages. And it is quickly discerned that Mr. Millais, who never yet did a poor bit of work, has in this volume come mighty near to turning out a masterpiece of biography. If the pictorial flavor were more strongly Selousian, as it really deserved to be, and so easily might have been, we should say that the volume attained perfection. In these pages we had rather see intimate pictures of and about Selous than even the best groups of African game animals. There is not even one picture of Selous as a soldier, or of his grave in the big-game country of the late lamented Hun colony.

This volume is not only the life story of Selous, but incidentally, it is also a valuable history of the development of South Africa, including the recent conquest of German East Africa. The actual amount of stirring history is really great, and it throws a searchlight on many things that to some of us were hitherto quite unknown. When Selous attempted to enlist in the British Army of Defense in 1914, Lord Kitchener flatly refused to accept him, on the ground that his age rendered him useless as a soldier. Kitchener never made a greater blunder in his life. Although sixty-five years of age when he went to Africa, Selous was as tough as a pine knot, and while younger and stronger men fell victim by scores and hundreds to hardship and disease, Selous marched, fought, and slept in liquid mud, in torrential and increasing rains, absolutely unscathed save for one slight ailment

that sent him home for an operation, and a sound return after three months. Selous gloried in his remarkable health and hardiness; and Kitchener should have known that even at sixty-three the tough old outdoors man was still in his prime.

It gives "an old one" a heart pang to read Millais' quoted accounts of Selous' yearly adventures as a big-game hunter, just as it does to read now Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." Every misadventure and every success ends with the same thought: "That was long ago; and *he is gone!*" Selous began his adventures haltingly. He made his full share of mistakes and failures. Often he called himself the most unlucky of hunters. He strove to kill elephants in order to get money from ivory to finance more hunting trips, to kill more ivory and pay for more trips. But of all the great ivory hunters, he was only moderately successful; and we are rather glad of it! We would not have him an elephant butcher like Neumann, who once killed sixteen female elephants in one day.

In every sense of the word, Selous was a mighty hunter, a great admirer of big game, a close observer and a strictly truthful chronicler. His books contributed immensely to the world's knowledge of African fauna. But he was a dry writer. If he had any sense of humor, or joyousness of temperament, he carefully concealed it. He loved the outdoor life, but he never reveled and rejoiced in the beauties of nature unless they wore the hides of wild animals. But we will not quarrel with the great Captain on that account. All the older books of hunting adventures in Africa, without a single exception, were as dry as the Kalahari Desert.

It is a pleasure to see it recorded in cold type that Captain Selous was throughout life clean-minded and high-minded, a lover of justice, and a hater of meanness and folly. A hunter born, his energy was boundless and irrepressible. When living where he could no longer hunt big game, he hunted birds' eggs and butterflies, with all the zeal of his youthful quests for elands and hartebeests. He never made any money to speak of, save the \$10,000 that came from his "Hunter's Wanderings"; but his friends were a host and his admirers legion. In general, he knew that he was appreciated, even though he felt that Cecil Rhodes never gave him a title of the credit that was justly his due for his wise and valuable assistance in the acquisition of Rhodesia and the founding of the Great Britain's South African empire.

Captain Selous was shot through the head and instantly killed on January 4, 1917, while leading his company against about ten times its number of Germans.

He fell at S. Lat. 7 deg., Long. 38 deg. E., not near any village, but a few yards to the east of the main road leading south from Mikesse on the Central (G. E. A.) railway to the Rufigi River, ten miles distant. "It is for the most part," continues the report of his death, "the haunt of a great variety of big game, including elephants, giraffes, and rhinos. Not more than four miles away is a warm salt spring running down into a salt lake where hippos, wild ducks, egrets, and numerous other wild fowl abound."

Mr. Millais has done well by his friend, "Great-heart" Selous. We are glad that this particular story of a most picturesque and interesting life has been adequately told. Its text may fairly be regarded as a model.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Idealists in London

MUMMERY: A Tale of Three Idealists. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IT is, we suspect, Gilbert Cannan's pre-occupation with modern life as a thing positive and self-contained that sets him a little apart from most of those contemporaries with whom he is commonly bracketed. His people do not so much spurn the past as affirm the present. They do not waste energy defying conventions which may be quite comfortably ignored. They offer no apology to past or future for a world which belongs to neither. Compare "Mummery" with another book of the moment, "The Moon and Sixpence" of W. Somerset Maugham. Both concern that "genius" with which current novelists are so excessively, not to say tediously busy. There is nothing in these stories unless you can swallow whole the initial assumption—that these people (musicians or painters, nine times out of ten) were geniuses, *did* at some time produce masterpieces and take the world by storm. You have to accept the author's word for this, since he can not produce the picture or the symphony. Say you do take it: then you are ready to consider how your genius was constructed and how he "worked"—what made the genial wheels go round.

Now Mr. Maugham's man is, on an heroic scale, the demonic figure most in fashion. He is the fellow who sacrifices the sixpences of respectability and conformity and decency and honor and all other trumpery treasures of convention to follow the moon of his inspiration. Or to put him more accurately, he is the helpless and irresponsible victim of an obsession. His moon is not an ideal to be climbed towards or guided by, but a cruel and obscene mistress who has her will of him—for the world's good, we are to suppose. "Mummery," on the other

hand, justifies its subtitle as "a tale of idealists." It deals, one might say, with a whole mess of geniuses, irresponsible enough in little ways, not comfortable members of society. They are simply indifferent to the proper thing. But they do not live for the sake of defying and outraging that thing; there is more important business in hand. They wish to affirm beauty or truth as they feel it alive in them, or see it alive about them. Attacking ugliness and untruth is after all a lesser game, though our "new novelists," like the New Ones of every period, are none too ready to perceive this.

In his last critical utterance of note, Henry James set down Gilbert Cannan's chief merit as fidelity to the fact. This was before "Three Sons and a Mother" and "Mendel" and the present story showed how far beyond a literal and circumstantial realism the maturer Cannan was to go. If, as James said, the younger man shared his colleagues' impulse to counter the sentimental "dodginess" of the Victorian novelists, the best of them, by offering the slice of life (staple delicatessen for frothy delicatessen), certainly the older deals in another commodity. He has discovered the romance of the present, and is not above a dodge or two of his own in giving it point and saliency. His three idealists move in a plane quite above the slough of sentimentalism, Victorian or other, where so many others still wallow—the woman, Kitty, the incorrigible stage presence of Sir Henry, and most of his subordinates in "the profession." The action, after all, is of yesterday, "in one of those swiftly moving years which hurried Europe towards the catastrophe awaiting it." It begins with the arrival in London of a striking couple, the eccentric and irresistible Charles Mann, and his Clara Day, beautiful and intelligent, whom, a year or two since, he has found, a sort of innocent Trilby (save the mark!) among the studios of Paris and taken possession of "exactly as he did of stray dogs and cats and birds in cages." Clara Day remains his, in gratitude and affection. There is no passion on either side, Charles being incapable and Clara unawakened. But she is ambitious for him, sees him frittering away his great talent in small enthusiasms, and drags him back to England "where, as an Englishman and, as she knew, one of the most gifted Englishmen of his time, his work lay."

On their arrival she at once scents the British dragon of propriety, and lest her poor Charles be hampered by gossip, has him marry her. Unluckily it transpires that he has already a wife in England, deserted casually some years back, and now disposed to make trouble for the casual one. Clara leaves him, to his mild annoyance, but continues devoting her-

self to his interests. They both see in the theatre a promising field for his genius in design. Clara takes to the stage, purely as a step towards furthering his plans; charms the susceptible Sir Henry, most powerful of British actor-managers; induces him to produce "The Tempest" with Charles's extraordinary setting and with herself in the part of Ariel. Unluckily Charles's theatre and Sir Henry's and Adnor Rodd's (he is the third idealist) are all hopelessly at odds. Charles, as Rodd says, wants to use the theatre: "He wants to substitute a static show for a dynamic and vital performance, to impose his own art upon the theatre. The actors have done that until they have driven anything else out. He wants to drive them out." Sir Henry, of course, sees the theatre as a money-making concern that focuses in the exploitation of his own triumphant stage personality; while Rodd spends his solitary life writing plays which he knows have no relation to the possibilities of the commercial theatre. Among these cross-purposed males our Ariel flits beneficently. She is half-married to the visionary Charles; Sir Henry besieges her with well-seasoned eloquence—is "in love" with her in thoroughgoing Victorian fashion; while Adnor Rodd is her inevitable mate. "The Tempest," of course, is unsatisfactory to everybody but Sir Henry's public and Sir Henry himself. He spoils Charles with his electricity, spoils Shakespeare with his "business," does his best to spoil Ariel with his machinery. So she burlesques herself the delicate art so painfully mastered for this hour—and is hailed as a risen star. She will have nothing of such success, and turns her back upon the stage at the moment of her applauded debut. She has done her best for Charles and failed, and at last is free to go off quietly with Rodd towards marriage and the happiness of mated minds and spirits.

It has been said more than once of late that these younger British novelists all write pretty much alike; that without their names on the title-pages one could hardly say who the performer was. Certainly there is a striking family likeness among many of them. But this book belongs to Gilbert Cannan; it could not conceivably be the work of a Walpole or a Beresford or a Mackenzie or a Lawrence or a Swinnerton. Of its plot, as sketched above, almost anything might be made in the handling. Clara Day, we must own, moves among her men with hardly less freedom than dear Ethel of "The Young Visitors." The marvel is that we believe in her coming out of it all equally scot-free. Miraculously we believe in Clara Day and are grateful for her.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Psychology of "Correspondence"

MIND AND CONDUCT. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. MARSHALL has taken the occasion of the Morse Lectures delivered at the Union Theological Seminary in the spring of this year to summarize and, to some extent, to develop his well-known theories of psychology in simple and what may be called portable form. His small volume is a model of orderly arrangement and clear presentation, and may be recommended warmly to those who desire acquaintance with the positions held by one of our leading theorists, yet might be frightened by the bulk of his "Consciousness," not to mention his other and lesser volumes. On pages 129 to 131 Mr. Marshall gives a résumé of his main tenets in so succinct and masterly a form that half the ordinary labor of the reviewer might be spared by simply copying it off.

Mr. Marshall is much concerned with the theory of "behaviorism," with the tenets of these so-called psychologists, that is to say, who virtually eliminate the soul from their consideration and study merely the physical acts and attitudes of a man or an animal under various excitements. In opposition to this non-psychoic psychology he holds to a parallelism which he terms a thoroughgoing correspondence. Every situation in consciousness involves a special and specific mode of human behavior. And, on the other hand, every mode of human conduct has correspondent with it a special and specific situation in consciousness. There is no discoverable relation here of cause and effect, or of priority, but a mere correspondence. In this way he thinks the impasse of materialism is avoided, and at the same time due recognition is given to the scientific procedure which depends on a mechanistic hypothesis. At any moment a certain part of the total field of consciousness is emphasized and forms what may be called a "presentation" to the rest of consciousness, which is somehow unconscious. This part of "the complex psychoic system of consciousness," to which the presentation is made and which is not present in consciousness, is the Self. The simulacrum, so to speak, of this Self, which then is presented to us at a later moment in memory, is the ego of which we are conscious. "Newness," or creativeness, is a real fact of the physical world, as it is of the world of consciousness, but is so gradual in its operation that ordinarily we are not aware of its steps. The Self is free to act in accord with its own nature. The fact that we choose between alternatives is due to the creativeness inherent in the

free Self. We are thus always responsible for our acts, since the Self, which determines our acts, is at any moment the result of the sum of its previous acts of choice.

We fear that this summary of Mr. Marshall's own résumé may not seem quite so lucid as we have described it to be. If so, this is partly owing to certain additions of our own in the nature of interpretation. The truth is that clearness such as Mr. Marshall has attained in such a subject as he treats is likely to signify elimination as much as it does reflection. At every page of his book questions arise which are not answered, or even admitted. For instance, his fundamental theory of correspondence seems clear for the very reason that he waives some of the inherent difficulties. Thus he says: "We find that certain specific forms of consciousness always go with certain specific forms of behavior, and *vice versa*. . . . We can not be angry if we restrict certain bodily reactions; if, for example, we fold our hands and smile." In this, Mr. Marshall, we think, puts too much reliance on the conclusions of Professor James, who here, as so often, is essentially superficial while wearing the appearance of profundity. A great poet knows that no such complete correspondence exists between physical gesture and consciousness as Professor James and Mr. Marshall desiderate. The poet knows that a man may smile and smile and be a villain; he sees that the moral mood of which anger is, so to speak, the external expression, carries us into a region of consciousness beyond the reach of mechanistic search. The way of escape from behaviorism is not through the sort of psychology of which Mr. Marshall is so distinguished an advocate. So long as we maintain a complete correspondence between consciousness and behavior we have really given the case to the behaviorist, however we may seek to conceal the surrender by denying the relation of cause and effect. The moralist, whether of poetry or of religion, knows that logically and in

what may be called the realm of values consciousness is not only prior to behavior but is more extensive than behavior.

To take one other point. Mr. Marshall has made certain distinctions between responsibility and accountability which are of high practical importance, but it is questionable whether they lead to anything philosophically. We are responsible for all our acts, as noted in the summary above; we are accountable only for those acts with which society must reckon for its welfare and preservation. A man is responsible for yielding to panic in case of fire, because his act of yielding is a result of his character, which in turn is the product of all his previous acts of choice; but he is not accountable for such weakness. This is a true distinction legally, but in the court of opinion the man is held both responsible and accountable and the difference vanishes. Again, the question of responsibility as Mr. Marshall propounds it is rendered clear and simple, we suspect, by avoiding the real difficulty. We are responsible for any act because this act is in accordance with our total nature at the moment, and we are responsible for our nature at any moment because this has been formed by all our previous acts of choice. This seems rather a circular form of argument, but its chief fallacy is still to mention. Strange as it may seem, in considering the freedom of choice by which the nature of the Self is gradually built up Mr. Marshall omits the initial problem of our character as given by inheritance. How far are we responsible for acts of choice which, to some extent at least, are determined by the initial substance of the soul?

It will appear that the present reviewer does not feel that the theory of correspondence either delivers us from the hands of the "behaviorist" or explains the deeper problems of psychology. But Mr. Marshall's book is for all that a notable work, one which every student of modern theories must take into account.

"English A" in France

"ENGLISH A"—is it necessary to define the term? "Freshman English" the students called it. The catalogue described it as "Elementary Composition, prescribed for all first-year men in the University." If you ever got as close as Freshman year to an American university, you know all about it. You remember paying good money over the counter for tuition, and then trying to slip out of the shop without carrying off the goods, thinking it a huge joke on the storekeeper. You didn't like the way the goods were put up. They came in

packages of an hour each in the presence of a languid or a nervous young instructor who read you his own undergraduate themes, interspersed with passages from Walter Pater and Theodore Dreiser, by way of illustrating matters you never took the trouble to grasp because you knew they were quite unessential. If you got as far as the graduate school, you know still more about it. By that time you were the instructor. You called yourself a "section-hand," and described the course as, "Decomposition and Illiterature, with Special Studies in the

Themey Side of Life," and agreed enthusiastically with the colleague who described the professor in charge of the course as having "an admirable talent for organizing sawdust."

When we got to France and looked into our old kit-bags (the original ancestor of which must have belonged to Pandora) we were surprised to find English A there along with everything else. It was like the goblin on the load of furniture that was being removed from the haunted house,—we did not know it was going with us. It must have been woven into the very fibre of our beings, for we carried no books nor any notes; we did not know when we started whether we were going to teach or sell cigarettes. We were told to include only bare necessities in our baggage, and it never occurred to us that English A fell in that category. But it did. We included it without hesitation or discussion in our preliminary list of English courses for the A. E. F. University. Naturally we must have a beginners' course of some kind; perhaps each heart did recall a different name, but all sang English A,—to be sure, it was English 1-A by the time it got into print, but that was the Registrar's doings. Then, between the acting of the dreadful thing and the first motion, we wondered what it would be like. There were we, indeed, the same old teachers in spite of our uniforms, and there would be they, the same old students. Yes, but think what they had been through since they left our class-rooms. "Eccovi l'uom ch' è stato all' Inferno,"—what will he say to unity, mass, and coherence, these three? What will he do to English A? Catch it and throw it back at us like a hand grenade? And if he does, will it explode, or is it a dud?

That was at the planning stage, and vague planning it was of necessity; we couldn't make definite plans without knowing who was to carry them out, and of the staff for the course we were only the nucleus. "We" were the professional teachers, wearing at first the Red Triangle, afterwards the "Golden Cooty," the winged torch of the Educational Corps,—only four of us at the outset to stand for the English Department, representing Massachusetts, Nebraska, Mississippi, and California. Afterwards we gathered them in, a major, two captains, half a dozen lieutenants, and as many enlisted men. They represented among them Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Amherst, and State universities with North Carolina, Texas, and Minnesota as the geographical extremes. Among the enlisted men were some of the best of our teachers. Any university might be glad to get such a staff for its Freshman course, young men who had had experience enough to make them useful, but

not so much as to turn them into automatons.

So without any tinkering whatever we set up the old machine at Beaune, cranked it, and were delighted to find that it ran more smoothly in its new surroundings than ever before. Through no prevision of ours, the surroundings had been adapted to it in three main particulars (English A always works by the rule of three). First, the sawdust had been properly organized for the first time in the history of the course—the Army had done the trick better than the originator of English A—it was spread under our feet in the class-rooms to keep the earthen floor from churning into mud. At the sight our hearts leaped up; for once we could keep the sawdust where it belonged, press it down into the mud, and if it could sprout in that soil whence spring the vines of France and milk of Burgundy, then we might accept its juice as the growth of God. Second, the men had not paid for what we had to offer them, and therefore did not feel obliged to neglect it. On the contrary, being paid thirty dollars a month and found for attending the university, they seemed to feel obliged to carry off all they could get. It becomes a habit in the A. E. F. to take anything anybody will give you. You see a line of men patiently standing, and automatically you attach yourself to the end of it, not knowing whether you will get a month's pay, a pair of pajamas, or a shot in the arm. It isn't that you get something you want; you get something for nothing. And you are not *compelled* to stand in the line; if you were it would be a formation, and you would dodge it if you could.

That is the third point: English 1-A was happily not "prescribed for all first-year men in the University," it was an elective as was every other course on the list; the result was that two hundred and seventy-nine men elected it. There were 1,171 registrations (including repeaters) in our nineteen courses of English, seven hundred and sixty-five students registered in the College of Letters, and six thousand and odd in the whole university. After a crude sort of picking over, they were the pick of the A. E. F. They were the survivors of hardship and hard luck, and were as fit survivors ought to be. They were high-school graduates who had not stopped thinking the minute they got their diplomas. They looked us straight in the eye, and wasted no words. They had wiped from their lips the milk of what they used to call their "preparatory Alma Mater,"—they were not the same boys who had left our classes for the training camps.

In view of these differences it is fair to question whether English 1-A was English A at all. It is hard to recognize

English A without the sawdust, and especially without the elaborate organization thereof. I have seen English A at its source organized to the last gasp, in an office building of its own with impassable railings, stenographers, a director's room, files, catalogues, cross references, and a branch exchange connecting all departments. Perhaps this is necessary where they are training not only the eight hundred students in the course but half of the forty instructors. We had only a baker's dozen of instructors in English 1-A, and of this staff we found it necessary to hold only two or three formal meetings because we were meeting constantly anyway. Every man was in the office every day, there were no partitions to bar the free circulation of ideas, cigarettes, and experiences. We agreed almost without discussion on two or three fundamental topics for the course, and on the division of time among them. The order in which they were to be taken up, and the method of handling them was a matter for the instructor to choose for himself. Every man had a free hand to carry out his ideas if he had any. If not, he might consult a syllabus which was kept in the office to provide material day by day for the entire course. It was seldom consulted. Here was a plan intended to provide ideas and support for those who were used to working in a machine and those who were entirely inexperienced, and at the same time to allow complete freedom to those who knew how to use it. It worked admirably, and showed no flaws that would prevent its working as well with larger groups of teachers and students.

We had not even so much sawdust as is involved in entrance examinations; not even certificates except such as the students signed for themselves, which were merely the registration cards on which each student declared that he had attended such a high school from such a year to such another, and had or had not graduated. If he had not graduated, and still felt that he was qualified to carry on the work of the university, he was referred to a member of the registration committee for the Freshman group. Ordinarily sixty seconds was time enough to settle the matter. The instructor asked a few questions, not so much to learn the answers as to gauge the student. "How long since you left school?" "What business were you in?" "How old are you?" "Do you think you can swing this work?" If he said he could, and said it as if he meant it, and looked as if it were true, he got his chance to try, and rare indeed were the cases in which he did not succeed. If he, or any other student, was found wanting in a course in English, the instructor reported the fact to the chairman of the department, and either

the chairman or the instructor held a conference with the student.

"Aren't you a little beyond your depth in this course?" he would ask. "You see, the other fellows have already been over this ground you are having trouble with, and we are not doing anything with it in the course. Why don't you go over and visit the divisional school tomorrow? There is a class there studying that very thing; it might be just what you want."

There was not a case in our department in which this did not work painlessly. The student would visit the designated class, report that it was exactly what he needed, and accept transfer to it gladly. It worked because we had grammar school and high school on the university grounds. The "demotion" involved no change of residence, no publicity, not even the expense of tutoring. Perhaps no such scheme could be devised for our colleges here at home, but those of us who have experienced the pleasure of setting a student to studying the thing he needed to study without having teacher, dean, and parents involved up to their necks in organized sawdust will have it ever before them as a far-shining ideal.

There was another element (or elementary matter) that threatened complications at times. The business end of the department referred to it darkly as brass tacks, and assumed that it was a mystery to the rest of us,—some of us had been in business before we turned to the more arduous paths of scholarship, but we didn't tell them so. We knew that the men were "hard boiled"; their choice of studies at registration showed their strong trend towards the practical. Books (at first) were few, and life abundant; literary material came more readily from experience than from literature. Before we met the students at all, we decided on one thing at least that they would all be interested in, the job at home. For the first theme we had each man write a letter applying for it, just the position he wanted and no other, a letter aimed straight at the man who had it to give. They took to it eagerly, and were as fussy as any teacher could wish about details that make the difference between the letter that goes into the waste basket and that which goes on file. Afterwards, in lucid intervals between classes around the stove in the class-room, or with our cigarettes on the sunny side of the building, the talk was nearly always of home, and it was from home that they took most of their subjects in spite of the wealth of material which their recent experience had placed in their hands. The last exercise for many of the sections was an impromptu theme written in class; they were to imagine that they had been at home for two days,

and each was to write a letter to a comrade still in France describing his homecoming from the time he got off the train in his home town. The letters were nothing if not real. The experience had been so vividly imagined so many times that it was hard for the reader to believe that it had no bodily life. Every detail was there, and on one they all agreed; every man without exception (to judge at least by two sections of the course) had a glorious dinner of chicken for his first meal at home.

Poetry had its innings too; indeed, the students were scarcely less devoted to it than to their beloved brass tacks, and they went at it in a very practical fashion. There was a brisk demand for it at the library. The men read it eagerly, they talked to us about it, showed us clippings they had carried in the trenches, and laborious copies of other fellows' clippings. With surprising frequency they showed us poems of their own composition, usually of a crude, ballad-like vigor, often almost communal in origin—"another fellow and I cooked it up together," or, "a gang of us kinda doped it out among us." We used poetry as a sort of dessert after matters usually thought of as more practical; like the "orange after food,"—and the same question arises in regard to both: if an orange isn't food, what is it? If poetry isn't a practical matter, with us at least it was a matter of practice.

They were not held back from poetry as is the Freshman at home by shyness and inexperience. Their emotions were nearer the surface than we keep them in routine life. The unformulated objection to poetry, that it is a shameless parade of girlish emotion, was less of an inhibition to them than before they left high school. They had had experience with life that gave them direct contact with poetry as presentation of experience. But often, like Hotspur, they would shy at the name of poetry even as they expressed themselves in the medium they condemned. It was usually safer to approach it diplomatically from the practical side. If the instructor put it bluntly to the class, "Shall I read you a poem or dissect some of your themes?" they would vote for the themes. But let him write on the blackboard the word "wanderlust" (as he has written many another word) and ask a sergeant who has been in Germany to explain it. In the course of the explanation the instructor quotes stanzas from "For to Admire and for to See," and "Me that have been what I've been," at which they grin appreciatively. He asks them whether they ever heard of Ulysses, and one mentions his craft, another his wanderings. The instructor points out that they ought to

sympathize with him; he was an officer of the Greek Expeditionary Force, unfortunately became a casual, suffering from the shortcomings of the transport service, and that when he got home he found the routine intolerable after his campaigns. He reads the poem, and if the keen attention leaves him in any doubt of the student's appreciation, the doubt is removed by the lively discussion that follows. A queer echo comes a day or two later when one of the men has the order to join his organization and go home. "It's funny," he says when the instructor congratulates him, "now that I've got it I'm not so awful sure I want to go."

Doubtless the old English A of the organized sawdust is a thing of the past, at least in the sense in which the originator of the phrase meant it, the organization of all possible "errors" in the use of language into categories and hierarchies, and parading them before classes with all the pomp of "Sound off!" and "Pass in review!" It is a joy that soon palls, this teaching innocent Freshmen to blush at a pleonasm and shudder at a split infinitive. One soon begins to question the utility of teaching students whole categories of errors they never dreamed of, and turns to the more positive process of trying first to bring them to the point of wanting to write something, and then trying to help them express themselves. The sawdust method is much easier; it is a comparatively simple thing to take a body of organized material assumed to be fact and pile it neatly in minds made vacant for the purpose, but it has no rewards worth winning.

The other way has real rewards; true, they are not always easy to win, but they can be had if student and instructor can meet on any common ground. In France the students came to meet us fully half way, and common ground was abundant, even if it was no more than the sawdust under our feet. Very likely the first keenness of the men for the work would have dulled if we had gone on longer. After that we should have had men like those who for one reason and another leave college and go into business for a half year or a whole year. When they return they usually know pretty well what they want, and go about with some steadiness of purpose to get it. There is no obvious way to bring about this state of mind in our students here at home. But it sets one to thinking about the plan for army education: would three months or a year of army training between high school and college, or even in the midst of college, give our students an idea of the value of theoretical training and an appetite for it such as they showed us in France?

ROBERT P. UTTER

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VIEWED in the abstract, Senator Knox's speech on the German treaty was a powerful attack. Viewed, however, as the attempt of a statesman to influence the course of affairs it can only be regarded as futile. Mr. Knox brought home to those who read his speech a remarkably vivid sense of the hardness of some of the terms—especially those relating to shipping—which have been imposed upon Germany. But Mr. Knox, like the rest of us, has had many months in which to weigh this matter, and there is no more reason to-day than there was months ago for arriving at the conclusion to which he seems so suddenly to have been driven. That Germany will resent her punishment, that she will cherish a desire for revenge and for restoration to her former position of power, there is only too much reason to believe; but this would equally have been the case if the terms had been far less harsh than they are, far less harsh than any which could with safety to the world have been adopted. The United States is not going to shirk its share of the responsibility for a settlement which shall insure the result that its splendid

effort was so vitally instrumental in attaining. Senator Knox's eleventh-hour appeal for rejection of the treaty on a ground which neither he nor anybody else had hitherto brought forward can be nothing more than a flash in the pan. It appears to have awakened no echo, and is likely to awaken none.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a clipping from the first issue of the *Review* (May 17) and one from the last issue (August 30), and thereupon remarks:

How can you expect one to have confidence in your sincerity in view of these absolutely contradictory statements? In the first you admit the iniquity of the Shantung feature of the treaty. In the second you condemn the Senate Committee for correcting it.

If we had said on May 17 that the Shantung settlement was iniquitous and on August 30 that it was just, these two statements would indeed be "absolutely contradictory." But on May 17 we were expressing our judgment of the merit of what had been done in this particular at Versailles, and on August 30 we were expressing our judgment as to what can now be done in view of the fact that the treaty stands before the Senate for action. This action can not be taken as though it were perfectly open to us to change the result in any way we think fit; it must be taken with a full sense of responsibility for the entire consequences of what we may do. It is one thing to say that a treaty is perfect, and it is another thing to say that it is our duty to accept the treaty in spite of its imperfections rather than plunge our country and the world into consequences big with evil and disaster. There are many things in this world—many things in our own country—which are wrong and which nevertheless we do not propose to correct by violent or ill-considered measures. As regards Shantung, the conclusion we expressed in our issue of August 30 was this:

What is necessary as matters stand is to work patiently towards the bringing about of justice to China, building both upon Japan's promises and upon the underlying principles to which she, in common with the rest of the nations of the world, is committed by membership in the League of Nations. The Senate should put on record, in connection with the ratification, its judgment of what ought to be done, thus refusing to give its sanction to the Shantung provision. To go beyond this assertion of

the desire and attitude of our country would be reckless and dangerous folly.

Mr. Wilson might have done better than he did; but if it would be reckless and dangerous folly to throw the result overboard—and this is what we believe the proposed Shantung amendment would in practical effect do—then it is our plain duty to say so.

THE New York State Federation of Labor has made a fine response to the appeal made by the President in his message to his fellow-citizens on August 25 relating to the railway troubles. The Federation strikes the note both of American patriotism and of individual responsibility. Increased production and a firm abstinence from strikes and disturbing agitation are urged by it upon the workers of the nation. The President has thus far good reason to feel highly gratified by the way in which his recommendation for a joint endeavor to meet the economic crisis in a wholesome and helpful spirit has been received by all classes. For the moment at least, the preachers of discord are relegated to the rear. Let us hope that the old spirit of America, a spirit which recognizes no permanent class divisions, will prove itself stronger than our easy-going semi-revolutionists have imagined.

SHIP me somewhere east of the three-mile limit, where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can quench his thirst. Cuba seems to be the first convenient station on the line of escape from all-encompassing aridity, and reports indicate that the island has already gone a long way towards transforming itself into a paradise that shall outdo the wildest promises of a Mohammed. For neither Mohammed's heaven nor any other comprised hotels at thirty dollars a day and gambling palaces that surpass all that the world has ever seen. It is plain that we shall soon have to annex the island, or our locomotive engineers and window cleaners will have just grounds for complaining that they can not meet the high cost of living—in Cuba. Quite seriously, along with the high cost of living there is the cost of living high that we are paying dearly for. There is no need of a Daniel to come to judgment on a matter of this sort; he who runs may read what the hand writes on the wall.

THE daily press of last week contained obituaries of a descendant of Mr. Peter Stuyvesant. The old Hollander's fate has been better than his name. For *Stuifzand*, in Dutch, means "loose sand that is blown away by the wind," but the Knickerbocker's name and race have proved firm rock not to be injured by the breath of time. English and American history has given due prominence to the figure of the stubborn opponent of British rule in the Dutch colony. It is one of the finest traits of the Anglo-Saxon that he knows how to be fair to a beaten antagonist. That virtue should still hold even with regard to an enemy who, unlike Petrus Stuyvesant, did not, in the manner of his fighting, live up to our own ideals of fair dealing. We are thinking of the complaint made in the Senate about the promised publication, this month, of General Ludendorff's story of the great war. Senator Chamberlain desires that the newspapers refuse publication. But, apart from the fact that such a course would run counter to the best of Anglo-Saxon traditions, it would be detrimental to ourselves as well. For in the hearing of the enemy's version lies the best antidote against a chauvinistic teaching of history. The average reader, indeed, has neither time nor discrimination enough to weigh opposing views and draw his own conclusions, and we admit that he should be protected against a one-sided propaganda. But this could be done by better methods than suppression, if the publishers could be brought to understand their responsibility towards the reading public. We should not object to, but even applaud, the publication of the German general's memoirs, if they were brought out with a running comment representing the Entente version of the same story, written with the ability and authority requisite for such a task.

ONE result of women's new war-found capacities is to be seen in the determined efforts that are being made to open new lines of effort to women and to put them on equal footing with men in the old lines. The Federation of Women's Civil Service Organizations is preparing a movement "to open civil service examinations to women; to abolish sex eligible lists; to secure equal pay for equal work in the public service and equal opportunity for advancement; to obtain appointments for women on civil service commissions." For this some new legislation will be necessary, but for the most part only change of rules by the Civil Service Commission or a change of ordinary practice, in all of which it is to be hoped the movement will meet little opposition on any but grounds of real expediency and efficiency. In the civil service we need

ability and conscientiousness, and these desirable qualities have not been distributed among us humans on strictly sex lines.

SINCE the conviction of A. C. Townley and Joseph Gilbert by a jury of farmers at Jackson, Minnesota, on July 12, on a charge of "conspiracy to teach disloyalty," the friends of these gentlemen have been busy casting aspersions on the character of the judge, the jury, the county attorney, the witnesses, and all connected with the prosecution. To their way of thinking, the trial is to be regarded as a vindication of the accused and a condemnation of all the accusers. It may be worth while to show how little validity there is in many of their complaints.

The friends of the accused allege that the trial was held in a small town in a remote corner of Minnesota, omitting to state that Jackson was the place where Gilbert's offense was committed, and where he was promptly arrested and indicted by the local authorities on their own initiative. They say that the trial was delayed for over a year, but do not mention that the delay was due to the defendant's own demurrer to the indictment, which the judge—now accused of gross bias—overruled, but nevertheless certified to the Supreme Court. They say that the jury was hand-picked by political opponents, but the record shows that counsel for the defense declared themselves well satisfied with the jury. They point out the fact that the defense were allowed only four peremptory challenges, but the record shows also that they used only two of these and that the prosecution did not use any. They think it worth noting that each member of the jury possessed his own auto, but do not state whether it was a Packard or a Ford. They accuse the prosecuting attorneys of making long speeches as compared with the attorneys for the defense, but the record shows that the reverse was the case. They say that Teigen, the chief witness for the prosecution, had been in a Wisconsin jail on a charge of forgery; but they omit to say that it was the Non-Partisan League that had him arrested, on the eve of the trial, and that the charge was dismissed on the very next day. They say the Court should have granted a change of venue on account of local prejudice, and it must be admitted that the accused might have had a better chance of acquittal in some community less loyal than Jackson County.

It is almost like beating the air to refute arguments so unsubstantial as these, especially as they fade away at the least opposition, only to reappear in another quarter in slightly different guise. However that may be, as there is to be a motion for a new trial the

case is not yet closed, and fair-minded people will reserve their opinion.

THERE is a small but very dogmatic sect of journalists in this country who have been nosing about amid the refuse of the old order in Europe in company with the Bolsheviki and other friends, and have ferreted out secret treaties and understandings which, they aver, have a most evil odor. As to whether the aforesaid odors are really nasty, or merely a little musty and unpleasant, there might be lengthy debate between experts in such matters; but the most peculiar feature of the case is not the corruption that is found so much as the mental pathology of the finders. All odors are alike to them, apparently; but, inasmuch as the stench of Germany's misdeeds rises to Heaven, attention must now be given to the rotteness of our allies. These gentlemen seem to be sorry when they find anything which adds to the total of Germany's guilt, but extremely glad when they can point an accusing finger at England, France, or Belgium and show that they were not spotless.

Fairness, evidently, in the mind—or nose—of these faithful searchers, demands that they find odor for odor, sin for sin, so that the scales of justice may remain in eternal balance, none being weighed therein and found wanting. One is reminded of the words of Paul in discussing the Mosaic law: "If a man offend in one point he is guilty of all." This is old-fashioned theology with a vengeance, yet it was applied by the gentlemen in question during the course of the war as well as now, though how they could be so nicely logical at such a time passes ordinary comprehension. For example, when the Lusitania was sunk, they were shocked, of course, but when the British took American ships into harbor for examination they were up in arms against so gross a violation of the rights of neutrals. To them all transgressions were mortal sins, especially those which to the common mind appeared most venial. Right was right and law was law, and no nation had a right to call names, because all had sinned and come short of the ideal. What would have become of the world if the plain people had been possessed of this spirit, it requires no gift of divination to discover.

A STROLL up Broadway at the luncheon hour gives one cause for reflection. The individual walker's accustomed pace is involuntarily slackened down to the gregarious trend. There may only be one in a thousand passers-by who marks that slow onward move, but it is to that one man's beat that the nine hundred and ninety-nine others time their step. The small minority of slack

ers regulates the motion of the crowd; to them yield even the impetuous, the foolhardy, the headlong; to run is the single man's privilege, the sum of individuals can only stroll along the crowded road. It is not otherwise with ideas. "Les idées marchent," to be sure; a stagnant idea were a contradiction in terms. But the speed of that march decreases in proportion to the increase of their number. In times when one all-embracing thought obsesses the minds of men it rapidly gains ground, as it finds no competing ideas in its way to retard its onward motion. The primitive mind of the Russian people is such a broad way, empty of contending thought. That accounts for the amazing rapidity with which the Bolshevik idea has run its reckless course through the country of the moujik. In sole possession of the unbeaten road, it could travel with the speed of a sledge across the snow. But it has to be more considerate on the crowded thoroughfare of Western civilization. There Bolshevism walks shoulder to shoulder with a variegated multitude of isms; its progress must mechanically slow down to the moderate trend of a host of ideas that are moving on to distant and widely different aims. The freedom of the road is a privilege granted to all, and the people whose mind is freest of access to the greatest diversity of thought is likely to be safest from the danger of being rushed headlong into error and perdition.

THE experience of Australia and New Zealand has shown that compulsory arbitration is a very imperfect remedy for strikes because of the difficulty of enforcing the awards of a court against a large body of recalcitrant workmen. Even the Canadian Industrial Disputes Act, which provides, in the case of public utilities, for compulsory delay pending investigation, is objected to by the workers, who do not like to give notice of their intentions, preferring that a strike should fall—like a bolt from a clear sky—upon the unsuspecting employers, and, incidentally, upon the unready public. Yet what have the public done that they should be victimized in this way? Are they to take their medicine with a cheerful smile every time a strong body of workers choose to cease functioning and thus tie up some essential industry? And is the public to wait patiently for the I. W. W. in its own good time to bring on the long-threatened general strike of transport workers whereby to usher in the social revolution? Such questions are in the air nowadays, and an answer must be found. The late strike of the Interborough employees in New York was verily a spectacle for gods and men. It was great to see the cheerful public driving home through

the pouring rain—some in autos, some in trucks, some in coal wagons—nearly all of them taking the performance as a huge joke. If the strike had not been settled that very evening, the joke would have seemed less obvious on the following day and the day after.

We ought to have a law like that which has long been in force in Canada. But, as the *Review* showed in a recent editorial on Direct Action and the Public, the long-suffering public are by no means so helpless as they think; for, if any particular group of workers quit their post, a volunteer industrial army can "carry on" until the strikers—or their employers, as the case may be—are willing to listen to reason. Now comes Lord Wrenbury, formerly Lord Justice of Appeals, in a letter to the *London Times*, proposing to form a permanent association of industrial volunteers, who shall hold themselves in readiness to take the place of strikers when the public welfare is seriously menaced. "Strike-breakers" and "scabs" they would be called, no doubt; but citizens may be found to bear even that ignominy for the public good. Whether these suggestions be carried out or not, organized labor might do well to consider them before going too far along the line of direct action.

"SPEAKING of the Irish," said Professor MacAndrew Cantlie, with a quizzical smile, "I understand them in part, but not altogether, as I have some of the Celt in me, but not too much. If they were Scots—which unfortunately they can not be, Providence having ordained it otherwise—they would have less to say about independence and home rule and Ireland for themselves alone, and more about recognizing the Union as a *fait accompli* and regulating their lives accordingly. We Scots, as everybody knows, were independent for centuries, with kings of our own and chiefs and parliaments and wars and great and glorious victories, like Bannockburn, to make us proud, and some few defeats, like Flodden, to keep us humble; but when the Union came, much to our disgust—for we disliked the English then as we do now—we took it as an act of Providence, foreordained from all eternity. Yes. There we were tied to England for better for worse, and we determined to make the best of it. Speaking quantitatively and superficially, we were England's; but in a deeper and truer sense, because of our superior quality, England was ours. Like the Israelites of old we marched in to possess the land, singing a battle song of our own, 'All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.' Man, but it was a great invasion. Like Julius Cæsar, we came, we saw, we conquered; and we set ourselves down in the gates of the enemy, where we are

to-day. You have heard of Gladstone? Son of a Scotsman. And of John Stuart Mill? Another of that ilk. And the names of Campbell and Fraser and Henderson and Macdonald and all the rest are familiar to your ear—you will find them in any list of England's mighty men. As to recent times, I will admit that yon little Welshman, Lloyd George, is Premier, but what could he do without Bonar Law and the two Geddeses, the brains of his Cabinet? And what would the army be without Haig, or the navy without Beatty—Irish born but of Scotch ancestry—or the English Church without its two archbishops, Davidson and Lang? Possibly Professor de Valera could see the point if he were a Scotsman or even a real Irishman."

The Opportunity of the Seven

FROM the time that the seven Republican Senators known as moderate reservationists first announced their attitude, it has been evident that they hold the key of the situation. The time has now come for them to make effective use of the commanding position which they occupy. There has been no sign of any weakening of conviction on their part, and there is every reason to believe that a more or less considerable number of other Republican Senators have come to share their attitude. The radical course taken by the Foreign Relations Committee on the question of Shantung, followed as it was by the adoption of amendments vitally altering the treaty in other particulars, has deepened the line of division between the seven and the Republican leadership. Senators McCumber and Nelson on the floor of the Senate, and Senator Spencer in an interview, reasserted their opposition to the policy of the committee very soon after it had shown its hand. It is not necessary to accuse anybody of being actuated by an express desire to wreck the treaty; but it is manifest that the course laid out by the Foreign Relations Committee is one which, if adopted by the Senate, would have that result. And the group of seven are sincerely and profoundly anxious to save the treaty if they can.

Have they the courage of their convictions? Upon the answer to this question everything turns. If they have, now is the time for them to make such an announcement to the Senate and to the country as will secure the great end which they have at heart, and which circumstances make it possible for them to command. The changes which the Foreign Relations Committee proposes can not be adopted if they vote against them. On the other hand the treaty as

it stands, and unaccompanied by reservations embodied in the act of ratification, can not be adopted without their assent. It is quite inconceivable that anything which may yet be brought out, either in the Senate or by the President, can be of such character as to affect the fundamental reasons on which the position of the seven and of those who think with them is based. It would therefore be no act of arrogance or assumption for the seven, at this critical moment in the development of the treaty situation, to make a firm and dignified statement of the course which they feel in duty bound to pursue. Others may be playing for position—may be making moves that mean something else than what they seem to mean, with a view to strategic advantage. But of this the seven need not fear to be accused. They evidently mean exactly what they say. The only question is whether their action will be as bold and firm as their thought has been conscientious and unbiased—whether they will rise to the height of their great duty and their extraordinary opportunity.

How profoundly this act of courageous and conscientious self-assertion would affect the situation, it is hardly necessary to point out. On the one hand it would reduce all proposals of the kind which the Foreign Relations Committee has so light-heartedly adopted to the status of mere gestures. This alone would obviate an incalculable amount of time-wasting debate in the Senate; for, with their defeat foredoomed, not much more than the mere form of supporting the proposals would be gone through. On the other hand, when the country's attention is fixed on the President's speeches on his tour across the continent, the people would have in their minds, for the first time, a clear conception of the practical alternatives before them. They would know that in order to secure a prompt disposal of the treaty it is only necessary that a small additional number of Republican Senators should align themselves with the moderate reservationists and that the President should assent to the reservations being made part of the ratification instead of being voted as a mere expression of the Senate's views. With public interest clearly focused on this essential fact, public opinion could be counted on to crystallize in an effective way. That the result would be a speedy settlement of the long-drawn-out dispute there is every reason to believe.

Rarely does such an opportunity come to any man or group of men. If they will seize it now, at the golden moment, they will do an act upon which throughout their lives they will have a right to look back with just pride. And for the doing of it they are, in one respect, in a position of unusual advantage. The

treaty has not been made a party issue. To assert such a position as we have indicated when it runs counter to the policy of those who are regarded as the party leaders does, indeed, require courage; but it can not possibly in this instance involve anything like proscription or persecution. Half a century ago there was a group of seven Republican Senators who performed for their country an imperishable service for which the judgment of history has done them due honor; but in the heat of party feeling in those intense post-bellum days they suffered obloquy for what was regarded by partisans as party treason. The seven Republicans who voted for the acquittal of Andrew Johnson were honored even at the time by those whose voices were most worth heeding; but, as the consequence of a noble act which all now recognize to have been of inestimable benefit to their country, they suffered martyrdom at the hands of the masses of their party. No such prospect faces the seven Senators who now stand between the President on the one hand and the extremists of their own party on the other. Without defiance of any party decree, they can declare with firmness and decision as their active purpose what they have already declared to be their conscientious conviction. If they shall do this, they will make themselves the instruments of the solution of a problem momentous almost beyond precedent, and will earn the gratitude of their countrymen to-day as well as that lasting honor which history accords to great achievement.

The Future of Labor

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Labor Day announcement that he will call, for as early a date as practicable, a conference of "authoritative representatives of labor and of those who direct labor" is most welcome. Such a conference has long been desired by thoughtful men of almost all shades of opinion. Whether the President has in view the advocacy, on his own part, in connection with this conference, of any definite policy must for the present be matter of conjecture. His proposal is that the conference shall "discuss fundamental means of bettering the whole relationship of capital and labor and putting the whole question of wages upon another footing." Whether this points to the bringing about of essential changes by governmental interposition, or only towards such encouragement and illumination as may be supplied to individual efforts by the collective wisdom of those who take part in the conference, it is at the moment impossible to say.

That "the world will not be what it was before the war" has become a

platitude. Nobody disputes it; perhaps nobody has disputed it from the time that the war and its accompaniments assumed the stupendous character with which during the past two years we have become familiar. But while there is general agreement on the proposition, there is every possible diversity as to its interpretation. To some it means that the very foundations of the existing social order are destined soon to disappear; to others it means only that important changes, which, though by no means revolutionary, seemed only yesterday to be matters of the more or less distant future are to-day on the eve of realization. While the former view gives rise to by far the greater share of brilliant writing and of moving oratory, it is the latter which, we believe, more and more plainly represents the conviction of sober thinkers, whatever their personal predilections. The changes that we are about to witness—in countries which like our own, or England, or France, have not been subjected to volcanic upheaval—will not be brought about by the introduction of radically new factors into the social situation, but by the intensified and accelerated working of forces that have long been operative.

Among these none is more important than that which tends to the humanizing of the relations between labor and capital. The ideas of a better understanding, a more harmonious coöperation, between employer and employed, which had so long been floating about with little apparent result except in isolated instances, have suddenly become endowed with a new energy, and have found genuine recognition in quarters where before they commanded at most but a languid interest. And there is every reason to hope that they will within a short time become embodied in actual practice to an extent that a few years ago would have seemed impossible.

The direction which this movement is taking is, above all, that of giving to labor a voice in the adjustment of working conditions, not by the occasional granting of specific demands, but by continuous contact with the management, by candid interchange of views and frank communication of the facts of the situation. It would be idle to deny that such a course is beset with great difficulties. It demands a degree of tact and intelligence, of moderation and good sense, on the part of both employer and employed, which are not easily to be counted on. In many instances, no doubt, even with these qualities present in a high degree, there are obstacles too great to be overcome. But to say that there is difficulty is only to admit that a great result can not be obtained by a mere turn of the hand. If there are to be better relations between labor and capital, we must begin by bringing employer and employed

closer together as human beings; let this but be generally recognized, and ways will be found for overcoming the difficulties. To realize what is needed is half the battle. Sanitary surroundings, "welfare" arrangements, and the like, were the chief objects held in view by progressive employers in the past decade or two, and this was very well as far as it went. But the new movement strikes far deeper; and while it presents correspondingly greater difficulty, there is good reason to expect that it will spread no less rapidly.

Alongside this movement there is that represented by the profit-sharing idea. This, too, has its difficulties—equally serious perhaps, though of a different kind. But along this line, too, we may expect marked progress in the near future. There is one factor that obviously tells in favor of profit-sharing and which is not so obviously present in the idea of the shop-council. Profit-sharing can be put upon a basis in which the share of the profit that goes to labor depends, partially or wholly, on the efficiency—or rather let us say the productivity—of the labor. In the Taylor plan, the plan of "scientific management," this is the sole determinant of labor's extra reward; so much so that the plan is usually not classed—and rightly not classed—under the head of profit-sharing at all. Labor looks askance at scientific management, partly owing to a fear which, whether justified or not, rests upon a real basis—the fear of undue "speeding up"—and partly owing to the deep-rooted but fallacious belief that increased productiveness is contrary to the interests of labor. But the basis of profit-sharing may range anywhere from a division of profits based on a sheer calculation of the productivity of the labor to a division according to a fixed percentage, wholly irrespective of any such calculation. In any case, the workmen have a direct and tangible interest in the prosperity of the concern for which they work; and the consciousness of this interest can not fail to affect profoundly their mental attitude.

The difficulties connected with profit-sharing are of quite a different nature from those that pertain to the shop-council plan. Here it is not the personal, but the economic, element that presents the obstacle. The most familiar objection to the sharing of profits is that its natural complement would be the sharing of losses, and that labor is neither willing nor able to accept this. But this difficulty, while real, is by no means insuperable. A margin which is to be untouched in the sharing of profits—a sort of sinking fund set aside in every good year, to cover the losses of the bad years, whether past or future—is one means by which the difficulty might be

met. A more serious trouble, perhaps, relates to the computation of the profits themselves—the determination, for instance, of how much of the proceeds should be reckoned not as profits but as necessary to cover, besides ordinary depreciation of plant, the sacrifices of good plant which the march of improvement makes necessary from time to time. But serious as any of the difficulties may be, there is surely a large range of cases in which they can be overcome, given a genuine and hearty desire to overcome them.

The stirring up of thought and feeling which is now going on all over the world will certainly turn the attention of great numbers of employers into such channels as these. There will be conferences and conventions at which the various proposed methods of bettering industrial relations will be considered. Scientific study and governmental inquiry will throw more and more light on the question of the practicability of the methods in any particular type of enterprise. With the ideas themselves thus made familiar instead of remote, and with their applicability a matter of experience instead of guesswork, headway will be made at a rate of which there has hitherto been no prospect. In the matter of profit-sharing, progress may be relatively slow; certainly the demand for it on the part of the workers is far less widespread than is that for some kind of voice in the determination of shop conditions and shop management. But in this latter direction there is every prospect of great advance in the near future. In our own country, we have a way of being comparatively slow in taking up new methods of dealing with industrial problems; but once they get a real hold on us they spread with astonishing rapidity. The way in which State after State enacted workmen's compensation laws, once the ball was set rolling, is a striking illustration of this. If any plan for enlarged participation of labor in questions of management proves itself a good thing in a few conspicuous instances, it will require no compulsion to secure its adoption by hundreds of establishments in every part of the country.

It is in the steady development of progress towards better relations between labor and capital, through the voluntary adoption of methods that have proved their merit, that the best hope of benefit to labor and the community at large is to be seen. Resort to governmental dictation would not only be full of hazard as regards its immediate results, but would carry with it implications going far beyond the original purpose. You can not compel industry and trade to follow the ruts laid down for it by centralized authority and preserve the immeasurable benefits of individual

initiative, and the elasticity which adjustment to the infinite variety of modern enterprise demands. The temper of the country is favorable, in a degree far beyond all past record, to broad and liberal methods of dealing with all questions of labor. Upon the working of this spirit, stimulated, as it is sure more and more to be, by the pressure of public sentiment, we may rely for great and steady progress. But a plunge into a régime of governmental dictation would be almost sure to bring about either a reaction towards the conditions which have been complained of in the past or agitation for a downright socialist organization of society. There is nothing, we believe, either in the condition of the country or in the temper of the vast majority of its people, to justify any such experiment.

Louis Botha

THE death of General Botha calls up recollections of a time and a world which, though less than two decades have since gone by, bear little resemblance to the present. The right of self-determination was yet to be invented, and British imperialism, being rampant then, trampled upon the freedom of the two Boer Republics. Lloyd George was in the opposition and attacked the Government and the jingo spirit it played upon with so much fierceness that he narrowly escaped stoning by an incensed London mob. Botha stood in the "veldt" at the head of his brave little army, winning by a successful though hopeless guerrilla war against the "Rooineks" (Rednecks), the admiration of the world, which was not yet aware of his abilities in the field of political action. And President Kruger had gone to Europe, in hope of moving the cabinets of the great Continental Powers to joint intercession with the Government in London on behalf of the two Republics in agony. His chief confidence was fixed upon Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, whose sensational telegraphic message to him justified those sanguine expectations.

Paris gave the President a generous, sympathetic reception, regardless of the impression which such a welcome might create on the other side of the Channel. Berlin came next on the President's programme. On his way thither Cologne received him with a spontaneous outburst of feeling for him and his suffering people. But there and then his progress came to a sudden end: a telegram from Berlin requested him to quit the country and not to insist on an interview with the Kaiser. "Deutsche Treue" forsook the South-African "Stammgenossen" in their hour of direst need. General Botha was forced to give up a struggle which had become hopeless. Kruger

remained an exile in Holland, and the Kaiser-König in Potsdam made it his boast that he himself had suggested to the British Government the plan of campaign which brought the South-African War to a successful end.

And now Holland harbors again a famous exile, though not with the homage and love which she gave to "Oom Paul." The proud Emperor who requested old Kruger to quit the country has quitted it himself in deeper disgrace than his dismissal of the President could attach to the latter's departure from Cologne. Lloyd George is Prime Minister in London, and Botha, the defeated enemy of seventeen years ago, dies Premier of the South African Union, not long after returning from Versailles, where he sat as one of the British Empire's councillors in judgment over the Kaiser's Germany.

It is fruitless to speculate on what the world might have been if that ominous telegram had never been sent to Cologne, and if the Emperor had dared, at that time, to draw the sword in defense of a just cause. "Gottes Mühlen mahlen langsam aber sicher," God's mills grind slow but sure, runs the German proverb. By fearing to do in defense of the oppressed what he afterwards dared do to oppress the defenseless, he dug his own inglorious grave.

But the grave into which, last week, the remains of General Botha were lowered will be a famous landmark for all time to come. It will be honored not only by South Africa, which indeed owed him the greatest debt, but by the gratitude and remembrance of the world. For his championship of freedom did not limit itself to the cause of his own people. Rising above the bitter memories of his own defeat, he gave his support wholeheartedly to the victor when the latter rose in arms to defend Belgium and the freedom of the world. The General's tomb will be a monument not only to himself but also to the wisdom and generosity of British rule, which made such a miraculous change possible. Botha had, it is true, his opponents among the Boers, who did not approve of his siding with the Briton. Hertzog's party, the nationalists, considered him a traitor to the injured cause of the Dutch in South Africa, which, in their eyes, could be righted only by the restoration of the independent Boer Republics. Botha, however, like his friend and colleague Jannie Smuts, scanned farther horizons than fall within the scope of party politicians concerned with the immediate future. His leadership pointed the way towards a greater South Africa, an Anglo-Dutch Dominion where, under Dutch Roman law, the two white races would gradually unite into one Africander nation, a development which the war has precipitated beyond calculation or hope. The Dutch element is not

in danger of decline in this fusion of the two races. On the contrary, there are unmistakable signs of a strong revival and extension of Africander Dutch all over South Africa. The speech of the Boer, no less simple in structure than the English, is gaining ground and bids fair to become the ruling language of the Dominion. Its rich vocabulary is proving its capacity for the expression of high thought and deep emotion. Botha, the hero and statesman, will survive himself in the verse of the poets who will sing his praise in his own Africander Dutch.

England in Persia

THE arrival of the Shah of Persia at Constantinople on board a British cruiser coincided with the publication by *L'Echo de Paris* of an Anglo-Persian treaty which is decried by the French press as constituting a complete British protectorate over Persia. The consternation caused by this pact in Paris is somewhat naïve, as the past history of Central Asia and the part played in it by British diplomacy find their logical sequence in this fastening of the British grip on the Shah's country. England has thereby reverted to a traditional policy from which, to the astonishment of Europe and the resentment of the radical London press, she departed in the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian convention of 1907. The growing power of Germany and her *Drang nach Osten* had seemed to the rulers of British India a greater danger than the steady penetration of Central Asia by Russian influence. The "secret" treaty of Bjorkö, concluded during Mr. Witte's absence in America, between the Tsar and Kaiser Wilhelm—who, abusing the loss of power and prestige which Russia had sustained in her war with Japan, had practically forced this pact upon his helpless "dear Nicky"—had been a warning to England to change her anti-Russian policy in Asia.

At Portsmouth British influences were at work in August, 1905, to secure milder peace terms for Russia, and at the Conference of Algeiras England joined Russia in supporting the policy of her French ally. The Northcliffe press sang the praises of the Russian people and its recuperative power, thus preparing public opinion in England for the acceptance of the Anglo-Russian Convention, which Sir Edward Grey concluded in 1907. The liberal and radical press strongly condemned this alliance with the autocracy of the knout. "Grey must go," was the heading over a violent leader in the *Daily News*. But Sir Edward gained a majority for his point of view that "rather than being antagonists, we should be in Russia's

councils," and, in spite of *Daily News* denunciations, remained in office until the course of events brought on by the war compelled him to resign. The Convention, coming soon after the peace of Portsmouth, constituted a rehabilitation of Russia as a Great Power; British foreign policy understood better than the amateurish ex-Kaiser how to win a humbled antagonist: not by abusing his weakness but by making him forget the humiliation.

The pact had reference to three semi-independent states of Central Asia: Thibet, Afghanistan, and Persia. The two signatories recognized the sovereign rights of China in Thibet and the integrity of the Thibetan territory. Russia admitted that Afghanistan lay outside her sphere of influence, the Emir, as far as his foreign policy was concerned, standing in the relation of a suzerain prince to the government at Calcutta; but in Persia England made a concession to Russia: the country was divided into a northern and a southern sphere of influence, with a neutral zone between. The northern sphere, where English influence had gained ground in many ways, was ceded to Russia, the old antagonist of British Central Asiatic policy.

The treaty was followed by a German countermove, whose success was secured with the help of the camarilla of the Tsar at St. Petersburg: in 1910 Tsar and Kaiser concluded the treaty of Potsdam, under which provision was made that the Bagdad line was to be connected at the Persian frontier with the projected Russo-Persian railway net. Thus England's position in Persia was made precarious: to obviate a coöperation of Russian and German interests she had to yield part of her influence in the country of the Shah to one of her two competitors, whose adherence to the treaty could not even be relied upon.

The war has changed the situation. The two competing Powers are momentarily powerless. The time is propitious for a reestablishment of Britain's suzerainty over Persia. It may take both Russia and Germany only a generation to recuperate and recommence the race for expansion which ended in their present collapse. To fasten, at this opportune moment, a stronger hold on Persia and transform her into a buffer state between British India and the territory of the Soviet Republic is, from the point of view of British colonial policy, a demand of self-preservation. The Shah's journey to Europe under British auspices is obviously a part of this scheme, which constitutes a return to the policy adhered to until 1907. The evidences of British ascendancy in European affairs will impress him with the advisability of a course to which he may only reluctantly have resigned himself.

The Daylight-Saving Fight

TWO Presidential vetoes were not enough to deter a few farmers and their strangely zealous friends from robbing the people of the United States of one of the few undoubted benefits that recent legislation had conferred upon them—the added hour of summer daylight. For their loss the people have only themselves to thank. And how great a loss it is, and how shamefully they let such a boon slip from their hands, they may now at last begin to realize. It is the old story of a huge, careless, unorganized majority made the victim of a small, determined, and narrowly selfish minority. It is no longer necessary to dwell on the benefits arising from daylight saving. The people have had a taste of them and it is not likely that they are going tamely to surrender them. Fortunately, it lies quite within their power to retain them, if they but choose to exert themselves a little. If the cities and towns, through their Boards of Aldermen, will vote to set forward the hour-hand of the clock, forward it goes, and there, after a little preliminary confusion, is a happy end of the matter. Happy even for the farmer, for in a few years he will grow accustomed to the change and drop his nonsensical talk about people trying to fool themselves into thinking it's later than 'tis. The Dutch farmer, though he grumbled at first quite as loud as his American brother, accepted the arrangement cheerfully at the end of a three-year trial.

Such is the programme to which the National Daylight Saving Association proposes to devote its best energies. It adds the excellent suggestion that clocks should be set forward on the last Sunday in April instead of in March, and back again on the last Sunday of September instead of in October. By far the greater part of the saving falls within the shorter period, and the change would remove from discussion the two points—Spring and Fall—at which the farmer came nearest to having a genuine grievance. There is every prospect that this procedure will meet with success. The Board of Aldermen of New York City have already, by unanimous vote, expressed themselves in favor of daylight saving. New York State is similarly on record, and several cities East and West. The means to recover the lost goods is clearly pointed out. If the people want it they can get it, and Federal confirmation of their action will follow as a matter of course. If the hitherto supine majority is ever to assert itself—and it can not afford much longer to postpone laying aside its good-natured lethargy—it could ask no better rallying point than

this. It is not a matter to loose unholy passions. It is not a question of indispensable good against incalculable harm. It is a very considerable good against a very slight inconvenience. It is a case of an overwhelming majority against a small minority. Let the majority rouse itself and see if in an easily attainable point like this it is capable of ruling. Then, perhaps, we shall become fitted to pass on to greater things.

A Bas Literary Profiteers

THE contributors who have been batten- ing on the bounty of the *Review* have been properly brought to book by the tax authorities of this State. Lurking in their scholarly fastnesses from Maine to Oregon, they have duly received their space cheques and by so much have diminished the taxable resources of the great State of New York. But that is over. We have been ordered to reveal these secret profits and to withhold on every dollar one per cent. for eventual satisfaction of the State income tax. Meanwhile our prosperous contributors are torn between reluctance to disgorge their inordinate gains and pride at being amalgamated to the notorious category of profiteers.

Justice is closing down upon this over-privileged class. It is clear that a magazine contributor who lives in Massachusetts, but sells all his copy in New York, must now pay income tax to the nation, to the State where he lives himself, and to the State where his editor does business. But this is a very simple and bearable case. Take the situation of an author who has slyly extended his connections from Boston to New York, thence to the homes of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and of the *Geographical Magazine*, has experienced the bounty of the *Bellman* in Minneapolis and of *Sunset* in Los Angeles, perhaps has been on the payroll of the *Sewanee Review* or of the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, has drawn as well rich "space" from the *Yale Review*, and has had valuable consideration, if not cash, from *Modern Language Notes*, and the *American Journal of Archaeology*, now imagine his paymasters duly traced and his fractional income taxes assessed in ten States, he having already paid two income taxes at home—what will be the effect upon that author's character?

We greatly fear it will make for pride in what has been, if an eccentric, on the whole a reasonably modest class. To collect assessments may cost a little more than to subscribe to a clippings bureau, hitherto the average author's most costly besetting vice, but it may more potently minister to the pleasing sense of being known. Besides, we are

only at the beginnings of things. Always writers have been taxed where they reside, but this principle has been applied in the large and without due refinement. If it is reasonable to tax authors where they are paid and also where they write, then as the paymaster's office is precisely located so should the spot where the copy is actually produced.

That an author resident at Tenafly actually produces all his copy there is a crude assumption. For purposes of convenience it will be well to continue to tax him on all his income there, but as a matter of fact and record his best seller may have been written in his Adirondack camp, or in somebody else's, or in territorial waters of almost any State, while the climax which made the best seller what it is may have been penned in Utah on a transcontinental express. It behooves all thrifty communities to keep track of their authors and author transients. If it can be proved that Mr. Robert Chambers used, for instance, the facilities of Chatham, Massachusetts, for conceiving the sub-aqueous kiss that made the "Fighting Chance" famous, why then should not Mr. Chambers pay town rate in Chatham village until the easement shall have been requited in cash?

In general it is wise to go for the literary feller. He has rather few friends. You couldn't make a Connecticut farmer pay taxes in New York on eggs shipped to that market. But eggs is eggs, whereas book reviews, sonnets, and serials are nondescript and apparently without right of city. Besides it can only do good to stir the author up. All the world knows that he thrives on uncertainty, learning in suffering what he gives in song. If enough men of letters are subjected to two full income taxes and half a dozen fractional ones it should reduce that complacency which has kept American letters in a subordinate estate. Decimal taxation may well produce the longed-for great American novel. We sincerely trust that our vigilant tax authorities will not let escape any author who can be proved guilty of any income whatever.

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The Question of Thrace

OWING to recent developments in Paris, Thrace seems to be the chief difficulty of the Peace Conference in reaching an agreement regarding the treaty with Bulgaria. Press reports attribute the complication to the attitude of the American delegates, who, under Douglas Johnson's influence, have declared in favor of leaving Western Thrace to Bulgaria, against the recommendation made by the technical committee on the Greek question. The same reports have it that the United States is alone in this stand and that all the other Powers represented in the supreme council, including England, France, Japan, and Italy, are in favor of the Greek view. Now, by the treaty of Bucharest of 1913, the territory of Thrace conquered from Turkey east of the Nestos River, with the exception of a narrow strip yielded to Greece for strategic reasons, was conceded to Bulgaria, who thereby gained access to the Aegean between the Nestos and the Hebrus (Maritsa) rivers. It is this part that Greece demands in order to obtain a continuous territory bordering on the proposed state of Constantinople to the east and in order to exclude Bulgaria from the Aegean.

About forty miles directly north from the mouth of the Nestos on the northeastern boundary of Greece there is the height of Yula, or Hill 2,177, near the sources of the Arda river, which flows eastward into the Hebrus not far from Adrianople. The Arda, forming a natural boundary between northern and southern Thrace, is proposed by Venizelos as the dividing line between Bulgaria and Greece. From the confluence of the Arda and the Hebrus, the proposed boundary is identical with the Turkish frontier of 1913, and runs first northwest along the Hebrus to Jisr Mustafa Pasha, thence north to the neighborhood of Dirinji, and thence eastward to Iniada Cape.

The population of Thrace presents the usual variety of a Turkish province. The old Thracians, whose native deities exercised a great influence over the religion of the ancient Greeks, were closely akin to the Pelasgians, the aborigines of Greece. The Greek equivalent of the word *religion* is *θρησκεία*, which means simply *Thracian ritual*. The legends of Orpheus, Linus, Thamyris, and Eumolpus originated in Thrace, or, at least, what was called Thrace, north of Olympus. But with the exception of what lives in the modern population as unconscious racial and folk-lore tradition, the old Thracians have been superseded entirely by the later immigrants, especially the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Turks.

The Turkish statistics of 1912 give the population of Thrace, including the villayets of Adrianople and Constantinople, as consisting of 957,477 Turks, 730,822 Greeks, 183,253 Armenians (almost entirely in the city of Constantinople), 112,174 Bulgarians, 65,821 Jews and 149,825 foreigners. The distribution of the national elements is unequal. Greeks are strong on the coast of Western Thrace and numerous everywhere in Eastern Thrace. With a few exceptions, the Bulgarians are grouped north of the Arda and towards Kirk Kilissi, a fact which Venizelos has considered in proposing the Arda as a boundary and the modification of the Turco-Bulgarian boundary in favor of Bulgaria in order to include within the Bulgarian state the Bulgarian settlements of the neighborhood of Kirk Kilissi.

Of the elements mentioned in these tables, the Greeks are undoubtedly the oldest. As far back as 657 B. C., Greek colonists founded the city of Byzantium, which later became Constantinople. Numerous other Greek colonies were established in Thrace in the seventh century which soon acquired power and prosperity. The Thracian Greeks contributed 120 ships in the Persian War. When the Eastern Roman Empire became Greek, Constantinople remained its capital until it fell to the Turkish invaders in 1453. Under the Turkish yoke the Greeks persevered in their national traditions and never lost hope of ousting their conquerors. In spite of the presence of the Turkish capital in their midst, they managed to the present day to exist and to control the economic and cultural life of the country. In numbers they are second only to the Turkish element. They own 653 schools with 1,493 teachers and 62,293 Greek students. Their literary societies in Constantinople and Adrianople not only have been centres of nationalism, but have also produced scholarly and literary work of distinctive merit, while their principal schools might serve as models even for the Athenians.

The Bulgarians of Thrace number less than 113,000 and are the outposts of their race, which dwells in a compact mass between the Danube and the Balkan mountains, and which in recent years has overflowed into Eastern Rumania. They made their first appearance south of the Danube in 679 A. D., *i. e.*, about 1,350 years after the Greeks. At present, they form in Thrace only a minority, being even less numerous than the Armenians. Their schools are 126, against 653 Greek; their teachers number 225, against 1,493 Greek; and the Bulgarian students are 7,181, against 62,293 Greek. Roughly, there are in

Thrace seven Greeks to one Bulgarian and most of the Bulgarians are included in the territory north of the Arda, which is not claimed by Greece.

The Turks invaded Thrace from Asia Minor in the fourteenth century and became masters of Adrianople in the year 1361, although their conquest of the Province was not completed until 1453, when Constantinople fell into their hands. They have been there as masters nearly 500 years, with full opportunity for economic, social, and political development under the very shadow of their Empire's capital. They exceeded the Greeks in 1912, according to Turkish figures, by 226,655 souls. But, strange to say, they still form the most ignorant and backward element of the population. Economically and culturally they are inferior not only to the Greeks, but also to the Armenians, Jews, and Bulgarians. In fact, they are the best illustration of the extent to which a purely fatalistic faith aided by a corrupt government can affect its followers.

Claiming Thrace for Greece on the basis of the principle of nationalities, the Greek Premier endeavors to strengthen the case of Greece by the following arguments:

1. Both Turkish and Bulgarian sources admit the numerical superiority of the Greeks over other Christian elements. The Turkish statistics have already been quoted. The Bulgarian recognition of the Greek majority is inferred from the Greco-Bulgarian agreement reached under the auspices of the Greek Patriarch and Bulgarian Exarch before the Turkish elections of 1912, by which the two nationalities decided to present a solid front against the Turkish vote by supporting in common seven Greek candidates and one Bulgarian.

2. Even though Constantinople be agreed upon as the capital of an international territory, the Greek claim to the rest of Thrace should be strengthened as a compensation for the loss of the Greek population of that city, amounting to more than 300,000.

3. Bulgaria, by the probable acquisition of Southern Dobrudja, where the Bulgarian nationality predominates, even after the loss of Western Thrace, will be the only enemy state which, in spite of its responsibility in protracting the war, will issue out of the struggle without territorial losses.

4. The economic reason for an access to the Aegean Sea for Bulgaria must not be preferred over the principle of nationality, a position rendered more plausible by the facts that Bulgaria is essentially an inland state, requiring no naval force for her defense, that she has free access to the Black Sea, which by the internationalization of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles will become

an open sea, and that Greece, eager to preserve her territorial continuity and to provide for the defense of her island population against any future submarine basis on a Bulgarian Aegean coast, is willing to yield to Bulgaria free economic access to her ports under the same conditions which will be provided by the Peace Conference for other inland states, such as Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Austria.

5. Concession of any part of the Thracian coast to Bulgaria will be a favor to an enemy state against a friendly one basing her claim on the accepted principle of nationality.

On the other hand, the treaty of Bucharest, which was signed by Greece and which assigned Western Thrace to Bulgaria, is the great argument brought against the present Greek stand. Venizelos explains his former policy as a policy of necessary sacrifice, dictated by circumstances. Public opinion in Europe and America had become accustomed to look upon Bulgaria as the most important factor in the Balkans and did not cast aside her claims as altogether unreasonable. People abroad continued to think that Bulgaria was being robbed

of the fruit of her labors, a fact made clear by the strong pressure exercised on Greece in order to induce her to yield to Bulgaria even the city of Cavalla. Strong friends, such as Russia and Austria-Hungary, were anxious to save Bulgaria from humiliation. Thus it came about that, in spite of her defeat, Bulgaria emerged from the treaty of Bucharest with an area of 47,750 square miles and a population of 5,517,700, *i. e.*, greater in area, population, and wealth than either Serbia or Greece, her victors, which exceeded in numbers her entire nationality by almost a million. But present conditions have revealed the truth about Bulgaria. The principle of nationality should be substituted for that of the balance of power. Bulgaria joined Germany's forces in spite of the generous terms offered her by the Allies at the expense of Greece and Serbia. To pursue this policy of unreasonable generosity towards a state stigmatized by highly unprincipled conduct would be an injustice to the legitimate claims of other nations, based on accepted principles of self-determination and justice.

ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

Private Judgment and Inefficiency

THE conflict between authority and private judgment is as old as human history. It is to be found in religion, in philosophy, in science, in politics, and in law. The question at issue is one of practice rather than of theory, and it has less to do with the merits of the principles concerned than with their appropriate limits. Most people are agreed, for instance, that the Ten Commandments express the world's conclusions on certain ethical questions which it would be unwise to reopen. We are so nearly unanimous on this point that we have provided jails and insane asylums for the forcible detention of the unconvinced minority, and so far as I know there is no suggestion that we ought to depart from the practice. On the other hand, even so warm a dogmatist as Cardinal Newman was quite willing to admit that the experiments of Galileo were not a proper subject of ecclesiastical discipline. In short, both authority and private judgment are admittedly excellent things in their respective places; but the trouble begins the moment we attempt to determine what their places are.

The sea of authority (like Arnold's Sea of Faith) was once at the full, and Galileo was by no means the only victim who was caught in the undertow. There have been times when men have acted as if convinced of the truth of Pope's ponderous saying that whatever is right—when the obligation of conformity

has stifled every walk of individual endeavor, and when art, letters, and the manifold details of personal conduct have alike been helpless in the dead hand of tradition. Those times are past, and I for one am unreservedly grateful that my lot was not cast in their midst. But in our own day and generation we have had an opportunity of seeing what things are likely to befall a civilization left high and dry on the sands of private judgment, and I have set out to discuss some of the disadvantages of that position from the standpoint of efficiency, because efficiency, although itself somewhat discredited by recent events, is nevertheless a word to conjure with.

It may be worth while to give a single illustration of its potency, out of many available. The prohibition movement in the United States is almost as old as our Government itself, and except for a few minor successes resulting from the wave of moral enthusiasm which swept the North in the decades immediately preceding the Civil War, its progress was negligible until a few years ago. At a time so recent as what a radical acquaintance of mine used to delight in calling "the late McKinley period," the passage by Congress of a constitutional amendment providing for national prohibition would have been absolutely unthinkable, and yet at the present writing such an amendment has actually been adopted and is about to be enforced. The striking reversal of sentiment which is

reflected in these facts is the direct result of a change in the appeal of the prohibition propaganda. For more than a century the basis of that appeal was mainly religious. We were told that the use of intoxicating liquors was a sin, and the even current of public opinion flowed onward as unheeding as the Nile. But when the scientists unlimbered their batteries we suddenly became attentive. It was made clear to us by experiments of the psychological laboratories that a man who has imbibed even a tablespoonful of beer can not roll as many marbles into a given compartment as his unstimulated competitor, and insurance statistics were pressed into service in order to demonstrate that a moderate drinker enjoys an expectancy of life a definite number of days less than that of a total abstainer. Being firmly convinced of these facts, we have had no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that prohibition is an unmixed blessing, and we have set about obtaining it for ourselves and our children. It is beside the point to question whether the ability to roll marbles accurately is an adequate test of a well-lived life, and whether the fine old maxim, *non multa sed multum*, applies to length of days as well as to the fruits of achievement. The point is that the argument from efficiency has done more for prohibition in twenty years than the argument from religion was able to do in a hundred. Consequently, it would be foolish to overlook so formidable an ally in any discussion which is even remotely directed *ad hominem*.

Now, as I conceive it, the argument from efficiency is all on the side of authority and against private judgment, and yet, side by side with the philosophy which would add inefficiency to the list of the seven deadly sins, has run in America a disposition to dismiss authority as a thing unworthy of serious consideration. This disposition has been least prominent in the realm of the exact sciences, possibly because the exact sciences, as has been aptly said, "are indeed well able to take care of themselves." Many a man who is quick to boast that he cares nothing for accepted standards in politics, art, or religion is nevertheless quite willing to accept the benefits of electric light without insisting on a personal trial of the inconveniences of the tallow dip and the fat lamp. But in almost every other connection we have become accustomed to hearing authority spoken of as if it were opposed to, or at least unconnected with, progress.

This attitude is the more curious, because, as a matter of fact, the exact opposite is the case. Not only is authority not opposed to progress, but it is the only possible basis of progress. A foundation is implied in the very definition of a superstructure. The idea of

motion is as inseparably bound up with the idea of a starting place as a sense of difference is bound up with an antecedent sense of similarity. Only children demand proof in their own persons that fire is hot and that the moon can not be touched with the hand. It is because men have been willing to take something for granted that they have been free to move onward to something else. "The record of things past," said Louis XI, "is the most profitable, as well to console, advise and comfort us against adversity as to avoid the inconveniences before which others have fallen, and to encourage us to do well like the best." Unless, therefore, the present generation is blessed with a higher natural endowment than those which have gone before, it can ill afford to make light of the accumulated experience of antiquity. Still less can it afford to ignore that experience altogether. There is, Heaven knows, enough personal pain and cost in the age-old insistence of youth to taste for itself the fruit of the forbidden tree to discourage a deliberate repetition of the experiment on a larger scale.

The result of all this is that common sense would seem to suggest the wisdom of testing the conclusions of private judgment on any given subject with the weight of authority. If the two agree, the evidence on the point is cumulative and convincing. If they differ, the presumption is that the weight of authority is right—not only because authority represents an overwhelming numerical majority of personal opinions, but because it is a summary of experience rather than the expression of a mere hypothesis. I do not wish to be understood as saying that authority is infallible. The demonstration of the truth of the Copernican theory, for instance, struck down at a blow nearly the whole edifice of traditional astronomy. But the presumption is certainly the other way. There are, after all, only a few questions of transcendent importance under the sun. Civilization is not a new thing, and good minds have been busy with these questions since the dawn of recorded history. There is abundant evidence that the men of to-day are not the equals of the men of the Age of Pericles. Indeed, there is little evidence that the best men of to-day are superior to the best men of any enlightened age, but it by no means follows that there has been no progress since the Age of Pericles. "The law," said a great jurist, "is wiser than any of us," and at least this ought to be the case. Improvement in the quality of the race itself may be at best a debatable matter, but there can be no question about the steadily growing richness of its inheritance.

Some months ago I heard a young man who had just received his doctor's degree in philosophy from one of our lar-

gest universities deploring the fact that Christian theology as expounded by St. Augustine and the early Church Fathers was much influenced by Greek philosophy, and particularly by that of Pythagoras and Aristotle. He concluded by saying casually that "we ought to get away from this primitive stuff." The phrase seems to me typical in its placid disregard for the historical facts of the case. Whatever else it may be, Christian theology is not in the least primitive. Pythagoras and Aristotle are not particularly primitive, and still less so are St. Paul, St. Augustine, and the Church Fathers. It may be said with much greater plausibility that Christian theology is unnecessarily metaphysical and subtle, just as a Gothic church may be said with some show of justice to be unnecessarily intricate and ornate. Cubism is primitive, but not the Cathedral at Rheims. Mrs. Eddy is primitive, but never St. Augustine, and this is so precisely because the theology of St. Augustine is the result of a conscious development, while that of Mrs. Eddy is the result of an unconscious but significant reversion to a discredited type.

Probably Cubism and its prototype in the field of poetry are not to be taken too seriously, and yet I can not resist the temptation to quote, by way of example, a poem by Mr. Ezra Pound, which was lately reprinted in a widely circulated magazine, presumably as a favorable specimen of its author's work. It is called "Papyrus," but it turns for its inspiration to an age more remote than that, or any other, writing material. I quote the poem in full:

"Spring . . .
Too long . . .
Gongula . . ."

Long ago, Carlyle, having in mind that very continuity of history which Mr. Pound ignores, said that the word we speak to-day "is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Moesogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak." Clearly, Mr. Pound has gone back to the first link in the chain. If Ulfila the Moesogoth ever spoke after this fashion, it must have been in a moment of inadvertence. For all I know, Mr. Pound may consider Shakespeare "primitive," but if Mr. Pound himself is "advanced" he must have advanced in a circle, for he stands at a point on the very borderline between articulate and inarticulate speech. Technique and intelligibility have alike gone by the board, and nothing remains to bear witness to several thousand years of civilization except the printed words which are employed to transmit this amazing performance to the world, and which seem oddly out of place in what would otherwise be a perfect example of prehistoric survival.

But if the inefficiency of private judgment began and ended in an editorial

willingness to pay for literary experiments in incoherence, there would be no just cause for alarm. But it does not end here. The statute books of every State in the Union are full of enactments which are either unintentional duplications of existing laws or revivals of discarded ones. Heresies have been accepted as new which were old when the Nicene Creed was adopted. Political and social theories are on trial which have been exploded in the past as utterly as the fallacy of fiat money. All these things represent a loss in time, in money, and in good will, which should make us loth to let them run their course unchallenged.

No modern problems have been more insistent and pressing than those which have arisen from our rapid industrial development—monopolies, trusts, and the conflict between organized capital on the one hand and organized labor on the other. All of these problems are very old. Corporations in some form were known to the Romans, and ordinary trading corporations were chartered in England as early as 1600. Trade Unions flourished before the discovery of America. The corner in corn secured by Joseph in Egypt was cited as precedent in the Great Case of Monopolies, which was argued in the seventeenth century by distinguished lawyers, three of whom afterwards became Chief Justices of England. "Government by injunction" dates from Jack Cade's rebellion in 1452, and was attacked and defended with the same arguments which are current to-day. Practically every provision in the original Sherman Act, including the allowance of treble damages to the party aggrieved, was foreshadowed in the Statute of Monopolies which was passed by the House of Commons in 1623. Indeed, the existing common law relating to trusts and monopolies has always been so nearly adequate that, in the opinion of Professor Stimson, very little legislation by the States would have been necessary, "except, of course, to affix modern penalties to such offenses." When the bulk of this legislation is considered, it is more than ever apparent that something can be said, on the mere ground of economy, for the wisdom that comes slowly down "from precedent to precedent."

But the final word in the indictment of private judgment was spoken in August, 1914, when the guns of the Great War startled a world swaddled in the theories of well-meaning enthusiasts into a renewed sense of the grim realities of life. Authority was unquestionably at the lowest point which it has touched in modern times. Mr. Henry Ford and Judge Lindsey were in the act of assuring us in the face of common sense that there is no such thing as a bad boy. The Christian Scientists were

proclaiming in the face of common knowledge that there is no such thing as pain. President David Starr Jordan was writing articles to prove, in the face of all history, that a civilized nation is always a good nation. The internationalists were in the act of telling us that patriotism was dead. To find a parallel situation it is necessary to go back to the days when the nebulous doubts and conjectures of decadent Greece and Rome went down before the vivid affirmations of early Christianity. Then Germany launched her offensive against Belgium, and since that time the message of the unconverted apostles of private judgment has sounded strangely obsolete.

For it has suddenly become apparent that all our progressives were really reactionaries. My friend's philosophy stands convicted of being more primitive than that of the Church Fathers. The spirit of pacifism is infinitely more remote than the spirit of the Crusades. Emma Goldman is less modern than Richard the Lion-Hearted. The iconoclasts who were said to be a thousand years ahead of their age are a thousand years behind their age. Even Mr. Bryan's speeches ring with a far-off, archaic note of which he is perhaps unconscious.

Everyone who has read "Man and Superman" will remember the dialogue between Ramsden and Tanner in which the former boasts that he was advanced before Tanner was born. "I knew," answers Tanner, "it was a long time ago." "A long time ago," in "the late McKinley period" and afterwards, until the war put a stop to the promiscuous talking of nonsense, there were men who actually believed that mere goodness of intention, allied with formal education and the physical sciences, was enough to cure the ills that flesh is heir to and to redeem the world. Faith did not matter much. History did not matter much. Nothing mattered except a vague altruism and the magic of persuasive words. We know better than that now, we who have sat and watched the younger generation going blithely about the business of making our great atonement with untroubled spirits and contented hearts. It was the old atonement of the innocent for the guilty, of the spirit of affirmation for the cultivated agnosticism that is summed up for all time in the classic query of Pilate as to what is truth, and perhaps even now the younger generation is unconscious of the meaning of it all. But, whether consciously or not, the younger generation, which was never shown the path that leads to the broad highway, has found it out for itself and for the world as well. The old landmarks are miraculously back in their accustomed places. All the world knows now that it is a finer

thing for men and women to do their duty than to live their lives, however specious and virile the argument to the contrary may have hitherto seemed. All the world knows now that truth and justice are solemn and objective realities which are deeper than any matter of attitude or of opinion. All the world knows now that to be innocent and helpless is no guaranty against the rapacity of wrongdoing, and that it is indeed a sweet and seemly thing to die for one's country. The shining paradoxes of Christianity have become in a trice more vital than the dreary logic of the skeptics—and it is surely more than a coincidence that the only influential skeptics remaining in the world are the Bolsheviks, who are the only leaders who have proved themselves wholly unworthy of their trust.

There will be time enough in the future to qualify and revise our conclusions—to-day we can do no more than to note in general terms what things have been approved by the fire of a stupendous crisis and what things have been burned and purged away. "Revision," as Professor Royce has finely said, "does not mean destruction. We can often say to tradition: 'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' But we can sometimes see in the world of opinion a sort of resurrection of the dead—a resurrection wherein what was indeed justly sown in dishonor is raised in honor—glorified—and perhaps incorruptible. Let us bury the natural body of tradition. What we want is its glorified body and its immortal soul." And that, I think, will be the heritage and the reward of the younger generation.

F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

Correspondence

The Army Bills

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your editorial of August 16 on the army bills recently introduced in Congress brings out the point that the weakness of the Administration bill is the figure set for the peace strength of the Regular Army, to wit, approximately half a million men. Before the war it was difficult to maintain the strength of the Regular Army even at something less than 100,000, and it is safe to predict that it would prove impossible to raise half a million men by voluntary enlistment.

You correctly call the bill in question the Administration bill. It is sometimes spoken of as the General Staff bill, but I am satisfied that it does not represent the views of the General Staff. It is most desirable that this bill be not confused with the National Service Act introduced by Senator Chamberlain and

Representative Kahn, and which was drawn by the Military Training Camps Association of the United States. The two bills are very different. The Administration bill is faulty under four principal points:

The first is the size of the Regular Army, to which I have already referred.

Second, the training given to the youth of the country is for three months, which is too short a period.

Third, the youth trained are not organized territorially into any reserve, but are turned loose. This means that at the outbreak of war these men will have to be organized into units or fed into the Regular Army to increase its size. Thus the mistakes of the past will be repeated. The only trained and organized force, to wit, the Regular Army will have to be pulled to pieces in order to organize the citizen army, with the result that we will have no force which can be utilized without going through the process of organization or reorganization. In other words it may again be fifteen months before we can put an effective force in the field.

Fourth, there is no adequate system provided for the training of Reserve Officers. During the war some 200,000 officers were employed, or about 5 per cent. of the total force of 4,000,000 men. Theoretical training of officers will not suffice. They must have experience with troops in the field. This training can best be given through organizing territorially the young men trained, calling them out annually for a short period of manœuvres. The organization of men trained into reserve therefore serves two purposes: It acts as a training school for officers as well as providing means for the prompt mobilization of an organized force.

On the other hand, the National Service Act is drawn on the theory that the strength of the Regular Army should be the minimum necessary for the performance of the functions that obviously can not be performed by men temporarily in the service, such as overseas, coast, and artillery garrisons, a small mobile force to preserve order along the border, administrative detachments, and training cadres, etc.

Six months' training is provided as the initial training of the private soldier.

All men trained are to be organized for a period into reserve according to their places of residence, and to be called out periodically for manœuvres.

The Reserve is to be officered chiefly by Reserve Officers who, together with non-Commissioned Officers and enlisted specialists, are to be chosen from the ranks after further and progressive training to qualify them to successive steps in promotion. Under such system there will be no fear of militarism through the creation of a class of pro-

fessional soldiers, while on the other hand the entire youth of the country could be mobilized at shortest notice, fully organized and prepared to take the field.

The National Guard is not relied upon as an expeditionary force, but is restored to its constitutional function of a guard. Its recruiting is provided for by excusing from service in the Federal Reserve a limited number of men graduating from the training camps provided they serve a short enlistment in the guard.

T. MCILVAINE, Acting Chairman,
Military Training Camps Assn. U. S.,
Chairman, Committee on Uni-
versal Training.

New York, August 21

Government Ownership of Rights of Way

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Since your periodical is expressly dedicated to general discussion, perhaps you can grant me space in which to suggest a treatment of the railroad problem different (so far as I am able to learn) from any solution now before the public. The suggestion I have to make will of course appear academic and unreal to the men of the hour. It may none the less forecast the final reconciliation of discordant and conflicting views.

The Government of the United States should assume ownership of railroad rights of way, terminals, tracks, and all other forms of real estate. Locomotives, cars, and all other forms of rolling stock the Government should leave severely and scrupulously alone. This rational and clear-cut line of demarkation assimilates the train to the steamboat, the automobile, the mule-cart, and the bicycle; that is, assimilates it to those methods of transportation which have never caused political trouble.

Who then will "run" the railroads? Anybody, nobody, and everybody will run the railroads. To illustrate. John Doe has four suits of clothes, two chairs, and a victrola to transport from Baltimore to Annapolis. What does he do? Puts them in a privately owned truck and hauls them over a publicly owned highway. Richard Roe has a boatload of shoes to ship from Boston to Palermo. What is his procedure? He sends them in a privately owned boat over a publicly owned ocean.

Now comes William Coe with a hundred tons of coal to be hauled from West Virginia to California. The coal must pass over steel rails; but what of it? Why should metal rails and wooden crossties so enormously complicate the question? Let William Coe get his locomotive and his freight cars wherever he

can manage to root them up. Let the Government maintain the track, let it maintain an ample mileage in prime condition; and then let private enterprise do the rest.

Private enterprise is abundantly capable of meeting the emergency. The American business man will somehow secure an adequate supply of wheeled boxes, technically called freight cars. It is no more credible that a permanent shortage of cars should exist than that scarcity of picks and shovels should cause a fuel famine.

On the other hand, no business man can fairly be expected to build or repair seven hundred miles of rail, when no one dreams of requiring him to pave, let us say, ten miles of city street. The gist of it is simply this: Avenues of transportation constitute a public function and a public charge. Vehicles of transportation are each individual's private concern. The part of political wisdom is to hold the balance even.

MALCOLM C. BURKE

Washington, D. C., August 17

The "Mark Twain House"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The article on page 223 in your issue of July 26 about the four corners of Fifth Avenue at Ninth Street will not suffer severely if you will accord me space for a suggestion. You speak of the "historic mansion" of my grandfather, Henry Brevoort, 24 Fifth Avenue, and then you go on to say "diagonally opposite is the Mark Twain house, of which the present owner might, if he had been less public-minded, have disposed at a handsome profit to the seekers of gain." Be the last part of this sentence as it may, I dissent from your designating No. 21 Fifth Avenue as the "Mark Twain house," inasmuch as Mr. Clemens only had the property on lease from October, 1904, to October, 1908, and his connection with it lasted only those four years, whereas my brother-in-law, Mr. James A. Renwick, and his forbears have owned the property since the Indians lived on Manhattan Island. There is no deed to it that I have ever heard of and it has never been sold or been out of the hands of the Brevoort family or their descendants. The present house was built over seventy years ago by Mrs. James Renwick, only sister of Henry Brevoort and grandmother of the present owner, who was born in the house. In view of this length of tenure, perhaps you will agree with me that it is hardly appropriate to dub it the "Mark Twain house," very fine gentleman that he was notwithstanding.

ROBERT SEDGWICK

New York, August 8

Book Reviews

Whitewashing the Bolsheviks

RUSSIA IN 1919. By Arthur Ransome.
New York: B. W. Huebsch.

WHEN the Soviet Government is investigated by its admiring friends, a biased report is naturally to be expected. We have had such reports from William C. Bullitt, Lincoln Steffens, Robert Minor, and others. We might have expected something of a slightly higher order, albeit prejudiced, from the pen of Arthur Ransome, because he had something of a reputation as an author and journalist to maintain. It is, therefore, with something of a shock that we note that his account of the Soviet Government and its operations, gleaned during a visit in Petrograd and Moscow last February, is not only strongly biased, but is replete with palpable misstatements and downright falsehoods.

Disregard for truth and moral myopia are bad enough in any book, but they are particularly serious in the present volume, which will undoubtedly be used to the fullest extent as a propaganda document by our radicals and Bolshevik sympathizers. If not challenged, many of these misstatements might pass unnoticed and, receiving credence among people unacquainted with actual conditions in Russia and somewhat confused by conflicting reports, tend to create the impression that, after all, the present tyrants at Moscow are not as black as they have been painted. A careful perusal of the book leads inevitably to the conclusion that the author was something more than a willing dupe through predisposed sympathies.

Mr. Ransome left Stockholm to go into Russia at the end of January. It is noteworthy that he was personally conducted by Vorovsky, former Commissar of Finance, who took 62,000,000 rubles with him to Stockholm last year, and Litvinov, the unaccepted Bolshevik Ambassador to London. Naturally, he had no difficulties, but this circumstance throws an interesting light on one of his characteristic misrepresentations. He relates how on arrival at Petrograd they loaded their baggage into a motor lorry *sent to meet them*, and then notes that there was a long time to wait while rooms were being allotted to them in various hotels. Now it happens that there were no hotels at that time, and had not been since October 12, 1918, when the last of them, the Medved, was closed. But the explanation of his statement is not far to seek. He goes on to state that as soon as the rooms were allotted he found that he had been lucky enough to get one in the Astoria. Now the Astoria,

formerly a leading hotel, had long before this become the Soviet House, the residence of influential members of the Soviet. The allotment of a room there is sufficient evidence in itself of the nature of his relations with the Bolshevik authorities.

But his disingenuous misrepresentations began even before he reached Petrograd. On crossing the frontier from Finland he noticed the great contrast:

On the Finnish side of the frontier we had seen the grandiose new frontier station, much larger than could possibly be needed, but quite a good expression of the spirit of the new Finland. On the Russian side we came to the same grey old wooden station known to all passengers to and from Russia for polyglot profanity and passport difficulties.

The facts are that the Finnish frontier station was built in 1913, while Finland was still a part of Russia, and during the war was used as a home for convalescent wounded soldiers. It is therefore amusing to hear it referred to as "quite a good expression of the spirit of the new Finland." Furthermore, since 1912 plans had been made to move the frontier station from Bieliostrov to Terijoki, and of course there was no object in replacing the old wooden station to which he refers by a new one. All this is a mere trifle in itself, but the emphasis he places on it is an indication of his general method. Another trifling observation is worth noting for the same reason. As he went about Petrograd in the evening, he found that "the streets were certainly better swept and cleaner than they had been since the last Winter of the Russian Empire!" Now the snowfall in Petrograd last winter was the heaviest for years, and the streets had a covering of packed snow to a height of three or four feet above the level of the sidewalk. To state that the streets were swept and clean is of course pure invention.

He went, of course, to Smolny for his meals; Smolny, the headquarters of the Petrograd Soviet. While walking in the streets he made interesting observations and gives us his impressions. He found that the town, in daylight, seemed less deserted than in the evening, though it was obvious that the "unloading" of the Petrograd population, which was unsuccessfully attempted during the Kerensky régime, had been accomplished to a large extent! Thus lightly does he touch upon the horrible tragedy of the falling off of Petrograd's population to a fifth of its former size. Disease, starvation, and executions loom up in the background, and the piteous streams of unfortunates who have sought refuge in the country districts explain the deserted appearance of the stricken city. Ludicrous indeed is his remark that "great numbers of workmen have gone home, carrying with them the ideas of the revolution." What

a commentary upon this careless assertion is the letter of Lopushkin, the old revolutionary and Bolshevik, the head of a soviet in the province of Tambov, which he addressed to the National Soviet in Moscow before committing suicide! After pointing out that in the country districts the Bolshevik militia and the members of the Soviet are tired of the position of outcasts and lepers which service with the Bolsheviks imposes on them, this disillusioned Bolshevik states that no member of the Red Guard dares to risk his life by returning to his native village, where his father would be the first to kill him, and if the guard falls singly or even in couples into the hands of the villagers, they are always murdered. One wonders how Mr. Ransome can have the presumption to make statements the utter falsity of which must soon become patent to all.

His observations on the military are likewise not without interest as showing the slant of his mind and the character of his information. For example, he remarks that some of the officers and soldiers are as well equipped nowadays as they were at the beginning of the war, but he fails to add that this is due to the fact that they have donned the resplendent peace-time uniforms of pre-war days, some supplies of which they managed to find stored away. But what is more interesting and important is his tale concerning the famous Semenovskiy regiment. Speaking of his interview with Zinoviev, he writes:

I told him I was surprised to find him here and not at Kronstadt, and asked about the mutiny and the treachery of the Semenovskiy regiment. There was a shout of laughter, and Pozern explained that there was no Semenovskiy regiment in existence, and that the manufacturers of the story, every word of which was a lie, had no doubt tried to give realism to it by putting in the name of the regiment which had taken a chief part in putting down the Moscow insurrection of fourteen years ago.

The fact is that the Semenovskiy regiment did mutiny, went over to the anti-Bolsheviks, and is now fighting against the Bolsheviks on the Esthonian front.

When he arrived at Moscow, Mr. Ransome was much impressed with the nationalization of trade. He found that the number of closed shops was depressing, but it appeared that the Moscow Soviet had opened national shops in order to prevent speculation and profiteering. He explains, for example, if a man needs a new suit, he has to go in his rags to his House Committee and there make it clear that the suit is really needed for himself. He then receives permission to buy. What Mr. Ransome omits to say is that in order to obtain such a permit a man has to pay a bribe of several hundred rubles to a Commissar and then take pot-luck of what happens to be in the Soviet stores, paying an exorbitant price.

He is equally disingenuous in dealing with the sale of food. He points out that, besides the food obtainable by cards, it was possible to buy, at ruinous prices, food from speculators, and to give an idea of the difference in the prices cites the examples of bread at 1.20 rubles per pound by card as against 15 rubles per pound from the speculator, and sugar at 12 rubles per pound by card as against over 50 rubles in the open market. What he fails to report is that people stand in long queues with their cards and, if they are fortunate, obtain an infinitesimal amount (of sugar one ounce), and are perforce driven to the speculators to avert starvation.

But this is enough to indicate the utter untrustworthiness as well as the deliberate misrepresentation of his personal observations. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. A considerable portion of the volume is taken up with accounts of his interviews with Bolshevik leaders concerning their revolutionary views and the activities of their various Commissariats. Were he a less intelligent man, one would say that he was an easy dupe, for it is hard to believe that any man could be taken in by the stories told him. Of the operations of the Bolshevik Government a recent arrival from Petrograd remarked: "They would constitute the greatest of all comedies, if they were not written in human blood."

Mr. Ransome relates that on his way to a meeting of the Soviet Executive Committee a little, hairy, energetic man came up and with great delight showed him the new matches invented in the Soviet laboratories. In these new Bolshevik matches neither wood nor paraffin is used. Waste paper is a substitute for one and the grease that is left after cleaning wool is a substitute for the other! To be sure, no one else ever saw any of these marvelous matches, and the only matches that human beings can obtain are brought in from Sweden and sell at 5 rubles a box. He devotes a chapter to the Commissariat of State Constructions, but fails to say anything about construction. The director talks at length on general conditions and weaves a fairy story about the improvement of canals and the building of railways. He tells Mr. Ransome that more than 11,000 versts of railway are under construction, as well as 1,200 versts of highway. When one considers that rails are practically unobtainable and that, in a stretch of some 30 versts—about the only piece of actual construction undertaken—they had to use five different weights of rails, the director's statement appears a trifle exaggerated.

Another remarkable story, which Lincoln Steffens also brought out with him, concerns the grandiose plan to furnish Petrograd with a vast amount of cheap

electricity developed by water power. Of course Petrograd is located on a level plain and for thousands of miles in Russia there is no fall of water to give power. An examination of the plans, however, which Mr. Ransome did not make, discloses the fact that they were based upon the seizure of Finland and utilization of its water power.

For absolute naïveté, however, the report upon the progress of education quite takes the prize. The Bolsheviks have established numerous universities and attendance has increased enormously. All education is free and there are no entrance requirements, as it is hoped to get as many workmen in the universities as possible. It does not require much imagination to judge of the kind of education that is acquired. But the most absurd comedy—or perhaps one might better say tragedy—is that of the lower schools. A billion rubles has been assigned to feeding children in the schools, and those who most need them are supplied with clothes and footgear. These schools have increased greatly in numbers and in attendance. The explanation is simple. It is contained in the remark of an old porter concerning his children. "Yes," he said, "they go there, sing the Marseillaise twice through, have dinner and come home." When Mr. Ransome questioned the Assistant Commissioner of Education about this he said: "It is perfectly true. We have not enough transport to feed the armies, let alone to bring food and warmth for ourselves. And if, under these conditions, we forced children to go through all their lessons, we should have corpses to teach, not children. But by making them come for their meals we do two things, keep them alive, and keep them in the habit of coming, so that when the warm weather arrives we can do better." What a sham was Lunacharsky's report on Soviet education; the report whose rosy pictures were made so much of by our parlor Bolsheviks. No instruction given; children allowed to do whatever they please; and the inducement of free food held out to them on the chance that they may get the habit of coming to school!

It may appear that undue space and attention have been given to a book so manifestly untrustworthy, but it should be remembered that the public is eagerly devouring all that purport to be first-hand and eye-witness accounts of what is happening behind the veil that hides Soviet Russia from our gaze. Precisely such false reports are being used to foment in our own country industrial and social unrest and provoke revolution, and many well-intentioned people are deceived thereby. Only by the energetic spreading of the truth and the contradiction of falsehood can the poison be removed. The mask must be torn from the ghastly farce that is be-

ing played out in Moscow upon the prostrate body of the Russian people, lest we be forced to see the curtain rung up on a similar bloody drama in our own land.

Blasco Ibáñez and "Mare Nostrum"

MARE NOSTRUM (Our Sea). By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Authorized Translation from the Spanish by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A CHILIAN critic has just accounted for the amazing popularity of Blasco Ibáñez among us by "the lucky choice of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' for introducing him to American readers." But in fact an earlier choice had been made. "The Cabin" (*La Barraca*) was the first of the "Borzoï Spanish Translations" issued by Alfred A. Knopf. Another publisher was to make the lucky second choice and apparently to bag the rights in all subsequent American versions of the now fairly "best-selling" author's work. "The Cabin," as a regional novel of narrow scene and sombre realism, was not the kind of thing to catch a big audience. Some of us praised it, no doubt a fair number of copies were sold, and Blasco Ibáñez remained as little known, or as little famed among us, as he had been before Mr. Knopf made his experiment.

"The Four Horsemen" also received at once that dubious meed, the praise of critics. Here, we said, is a piece of fiction which has great merit but will be altogether too much for the populace. It will never "get across." It is too long, too diffuse, too this and that: pity but true that there is no big public among us for this kind of big book. And there was the title: fancy such a title for a work by Mr. R. W. Chambers or Mr. Booth Tarkington! But the book caught on, marched steadily to the front, and has stayed there for close upon a year. How did it happen? Nobody knows. Even the title may have helped. Horsemen are always a good card for romance, and Apocalypse might well enough be the name of a castle or ranch! For those who recognized the phrase, there was a certain religious or mystical appeal. The world was ripe for a big religious novel, and ready to welcome a novel which had a biblical label and plainly saw the world war, and life in general, as a spiritual conflict. Add that we were quite ignorant of the literature of modern Spain, and that such a source for the latest "Have you read" gave a pleasant fillip to our curiosity, and you have helped to account for its very large sale, in the first instance. But the book is still at the top of our booksellers' and librarians' lists. It has taken hold and kept hold, as a fact not to be disposed of

on mechanical or fortuitous grounds. Its broad panoramic effect at a moment when the world at war seemed more than ever a jumble of hopelessly unrelated fragments and tiny episodes, was nerve-steadying; as its faith in the triumph of good over evil was reassuring. And perhaps we felt, subconsciously, that if a mad Latin could speak so sanely, in time of crisis, we others, with our God-given margin of common sense and principle, must be safe enough!

One of the benefits of the war, however, has lain in the shaking up of this sort of racial self-complacency. For a time, at least, we have been really more than willing to emphasize the points of likeness in the races who were fighting together for a common cause—or at least a common object. We have been surprised and charmed to discover how "like folks" these Latins are when you get over the barrier of speech. The great increase in translations from the French and the Spanish has both borne witness to and assisted this process of discovery. That the most popular of them all should be from the Spanish rather than the French may be referable to a closer kinship between the Spanish and the "Anglo-Saxon" temperament and genius. Rabelais remains the exclusive treasure of the few among us, but who would ever think of a Cervantes Club? Don Quixote simply "belongs"; he is as naturally our property as Mark Twain. Partly, in consequence, we have thought about him, or felt about him, as a kind of unique and accidental product of Spain. As our South American commentator complains, "From Cervantes down to Blasco Ibáñez there is here, as in Europe, a blank ignorance of the intermediary literary generations. As a matter of fact, to suppose that the present novelists and poets of Spain have no other spiritual ancestors than the masters of the Golden Century is as absurd as it would be to affirm that the leaves of this spring have sprung from the fossilized roots of the trees of a prehistoric age."

In short, Blasco Ibáñez belongs to an unbroken line, and is but one of a family of contemporary Spanish story-tellers. The regional novel and the novel of social or religious or industrial reform have especially flourished among them. Most of the novels by Ibáñez we have in English belong to one or both of these categories: "The Cabin," "The Shadow of the Cathedral," "Blood and Sand," "The Fruit of the Vine" are all compounded of realistic detail and moral indignation. Only in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Mare Nostrum" do we find ourselves concerned with larger scenes and forces or, one may say, with the same forces working upon a vastly broader scene and scale. Both novels were written during the earlier part of the war, while the author was

living in Paris. "Mare Nostrum," one may guess, came first. In its larger way it also is both regional novel and novel of protest; a tale of the meridional, and an attack (so much more vigorously pushed in the later novel) upon Prussian diabolism. It is of generous, almost Hugoesque proportions. It tells a dramatic story about persons of strong human interest, but is not to be tyrannized over by the exigencies of rapid action. It is extremely copious in dialogue and especially in description. The love affair of Captain Ulysses Ferragut and the siren Freya reaches its first point of crisis in a chapter of thirty-six pages entitled "The Aquarium of Naples." Quite thirty of these pages are given to the detailed description of the creatures of the aquarium, scientific names and all—a remorseless piece of reporting hardly to be surpassed by Zola. Meanwhile our crisis waits until with her terrific kiss (the Young Person of yesterday would not have been permitted to read about that kiss) Freya seals the helpless Ulysses for her own. Will the hundreds of thousands who bid fair to buy this book (which ran to nine printings within a few days of its publication) dutifully peruse those thirty pages, or skilfully skip them and so all the sooner win to the spectacle of that almost unspeakable kiss?

It is clear, at all events, that this writer's prolixity is no bar to acceptance, a fresh disproof of the theory that the day of the three-decker is over. In truth, if the scope of a story be large enough, there is no visible limit to its bulk. This tale of the modern Ulysses, the far-wanderer who adventures on many seas, is beguiled by Circe, and plays his part for good and ill in the greatest of all wars, is but the glittering focus of a larger action. The publishers are justified in calling the book "the epic of the Mediterranean." *Mare nostrum*, ancient realm of Amphitrite, watery arena of so many combats, mother and survivor of so many civilizations—of thee we sing! Her our Ulysses betrays, in helping the entrance of German submarines to her sacred waters. Her he thereafter defends; and into her arms he gratefully sinks, when his time comes, as into his own place. A torpedo at last takes his ship, far from shore, where the lastiest swimmer is doomed: the doughty Ulysses is doomed. The closing page or two, in which a man is drowned naturalistically and a hero romantically finds his true beloved, well illustrates the method of Ibáñez. At the height of his physical anguish our Ulysses is rescued and made welcome by the cause of that anguish, the goddess of his sea whom he has dimly worshiped from childhood: "She stretched her pearly arms around him, pressing him close against her life-giving and eternally

virginal bosom. A dense and greenish atmosphere was giving her whiteness a reflection like that of the light of the caves of the sea. . . . His eyes had closed, never to open again; a bitter river of salt was running down his throat. . . . Nevertheless he continued looking at her,—more luminous, pressed closer and closer, with a sad expression of love in his glassy eyes. . . . And thus he went down and down the infinite levels of the abyss, inert and without volition, while a voice within him was crying, as though just recognizing her: 'Amphitrite! . . . Amphitrite!'"

H. W. BOYNTON

Moore's History of Religions

HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By George Foot Moore. Vol. II. Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IF there is a suggestive little touch of shock in finding Judaism and Christianity, even in the more or less awakened International Theological Library, figuring side by side with the "ethnic religions"—once so called—there can be no question that the experiment has amply justified itself. The quiet objectivity thus reached helps to steady both thought and imagination, and these two volumes go far to give the unified background for the whole series to which they belong. They do not give philosophy of religion, or history of doctrines however broad, or contemporary history of Judaism or of Christianity; still less do they give apologetics, but their aim is to be a picture of religion as man in multitudinous ways has shaped it and thought it and found it. It was most fitting, also, that Mohammedanism should be added as a third, similar in essential kind to the religions of Moses and Jesus. The wheel has come full circle, and it is now recognized, not only by historical scholars but by theologians and missionaries, that, on the one hand, Mohammed was the last in the line of Old Testament prophets and, on the other, that his Faith is a Christian heresy that has broken away from the parent stem but may again be grafted into it. And some most devout Christians even hold that we, in the crude materialism of our age, shall have to learn anew from Islam the naturally religious attitude to life and the spirit of reverence for God's actual presence in the acts of men.

In his admirable objectifying of ideas and their connections Dr. Moore gives few dates and as few crude facts as he can. He approaches every change and development on what might be called the biological side if metaphors from natural science were not so often misleading in matters of mind and emotion. Yet the little sketches of systems are never

permitted to become abstract or diffuse; they are most concrete and direct in phrasing. The balance of importance, too, is excellently preserved throughout. Very much, of course, in such a book as this must be second-hand—even the proportioning is much indebted to Loofs, Troeltsch, Walker and Goldziher—but it is second-hand of the best, verified, weighed, and tested. To and fro, also, between the three religions parallels of idea and development are briefly noticed; a method of illumining and vivifying which could easily have been carried farther in the case of the last two.

In all this a high standard of accuracy and impartiality has been reached. But besides such qualities Dr. Moore in his preface desiderates, in the historian of religion, imagination to think men's thoughts after them and sympathy to enter into their feelings. Writing in so compressed a style it has naturally been difficult to make these evident, and an essential coldness of brain, admirable otherwise for the purpose of such a history, has to appearance somewhat stood in the way of sympathy—at least in expression. We have a most clear picture of certain religions with great historic exactness as they looked—certainly as they now look—from the outside, but religion seems somehow to have evaporated from them. We are conscious of a sub-ironic attitude, never reaching the clumsiness of Gibbon's solemn sneer but rising to clearness in the last paragraph of page 379, the culmination of an admirable description of the modern tendencies of Protestantism.

This apparent lack of feeling for the emotional side of religion has in one or two cases affected the historical picture itself. A single paragraph is given to the "seers," the ecstatic and emotional "prophets" of early Israel, and in consequence the rise and development of the so-called "ethical prophets" are left unconditioned and inexplicable. Similarly in Islam the dervish organizations which carried the soul of the religion not only of the masses but of the theologians, while they are mentioned, are not stressed as they deserve. And it may safely be said that in these last is to be found the clue to the otherwise inexplicable appearance of the prophets of the eighth century in Israel. The part played also in the development by the writers of the Wisdom literature is not brought out. Ecclesiastes, a "human document" of the first value with an emotional experience behind its studied suppression, is not even mentioned. Yet it is evident that it had made a deep impression upon Paul and conditioned part of his system. Job is mentioned, but the mingled elements in it, full of significance for the drifts of thought of the time, are not recognized. Even the idea of Wisdom itself does not have its

due, and the relation, now becoming clear, between it and the Logos doctrine has (p. 171) only a dubious allusion. Yet it must have been fundamental for the thinking and the faith of Hebrews for centuries. The truth is that Dr. Moore is still under the spell of the Old Testament school which was fascinated by the prophets and could see nothing else of life in Israel.

In the treatment of Mohammedanism the statement of the principle of the Agreement is not sufficiently detailed or emphatic; it has been formative throughout the whole development and is the hope at the present day of a large school of Moslem reformers. Curiously enough, reform of Islam seems to be silently excluded. Judaism and Christianity are left in a rationally possible development, but the last chapter on Islam is headed, "Extravagant sects and derivative religions." This is hardly fair, for Moslem theology has shown as great capacity as any other for transforming itself while yet remaining orthodox. The Agreement has furnished an unassailable method. Again, the treatment of Ghazali, detailed as it is, does not do justice to his philosophical originality or to the wide influence of his system. The first Pragmatist, the anticipator of Hume and the neo-Hamiltonians and the teacher, if indirectly, of Aquinas, he played a more formative part in the thought of the world than Averroes or any other of the Arabic-writing Aristotelians. And may Dr. Moore be entreated not to speak of "Arab Aristotelians"? After the dubious case of al-Kindi they were no more Arabs than a mediæval Irish monk writing in Latin was a Roman.

D. B. MACDONALD

The Higher Law

THE RECKONING: A Discussion of the Moral Aspects of the Peace Problem, and of Retributive Justice vs. an Indispensable Element. By James M. Beck. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume, published in America under one title, "The Higher Law," seeks to emphasize certain moral conceptions and from them to draw conclusions which the author would have applied by the victorious Allies when fixing the terms of peace to be imposed upon the Germans. As these terms have now been determined, the volume has lost its immediate value, but to the moralist is of some interest because of the type of its argument.

In the first chapter Mr. Beck had no difficulty in showing that from earliest times there have been recognized moral laws to which have been ascribed a sanctity and binding force superior to either national enactments or the established conventions of international law. "Such

laws are higher, in the sense that they are primal and fundamental laws. They constitute the great unwritten constitution of human society. They are antecedent to all laws of the State, and, indeed, the latter are but the imperfect and partial expression of the higher law of morality."

In this Higher Law Mr. Beck finds embodied the principle of retribution. "When the great reckoning comes, if the demands of the Higher Law are forgotten in the exclusive consideration of purely ethnological and economic questions, then this war, no matter what the result, will have been fought to some extent in vain. The chief of these demands is retributive justice, and unless that ideal can be constantly borne in mind to the very end, the cause of justice will be compromised." "The Higher Law demands the destruction of the Prussianized Empire. To permit that predatory Government to continue would be to imperil the peace of the world afresh, for who can foresee what alliances that Empire, whether it calls itself a monarchy or a republic, by its iniquitous methods of intrigue, bribery, and bullying may not bring about in future years."

Without denying the correctness of this last practical conclusion—and also without admitting it—two objections lie against Mr. Beck's mode of argument. In the first place, it is impossible successfully to defend retribution as a moral principle, that is, to justify the infliction of injury solely for the sake of causing suffering upon the part of the persons against whom it is directed; and, in the second place, the appeal to a Law higher than that found stated in the established national and international laws of mankind is one that needs to be more carefully qualified than Mr. Beck has qualified it. In truth, Mr. Beck's use of a Higher Law does not differ in kind from that of the Prussians in their political philosophy. They posit a Higher Law that has regard for the prestige and greatness of their state, and to it subordinate all other human laws. Their mode of argument is no more illegitimate than is that of Mr. Beck. Both are absolutist in character. They differ only as to what they conceive to be the summum bonum.

In fact, however, Mr. Beck, like most other writers who begin upon the heights of absolute principles, soon descends to the plains of the relative, and argues upon the basis of specific facts. Thus, in the sentence which has been quoted, he urges that the Prussianized Empire be destroyed because of the iniquitous methods of intrigue, bribery, and bullying it has employed in the past. This is proper argument because it is rational to expect that what a people has done in the past it will continue to

do in the future. But it is not a conclusive argument, for it is conceivable that a people may come to see the error of its past ways whether judged from the standpoint of morality or of material expediency.

Still dwelling in the realm of the absolute and transcendental, Mr. Beck appears to believe that there is in human history a Nemesis which with certainty visits retribution upon those who condone wrong. Thus he argues that, had the other neutral nations not permitted Frederick the Great to commit the crime of seizing Silesia, or if they had refused to allow the Germans to annex Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, or if, on August 1, 1914, they, including the United States, had at once declared their indignation at the invasion of Belgium which the Germans were about to begin, the colossal catastrophe of the world war might have been prevented. The reviewer does not believe that there is any Higher Law or historical avenging force which inevitably brings retribution to those who commit or condone or otherwise acquiesce in the commission by others of wrongs, but he is strongly convinced that, as a matter of practice, nations as well as persons often store up for themselves future evil by a failure to act with energy when they see developing a situation which, unless checked in time, must lead not only to danger to themselves, but to results that are morally iniquitous. All the other nations of the world knew that a moral wrong was being committed when Germany tore from the side of France her two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, but they were then unwilling to take steps to prevent the deed. Few in America will now deny that it would have been far better for the world if, in deed as well as in thought, America had at once shown its official indignation at the invasion of Belgium. Many there were at the time who wanted this done, and President Wilson must for all time bear the heavy responsibility of having urged otherwise. But if mistakes of the past can not now be corrected, they can at least teach their lessons to the present. In an earlier contribution to the *Review*, the present writer described the situation that has developed in the Far East, since 1905, from the determination of Japan to obtain a dominant control in China, and she is now demanding that the Western Powers give their sanction to an act of aggression which will go far towards enabling her to realize this ambition. If considerations of justice and morality are not alone sufficiently impelling, are the nations of the West to give no heed to the lessons of the past?

In later chapters of his volume Mr. Beck views the world war as a drama and likens it especially to Shakespeare's

"Hamlet"—the United States being the Prince Hamlet of the literary analogy. The comparison is worked out in an interesting and ingenious manner but is not of sufficient importance to be here summarized.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

The Run of the Shelves

The Paris "Figaro" for July 19 contains a declaration of faith on the part of fifty-four leaders of French thought headed by M. Paul Bourget. It seems worth while to reproduce, in rough English translation, a paragraph from this address in which the majority of Americans might find pleasure and the minority profit:

If we feel the need of a philosophical, moral, and political thought which shall organize our experiences, if we aim to oppose to liberal and anarchical disorder, to the revolt of instinct, an intellectual method which discriminates (*hiérarchise*) and classifies, if in a word, we know *what we want and what we do not want*, we do not intend, on the other hand, to remain mere doctrinaires and critics. The methods to which we adhere require us to *understand* and engage us to *act*; they are essentially *creative*. But there exists a thought which blocks the way of thought, an art which is the end of art, a politics which destroys politics; it is these alone that we are determined to proscribe.

In this hour of unspeakable confusion, when the future of civilization is at stake, our safety is in the spirit. By combining against all the powers that oppose the spirit, we shall achieve victory. The human race will share the profits with us.

One must envy the character that in war time and on short leave from active service can write such a book as Romilly Fedden's "Golden Days from the Fishing Log of a Painter in Brittany" (Houghton Mifflin). It is in the great tradition of British angling literature—seriously fishy throughout, yet sensitive to all impressions of nature and rural man. The background of Breton legend is novel and entrancing. Captain Fedden is an eclectic, using the wet fly when occasion demands, or even bait; nor too fastidious to save a big fellow from the weeds by overhauling the line by hand. He has original views about the colors of artificial flies and believes in tying one's own. Of form and color we must take a trout's-eye view, which may be done with the aid of a finger bowl. The hero of the book is the local sportsman, Jean-Pierre, now buried before Verdun. His fishing of an impenetrably brush-grown stream with the natural fly is unforgettable. First with the pruning clippers he cuts holes in the thicket for his line and his landing net, then he begins operations with a bluebottle fly impaled on the smallest of hooks with only three feet of gut.

"He is now rhythmically tapping his

rod-butt, and one expects that at any minute he may break into an incantation, some Breton equivalent of the *Abracadabra* that thrilled us in the golden days of picture books. But he only keeps on tapping, while through the leafy screen of twigs the dead bluebottle is seen to be keeping even time, forever dancing on the face of the waters." A dark fin appears. "Then comes a second splash in the water, a good two feet nearer the fly, who is now dancing furiously, while our old friend's mouth grows tight, and curiously tremulous lines appear at its corners. Then on a sudden his rod bends. There is a short, sharp fight, till a net is dexterously inserted in a lower cave, previously cut close above the bank . . . Through this opening a fat pound trout emerges and is plumped upon the grass."

Our somewhat abridged quotation gives only one side of a thoroughly delightful book which many literary anglers, and some who are not fishermen at all, will promptly promote to a position alongside their Izaak Walton.

The Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching, delivered in 1918-1919 at the Yale School of Religion by Dr. John Kelman of St. George's United Free Church at Edinburgh, have been published in book form by the Yale University Press under the title "The War and Preaching."

Unlimited suffering, like that produced by the Great War, might have acted in either of two ways on religion. It might have chilled religion by making God less probable, or quickened it by making Him more necessary. The soldier might have been forgiven if present-day Calvaries had reduced the prominence of Golgotha, if he found himself questioning the effectiveness of a ransom which left its arrears of payment to be met nineteen centuries afterwards by the sacrifice of seven million lives. These views would be natural; on their soundness we need not pass. On the other hand, if God is a help to man, four and a half years of unexampled tribulation should have made that help well-nigh indispensable. Canning called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. It might have seemed that the demand of our own day was to call or recall the spiritual world into existence to redress the balance of the temporal. What could warrant the unbounded outlay of generous life except the confidence in spiritual reserves, the prospect of immortal compensations? Which of these paths would the world choose? Is there any evidence that it chose either?

Dr. John Kelman spent much time at the British front with the Y. M. C. A. He touched the war; he saw the soldiers. If the war spiritualized the hearts of clergymen, his book should furnish an

example of that fact; if it spiritualized the hearts of soldiers, the worth of his book as testimony should be considerable. Dr. Kelman unquestionably brought to the front in Flanders a liberal, amiable, and gentlemanly temper. That he brought back just that temper, without material addition in the form of profundity or fervor, is the supposition most agreeable to the contents of this book. Dr. Kelman comports himself unimpeachably; fire is *duly* stressed, heart throbs are *suitably* commended; the emphasis bestowed on feeling and vitality is an emphasis which no intelligent lover of the proprieties would diminish or increase.

We come next to Dr. Kelman as witness to the awakening of religion in the minds of the soldiers. He holds that some such awakening took place. Its scope is reduced by various reservations made by Dr. Kelman himself which rebound to the praise of his candor much more than to the welfare of his plea; and after the impartial secular reader has applied his own pruning-knife to the amended claims of Dr. Kelman, the residue is unexciting. The revival includes five elements or phases, which are called by these names: Fatalism, Mates, Sacrifice, Death, Resurrection. Fatalism means the belief that if a man's "number is up," he will be killed, and not otherwise. Resurrection means: "We don't want to sacrifice ourselves without some good coming to those we leave behind us." I think it would embarrass Dr. Kelman if he were asked in another world to submit these ideas as proofs of religion to John the Baptist, John Huss, John Knox, or John Wesley. It is not easy to see what would bar an agnostic or an atheist from the entertainment of these beliefs. The other three are slightly more religious in character, but the evidence is limited to a few generalities and a few anecdotes, and the dimness with which they are grasped by the soldierly mind is traceable in the honorable caution of Dr. Kelman's own statements.

Dr. Kelman's inadequacy as an affirmative witness is no demonstration of the falsity of his thesis. The establishment of a negative would be an extended and difficult process. The *Review* would be glad to think that the faculty of worship, which is surely one of the prerogatives and ornaments of human nature, had been rescued from its obscurity, or reclaimed from its obsolescence by the convulsion of a mighty war. Its mind and the case remain open.

Mr. E. A. Ross's little book, "What Is America?" (Century), a plain, but pointed record of timely facts, views the present situation with grave cheerfulness. In a world where cheerfulness is prone to be frisky and gravity to be

sombre, grave cheerfulness in a book is a solace and a virtue. Mr. Ross thinks that the onset of new conditions has overtaxed for the moment our powers of self-adjustment, but our resources balance our liabilities, if time be granted us to collect them. To use a figure not taken from Mr. Ross, we can pay one hundred cents on the dollar, if Destiny will but renew our note. Mr. Ross himself has confidence in the moderation of Destiny.

Mr. Ross's title is scarcely precise. His real question is "Où en sommes-nous?" The phrase, "What is America?", might be taken in another sense. What does America mean? What is her calling, her significance, among nations? We imagine a reply on the following lines. America is the result of the union of four things, a powerful race, a favorable territory, sound political habits, and a cautious idealism. Her great material advantage lay in the fact that she could oppose energy in the race to opportunity in the location. Her great moral advantage lay in the fact that the comparative righteousness of English traditional practice and the comparative sobriety of American ideals, with their strong double roots in the egotisms and the generosities of mankind, enabled ideals and traditions to blend as they have rarely blended in the history of nations. The American problem of to-day arises from the practical termination of the material advantage. The race, in the sense of the purity of the race, has disappeared from our land; an amalgam of all peoples is henceforth to be trusted with the stewardship of that tradition which was once the property of the English stock. The place, in a very real sense, has disappeared. The land and water, the plains and mountains, remain; but the *room*, which was the primary virtue of the place, has gone, and the *distance*, which was its secondary virtue, has been practically done away with—rolled up as it were by the contractile force of steam and electricity. The question that now faces us is the extent to which the fortune and the character of America will survive the removal of the material aids to which their debt has been so mighty. Time alone can solve that question; we may be certain, however, that its solution will be furthered by that spirit of vigilance, endeavor, and hope which is the animus of Mr. Ross's wholesome volume.

Denmark's popular authors, to judge from the demand at public libraries, of which the country, with its population of two million and a half, has over seven hundred, are in order Holger Drachmann, George Brandes, Zacharias Nielsen, Sophus Banditz, Hendrix Pontopidan, Johannes Jørgensen, Wilhelm Bergsø, and Johannes V. Jensen.

The Joy of Possession

WHEN Bela Kun was in power and Hungary was used as a laboratory for communist experiments, the chemical process of socialization included, among other elements, the appropriation by the state of all treasures of art. Private collections and galleries were confiscated and declared the sole possession of the sovereign proletariat. To the Bela Kuns of Hungary this sort of robbery may have been nothing more than one of the many contrivances to torture the possessing classes into despair, but, strange as it may seem, it was possible to hear this raid on private property praised by such among us as, had they lived in Hungary under Kunian dictatorship, would have been classed by him and his red guards as suspect bourgeois. I met an artist, not long ago, who had been in Munich during the Spartacist riots and had witnessed the excesses to which demagogues are driven by the intoxication of power. That man, in spite of his recent experience, was full of admiration for the Buda-Pest raid on private art.

"I'll tell you why I approve of it," he condescended to explain. "I possess a costly picture myself, a genuine Johannes Vermeer, a wonderful piece of work worth a capital, and, to tell you the honest truth, I feel guilty in keeping it all to myself. I have no right to exclude others from its enjoyment. The artist gave it to the world, and the world is robbed by me who lock it up in my studio. On the interest of the money I could get for it, a poor family I know in Munich could live and be happy."

"To whom would you sell it if you sold it, to a private individual or to the state?"

"To the state, of course, for by selling it to a collector I should persuade a fellow-creature to take my crime upon his conscience."

"But why not *give* it to the state? The community, you say, was robbed by your possession of the picture; is it fair that you should make the rightful owner pay for the thing you stole from him?"

"It would not be fair, I admit, if I kept the money for myself. But I should give it away to that poor family I told you of."

"You said just now that the rich collector, by taking your picture for his money, would burden himself with your crime of robbing society. Would that poor family not fall into the same trap by accepting the money that you won by theft?"

"True, but those poor wretches must live. They need not know how I got the money. If I gave the picture away to the state, neither the state nor those poor people would be the richer for my honesty."

"I don't understand. The state would not be richer? Would it not have got your valuable picture?"

"Don't try to be funny. The state can not feed them on that."

"But the state could lay aside as much money as the picture is worth, and give it to those poor."

"No, it could not. Why should the state single out one poor family; there are thousands of homes that have just as good a claim on the state's support. Besides, the picture, once given to the state, has no longer any market value. It would not be worth what I could have got for it."

"This is a queer puzzle: If you sell your stolen picture to a private collector, three will be better off for your dishonesty: the collector, whose pride and sense of beauty will be gratified by the new acquisition; the poor family, which, thanks to your money, will be saved from want; and the state, which will be relieved of the care of one destitute home. If, on the other hand, you restore the stolen treasure to whom you consider to be its rightful owner, none will benefit by your honesty: the collector will be disappointed, the starving home will go on starving, and the state will possess a picture which, by its gift to the state, will have lost its market value? If I were you, I should abide by dishonesty. It can not be such a very wicked sort of dishonesty that has such beneficent effects."

"You cynical scoffer! Does it not occur to your materialized mind that market value is an infinitely inferior quality to the imponderable value of beauty? By the gift of that picture I should enrich the nation with an inexhaustible fund of pure enjoyment. Hundreds of thousands would come and look at my Vermeer and go away purified in soul by the emotion that its beauty evokes."

"Those poor starving wretches, would they also come and feed their eyes on its beauty?"

"Not they; physical hunger makes them insensitive to any higher craving."

"You said there are thousands of homes in just the same straits. Would it not be better if the state let your and other people's pictures retain their market value and, instead of feeding the eyes of the susceptible on their higher beauties, devoted special care to the physical feeding of the unæsthetic poor? Besides, if all private collections were nationalized, the beauty of each individual picture would suffer from the overwhelming multitude in which they were hung. Artists never painted their works for wholesale exhibition. Common ownership not only decreases a picture's market value, it also lessens its æsthetic worth. Think of the portrait that Rembrandt painted of his mother hanging in

the living-room of his parents' simple home. Would it not be far more impressive in those surroundings, for which it was destined by the artist, a manifestation in color of a great man's devotion, than on the wall of a picture gallery, where, among the crowd of other scenes, the essence of its intimate beauty would be lost?"

"So you look upon public collections as the burial-places of art?"

"I do not mean that. Without them a people's life would be infinitely poorer. I do not curse the sun for shining upon all and every one, although I love it most for the beauty it adds to my garden. I do not curse the state for the claim it lays to the devotion of all its children, although I love my son best not as a prospective citizen, but simply because he is my own child. Even so I love the picture best that I possess myself. I count it mine not because I obtained it at the sacrifice of my hard-earned money, but because of my love for its beauty which made me capable of the sacrifice. There are hundreds of thousands who feel what I feel, and the sum of their individual loves for the treasures that they own is an essential part of social contentment."

"Can I add to your private contentment by selling you my Johannes Vermeer?"

"Sorry, I have not the money. Otherwise I should gladly take your crime upon myself."

A. J. BARNOUW

Bolshevist Propaganda Ninety Years Ago

BOLSHEVISM may appear strikingly new to this generation. But it is an old story in the annals of American history. The only new thing about its present revival is its name. The essentials of it are antique. Ninety and more years ago they were widely urged in the United States. The American workmen were not only pressed to rise and create a system based upon them, but a deliberate attempt was made to manipulate the workers' organizations in favor of the plan. The American workingmen rejected the programme, and did so after giving it the fullest consideration.

If practically all of our American histories are uninforming as to the agitation of that period, excuse can be found for the ignorance of Bolshevist promoters, many of whom are aliens. To obtain the full details of the extreme social and industrial innovations then proposed it is necessary to explore not only the newspapers but the pamphlets of that time. Both sides rather profusely campaigned by means of pamphlets. Of these but a few copies have survived, and they are discoverable only after extended search in old archives where, more by

chance than by design, they found safe lodgment. The pamphlets are the more interesting, for in them the proposals, arguments, and counter arguments are set forth. And it may be noted, by the way, that the age of pamphlets into which we seem to be entering is a repetition of the prevalent practice in by-gone times.

Industrial communism, free and easy marriage and divorce, children the property of the state, abolition of religious instruction—all of these and other changes decreed by the Bolshevik régime in Russia were proposed in the United States during the years 1826-1834. Lenin and Trotsky are fond of referring to Karl Marx as the great creator of ideas and as the monumental theoretical authority. But in many respects Marx only repeated theories that others had already advocated, and with singular ability, too.

The Bolshevism of nearly a hundred years ago, like that of to-day, became an acute public question with astonishing suddenness. But the approaches were gradual and may be clearly traced. The French Revolution and the anti-religious campaign headed by Thomas Paine had left their impression. Then came Robert Dale Owen with his gospel of perfect social and industrial equality. The story of the New Harmony Community of Equality that he established at New Harmony, Indiana, is tolerably well known—how all property was to be held in common and there were to be no idlers; how the greed of some members led to bitter disputes over property; how in 1826 the community was dissolved; and how Owen, disillusioned and weary, withdrew from the enterprise.

What followed this disruption forms the untold part of the story. A number of Owen's followers were "bright and ardent intellects"—exhibiting the qualities which are seen to-day in the leading agitators for Bolshevism. They refused to believe that human factors had any effect in causing the failure, just as the Bolshevik enthusiasts of to-day when confronted with facts decline to admit or even consider them. The parallel goes even further. Owen's chief followers stoutly objected to any charge that the experiment was a failure and insisted that their theory was unassailably correct; if tried on an extended scale it would, they declared, infallibly succeed. Similarly the Bolshevist leaders of the present, when faced by proofs that their theory hasn't at all worked out as planned, hold that nothing is wrong with the theory; all that it needs for complete success, they assure us, is trial on an international basis.

Those who clung with tenacious confidence to Owen's theories resolved upon a national agitation, making New York City their headquarters. One of these

was Frances E. Wright, a British woman who claimed America as her adopted country. Miss Wright started on a lecture tour throughout the United States, speaking in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, and in other cities. In her lecture on "Morals" she contended for free sex unions; for the separation of children from their parents; and for the establishment of state institutions in which the children were to be placed and reared. She also demanded the abolition of churches and Sunday schools. In another of her lectures she demanded the abolition of all class distinctions and declared that her goal was so to change the social body that "the American people shall present in another generation but one class, and, as it were, but one family." She denounced "the intellectual and moral inefficiencies of our professional classes," and appealed to the working classes to change the whole social order.

Commenting on her lectures the *New York Evening Post*, of January 10, 1829, said in part: "Of those who have attended her lectures in this city, the greater number have gone for mere curiosity, and as soon as this curiosity is gratified, her audience will be confined to the few free-thinkers who have sufficient zeal for their doctrines to attend a regular public exposition and defense of them. . . . In the meantime Miss Wright is at least entitled to courteous treatment as long as her errors are merely speculative, and are not attended with any practical immoralities." "A Mother," writing to the *Evening Post*, January 27, 1829, declared of Miss Wright: "She is an echo of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, whose writings had at one period so baleful an influence upon female society in England."

At that period a woman agitator was a distinct novelty. The excitement was increased by the ultra-radicalism of the doctrines preached by Miss Wright. But she was by no means alone. Seeing advantage in the sensation that she was creating, the group of men radicals clustered about her formed a movement to agitate for industrial communism, and set about to try to capture control of the workingmen's organizations, particularly the Workingmen's Party, formed in New York City in 1829. The leading spirit in the formation of this party was Owen of the New Harmony experiment. The workingmen were not at all anxious for any sweeping social changes. They were strongly individualistic, although willing to join in unions for the betterment of their economic status. They were specifically desirous of such reforms as a better school system, a mechanics' lien law, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, shorter work hours, and a stoppage of the promiscuous granting of bank charters, which often had the effect of

imposing depreciated paper money upon them as wages. In the election of 1829 the Workingmen's Party polled 6,000 votes, a large vote in the comparatively small New York City of that time.

How the Bolsheviks of 1830 went about getting the control of the workingmen's organization was related in an Address issued in 1830 by the "Majority of the General Executive Committee of The Mechanics and Other Workingmen of the City of New York." This Address opened by denouncing the propaganda to separate children entirely from their parents and deprive them of all books of a religious nature. It told how some of the New Harmony Community leaders had, after the failure of that experiment, settled in New York City. "In this city," the Address went on, "they managed rather adroitly than otherwise;—taking advantage of public feeling, which had strongly and almost universally expressed itself in favor of a more republican system of education, they endeavored to unite with it their New Harmony Community and State Guardianship plan." A number of these propagandists, the Manifesto said, had got on the Workingmen's Committee. "It was in vain," the Address further announced, "they were informed of the determination of the majority never to engage in, nor sanction so visionary a project. . . . But while we advocate a republican system of education, as the main pillar on which our political liberties are to rest, we stand unalterably opposed to the State Guardianship or Community system; we are not yet prepared to attempt the subversion of the order of nature, or to believe that this community will ever sanction the connexion of Agrarianism and Infidelity with our political concerns; we are too well acquainted with the character of the workingmen of this city; we have too high an opinion of the American people to believe for a moment that they will ever sanction such principles, or engage in so fanatical a crusade." The Address concluded by saying that the Communists promulgated principles "calculated, as we believe, totally to subvert our civil and social institutions, and to introduce anarchy, confusion and immorality into our country."

Defeated in their efforts to get control of the workingmen's organizations from within, the Communists tried the process of attempting to win converts by outside propaganda. They obtained control of two newspapers—the *Free Enquirer*, and the *Workingmen's Advocate*. They tried very hard to get control of a third—the *Evening Journal*—but they failed. Organizing "The New York Association for the Gratuitous Distribution of Discussions on Political Economy" they issued a series of pamphlets preaching industrial communism. One of these pamphlets, published in 1831, urged:

Would it be *wrong* that every business that can not be carried on by a single person should be conducted by associations in which all the members put equal property, and from which all drew equal profit or such proportion as they all agree upon? Would it be *wrong* that sailors under such circumstances . . . should own the ship they navigate? Would it be *wrong* that a hundred or other number of ship carpenters should in like manner possess their shipyard with its materials, and thus in mutual benefit build ships for those who want them? Would it be *wrong* that those who by hundreds and thousands spend their miserable lives in manufactories, should own those establishments and work them on their own account?

All of these and other pleadings of the same purport were unavailing; the workingmen remained unconvinced. The Communist movement collapsed. A little later came Fourierism, and that movement, too, passed away.

The details here given show many obvious resemblances between the Communist agitation of 1826-1834 and the Bolshevism of to-day. Both denounce the professional class, although, like the Bolshevism of these days, the movement of nearly a century ago was led exclusively by professional theorists. The project of dispensing with technical or administrative skill in the industries was then clearly implied, and the supremacy of manual labor then preached is the precise dogma upon which modern Bolshevism bases the fierce demand for "a dictatorship of the proletariat." In these respects, and obviously in many others, the Communism of ninety years ago bore striking resemblances to the Bolshevik programme, but the world in which it found itself was a very different one from ours, and we have yet to learn how speedily the present movement will spend itself or find new forms of expression.

GUSTAVUS MYERS

Books and the News

[Under this heading there will be presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt will be made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print will be avoided, and books in English will be preferred to those in other languages. These articles will not include bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles will be written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Strikes

AS with all sociological and industrial questions, one can keep accurately informed about strikes only by reading

the most recent sources of information—newspapers, government reports, and articles in periodicals. An excellent textbook in some respects becomes soon out of date, with no reference to the latest developments. A view of the historical background, however, a correct account of the causes and results of notable strikes, as well as a discussion of certain unchanging characteristics of all labor disputes, may better be obtained from the book of five, ten, or twenty years ago than from the columns of today's paper.

Carroll D. Wright's "The Battles of Labor" (Jacobs, 1906) gives brief and readable chapters on the history of strikes in ancient and mediæval times, descriptions of great American strikes with their conduct and effects. In "Industrial Arbitration," by Carl H. Mote (Bobbs-Merrill, 1916), the author discusses labor legislation and experiments in England, France, Germany, and Australasia, as well as industrial legislation in America, and the terms of settlement of famous strikes in this country. The investigator who becomes cheered by the roseate title of Henry D. Lloyd's "A Country Without Strikes" (Doubleday, Page, 1902) is later saddened to read, in other works, of strikes in New Zealand, the country which Mr. Lloyd describes. The book is valuable, nevertheless, for the account of the Compulsory Arbitration Court. Oscar T. Crosby's "Strikes: When to Strike, How to Strike" (Putnam, 1910) includes some interesting, though somewhat paternal, discussion of the morality and legality of strikes, questioning: do they pay? "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler (Lane, 1913), is a valuable and thorough history of the boycott from the first employment of the term in Ireland in 1880, with accounts of such events in America as the railroad boycotts in the 1890's, the Buck's Stove and Danbury Hatters' cases, the legal aspects of the boycott, and the attitude of foreign and American courts towards this kind of weapon. Julius H. Cohen, in "Law and Order in Industry" (Macmillan, 1916), describes the strikes in the clothing industry in New York, the "protocols" and settlements, while the strikes of coal miners are given a careful, historical study in Arthur E. Suffern's "Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America" (Houghton, 1915).

Books about the labor question in general usually contain sections devoted to strikes. Thus, there is an important chapter on strikes and boycotts in "Labor Problems," by Thomas S. Adams and Helen L. Sumner (Macmillan, 1913). The chapter includes tables showing the causes of certain strikes, the percentage of them ordered by organizations, (Continued on page 372)



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It is suggested that anyone who is interested would profit by addressing the undersigned at an early date.

Herbert E. Moore, Lee, Mass.

(Continued from page 370)
 and their success or failure. George G. Groat's "Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America" (Macmillan, 1916) devotes about one hundred and eighty pages to a scholarly study of strikes and lockouts, and is strong on tables of statistics. There is a briefer but useful chapter on strikes, lockouts, blacklists, etc., in Frank T. Carlton's "History and Problems of Organized Labor" (Heath). A. J. Portenar, author of "Organized Labor" (Macmillan, 1912), is a firm believer in labor organizations, who defends the strike as "our last, dread resource."

Railroad strikes are of such supreme importance that the reader may care to look at Edward Hungerford's "The Railroad Problem" (McClurg, 1917). Five of its readable chapters discuss the labor situation and the railroads. Another book on a related topic is "Violence and the Labor Movement" by Robert Hunter (Macmillan, 1914). This is a history of the birth of terrorism and of the use of violence in the spread of socialism and in labor troubles, with an account of the conflict between those who favor "political action" and those who are for "direct action" or violence. Finally, the reader who wishes to know of still more references about strikes—especially articles and books antedating those mentioned here—should consult A. P. C.

Griffin's "Select List of Books (with References to Periodicals) on Labor, particularly Relating to Strikes." This was first published in 1903 by the Library of Congress.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Cannan, Gilbert. Mummery. Doran. \$1.50 net.
 - Ibañez, V. Blasco. Mare Nostrum. Dutton. \$1.90.
 - Johnston, Sir Harry. The Gay Dombey's. Macmillan. \$2.00.
 - Lyons, A. U. A London Lot. Lane. Short Stories of the New America. Selected and edited by M. A. Laselle. Holt. \$1.35 net.
 - Street, Julian. After Thirty. Century. \$1.50.
 - Wodehouse, P. G. Their Mutual Child. Boni & Liveright. \$1.60 net.
- BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY
- Repington, Charles à Court. Vestigia: Records of an Active Life. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.00.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- The Man Versus the State. A Collection of Essays by Herbert Spencer. Edited by Truxton Beale. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Bevan, Edwyn. German Social Democracy during the War. Dutton. \$2.50 net.
- Coleman, Frederic. The Far East Unveiled. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00.
- Frost, Stanley. Germany's New War Against America. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

JUVENILE

- The Children's Fairyland. Translated and adapted from the Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy. Holt. \$1.50.

POETRY

- Deutsch, Babbette. Banners. Doran. \$1.25 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page. \$2.00 net.
- Watts, H. W. Jehovah: God of Battles Up-to-Date. Winston. \$1.00 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- Harris, Rendel. The Origin of the Doctrine of the Trinity. Longmans, Green. \$1.00 net.
- Hopkins, E. W. The History of Religions. Macmillan. \$3.00.
- Jastrow, Morris, Jr. A Gentle Cynic. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

THE ARTS

- Herford, M. A. B. A Handbook of Greek Vase Painting. Longmans, Green. \$3.75 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- De Carlo, C. The Flying Spy. Dutton. \$2.00 net.
- Gaines, Ruth. Helping France. Dutton. \$2.00 net.
- Galsworthy, John. Addresses in America, 1919. Scribner. \$1.75 net.
- Hamm, E. C. In White Armour: Life of Captain A. E. Hamm. Putnam. \$1.50 net.
- Harris, J. R. Origin and Meaning of Apple Cults. Longmans, Green. 60 cents.
- Man, Henry de. The Remaking of a Mind. Scribner.
- Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils. Scribner. \$1.35 net.
- Smith, R. W. The Sober World. Marshall Jones Co. \$2.00 net.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 18

New York, Saturday, September 13, 1919

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GENERAL PERSHING is entitled to a deep sense of satisfaction that such honors as he receives at the hands of the American people are not a bit more than he richly deserves. He does not get an earldom and a fortune, but he is made free of the small and distinguished company of America's great military leaders, and it will occur to no one that he is not perfectly in place there. Picked for his job, in the first instance, very much in the manner that a corporation would set about choosing the best available salesman to open a new and difficult territory, he has done his job, one of tremendous scope and beset at every turn with possibilities of going wrong, in a thoroughly workman-like manner. It was a soldier's job, and he discharged it like a soldier. The one thing needful, without which a potential American army endowed already with so many excellent qualities would never have become a real army and a victorious army, was discipline. This indispensable thing he supplied, and supplied successfully because he was himself the perfect embodiment of it. If the history of the war had been differ-

ent, if we had been called upon to face, like the European nations or like the North in our own Civil War, long periods of depression approaching discouragement, then General Pershing would have been called on to display other qualities than those of the master organizer. But military men have enough to worry about without considering the "might have beens." As a matter of fact, the war ended as it did largely because General Pershing from the start saw the necessity of building up a distinctively American army and never lost sight of the means essential to that end. What he achieved was perfectly adjusted to the object proposed. There was in his performance of the task a clear-sightedness, a tenacity of purpose, and a fine economy of effort which a grateful and admiring people would like to compliment themselves by calling American.

I AM in favor of and would gladly vote for the treaty and the League covenant as it was originally presented to the Senate by the President without amendment or reservation. . . . I also believe it is of the highest importance to this country and to the world that it be ratified without further delay.

What conclusion does Senator Simmons, Democrat, of North Carolina, draw from these premises, and from the additional fact that ratification "without amendment or reservation" is not attainable? He draws the common-sense conclusion that the only thing to do is to reach "some compromise between those who favor the treaty and covenant without reservation and those who are in favor of it with conservative reservations of interpretative character." It is safe to say that this is the actual state of mind of at least three-fourths of the whole membership of the Senate, Republican and Democrat. Why not act upon it? Why not speak out now, and thus hasten—and make sure—the only solution of the problem that has the merit both of being attainable and of being reasonably satisfactory to the country as a whole?

IT is no ordinary desire to celebrate, but a profound sense of public need, that has led to the organized effort to make this year's anniversary of the birth of the United States Constitution a day of special observance. Eight national patriotic associations have united in this effort, and have enlisted in behalf of it

the interest of a large number of eminent public men and civic organizations throughout the country. It is most earnestly to be hoped that the impulse thus given will result in a genuine revival of interest in the momentous instrument which has been the cornerstone of American liberty, security, and greatness. Beyond the eloquence and the patriotic appeal of the celebration itself, there should come well-devised plans of public enlightenment on the essential elements of the Constitution. That these have long been lost sight of by the great mass of our people—not to speak of the utter ignorance of them prevailing in a large section of the population—is one of the primary reasons for the movement, the other being that undermining of respect for the Constitution which has so long been deliberately promoted by certain "advanced" thinkers, with little check from its supporters. Our readers will find, in the article contributed by David Jayne Hill to this issue of the *Review*, an impressive account of the situation with which the lovers of our country's institutions find themselves confronted.

THERE was real life and feeling in the honor done last Saturday to the memory of Lafayette, in New York and in many other American cities. The enthusiasm that Lafayette's generous service to the cause of freedom awakened at the time, and again on his visit to America in his old age, can never be reproduced. The busy life of a later age will never sufficiently acquaint itself with the facts, or get near enough in spirit to feel their deeper significance. But the Lafayette tradition lives nevertheless, and holds no minor place among the ties that keep France and America at heart together. And every new stirring into active expression of this sentiment, as on last Saturday, is heartily to be welcomed. Before the genuine fire of such manifestations, petty misunderstandings and infelicities must wither away. It is a singularly fortunate chance that Lafayette day coincides with the anniversary of the First Battle of the Marne, which, says Admiral von Tirpitz, "was a terrible blow to the [German] army leaders, and left them stunned and baffled as to the future." With this added reason for celebrating, so nicely in harmony with Lafayette's life-work and character, our youth will

not soon be allowed to forget just why our forefathers left us so many Lafayette Avenues, Lafayette Squares, and other forms of Lafayette memorials. But the greatest gain in the present situation is the fact that Englishmen and Americans can to-day join in the two-fold celebration, honoring without reservation not only the skill and courage that beat back the first mad lunge of Prussianism at the Marne, but also the memory of Lafayette, in whose legacy of the generous spirit of liberty modern Britain stands as co-heir with modern America, and with every true devotee of human freedom, whatever be his country or his race.

LYNCHINGS, and truculent expressions of the lynching spirit, are deplorably prominent in recent news from the South. We have no idea that the disturbances that have occurred in Washington, Chicago, and elsewhere presage anything like a race war. But it is quite within the possibilities that troubles between whites and blacks may, in the present time of widespread unrest and unsettlement, attain dimensions far beyond anything that has been experienced in the past. The South ought to feel that the least it can do for the general welfare, in this situation, is to put a stop to the lynching savagery, which has done more than anything else to create bitterness and ill-will among the negroes. Never has the duty resting upon Southern men in places of authority or influence, to do their very utmost to stamp out this disgrace, been so imperative as it is to-day.

ELIHU ROOT spoke like the wise man he is when he expressed himself in favor of wiping out the business of attempting to bring about justice by a multiplicity of statutes. A statute too often represents merely what some bright young man thinks would remedy his own particular grievance, or else it may merely embody that particular stage of the muddle at which collective ignorance, through press of other business, decides to abandon it, to the confusion alike of the courts that try to interpret it and the people who try to live under it. But the source of the trouble is with the people themselves: as a people our confidence in the efficiency of laws has quite obscured our fundamental respect for law. Laws are many and complex, law is comparatively simple. Formulas and short-cuts and "happy thoughts" are countless and alluring; common sense is perhaps only apparently growing less common and less like sense.

THE various bills before Congress providing a bonus to all soldiers enrolled in our armies are not called for by existing conditions or by any

sound theory of military service. Our armies have been compensated more liberally than in any previous instance in history. For all cases of disability incurred in service, and for dependents of the slain, more ample provision has been made than ever before. In these proposals for a cash bonus, regardless of need and based simply on the fact of enrollment, it is difficult to see anything else than a bid for the favor of the "soldier vote." Let us hope that there is to be no soldier vote to bid for in the sense which such a bid suggests.

THE idea that nations possess an individuality as clearly definable as that of separate human beings is a tenet of modern thought inextricably interwoven with the new conceptions of international law and a League of Nations. The war has revealed to us the truth of the old lesson taught to an unheeding world by Grotius three hundred years ago that a nation should be held responsible for the crimes of its government; but responsibility presupposes a consciousness of self which is the hall-mark of individuality. Language gave expression to this notion long before statesmen and diplomatists could be brought to admit that Grotius was right: a brave people, a young, a mature, an old, a dying nation are commonplaces of speech investing the conception of national entity with the distinctives of individual existence.

It is in keeping with this conception that the Great Powers, the wise grown-up nations, have begun to bring up and educate the children in the nursery of Europe. But the training of children is an art which only the gifted can master by dint of long and devoted study. To suppose that the diplomats and statesmen of the Entente could have wakened from the nightmare of the war fully accomplished pedagogues is an insult to the teaching profession. A man who was trained so to use his words as to conceal his thoughts is not, at a moment's notice, converted into a mentor of children, for whom the first commandment should be: Be straightforward with them. And if the children are given in charge of more than one teacher, these should take good care to agree on their methods and programme, and not to bring their wranglings into the class-room. It is a dangerous mistake to let little Aristides and Cyrillus know that the masters are not unanimous as to which of them deserves the prize. And to punish Rumanos for his greed, the natural vice, after all, of his barbarous age, without, at the same time, rewarding him for his bravery which holds a promise for the future, will undo the good of a year's training by the poison of resentment instilled into his proud little mind.

The nurses of the Norland Institute in London, they say, are taught never to tell their charges, "Don't do this, don't do that." To be forbidden is hateful to children, but they will readily obey a command if it is explained to them why it is given. But the fewer one gives the better, for the less they are made to feel the tutor's guidance the better chance their individual qualities will have of developing their possibilities to the full.

M. CLEMENCEAU is terribly at ease in the Academy. He does not propose to let immortality bore him. He will wear no livery of green and gilt, he will make no speeches, he will pay no dues—in short, he will live a mortal among mortals and visit Olympus only when and as he pleases. The world will relish this gesture of his in something the same spirit that it treasures Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield. If he refused altogether, the world would like him still better. The Academy needs M. Clémenceau, but having extended its invitation it could manage to get along without him. M. Clémenceau does not in the least need the Academy. But if he accepts its invitation, once having in effect expressed his opinion of the tardiness of it, he should be willing to play the game.

THE report is current that Mr. H. G. Wells has turned his attention away from fiction for the present and is engaged in the composition of a 350,000-word history of the world. That Mr. Wells should write a history of the world, as he sees it, is not at all unlikely. Such a work would perform a useful function as underpinning for his ideas, expressed in his novels, as to what the world is to-day and what it ought to do with itself for the future. But why the assumption that in doing this Mr. Wells has turned his attention away from fiction?

ARCHÆOLOGISTS of the future will have a merry time of it when some fortunate among them uncovers the graceful and appropriate tablet which the *New York World* dedicated the other day to the memory of its staff who served in the war. PRO PATRIA ET ARMA they will read, doubtless with some difficulty and misgiving, and then the fun will start. What language is it? Esperanto, in which all cases are alike? No, a monograph will prove conclusively that, in the early years of the twentieth century, memorial inscriptions, whether they meant anything or not, were always in Latin. A necessary hypothesis, but a difficult one on which to work. Professor Müllenowitz-Willemdorf of the Republican-Democratic University of Berlin will publish a brochure establishing, to his own satisfaction, that in the

vulgar Latinity of that day *arma* was a feminine noun meaning *exercitus*, or army. "For the fatherland and the army—a very beautiful and becoming thought (*dulce et decorum*) and an interesting case of the climax of ideas." A more daring school of conjectural emendators will advocate the substitution for the offending *arma*, or even the grammatically less whimsical *armis*, of the excellently appropriate *mundo*; "for the fatherland, and, may I not add, for the world, or *World*." The contention which will eventually carry the day, however, will deftly throw it out that, with a view to enhancing the delicacy of the tribute, the task of preparing the motto was entrusted to the unaided ingenuity of the composing room. And composing rooms, we all know, are everywhere inhabited by descendants of the prophet Habakkuk, who in his day, as they in ours, was *capable de tout*.

"THERE is no difficulty in demonstrating," says a writer in the *Dial*, "that a unit of human effort and skill can produce to-day at least a hundred times as much as was possible a hundred years ago." If the writer had said that there are certain articles of which a unit of human effort, aided by modern inventions and discoveries, can produce a hundred times as much as was possible a hundred years ago, a careful reader could accept the statement as at least probably true. But the words quoted are pointless, in their context, unless they are taken to mean that the power of production per unit of human effort as a whole has been multiplied one hundred times within a century. So stated, the assertion melts into mere absurdity to any one who stops to think. But perhaps that is no serious injury to its value as an argument for those to whom it is addressed.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY is suffering a bit of unpleasant notoriety from lack of due caution, it would seem, in the selection of a new Professor of Sociology. President Grose had chosen Arthur W. Calhoun for the position, to begin service in September, the permanency of the appointment being conditioned upon approval by the board of trustees, to whom the matter would be referred on the occasion of their next regular meeting. Tentative appointments of this kind are, of course, of everyday occurrence in college administration. In the meantime, however, United States District Attorney Clyne, of Chicago, has given to the press a letter by Professor Calhoun in which radical socialistic views are expressed, with unmistakable indication of his disposition to use his professorship for the active propagation of such views. He is not sure of the possibility of "the imme-

diately revolution," but is convinced that it can be hastened by spreading the notion that it can come soon. To that end, he believes in "keeping ultimates everlastingly in the centre of attention, to the exclusion of mere puttering reforms." Confiscation is one of the measures to which he declares his firm adherence. Incidentally, he mentions a visit from a representative of the *Nation*, who assured him that its circulation had greatly increased since it "became Bolshevik." Greencastle dispatches state that the publication of his letter has caused much indignation in DePauw University circles, and it seems doubtful whether his appointment, not yet passed upon by the trustees, will be allowed to stand. No doubt certain organs of radical agitation will see in this a violent assault upon freedom of thought, and a grave peril to democracy. But the common sense of the American people revolts against the idea of turning our colleges into tools for the destruction of the very civilization to which they owe their existence. The claim that freedom of thought and utterance requires any such policy is absurd.

STODDARD DEWEY, in another column of the *Review*, gives an interesting discussion of the causes underlying the constant attempts to stir up prejudice in America against the French. Doubtless all the causes suggested are at work, but one can not believe that all combined will be able to produce any widely spread or deeply rooted ill-feeling. Too large a portion of our people are aware of their shallowness and interested in counteracting them.

There is one source of irritation, however, not mentioned in Mr. Dewey's article, which France herself can and should remove. We refer to the condition unfortunately existing in the Paris police office, to which American civilians must go for the requisite endorsement upon their passports before sailing for home. The tiresome waiting there seems at first a mere matter of inefficiency, but a man with eyes and ears alert can soon detect that the apparent inefficiency is only a rather clumsy cover for a detestable system of petty graft. The slow of perception, and the honest, tire themselves out with waiting—five hours in a case personally known to us—while others, by the deft use of a little money, purchase their way through in a few minutes. Persons who had used this method did not hesitate to come out into the corridor where others were waiting and tell the secret of their success. The numbers handed out to applicants on entrance to the corridor were not successive, but in utter confusion, thus making it a little less easy to detect the fact that the holders were not regularly called to

the inner office in the order in which their numbers had been assigned. A careful scrutiny of what was going on, both in the corridor and in the inner office, gave ample evidence that the force at hand could easily have taken care of every applicant with no tiresome waiting, if such had been its purpose. The trouble was organized graft, not confusion due to the overcrowding of an undermanned office. An emphatic statement and denunciation of this dishonesty, made to one of the officials most clearly involved, drew only a cynical smile in reply. It is a pity that hosts of American travelers must carry back to their homes so exasperating a memory of their departure from France. In the interest of that good feeling which we all desire, the passport division of the Paris police office should be subjected to a severe overhauling.

THE Circulation Department of the New York Public Library is asking the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for increased support. The request is entirely reasonable, and we hope that it will meet with a prompt and generous response. The endowment of the Library is sufficient to support only the great Reference Department of the Central Building, and the Circulating Library housed under the same roof. The forty-two branches and six sub-branches located elsewhere depend upon the city for their maintenance. These branches carry almost the entire burden of circulation work of the Library, lending an average of over ten million books each year to readers in all parts of Manhattan, Bronx, and Richmond boroughs. The educational influence of such a work is beyond measure; and yet the allowance for its support during the present year was only \$765,000, as compared with \$837,000 for 1918. And this reduction has taken place at a time when books cost more than ever before, and when the salaries of librarians and assistants should in simple justice be substantially increased. Branch librarians are receiving from \$115 to \$150 per month, while the different grades of assistants run at \$55 to \$65, \$70 to \$85, \$80 to \$95, and \$90 to \$110. It is evident that a suitably trained force can not be held together for such meagre compensation. The pay must be materially increased, or the work must suffer inevitable and serious deterioration. The higher interests of New York are too closely bound up with this work to permit of the latter alternative. The library budget made up for 1920 calls, we understand, for a little over one million dollars. This contemplates no great advance, questionable in these times of stress, but only a necessary adjustment of salaries and a modest increase in the purchase of new books.

Mr. Wilson on the Stump

IF ALL of the President's speeches had been like the opening speech of the series at Columbus, they would have called for but one comment. The speech was everything that an appeal to a great Constitutional democracy, addressed to it by the head of the nation at a time of momentous parliamentary crisis, should not be. "The only people I owe any report to are you and the other citizens of the United States," was its opening declaration. Near its close, he said: "I have not come to debate the treaty. It speaks for itself if you will let it. . . . I am not going anywhere to debate the treaty. I am going to expound it." And nowhere between this beginning and this ending did he come to grapple with the situation confronting him and the country in the actual division of sentiment so long and so seriously manifested in the Senate.

The President is within his rights in "reporting to the people." It is not absolutely beyond the bounds of possibility that a speech-making tour of the kind he has undertaken might evoke a popular response so unmistakable that all men would recognize in it the authentic voice of the nation. But against the attainment of such a result there is in any case an almost overwhelming presumption; something infinitely more conclusive than the mere assembling of great crowds, or their enthusiastic plaudits under the speaker's spell, is required for it. But in the present instance the possibility is incomparably more remote than in the case of an ordinary question of politics or government. The issue in the Senate is not the simple issue of acceptance or rejection of the peace treaty; not even the simple issue of establishment or non-establishment of the League of Nations. The question is whether, in a transaction which its advocates would be the last to deny is of supreme importance for the whole future of the nation and of the world, we are bound to forgo any effective precaution against what many men of the highest intelligence and the most sincere patriotism regard as grave dangers for the long future, upon the plea that recourse to such precautions would involve insuperable difficulties or bring on unbearable evils in the immediate present. To suppose that a question of this kind can be authoritatively answered by the apparent popular response to a series of campaign speeches is to suppose something very like a miracle.

In the speeches subsequent to the opening one at Columbus, there is far more substantial matter than in that first utterance; but there is no attempt

to accomplish the one thing needful. Mr. Wilson does, indeed, expound many aspects of the treaty, sometimes in very effective language; but he proceeds upon the curious hypothesis that to dwell upon its merits is to answer all charges of demerit, and the still more curious hypothesis that any opponent of the treaty as it stands who does not couple with his criticism an exposition of its virtues is a deliberate misleader of the people. In almost every speech he makes such thrusts as this:

The Covenant of the League of Nations is a covenant of arbitration and discussion. Had anybody ever told you that before? I dare say that everybody you have heard about this document discusses Article X. Well, there are twenty-five other articles in it and all of them are about something else.

If Mr. Wilson's audiences are so lacking in intelligence as this kind of talk implies, it matters little what they think about the treaty. Of course, as a matter of fact, they are not; and if for the moment such a remark may make an impression, surely the slightest reflection will remove it. Everybody knows that a man engaged in making objections to Article X is under no obligation to rehearse the content of the other twenty-four articles; and furthermore, the fact that the Covenant is "a covenant of arbitration and discussion" is as familiar to the entire public, and has from the beginning been as familiar to the entire public, as the fact that a League of Nations is under consideration at all.

Let us consider one of the few instances in which Mr. Wilson does take up a specific point of objection. In his speech at St. Louis, speaking of our obligations under Article X, he says:

What these gentlemen are afraid of is that we will get into trouble. If we are a party [to the quarrel in question] we are in trouble already. And if we are not a party, we control the advice of the Council by our own vote. And, my friends, that is a little like an open and shut game, and I am not afraid of advice which we give ourselves. And yet that is the whole of the bugaboo which these gentlemen have been parading before you.

The first part of this facile disposal of a big question we may pass over; the President is right in saying, as he did, that it is practically certain that we shall not ourselves be a party to any act of territorial aggression. But Mr. Wilson must certainly know, and the more intelligent part of his audience must also know, the plain answer—a perfectly obvious one—that has been given to what he says on the second point. If we are to preserve the right of Congress to decide whether the country shall or shall not follow the advice of the Council, the presence of an American member in the Council would, in circumstances easily possible, not be an aid but a detriment. The American

member of the Council might not reflect in his action either the sentiment of the country or the judgment of Congress; and one of the reasons most strongly urged in favor of the reservation expressly reciting the prerogative of Congress in the matter is that the decision of the one man who happened to represent us in the Council could not be regarded as definitely binding the country. Upon what theory of intelligent public discussion can a shallow bit of campaign oratory like this be regarded as a sufficient answer to the serious arguments of Senators and publicists?

Nowhere does the President put himself more clearly on the plane of the stump-speaker than in his repeated challenges to opponents to offer a substitute. He taunts them with having nothing to propose; he defies them to draft a treaty better than the one made at Versailles. This is wild talk; it would be wild even if it were true that no proposal were before the country except that of unconditional acceptance or absolute rejection. It takes away from the force of the many effective things which the President says in favor of the general ideas of the treaty and the League; for such loose talk—and there is an abundance of it on a dozen other phases of the treaty—can not fail to engender suspicion of the soundness of those parts which really are sound. And to sum up his challenge to the Senate in the phrase "put up or shut up" is to add to the poverty of the thought and the inaccuracy of the statement an exhibition of bad taste for which nothing less than a triumphant completeness in the argument could furnish excuse.

We regret to have to say these things. We have been hoping, these many weeks, that a common ground could be found upon which the President and the advocates of reservations which would not imperil the speedy completion of the world-settlement would get together. We still entertain that hope. It is even possible that the President is looking forward to such an end, and imagines that his speeches will promote its attainment. If so, we can only say that he has, in our judgment, adopted a course calculated to produce quite the contrary effect. A genuine discussion of the actual points of difference, a discussion that would put the controversy on a higher, not on a lower, plane, is what the situation demanded. Whatever the crowds may say or do, from Columbus to San Francisco, certainly no Senator is going to be moved to better thought or to higher action, no Senator is going to be won over or conciliated, and no Senator is going to be intimidated, by such speeches as these. Let us hope, at least, that if they will do no good, they will do no harm—that Senators who have all

along felt the full solemnity of their duty upon this great question will hold fast their purpose. If they do—if they act upon the clear perception that it is of the utmost importance both that the treaty be promptly ratified and that the future of our country be guarded by reasonable reservations—they have it in their power to bring about a sound settlement, regardless of any aberrations of speech which either the President on the one hand or extremist Senators on the other may have permitted themselves.

The Committee's Proposal

THE reservations drafted by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, together with the outright amendments previously adopted by the committee, make perfectly clear the lines of division in the Senate. On the one side are the unqualified supporters of the President, comprising probably nearly the whole of the Democratic membership of the Senate. On the opposite side are a large proportion—but no one knows exactly how large—of the Republican members, standing for a course sufficiently indicated by the Foreign Relations Committee's position. Between these two extremes there is a group of moderate reservationists, certainly of sufficient dimensions to command the situation so far as majority votes are concerned, and very probably capable of determining a two-thirds vote if only it asserts its position with sufficient impressiveness and determination. The few extremists, like Borah and Reed, who are uncompromising and undisguised opponents of the treaty, we are leaving out of account.

In this situation, it is of the utmost importance to realize just what are the essential differences between these three elements. As regards the President's position on the one hand and that of the moderate reservationists on the other, it is safe to adhere to the view, heretofore expressed in these columns, that the difference between these has virtually become narrowed down to the question whether the reservations proposed by the moderates shall be adopted as part of the act of ratification or shall be separately passed as a mere record of the Senate's understanding. The President himself has stated that the substance of them meets his approval—that they are a mere expression of what is sufficiently understood without them, and that, therefore, the only objection to their embodiment in the act of ratification is that such embodiment would require the reassembling of the Peace Conference, with the delays

and uncertainties that such reassembling would entail. To this the advocates of the reservations have replied that the matter contained in them is of such inoffensive character as to make the assent of the other leading Powers, either tacit or by a simple exchange of notes, practically certain; and that the vital purpose for which the reservations are designed would not be served by separate resolutions, since these would be of no binding effect on our international relations.

The Foreign Relations Committee's proposals carry us into an altogether different atmosphere. Among them are included explicit amendments of the treaty—amendments demanding for the United States six votes in the Assembly of the League, almost completely excluding the United States from participation in the commissions created under the League, substituting China for Japan in the Shantung provision of the treaty. Obviously the adoption of these amendments by the Senate would be a rejection of the treaty, and would necessitate a re-convening of the Conference if the United States is to be a party to the treaty at all. But even if the amendments be rejected by the Senate, the reservations drafted by the Foreign Relations Committee would of themselves suffice to bring about this result. Instead of the careful language of the moderate reservationists, the Committee has deliberately chosen to formulate what it calls reservations in terms that can be understood in no other way than as outright nullification of the provisions to which they relate. This is especially true as regards Article X. Nothing could be more sweeping than the statement that "the United States declines to assume, under the provisions of Article X, or under any other article, any obligation" to do any of the things called for in that article; and the curious and obscure limitation, "except by action of Congress," with which the reservation winds up, does little or nothing to break the force of this comprehensive disclaimer. The reservation amounts to an annulment of Article X, and even more; and it would have been more honest to formulate it as such. Manifestly, the adoption of it would wreck the treaty.

To prevent this calamity—for in the present state of the world it would be a calamity whose extent no man can foretell—it is urgently necessary that sober and right-minded men, without distinction of party, should, from this moment forth, use their utmost endeavors. No treaty can be passed without a two-thirds vote of the Senate. There is no reason to believe that a two-thirds vote can be obtained either for the treaty without effective reservations, or for the treaty changed as the

Foreign Relations Committee proposes. The only standing-ground on which a two-thirds vote can possibly be assembled is that of the moderate reservationists. Is it possible that, through obstinacy, or partisanship, or even bad judgment, the one way to bring about the settlement for which all the world is pining, the one way to avoid incalculable losses and perils, will not be availed of?

The Peace Treaty with Austria

AUSTRIA, in pre-Napoleonic days, used to be called the stronghold which protected civilized Europe from the inroads of Ottoman barbarism. On her strength the safety of Europe was felt to depend. When, in 1683, Vienna was besieged by the Turks, pessimists prophesied the impending catastrophe of the civilized world, and at the news of their repulse by John Sobieski western culture realized that Austria's martyrdom had worked its salvation.

Present-day Europe is no longer conscious of any debt of gratitude to Austria. The rulers at Paris find more safety for France in her weakness than in her strength. They do not want her to be strong so as to be a formidable opponent of the Turks, they want her to be weak that she may seem a less eligible candidate for incorporation in the German "Reich." No positive task is henceforth assigned to her; she will gain the approval of Paris by the negative merit of renouncing any claim of relationship with Germany. The right of self-determination seems, in her case, to have been defined as a negative right only, allowing the Austrian people to decide under what rule they will not be placed. But the right to determine of what state they wish to form a part is denied to the ten millions who now constitute the population of German Austria.

The disintegration of the old Dual Monarchy, though it precipitated the military collapse of the Central Powers, is hardly a success for the Entente from the political point of view. Racial jealousies will hinder the non-German states from ever forming a close-knit anti-German union, and the greater the discord among them the stronger will be Germany's position as the only integrate political Power of Central Europe. The Council at Versailles sees no better solution of the vexed problem than by crippling Austria to such an extent as to make her worthless as an ally of the German Empire. The demand of the Entente that the clause in the German Constitution providing for the representation of German Austria in the National Assembly be excised amounts to little

more than a formality which will make surety doubly sure. Being burdened with a national debt far exceeding her solvency, cut off from her cognates by a ring of Slav states, and depending for her coal supplies on the doubtful good will of Poland and Czechoslovakia, Austria is a bankrupt state, deprived of the means by which she might recover from her fall.

According to the Associated Press correspondent "there seems to be a general feeling of dissatisfaction in Peace Conference circles with the Austrian treaty, which was adapted from the German treaty and does not fit such a small Power very well. The Council, however, agreed on virtually all sections of the treaty because there was a general weariness over the prolonged discussion." The words of M. Clémenceau's note contradict this accusation of cynical indifference on the part of the Council as to the fate of the Austrian people. It may be true that, owing to the initial mistake of using the German peace treaty as the manikin on which the treaty with Austria was to be modeled, the discussions became of wearisome length, but the Council certainly did not turn this result of a wrong start into a reason for making a worse finish. Not weariness of the supreme judges in council, but their conviction that only a disabled Austria can safeguard the world from a renewal of the late German danger, accounts for their crushing verdict.

The credulity of bygone days attached prophetic significance to this Latin expansion of the five vowels: Austria Erit In Orbi Ultima. Thus pride has its fall: she who dreamt to outlast all, will be, not the last, but among the least of the nations.

Our Duty in Siberia

THE press dispatches from Washington of the past fortnight have led us to expect the recognition of the Kolchak Government and the announcement of a positive Russian policy. At the same time, however, these reports have been extremely pessimistic as to the situation at Omsk and there is implied a connection between these latter reports and the delay in recognition. In other words, the impression is given that the question of whether we shall support Admiral Kolchak depends upon the strength and efficiency of the Government of which he is the head. On the face of it, this seems like a sensible proceeding and a means of assuring ourselves that we are not backing a losing cause. Such a statement of the case, however, ignores what has gone before, and indicates an opportunist attitude that reflects upon our good faith.

Men of vision have seen clearly that

the attainment of durable peace depends upon a solution of the Russian problem, and that all other European adjustments are secondary to it. For a time, there appeared to be a certain confusion of mind as to the issue between the Bolshevik power and those groups of Russians who were carrying on the struggle to recover and restore their country as a national Russian state. But this confusion, which was exemplified in the Prinkipo Conference proposal and the Bullitt and Steffens Mission, finally passed, and the allied and associated Powers at the Paris Conference realized the imperative necessity of supporting the general movement of all the anti-Bolshevik forces.

Wishing to reassure themselves as to the democratic intentions of the Omsk Government, to which the anti-Bolshevik movements on all fronts had pledged allegiance, they addressed, on May 26, a dispatch to Admiral Kolchak, asking certain definite questions and laying down specifically the conditions of recognition. On June 4, Admiral Kolchak sent a frank and unequivocal reply. The Paris conference found this satisfactory, and in consequence declared, on June 12, that they were "willing to extend to Admiral Kolchak and his associates the support set forth in their original letter." This promise was "to assist the Government of Admiral Kolchak and his associates with munitions, supplies, and food, to establish themselves as the Government of All-Russia." This, of course, constituted a pledge on the part of the Powers and was signed by Lloyd George, Clémenceau, Orlando, Makino, and President Wilson.

Nearly three months have elapsed since this pledge was given and there has been an inexplicable delay in fulfilling our part of the obligation. Apparently, we sent Ambassador Morris to Omsk to make further investigations and there seems to be a disposition to condition the fulfillment of our pledge upon his report. In other words, if he finds that, as a result of the three months' delay, the Omsk Government is in a desperate situation, we are to consider ourselves absolved from our promise of support.

Such an opportunist policy would not reflect credit upon America or improve our reputation for good faith. The present difficulties of Admiral Kolchak and his associates constitute the greater reason for the immediate fulfillment of our pledge lest we be justly held responsible for a lamentable catastrophe. It is of the utmost importance that the unity of the national Russian movement represented by Admiral Kolchak's Government, and its legal continuity, be maintained. The Russians have had all too little political experience and there is grave danger that if the present Govern-

ment should fall, it would result in uncoördinated attempts to set up governments in other liberated regions of Russia, attempts that would set loose rival political ambitions and partisan aims, happily composed by the general allegiance given to Kolchak. The collapse of the Omsk Government has further a very immediate significance for America, as it would result directly in the triumph of the reactionary element in Siberia, working in coöperation with Japan and subservient to her Siberian aims. The failure to keep our pledge of support and assistance can not but have a far-reaching effect upon our future relations with Russia and the Russian people.

The College Back Again

A TWELVEMONTH ago our colleges and universities were bending every energy to adapt their teaching force and material equipment to the hastily devised Students' Army Training Corps. Some imagined in this situation a wholly beneficial wrenching of college wheels out of long-worn ruts. Education was now to have direct application, practicality, *punch*, if you will. A few saw nothing but confusion, fatal to real educational progress at the start and made worse by rapidly succeeding inconsistent directions from the governing committee at Washington. Others, more judicious, regarded the movement as a fairly workable method of providing for certain war necessities which, in a rough way, would have accomplished its end if the war had not ceased just as the system was getting into action. But no college man will now deny that it caused a year of wearisome confusion from which all immediately involved were glad to escape. As college men and women come together again, during the next three weeks, thankfulness that the war itself is over will not find more frequent and heartfelt expression than gratitude that the troubled days of the S. A. T. C. are no more.

But now that both war and S. A. T. C. are over, will American college life go back substantially to its former content and method? The indications are that the answer must be, "Substantially, yes." The pillars of the educational temple have not been pulled down. One college may have dropped a specific entrance requirement; in another, certain language prerequisites to certain degrees may have been set aside; still another may have introduced new technical courses suggested by war experience; and many have made tentative provision for the voluntary organization of a Reserve Officers' Training Corps. But changes such

as these have marked our college life every year now for a whole generation. When one looks for some sign that the war has really revolutionized that life, one looks in vain. And thinking men and women, the parents of the students now assembling, may rejoice that this is so. If the devoted thought and toil of educators during ages past had led us to results fit only for the pedagogical wrecking-engine and junk-heap, one could have little faith that the intellect of to-day, the product of so miserable a failure, could devise any wholly new system, demonstrably better, to take its place. No, our colleges will suffer no cataclysmic revolution. Holding firmly to many good things wrought out in the past, they will go on as usual in their search for improvement, at whatever point the need and possibility may be shown. New growth will come as the normal evolution of a live organism already existing.

It was, of course, to be foreseen that educational radicals would interpret the war as a herald of the immediate realization of their particular ideals. To one, the eclipse of Latin and Greek was now to become total and permanent; to another, current events were to take the place of the history of the past; to a third, applied science, in the narrowest sense of the term, was to have the field virtually to itself. But all such narrow visions are doomed to disappointment. The world of to-day must have the specialist, that of to-morrow doubtless still more; but civilization will never survive on a diet of specialism alone. The more numerous the varying lines of minute specialization become, the greater must be the need for minds broadly enough trained to grasp these divergent interests in their relations to one another and keep them in harmonious movement towards a unified end. Through lack of an adequate broadening element in his education, the specialist himself is often so blind to important interrelations of his subject as seriously to limit his own advancement and the value of his work.

Greek and Latin will still have their part to play, because they have for ages constituted a vital element in the fibre of civilization as it stands to-day, among the greatest forward-moving races of mankind. To Greek traits of intellect and character we owe enormously more than is indicated by a mere count of the small number among us who attain any really extensive accomplishments in first-hand Greek scholarship. The Greek spirit is too vital, too penetrating, to stop within the limits of this small circle. If the study of the Greek language, of Greek song and oratory and drama and philosophy, of Greek life in general, were permitted wholly to die, we should lose not merely the sprinkling of

Greek scholars that we now possess, but one of the most pervasive intellectual and spiritual influences of the past twenty-five centuries.

The study of Latin, if any heed is to be given to thoroughness in educational methods, stands to gain as a result of the war. The over-attention given to German in the public schools was naturally followed by extreme reaction as a consequence of the war. A proper balance will slowly be restored, bringing a due amount of German back into the High Schools as an elective, but international readjustments of the past five years make it certain that modern-language instruction in our High Schools, for a long time to come, will be devoted chiefly to French, Spanish, and Italian. Cultural, material, and sentimental interests are now drawing unitedly in that direction. But French, Spanish, and Italian are alike daughters of the Latin, and a considerable knowledge of the latter is essential to comprehensive scholarship in any one of them. So far as our new interest in the Romance tongues, then, is to go deeper than a mere superficial conversational facility, it will carry with it an increased attention to Latin. And colleges preparing young men and women to teach the languages directly descended from the Latin can not fail to recommend the study of Latin to candidates of this class without impeaching their own standards of scholarship. Nor will thoughtful superintendents and boards of education be disposed, in building up their Romance language departments, to place the teaching of these tongues in charge of instructors who have neglected this important part of their preparation. Thus a clearly discernible vocational interest, touching thousands among the millions in our public schools, has been added to the motives for the study of Latin.

We can not foresee, then, any imminent danger that such important subjects as Greek and Latin will be permitted to drop entirely out of our educational system, or to wither to the point at which they would cease to be a vital element in our life and progress. It is merely a question of more or less; and we believe that the deeper insight and broader outlook alike called for as a result of the war require more rather than less. This is not to say that there can be no broadly and soundly educated man without some direct knowledge of Latin and Greek, nor is it to depreciate the necessity and the essential value of any other line of study. The claim is merely that experience has demonstrated the immeasurable worth to the world of a type of education in which these subjects do form a vital part. And that worth has declared itself not merely in perpetuating a certain type of genteel "culture," the importance of which

many would question, but in giving to the world countless examples of the readiest versatility, and the most virile and profound administrative ability, in handling the complex problems of modern social and political life. Whether this discipline of classical studies can be "transferred" or not, one need not stop to inquire, either of the young specialist in the pedagogical research laboratory or of the New York Transfer Company. The laboratory of the ages has demonstrated that we get from the more broadly trained mind a broader and saner grasp of the more intricate problems of life, and in this fact not merely Latin and Greek, but all genuinely cultural studies, have their complete justification.

In spite of occasional sensational suggestions to the contrary, the American college is essentially a sanely conservative institution. In its willingness to preserve a due freedom of speech in the class-room, it often tolerates utterances from ill-trained and indiscreet instructors which, presented in startling form by the sensational press, lead to the mistaken opinion that it is a very hotbed of destructive radicalism. And when, now and then, it drops from its faculty roster—possibly without adequate justification—some member who has identified himself with radical agitation, it is denounced by doctrinaire extremists as the foe of all progress and the hired tool of vested interests from which its endowments have been derived. But through it all, the balance has been so maintained as to win increasing respect from the mass of thinking people, who want neither stagnation on the one hand nor revolution on the other, but an orderly progress on the upward path of civilization. It is from this element, in large predominance, that our college halls are again filling, fuller, apparently, than ever before. And the college is to be congratulated that, in coming out of the distracting vicissitudes of the war with unimpaired power and purpose to resume its traditional service, it is exercising a potent influence in steadying the supports of society at other points of possible danger.

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Lenin's Lying Legion

THERE is no doubt that the German Foreign Office reached a high degree of efficiency in the manipulation of propaganda in foreign countries, both enemy and neutral. In diabolical plans this organization ranked in importance with any branch of the military machine, and unlike the military did not suspend its operations with the signing of the armistice. It is, in fact, probably more active to-day than ever.

But efficient as they are, the Germans can give no points to Lenin and Chicherin. With them propaganda is the very basis of military as well as political strategy, and they have developed it into a science. They have established schools for the training of propagandists in all languages, and with each military expedition goes a complete outfit for the printing of handbills and pamphlets. Agents, plentifully supplied with money, are sent across the lines to corrupt soldiers, and especially to appeal to the cupidity of the criminal elements in the rear.

At the present time their chief enemy is the All-Russian Government at Omsk, whose efforts to recover and restore the national Russian state threaten the overthrow of the tyranny at Moscow. The Bolsheviks concentrated the pick of their forces on the Ural front and for a time achieved noteworthy successes over the army of Admiral Kolchak, greatly inferior in numbers and almost destitute of supplies. Now, however, their advance has been stopped, the Siberians have again taken the offensive, and Denikin is pushing up from South Russia. So the Soviet Government has redoubled its propaganda activities, especially in America.

These activities are manifold and cover many fields. In many cases the German partnership is evident. Everywhere there is a remarkable coördination of effort, as if directed by an efficient General Staff. Take, for example, the Y. M. C. A. Last year they managed to infiltrate this worthy organization with numerous agents in the persons of Russian Jews of Bolshevik sympathies. The fact that they spoke Russian was a great argument for employing them in Siberia, and it was easy to secure credentials for them. At the front they got in their deadly propaganda work, and finally the whole organization had to be removed, and America's reputation suffered greatly in Siberia. They were no less active among the American troops at Vladivostok, breeding dissatisfaction and discontent.

In America their agents, chiefly Russian Jews, have been busy circulating the most absurd lies concerning Kolchak and his government, in the endeavor to

discredit it in the eyes of the public and prevent its recognition. To one who knows the real conditions in Siberia the purpose of this campaign of falsehood and slander is evident and the motives that actuate our pro-Bolshevik press are manifest. Publicly they disclaim any connection with or friendship for Bolshevism; they are not Bolsheviks, but—they wish to see the Soviet Government given a fair deal; they are true democrats and consider Kolchak a reactionary, bent on a restoration of Tsarism; they demand an immediate Constituent Assembly, so that the Russian people may choose their own government; they call for "hands off Russia" and the withdrawal of American troops; but they are all working for one and the same end: the defeat of the Russian national movement and the success of Lenin and Trotsky.

The latest vicious attack upon Admiral Kolchak and his associates comes from a female pro-Bolshevik, which was given exceptional prominence in the columns of the *New York Globe*. The woman in question is Mrs. Gregory Yarros, a Russian Jewess, formerly known as Marie Sukloff, and reported to have gone by the name of Shkolnik during her recent sojourn in Siberia. Some years ago, under the name of Sukloff, she wrote what claimed to be an autobiographical account of her life as a terrorist in Russia, entitled "The Life Story of a Russian Exile." It is a weird book of fiction in which the author, self-hypnotized, related a series of stories of revolutionary adventure adopted as her own.

She and her husband went to Siberia some two years ago, the latter ostensibly as a correspondent for the Associated Press. Strangely enough, they went on Russian passports. He went through to Petrograd, while she remained in Siberia to carry on Bolshevik propaganda. During the seven months that the Bolsheviks had possession of Siberia, she was in her element, and afterwards, under Avksentiev, the Socialist Revolutionary, and the Directory, she met with no difficulties. It must have been rather dull for her, however, until the Kolchak Government started to bring order out of chaos and gave her a fresh opportunity to exercise her talents as an agitator and conspirator. At one time she tried to return to America and made a fraudulent passport application as an American citizen, but was found out. More recently she apparently has succeeded in tricking the passport authorities, probably with the assistance of Bolshevik friends in the United States.

It is a weird mass of falsehoods that she relates concerning the Kolchak Government, and her observations of its

activities are so palpably untrue that it seems unnecessary to take the trouble to refute them. Her whole story is a piece of Bolshevik propaganda. Her tale of the murder of thirty-six members of the Constituent Assembly is a sample. After the Bolshevik rising of December 21, 1918, was put down, some three Constituent Assembly members were taken from the prison by an officer who presented a forged order, conveyed outside the town, and shot. Their bodies were not displayed in the public square. The Omsk Government had nothing to do with this lynching, and the guilty officer was tried and executed. Yet she relates that Kolchak had thirty-six members of the Constituent Assembly killed and that she saw their bodies lying in the public square! She was probably not within two hundred miles of Omsk at the time. Her tale is simply another of the hysterical hallucinations that were to be noted in her book.

On her way east from Omsk she saw three Bolsheviks hanged from telegraph poles, and she makes up a fine story that would have us believe that these cutthroats were innocent martyrs to liberty. Of this Consul John A. Embry relates:

By a curious coincidence Mrs. Yarros and I were fellow-passengers on the express from Omsk to Vladivostok. I saw everything that Mrs. Yarros saw on the trip which she described so graphically in the *Globe*. It is a fact that there were three Bolsheviks hanged to telegraph poles near a little way-station between Krasnoiarsk and Irkutsk, but Mrs. Yarros failed to add, in describing this scene, that throughout this region there were to be seen a dozen or more trains, wrecked by Bolshevik bandits. Mrs. Yarros also failed to state that she, like myself, barely escaped being in a railway wreck that would undoubtedly have cost us our lives.

We were warned, after leaving Krasnoiarsk, that these bandits were making so many attempts to wreck the express that we could travel only by daylight. I personally photographed several of the trains they had wrecked. Naturally the passengers were nervous. We reached the little station of Taishet about dusk, and some thought that this would be a comfortable place to spend the night in view of what had been said about travel after dark. Someone, however, must have given valuable information to the conductor, for the train did not stop at Taishet, but two stations farther on.

A couple of days later, when we reached Harbin, we learned that the night which we spent near Taishet, May 6, 1919, a band of 1,200 Bolsheviks attacked the station at Taishet, expecting to capture the express there, burnt down the station, and killed all the railroad officials they found there. A hot battle ensued with the little detachment of Czecho-Slovaks located there, in which 18 of the latter were killed. The Bolsheviks left 108 dead on the ground. It is curious that Mrs. Yarros has nothing to say about her narrow escape from these murderous outlaws.

The comments of Mrs. Yarros on the political situation in Siberia are so ludicrously false and so manifestly malicious that they do not deserve attention.

There is, however, a tragic side to this organized propaganda campaign, apart from its political significance. The men and women chiefly engaged in it, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Yarros, Joshua Rosett, Louis D. Kornfield, Gregory Zilboorg, are Russian Jews. The peasants of Siberia believe the Bolshevik régime to be a Jewish movement. Admiral Kolchak, loyal to his convictions of religious toleration and to his pledge of protection

to the Jews, is to-day standing between the Jew and destruction. His overthrow will be the signal for horrible pogroms, in vengeance for the devil's work these propagandists are carrying on. What a tragedy it is that the very men who should be supporting the honorable and high-minded head of the Omsk Government are doing everything in their power to undermine and discredit him.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Birthday of the Constitution

THE anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States will be celebrated on Wednesday, the seventeenth of September—one hundred and thirty-two years after the event—as it has never been observed before. This is not, however, the first time that the Constitution has been honored with a public celebration of an impressive character. In 1887 its one-hundredth anniversary was made the occasion of a brilliant popular festival in Philadelphia, its birthplace, when great processions thronged the streets, led by troops sent from each of the thirteen original States, headed by those of little Delaware, the first State to adopt the Constitution. President Cleveland dignified the occasion with his presence and made a brief address. Two years later, in 1889, the one-hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the Union under the Constitution was celebrated with equal ceremony in New York, where the new Government was first located under the Presidency of Washington; and on this occasion President Harrison was present and voiced the unanimous sentiments of the country, as his Democratic predecessor had expressed them two years before.

A century of experience had left the people of the United States proud and happy in the possession of a form of government which all rejoiced in believing the most perfect that had ever been enjoyed by any nation. The dangers of the critical period between the Peace of 1783 and the era of the Constitution were almost forgotten and the still more trying time of the Civil War had been safely passed. Respect for the Constitution had survived the struggle regarding its meaning. The curse of slavery, which had threatened to destroy the Union and create two hostile nations, had been abolished. The principles upon which the Government had been founded had been tested, and had been found to be sound and practicable. Other countries, the most advanced and liberal in the world, had followed the example of the United States in adopting written constitutions, and it was universally conceded that wherever the character of the people was sufficiently established to

be capable of self-government the problem of organized liberty had been solved. No voice in the whole population, which had grown from less than four millions in thirteen States to seventy-five millions in forty States, was lifted in criticism of the nature of the government which had given the people an unexampled growth in prosperity and contentment. The reason for these celebrations was, therefore, simple and universal—the Constitution had brought to the whole people unity, security, and happiness.

During the first decade after those celebrations, the general reverence for the Constitution continued unabated. But new influences were creeping in from other countries. The marvelous industrial and commercial development of the German Empire became an object of admiration. The fashion had already set in of considering Germany the centre of modern civilization, and her schools were thronged by young men from America eager to hear the last word in every branch of science. Already we were importing not only German ideas but even German professors. One of them will be recalled as describing the attitude of the American mind towards the Constitution as one of "ruinous idolatry," while in his books he condemned the Constitution as a "fetish." He, with his colleagues and disciples, represented a different political system—the doctrine of the omnipotent state. Its industrial and commercial triumphs seemed convincing. Nowhere had "efficiency" attained such apparent perfection. Our so-called "individualism" was represented as weak and wasteful. Germany was organic, and hence true to biologic law. America was atomic, and therefore on a lower plane of development. We were lacking in authoritative leadership. Politics and economics must be based no longer upon the individual, who is of slight importance, but upon society as a whole; that is, upon the state as the efficient and authoritative organization of society. The destiny of the individual is, in future, it was said, to accept the commands of the state, which rules by right of superiority. To the disciples of the German school of

politics and economics our system, or lack of system, appeared provincial, and was denounced as almost an anachronism. What was needed, they said, was administration. This depended upon the increase of power in the hands of the executive. The division of the public powers, the localism of the legislative bodies, but especially the restrictions of the fundamental law as interpreted by the judiciary, were all regarded as obstructive of the ends in view. Not being in the German manner, they were not considered scientific. Legislation should be free from all prescriptive control, and it should always emanate from "higher up." In short, the true principle of government is centralized authority; as in Prussia, for example. To this the Constitution, they considered, was an impediment. Unable, on account of its restrictions, to put into operation the innovations of ingenious minds, the intellectuals began to repeat the derogatory comments of the German professors, with the result that in our higher educational institutions, to a greater extent than the general public is aware, men of influence had ceased to be interested in native Americanism and had lost faith in our political institutions.

Another influence, not less potent and emanating from the same original source, has been imported into our country in the persons of a wholly different class, having the same general conception of the state, but regarding it from another angle of vision. To them, as to the imperialists, the state is power and the authoritative shaper of society; but their experience of it has been that of an expropriating agency. Coming to this Republic, they observe that the people control the state. They look upon democracy, which they do not understand in the American sense, as a means, not of changing the essential character of the state as they have known it in its omnipotent form, but merely, so to speak, of changing the ruling dynasty. In their experience with government they had seen the prince and the possessors of wealth who shared his authority sitting alone in the seats of power. To those who had thus come to view the state as an instrument of class interests, under which they were oppressed, the change needed appeared to be, not a movement towards individual personal liberty, for which they cared but little, but the control of the state by the class to which they belonged. The change to be instituted must be a change of masters, but masters there were still to be. The doctrines of Marx, which saw the real enemy in capital, pointed to the state as the sole proprietor and to the proletariat as the ruling class in the state. Where the intellectuals were merely academic and negative, these men

were revolutionary. What the natural defenders of American political conceptions had not only ceased to defend but were prone to treat with supercilious indifference, these theorists, often fired by the fanaticism of intense sentiments which narrow lives and imperfect education rendered bitter and aggressive, began planning to overthrow completely.

The first objective of this class, now become dangerously numerous in this country, is to destroy the system of Constitutional government altogether. Its vulnerable point is the provision for Constitutional amendment. When the barriers to facile change are once swept away, the process of demolition will be very simple and very rapid. As a paper seized in one of the schools of communism reads: "It is hoped that the proletariat will conquer his enemy, the capitalist class, with as little bloodshed as possible." If the guarantees of the Constitution can be gradually destroyed, the revolution will be readily accomplished whenever an active and persistent minority chooses to impose it. If there are not in the American people enough perception of these designs and courage to resist them in their beginnings, the last acts of intimidation promise to be very summary.

It is impossible in the space that can be accorded to this article to specify the ramifications of the social, economic, and political theories that constitute the volume of this portentous movement to destroy the Constitutional system in this country. Happily, for the readers of the *Review* this is unnecessary. The signs of the times are at present too numerous, too varied, and too foreboding to require a detailed enumeration. In ordinary times, the propaganda of the irresponsible persons who are engaged in this work of social disruption and who make of it a profession, would receive little attention. Busy and contented men and women would not listen to them. But at the present moment the soil of the public mind is peculiarly susceptible to the growth of ideas distinctly revolutionary. That most of the radical doctrines propagated are reactionary, anti-social, and utterly incompatible with any true understanding of society as a harmonious and prosperous whole, makes little difference. The vision of immediate change comes as a relief to many minds, quite apart from the ultimate consequences which it would involve. Two conditions favor sudden and untried experiments: a general feeling of discontent, and the absence of those deep settled convictions and moral certainties that characterized a period when life was less complicated, when time for reflection was more common, and when faith in higher things was more firmly fixed. We at present have occasion, therefore, to regard the anniversary of

the fundamental law upon which our whole system of American legal rights and social security is founded, quite otherwise than in the years of the centenary celebrations when there was no note of fear for the future. Those celebrations sprang spontaneously from the minds and hearts of a grateful people, who were filled with contentment and rejoicing that their heritage of freedom was so ample and so sure. To-day, we see the whole structure of organized liberty menaced on every side, at a moment when we have undertaken international responsibilities such as we had never before contemplated as even possible. We have conquered the enemy in Europe; but, unless held in restraint, we have to deal with a more dangerous enemy in our own population. Our only imminent peril at this time, unless we commit the fault of incurring enmities which we might wisely avoid, is from the foes of our own household.

More than ever before in the history of this Republic, the duty is forced upon us to reëxamine our foundations and to see that they are adequately protected. We all recognize that the Great War in which we have successfully participated has in many respects unsettled our national life. Millions of men ordinarily devoted to the pursuits of peace have been called to consecrate their time and energies to the exigencies of sanguinary strife. They have fought the battle of freedom abroad, and we believe that they will, if necessary, fight for it at home. But what we require at this time is not preparation for battle, but the understanding and the moral strength to uphold our national honor and character in case a conflict should demand our action.

We have a new cause for satisfaction in our American institutions in the fact that they enabled us materially to win the war and Constitutionally to undertake and carry it to a conclusion; for we must not overlook the provisions for the "common defense" in that great document which enable us legally to protect our national rights even on foreign soil. But the conditions of peace are not the conditions of war; and we must now, unless we are to change our form of government, come back to the Constitutional provisions for peace.

It would be an error, however, to imagine that the present dangers to the Constitution have been wholly produced by the exigencies of war. Before our participation in the war was dreamed of by any one in this country, even before the war began in Europe, the assaults upon the Constitution were begun. Considerable numbers of organized bodies, of large membership, had passed resolutions against judges being permitted to declare certain legislative acts unconstitutional. The recall of judges by popular vote, and also the recall of

their decisions, have had large following in this country. The courts have been attacked in a voluminous literature because they enforced the guarantees of the Constitution regarding "due process of law." In 1913, a situation had been created that was considered alarming by close students of public sentiment.

It was in that year, to arouse interest in such questions in the light of principles and experience, that "The National Association for Constitutional Government" was established at Washington by a group of patriotic men who were anxious regarding the tendencies of that time. It was discovered that a whole generation had grown up in almost abject ignorance of what is distinctively American in our system, that the higher institutions were under the influence of German doctrines regarding the ideals of government, and that in the secondary schools the instruction regarding government was mostly perfunctory. To remedy as far as possible this deplorable situation, a quarterly review of a serious character was established under the editorship of a highly trained and experienced scholar and writer. Accessions came slowly, but with increasing interest as the need of this work became apparent, until now this movement has become an established institution, to which all who have an interest in the subject may rally with the assurance that it will continue as long as there is a Constitution to expound and defend; and yet it needs and desires a wider influence, a larger membership, and a more liberal support as a permanent influence for the preservation of Constitutional government in the American sense of the word.

Events which it is needless here to enumerate have tended to revive the interest of thoughtful men and women—it is gratifying to know that thoughtful women are enlisted in this cause—in bringing home to honest minds throughout the country the meaning and value of our great inheritance of legally organized liberty. A few months ago, eight of our leading patriotic societies united, under the lead of The National Security League, in a campaign to make the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States an occasion for a nation-wide educational movement. An organizing committee, composed of prominent citizens and an honorary committee including the Governors of nearly all the States, mayors of cities, bar associations, and boards of education, covering the whole country, has been formed. Almost all of the forty-eight States are now organized for the celebration of that day in a manner appropriate to its importance. In thousands of cities, towns, and villages capable speakers will present to the people and

to the schools brief expositions of the meaning and value of our fundamental law, based on a carefully prepared collection of literature which has been freely distributed under the direction of Dr. Robert M. McElroy, educational director of the League. The purpose is to impress upon the mind of the public that true Americanism does not consist in a mere sentimental attachment to the land where one happened to be born, but in devotion to the principles and institutions which have made this a great, free, and prosperous nation. It is this that gives meaning to our flag, which is its visible symbol.

It is not merely the fifteen millions of foreign-born persons now living in the United States who need instruction upon this subject. The majority of our native voters do not realize the distinctive character of our political institutions. The prevailing idea is that the people's will is absolute; and that, therefore, whatever a majority, or in case of a divided vote even a minority, determines to do or demand, irrespective of its character, it is free to ordain.

It is precisely this domination of arbitrary power which the Constitution was designed to prevent. As Madison declared, "Wherever the real power of government lies, there is danger of oppression. In our Government," he continues, "the real power lies in the majority of the community, and the invasion of private rights is chiefly to be apprehended not from acts of government contrary to the sense of the constituents, but from acts in which the government is the mere instrument of the major number of constituents. . . . Where there is an interest and a power to do wrong, wrong will generally be done, and not the less readily by a powerful and interested party than by a powerful and interested prince."

How profoundly discerning this comment is, we have abundant contemporary opportunity to know. Since changes have already been made in our laws which give a majority, and might give a minority party in power, control over the whole private income of the nation, to be expended for any kind of purpose, we realize that Madison had a clear prevision of the dangers of an absolute democracy.

The Constitutional theory is, in brief:

1. that government should consist in limited and specifically delegated powers;
2. that these powers should be so separated and divided that no individual or group should control all of them;
3. that the exercise of them should be confided to responsible representatives of the whole people;
4. that legislation should be limited by the provisions of a fundamental law;
5. that this law should contain guarantees of personal rights and liberties that should never be taken

away by legislation; 6. that this charter of liberty may be amplified, but never be changed by a mere majority of the people, and only by the deliberate act of a plurality so preponderant as to prevent any group-interest from exercising its arbitrary will in violation of the inherent rights and liberties of an otherwise defenseless minority; and 7. the establishment of a Supreme Judiciary charged with the duty of seeing that the fundamental law is not violated by any State or Federal legislation.

That is, in essence, the American theory of Constitutional government. That is what is now attacked; and what we have to consider is whether or not it is worth while to defend it, and by what means.

DAVID JAYNE HILL

Because the French Call Water "Lo"

THE Frenchman who was in business in the United States began: "Can any one tell me why attempts are being made all the time to prejudice Americans against the French people?"

"Be sure they do not come from our soldiers arriving home from France," said the American officer who is waiting to embark. "You will find it is the same old German propaganda at work."

"I doubt if such appeals to prejudice are always due to organized propaganda. They are certainly not recognized as German. Often they only continue prejudices felt before the war," was the opinion of the American who lives in Paris.

"I realize that when I am in America," assented the Frenchman. "But why are so many of you ready to judge unfavorably of the French?"

The American of Paris went on from a long experience of reasons and causes. "Some look on you unfavorably because you are Catholics and some because you are atheists; because your books and plays are not Puritan and because your immorality does not come up to expectations; because you are gay and light-headed and because you take so much care of your money; because people were sure your fighting courage in the war would be a flash in the pan and because you fought and died to the end without theatricals; because you Frenchmen have no word for home and because you guard your family life so closely from outsiders; because your women dress so well and because your men do not dress well—and because you are French and call water 'lo'!"

"That last is the real reason," said the Frenchman. "I was passing through the Hôtel Crillon last week when news that the Rumanian army had occupied

Budapest was exciting the members of the American Peace Delegation. One who was passing said openly—"The French have been dealing double with us!" I recognized him as one who does not speak French. When I began doing business in the United States nothing provoked me more than not understanding what American business men were saying. I, too, felt they were double-dealing."

"I have felt that way when making army contracts with the French authorities," said the American officer. "Even your military men seemed to me far too sharp."

"They have no such reputation among our own people," observed the Frenchman. "What struck me most in this Rumanian muddle was how easily Americans think Frenchmen are acting underhand. They never stop to think—the terrible idea has occurred to me they do not know—that we Frenchmen are much more interested than they can be in protecting Hungarians, for we wish them to be able to pay the money they owe us. Has either of you any notion of the sums lent by Frenchmen in Hungary to Government and municipalities and private industries?"

"There you are again with your money," answered the American officer. "We came over to fight on your side. How can you expect us to know your bookkeeping accounts?"

"We have a right to expect you not to jump at conclusions that make us out damned fools," retorted the Frenchman. "Surely the Peace Delegation ought to know as much as that."

"Peace-making with us is a sort of school-mastering," remarked the American of Paris. "Half our public men have taught school at the beginning of their career. It engenders in them a peculiar habit of mind which the old-time diplomats did not have. They reason out that certain general policies are good for humanity and they are impatient when the particular human victims of their policies make difficulties."

The speaker recovered himself a moment and went on: "This habit of mind is common to us with British Nonconformists, from whom we may also have inherited it. They reason out that there ought not to be a State Church established by law and then try to make individual citizens nonconform by legislation. It is the same with many political reformers of the Continent. The republican agitator Lerroux has just been talking again in Barcelona. At the time of the Ferrer Affair, in his first speech after he came back from exile, he assured his fellow-citizens, 'We bring you Liberty—we shall begin by suppressing the religious communities!' So the *Manchester Guardian* sees that England needs Ireland territorially for her own

independence and feels nothing but distrust when France asks like guarantees against German invasion."

The American officer broke in: "Your comparisons are curious to us Americans."

"Gently," protested the American of Paris. "My examples may seem grotesque, but they show what habits of mind can do."

"You have still to explain the habit of mind which makes Americans listen to accusations against the French," persisted the Frenchman. "They do not come from your soldiers who have been in France, although many of them are very hot against French profiteering. I have heard from some that it was quite as bad around camps at home while they were waiting to come over to France. Opportunity makes the thief everywhere. And then such profiteers are no respecters of persons—French Poilus and French civilians complained first and are complaining last of French profiteers."

The American officer spoke up: "Private Stover, of Ohio, is a railway engineer who has been going from one side of France to the other for two years. He said to me lately, 'None of us has anything against France. The only trouble is that, except in the front line, we never get a chance to meet the right kind of French.'"

"I understand," answered the Frenchman. "He meant that soldiers in towns like himself did not get a very good idea of French society from what his General called 'painted dolls.' For those who understand French a great many of our stage performances give about as bad an idea. Your two million soldiers may have been unsophisticated, but they have shown themselves full of common sense. They must have reflected sometimes that so many French towns with streets upon streets of well-kept family apartments and carefully tended children could not belong to a people in a state of dissolution. It is unfortunate they could not have seen more of French families. They would have learned that the average Frenchman is what he has been for a thousand years—the lifelong slave of one of three women, his mother, his wife, and his daughter."

"After five years in the limelight as no people ever were before, you Frenchmen need not fear disparagement," said the American officer, coming back to the question. "These continuous campaigns to excite prejudice against you in the United States tend all to one thing only—to persuade Americans that France is getting too much out of Germany by the Peace Treaty."

"So far," replied the Frenchman, "France is not in sight of getting any money out of Germany for no one knows how long. Then what a noise

has been made about the Sarre Basin because we are supposed to work it for fifteen years! Our new populations of Alsace and Lorraine have to be furnished from it as they were under Germany, and we have to help out Switzerland and Italy with whatever may be left. And meanwhile we are left ourselves to our coal famine, which the Germans have deliberately inflicted on us by destroying, without any military reason, one-third of our own coal-fields."

"Listen to what Jules Sauerwein has been writing from Berlin," said the American officer, picking up the *Matin* of August 16:

"A systematic campaign is being carried on to make people here believe that France alone is responsible for all that happens to them. Do they lack coal? France has our locomotives. Do they lack food? France takes for herself all that America can export. Have they got to give up Poland? It is Clémenceau and Foch that exact it against Lloyd George's judgment. Is there a Separatist movement along the Rhine? General Mangin is at the bottom of it. Is Austria forbidden to incorporate herself with Germany? That's Pichon's doings."

"Have you thought what the end will be of all these campaigns in Germany and England and America?" asked the Frenchman. "They will end in obliging France to keep a standing army facing the Rhine with all our young men forced to give up the best years of their life in compulsory military service. Let me read you something genuine from our side," he added taking the *Liberté* of the same day. "A peasant recalls how his brother-in-law came home and died in a month, gas-poisoned and with his lungs eaten away:

"For days and days we could not put our heads out of our dug-out without being burned up by the gases. What reflections we made! Men could use things like that against men! And they call themselves civilized! And now you hear citizens complain that we are too hard on Germany! Where were they in the war? In their beds!"

Paris, August 20 STODDARD DEWEY

O. Henry

THERE are two opinions concerning O. Henry. The middle class views him as the impersonation of vigor and brilliancy; part of the higher criticism sees in him little but sensation and persiflage. Between these views there is a natural relation; the gods of the heathens are *ipso facto* the demons of Christianity. Unmixed assertions, however, are commonly mixtures of truth and falsehood; there is room to-day for

an estimate which shall respect both opinions and adopt neither.

There is one literary trait in which I am unable to name any writer of tales in any literature who surpasses O. Henry.* It is not primary or even secondary among literary merits; it is less a value *per se* than the condition or foundation of values. But its utility is manifest, and it is rare among men: Chaucer and Shakespeare prove the possibility of its absence in masters of that very branch of art in which its presence would seem to be imperative. I refer to the designing of stories—not to the primary intuition or to skill in development, in both of which finer phases of invention O. Henry has been largely and frequently surpassed, but to the disposition of masses, to the blocking-out of plots. That a half-educated American provincial should have been original in a field in which original men have been copyists is enough of itself to make his personality observable.

Illustration, even of conceded truths, is rarely superfluous. I supply two instances. Two lads, parting in New York, agree to meet "After Twenty Years" at a specified hour, date, and corner. Both are faithful; but the years in which their relation has slept in mutual silence and ignorance have turned the one into a dashing criminal, the other into a sober officer of the law. Behind the picturesque and captivating rendezvous lurks a powerful dramatic situation and a moral problem of arresting gravity. This is dealt with in six pages of the "Four Million." The "Furnished Room," two stories further on, occupies twelve pages. Through the wilderness of apartments on the lower West Side a man trails a woman. Chance leads him to the very room in which the woman ended her life the week before. Between him and the truth the avarice of a sordid landlady interposes the curtain of a lie. In the bed in which the girl slept and died, the man sleeps and dies, and the

*William Sidney Porter, 1862-1910, son of Algernon Sidney Porter, physician, was born, bred, and meagrely educated in Greensboro, North Carolina. In Greensboro he was drug clerk; in Texas he was amateur ranchman, land-office clerk, editor, and bank teller. Convicted of misuse of bank funds on insufficient evidence (which he supplemented by the insanity of flight), he passed three years and three months in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. Release was the prelude to life in New York, to story-writing, to rapid and widespread fame. Latterly, his stories, published in New York journals and in book form, were consumed by the public with an avidity which his premature death, in 1910, scarcely checked. The pen-name, O. Henry, is almost certainly borrowed from a French chemist, Etienne-Ossian Henry, whose abridged name he fell upon in his pharmaceutical researches. See the interesting "O. Henry Biography" by C. Alphonso Smith and the Greensboro *Daily News* for July 2, 1919.

entrance of the deadly fumes into his nostrils shuts the sinister and mournful coincidence forever from the knowledge of mankind. O. Henry gave these tales neither extension nor prominence; so far as I know, they were received without bravos or salvos. The distinction of a body of work in which such specimens are undistinguished hardly requires comment.

A few types among these stories may be specified. There are the Sydney Cartonisms, defined in the name; love-stories in which divided hearts, or simply divided persons, are brought together by the strategy of chance; hoax stories—deft pictures of smiling roguery; "prince and pauper" stories, in which wealth and poverty face each other, sometimes enact each other; disguise stories, in which the wrong clothes often draw the wrong bullets; complementary stories, in which Jim sacrifices his beloved watch to buy combs for Della, who, meanwhile, has sacrificed her beloved hair to buy a chain for Jim.

This imperfect list is eloquent in its way; it smooths our path to the assertion that O. Henry's specialty is the enlistment of original method in the service of traditional appeals. The ends are the ends of fifty years ago; O. Henry transports us by aeroplane to the old homestead.*

Criticism of O. Henry falls into those superlatives and antitheses in which his own faculty delighted. In mechanical invention he is almost the leader of his race. In a related quality—a defect—his leadership is even more conspicuous. I doubt if the sense of the probable, or, more precisely, of the available in the improbable, ever became equally weakened or deadened in a man who made his living by its exercise. The improbable, even the impossible, has its place in art, though that place is relatively low; and it is curious that works such as the "Arabian Nights" and Grimm's fairy tales, whose stock-in-trade is the incredible, are the works which give almost no trouble on the score of verisimilitude. The truth is that we reject not what it is impossible to prove, or even what it is possible to disprove, but what it is impossible to imagine. O. Henry asks us to imagine the unimaginable—that is his crime.

The right and wrong improbabilities may be illustrated from two burglar stories. "Sixes and Sevens" contains an excellent tale of a burglar and a citizen

*O. Henry's stories have been known to coincide with earlier work in a fashion which dims the novelty of the tale without clouding the originality of the author. I thought the brilliant "Harlem Tragedy" (in the "Trimmed Lamp") unique through sheer audacity, but the other day I found its motive repeated with singular exactness in Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes" (Lettre LI).

who fraternize, in a comic midnight interview, on the score of their common sufferings from rheumatism. This feeling in practice would not triumph over fear and greed; but the feeling is natural, and everybody with a grain of nature in him can imagine its triumph. Nature *tends* towards that impossibility, and art, lifting, so to speak, the lid which fact drops upon nature, reveals nature in belying fact. In another story, in "Whirligigs," a nocturnal interview takes place in which a burglar and a small boy discuss the etiquette of their mutual relation by formulas derived from short stories with which both are amazingly conversant. This is the wrong use of the improbable. Even an imagination inured to the virtues of burglars and the maturity of small boys will have naught to do with this insanity.

But O. Henry can go further yet. There are inventions in his tales the very utterance of which—not the mere substance but the utterance—on the part of a man not writing from Bedlam or for Bedlam impresses the reader as incredible. In a "Comedy in Rubber," two persons become so used to spectatorship at transactions in the street that they drift into the part of spectators when the transaction is their own wedding. Can human daring or human folly go further? O. Henry is on the spot to prove that they can. In the "Romance of a Busy Broker," a busy and forgetful man, in a freak of absent-mindedness, offers his hand to the stenographer *whom he had married the night before*.

The other day, in the journal of the Goncourts, I came upon the following sentence: "Never will the imagination approach the improbabilities and the antitheses of truth" (II, 9). This is dated February 21, 1862. Truth had still the advantage. O. Henry was not born till September of the same year.

Passing on to style, we are still in the land of antithesis. The style is gross—and fine. Of the plenitude of its stimulus, there can be no question. In "Sixes and Sevens," a young man sinking under accidental morphia, is kept awake and alive by shouts, kicks, and blows. O. Henry's public seems imaged in that young man. But I draw a sharp distinction between the *tone* of the style and its *pattern*. The tone is brazen, or, better perhaps, brassy; its self-advertisement is incorrigible; it reeks with that air of *performance* which is opposed to real efficiency. But the pattern is another matter. The South rounds its periods like its vowels; O. Henry has read, not widely, but wisely, in his boyhood. His sentences are *built*—a rare thing in the best writers of to-day. In conciseness, that Spartan virtue, he was strong, though it must be confessed that the tale-teller was now and then hustled from the rostrum by his rival and

enemy, the talker. He can introduce a felicity with a noiselessness that numbers him for a flying second among the sovereigns of English. "In one of the second-floor front windows Mrs. McCaskey awaited her husband. Supper was cooling on the table. Its heat went into Mrs. McCaskey."

I regret the tomfoolery; I wince at the slang. Yet even for these levities with which his pages are so liberally besprinkled or bedaubed, some half-apology may be circumspectly urged. In nonsense his ease is consummate. A horseman who should dismount to pick up a bauble would be childish; O. Henry picks it up without dismounting. Slang, again, is most pardonable in the man with whom its use is least exclusive and least necessary. There are men who, going for a walk, take their dogs with them; there are other men who give a walk to their dogs. Substitute slang for the dog, and the superiority of the first class to the second will exactly illustrate the superiority of O. Henry to the abject traffickers in slang.

In the "Pendulum" Katy has a new patch in her crazy quilt which the ice man cut from the end of his four-in-hand. In the "Day We Celebrate," threading the mazes of a banana grove is compared to "paging the palm room of a New York hotel for a man named Smith." O. Henry's is the type of mind to which images like this four-in-hand and this palm room are presented in exhaustless abundance and unflagging continuity. There was hardly an object in the merry-go-round of civilized life that had not offered at least an end or an edge to the avidity of his consuming eyes. Nothing escapes from the besom of his allusiveness, and the style is streaked and pied, almost to monotony, by the accumulation of lively details.

If O. Henry's style was crude, it was also rare; but it is part of the grimness of the bargain that destiny drives with us that the mixture of the crude and the rare should be a crude mixture, as the sons of whites and negroes are numbered with the blacks. In the kingdom of style O. Henry's estates were princely, but, to pay his debts, he must have sold them all.

Thus far in our inquiry extraordinary merits have been offset by extraordinary defects. To lift our author out of the class of brilliant and skillful entertainers, more is needed. Is more forthcoming? I should answer, yes. In O. Henry, above the knowledge of setting, which is clear and first-hand, but subsidiary, above the order of events, which is, generally speaking, fantastic, above the emotions, which are sound and warm, but almost purely derivative, there is a rather small, but impressive body of first-hand perspicacities and reactions. On these his endurance may hinge.

I name, first of all, O. Henry's feeling for New York. With the exception of his New Orleans, I care little for his South and West, which are a boyish South and West, and as little, or even less, for his Spanish-American communities. My objection to his opera-bouffe republics is, not that they are inadequate as republics (for that we were entirely prepared), but that they are inadequate as opera. He lets us see his show from the coulisses. The pretense lacks standing even among pretenses, and a faith must be induced before its removal can enliven us. But his New York has quality. It is of the family of Dickens's London and Hugo's Paris, though it is plainly a cadet in the family. Mr. Howells, in his profound and valuable study of the metropolis in a "Hazard of New Fortunes," is penetrating; O. Henry, on the other hand, is *penetrated*. His New York is intimate and clinging; it is caught in the mesh of the imagination.

O. Henry had rare but precious insights into human destiny and human nature. In these pictures he is not formally accurate; he could never or seldom set his truth before us in that moderation and proportion which truths acquire in the stringencies of actuality. He was apt to present his insight in a sort of parable or allegory, to upraise it before the eyes of mankind on the mast or flagpole of some vehement exaggeration. Epigram shows us truth in the embrace of a lie, and tales which are dramatized epigrams are subject to a like constraint. The force, however, is real. I could scarcely name anywhere a more powerful exposition of fatality than "Roads of Destiny," the initial story in the volume which appropriates its title. It wanted only the skilled romantic touch of a Gautier or Stevenson to enroll this tale among the masterpieces of its kind in contemporary letters.

Now and then the ingredient of parable is hardly perceptible; we draw close to the bare fact. O. Henry, fortunate in plots, is peculiarly fortunate in his renunciation of plot. If contrivance is lucrative, it is also costly. There is an admirable little story called the "Pendulum" (in the "Trimmed Lamp"), the simplicity of whose fable would have satisfied Coppée or Hawthorne. A man in a flat, by force of custom, has come to regard his wife as a piece of furniture. She departs for a few hours, and, by the break in usage, is restored, in his consciousness, to womanhood. She comes back, and relapses into furniture. That is all. O. Henry could not have given us less—or more. Farical, clownish, if you will, the story resembles those clowns who carry daggers under their motley. When John Perkins takes up that inauspicious hat, the reader smiles,

and quails. I will mention a few other examples of insights with the proviso that they are not specially commended to the man whose quest in the short story is the electrifying or the calorific. They include the "Social Triangle," the "Making of a New Yorker," and the "Foreign Policy of Company 99," all in the "Trimmed Lamp," the "Brief Début of Tildy" in the "Four Million," and the "Complete Life of John Hopkins" in the "Voice of the City." I can not close this summary of good points without a passing reference to the not unsuggestive portrayal of humane and cheerful scoundrels in the "Gentle Grafter." The picture, if false to species, is faithful to genus.

O. Henry's egregiousness, on the superficial side, both in merits and defects, reminds us of those park benches so characteristic of his tales which are occupied by a millionaire at one end and a mendicant at the other. But, to complete the image, we must add as a casual visitor to that bench a seer or a student, who, sitting down between the previous comers and suspending the flamboyancies of their dialogue, should gaze with the pensive eye of Goldsmith or Addison upon the passing crowd.

In O. Henry American journalism and the Victorian tradition meet. His mind, quick to don the guise of modernity, was impervious to its spirit. The specifically modern movements, the scientific awakening, the religious upheaval and subsidence, the socialistic gospel, the enfranchisement of women—these never interfered with his artless and joyous pursuit of the old romantic motives of love, hate, wealth, poverty, gentility, disguise, and crime. On two points a moral record which, in his literature, is everywhere sound and stainless, rises almost to nobility. In an age when sexual excitement had become available and permissible, this worshiper of stimulus never touched with so much as a fingertip that insidious and meretricious fruit. The second point is his feeling for underpaid working-girls. His passionate concern for this wrong derives a peculiar emphasis from the general refusal of his books to bestow countenance or notice on philanthropy in its collective forms. When, in his dream of Heaven, he is asked: "Are you one of the bunch?" (meaning one of the bunch of grasping and grinding employers), the response, through all its slang, is soul-stirring. "'Not on your immortality,' said I. 'I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies.'" The author of that retort may have some difficulty with the sentries that watch the entrance of Parnassus; he will have none with the gatekeeper of the New Jerusalem.

O. W. FIRKINS

Correspondence

Educating the Capitalist

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Ever since the *Unpopular* (now the *Unpartizan*) *Review* made editorial mention of your publication as one "based on rational ideas of what constitutes human progress and how to promote it" I have been enjoying its weekly "signs of thinking things through." Of especially high and timely merit have been your recent articles, "Is There a Huge 'Social Surplus'?", "Hungary's Communist Experiment," and "Production, Distribution, Happiness."

The claim of socialism is that capital (the surplus goods produced above immediate living requirements and the margin between our present existence and the hand-to-mouth existence of savage tribes) should be administered by the state for the greater welfare of the people instead of by private or individual interests as at present.

As a matter of fact the test of experience shows and is showing that greater efficiency (as measured by the *results* obtained from a given amount of human resource and effort) in "grub-staking" enterprises involving risk and time for their realization is obtained through private administration of capital than through governmental direction. However, the latter offers a direct appeal to the people in the apparently greater *stability* it would offer to industry and thereby to employment.

Private administrators of capital ("capitalists" so called) acquire their positions of power through their gradually demonstrated ability to produce results, and no equally effective means for selecting governmental officials has ever been devised. From them and others we are hearing a great deal about the necessity of educating the common people to a due appreciation of economics, and of natural law in general, that they may not kill the goose that lays the golden egg, as is the case in Russia. And no one will care to deny this pressing necessity.

But what of the education of capitalists? Why do we hear so little of this need? Why don't we hear of a more widespread emulation of Mr. Carnegie and his building of the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad in 1894, when industry was at a standstill; of Mr. Harriman, who made it a practice to proceed with railroad extensions when times were poor, and labor and material cheap, and when he had a minimum interference with the ordinary course of traffic to contend with?

Why do the most efficient applications of capital in the way of extensions, betterments, research, "hang up" so per-

sistently between the devil of a dearth of immediate demand for commodities and the deep blue sea of unfilled orders? Either the times are too poor and the capitalistic "nerve" is lacking in its apparent view that the bottom of things has dropped out for all time, or the plant is too busy to be bothered with directing capital into the multiplying channels of production, with the result that this is rarely done. Were this done more often industry would be less spasmodic; the situation would arise less frequently in which labor is denied the opportunity to produce the commodities it needs for its existence. And not only would labor and society in general profit in this way, but the gain to the capitalist is well illustrated by the experience of men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Hariman.

In short, the present capitalistic mechanism is far superior to any the state gives promise of devising, but nevertheless it is highly deficient and unstable. As a result there is a widespread unrest which enjoys baiting the capitalist as a sport and has for its motto "anything but the present order of things—*anything* so long as it is *different*."

It is clearly up to the capitalist to give an account of his stewardship and to improve it, or he may find his opportunity even more hampered by regulation than at present; or else, he may find it removed entirely, which would be a calamity indeed.

The foregoing is submitted by way of leading up to this request: Can not you have an article prepared to answer some of these questions, and to point out to our managers of capital how much they stand in need of removing the beam in their own eyes while they continue to point out the mote in the eyes of their laboring brethren?

W. E. DEAN

Wilmerding, Pa., July 24

Concerning "Obligations and Reservations"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I trust you will not think me hypercritical if I take exception to one point brought out in your most excellent, well-considered, and in the main carefully reasoned out editorial in the current issue of the *Review*, entitled "Obligations and Reservations."

In the paragraph I refer to you use the following language:

There are those who strenuously contend that the Covenant violates the Constitution by depriving Congress of its right to determine the question of peace and war. That this contention is not sound has been amply shown, and was brought out with

particular conclusiveness in Senator Kellogg's able speech a few weeks ago. It is not a question of Constitutional legitimacy, but of far reaching national policy, that is at issue. It is precisely because the obligation assumed in the treaty is *not* different in kind from what many former treaties have embodied that the reservations are called for.

To my thinking, the speech of Senator Kellogg you refer to was exceedingly faulty in that it contained the same fallacious reasoning which you have fallen into in the paragraph just quoted. From the practical standpoint, it seems to me to be wholly indefensible to say that the obligations incurred by signing the proposed covenant are similar to those incurred by signing an ordinary treaty. An analysis of the two acts will show this to be true. When a nation signs a treaty the amount of sovereignty or independence of action surrendered is so small that it is for all practical purposes negligible. As a matter of fact, treaties are entered into for the purpose of covering a certain set of facts, which have been thoroughly considered in advance.

The agreement relates to certain given facts and to contingencies which may arise therefrom, all of which have been carefully considered in advance. The obligations and commitments of the nation in connection therewith are in terms limited and prescribed. After the signing of an ordinary treaty a nation is still free and independent to pursue its own course and to control its own destiny in the field of international affairs. Clearly this would not be the case should a nation subscribe to the proposed covenant. Such a step would not relate to a given set of facts and to a particular situation, but it would be a surrender in advance to the Council of the League of the right and power to determine what course a constituent nation must pursue in connection with all disputes and issues which arise in the field of international affairs. When this is done, a nation is no longer the master of its own destiny. The situation is like that which arises when a corporation, formerly free and independent, has decided to merge its organization with a number of other corporations for the purpose of forming what is commonly called a Trust.

Prior to entering such a combination, the constituent corporations were free and independent to enter into contracts. After the combination is formed, the right and power to do this has been surrendered and lodged in the merger. Furthermore, it seems to me to be loose reasoning to say that should we enter this League and agree to be morally or legally bound by the recommendations of the Council, that Congress would still be free to determine on its own initiative when we should enter war, how we

should conduct our wars and under what circumstances they should be ended. Of course in this instance, as under an ordinary treaty, war can not be declared unless Congress does so, but it is also clear that should Congress decline to declare war upon the recommendation of the Executive Council, such an act would constitute a breach of faith, and this is quite manifestly the point of the whole matter.

Under our Constitutional régime, Congress is absolutely free and independent to determine on its own initiative when war shall be declared, and how it shall be carried on. It is one thing for Congress to declare war under a special treaty, where the facts and circumstances relating to the obligation have all been thoroughly considered in advance and where our rights and duties have been limited and prescribed by special agreement, and quite another thing for it to be called upon to declare war at the behest of a Council in regard to matters which could not possibly have entered into the contemplation of the representatives of the nation at the time the covenant was executed. It is a well-known fact that strychnia is calculated to kill the one who takes it in a short time, but it does not follow that an exceedingly small dose is fatal or even harmful. The fact is, as well known, that in many instances small doses of strychnia, far from being harmful, are actually beneficial. From the standpoint of practical statesmanship it seems to me that this illustration is a perfectly fair one.

From my viewpoint, it is absurd to contend that a corporation surrenders its independence and freedom of action when it enters into a contract. On the other hand, the proposition is too clear for argument, that when such a corporation decides to join a merger and submit to a Board of Directors of that merger, its independence of action disappears.

J. R. WILFLEY

New York, August 29

[The point intended by the remark to which Judge Wilfley objects was that the mere fact of the treaty committing the country to peace or war in certain contingencies does not in itself make the treaty violative of the Constitution. Hence the practical consequence that mere unconstitutionality can not be relied on to relieve us of the extraordinarily far-reaching obligations involved in Article X; and consequently, as we stated in the sentence following the passage quoted by Judge Wilfley, it is necessary that the acceptance of the treaty be bound up with "a plain statement of the limitations which the considered judgment of the nation recognizes as necessary."—Eds. *Review*.]

Book Reviews

Herbert Spencer's Value To-day

THE MAN VERSUS THE STATE. By Herbert Spencer. Edited by TRISTON BEALE, with Critical and Interpretative Comments by W. H. Taft, C. W. Elliot, Elihu Root, H. C. Lodge, D. J. Hill, N. M. Butler, A. P. Gardner, E. H. Gary, and H. F. Stone. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

IT has been something over half a century since Herbert Spencer published the first of his essays, which were later brought together into a volume under the title "The Man Versus the State;" and it is perhaps a matter of interest to inquire if the arguments then employed and the views then expressed have any value at the present time. That the opinion of very respectable authorities affirms that they do have value is shown by the reissuance of the essays under the auspices indicated above. Unfortunately the critical and interpretative comments that have been added are of very little value. Most of them appear to have been made in a perfunctory manner, and attempt little serious criticism of the doctrines declared by Spencer. The publishers in a note assert that the original essays established the foundations of our modern social thinking, but there is little to support such a statement. On the contrary, it has been generally recognized that Spencer's reasoning was defective, and certainly the trend of actual political practice in England, as well as in other countries, has given no evidence that his counsels have been heeded.

Spencer was much impressed as well as distressed by the fact that while in earlier times the Liberals, or their predecessors, the Whigs, had sought to repeal the restraints which former Parliaments had imposed upon trade and private conduct, the Liberals of his day were urging the enactment of new measures in limitations of individual freedom. And yet the explanation was a simple one, and carried with it no implication of logical inconsistency. Both the earlier and later Liberals strove to improve the conditions of life of the masses as distinguished from the aristocratic classes, and it was, therefore, as proper that they should seek upon utilitarian and humanitarian grounds to obtain the benefit of laws limiting the powers of the propertied or employing classes, as it was that the repeal should be effected of the many statutes which aimed to prevent free competition and the right of the laborers to take collective action for their own economic advantage. The same motive impelled them to support proposals that the state

itself should supply certain services to the whole community.

All these extensions of the state's regulatory powers seemed highly objectionable to Spencer, not because of any lack of sympathy on his part with the interests of the masses, but because he had a fixed conviction that political government is of such a nature that good results can not be obtained from an extension of its activities beyond those necessary for the protection of the community against foreign aggression and the maintenance of conditions under which the freedom of the individual is limited only as far as is necessary to prevent him from interfering with the equal freedom of other individuals. This principle Spencer lays down in such absolute terms that only the fact that he claims to deduce it from universal evolutionary principles saves him from being ranked among the *a priori* individuals who found their political philosophies upon natural rights declared to be inherent in men. In the result, it is seen that Spencer arrives at the conclusion that it is futile to attempt so to reconstruct governments and so to reform their administrative processes that they will be efficient instruments for the performance of other than negative police functions.

There can be little question that these political views could be pernicious if accepted without qualification at the present time. A greater social content must be given to individual rights and interests than Spencer was willing to accord to them, and the problem of securing governmental systems that will operate justly, impartially, and efficiently must not be abandoned as a hopeless one.

With changing conditions the centre of political effort has shifted from point to point. When personal government prevailed the great necessity was to introduce a reign of law under which those in authority, including the monarch himself, would have their powers and the manner of their exercises defined by law, and that legal processes would exist for enforcing the legal responsibilities thus created. This constitutional status having been secured, the centre of political interest shifted to obtaining for the governed a greater influence in determining the policies of their governments. Political and civil or constitutional liberty having been secured to a reasonable extent, the chief political problems have now come to be the improvement of the administrative processes of governments, and the education of their electorates so that the injustice and disutility of class legislation will be perceived and public policies favored which rest upon sound economic and social principles. Speaking generally, then, the problem of government has become one of operative efficiency

rather than of political rights. The constitutional privileges, and the guarantees to the individual that he shall not be proceeded against as to his personal freedom or his property except by due processes of law, must of course be preserved against curtailment, but the forward political steps should be in the direction of greater public administrative efficiency.

There can be no question that, especially in America, our governments are not properly organized from the administrative point of view, nor do they use, except in few instances, proper administrative methods. The fact that even our National Government does not employ the budgetary method of estimating its financial needs and determining and apportioning its expenditures shows how indifferent our statesmen and their constituencies have been to the problem of efficient operative principles. At the same time, then, that it is admitted that no absolute *a priori* principles should determine whether or not a given function should be exercised by the government; the fact should be recognized that it is imperative that the machinery of government should be so adjusted and so controlled as to be able to perform a task efficiently before an agitation is started to entrust that task to it.

One other point with regard to the problem which Spencer designates as "Man Versus the State" deserves mention. In a recent conversation President Goodnow of Johns Hopkins called the attention of the writer to a distinction which distinguishes the attitude of the average American towards governmental regulation of private conduct from that of the average European. The American is by no means as willing as the European to submit to public control or to other individual sacrifices for the sake of increasing the military power or political prestige of that abstract political entity or personality which is denominated the state, but he is fully as ready and possibly even more disposed to submit to political regimentation if he is convinced that the result will be to improve the moral or material condition of the community viewed simply as a collection of individual men and women. For example, only in a crisis such as was presented when America entered the great war, have Americans been willing to consent to compulsory military service, and scarcely had this crisis been passed when a widespread demand arose that the conscripted armies should be demobilized and the standing army again recruited by voluntary enlistments. At the very same time they have permitted the incorporation into their national Constitution of a prohibition with regard to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages that carries with it a more

radical invasion of their sphere of individual liberty than would for a moment be tolerated in France or Great Britain or even in the German States. Thus Americans suffer from the excess of their political virtues. They are often unwilling to give to the enforcement of law and the maintenance of national power that disinterested support which should be given, and, on the other hand, they are willing to endure police control that is essentially oppressive if the claim is often enough reiterated that a moral principle is involved or that other individuals will thereby be protected against their own weaknesses or follies.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

The New "Laissez Faire"

THE POLITICS OF INDUSTRY. A Footnote to the Social Unrest. By Glenn Frank. New York: The Century Company.

IN this interesting and well-written little book—a reprint of a series of articles in the *Century Magazine*—we learn, what we have long suspected, that we are a nation of improvisers—muddlers, our English cousins would call it—and that we should be more forward-looking, in order that we may be forewarned and forearmed against coming trouble. We sadly need a school of prophets—foretellers and forthtellers—who shall make a scientific study of social meteorology and send out their forecasts a good while ahead of coming events; but still more do we need a people wise enough to listen—as no democracy has done since the days of Jonah. Unfortunately, prophecies are below par just now; for, while some of them may be as good as gold, others are not worth the paper they are written on. Certainly, a prophet should be able to show a sign, unless the people also have the inspiration and illumination.

Yet nearly all who study social problems agree with Mr. Frank in saying that we are living in a time of great unrest and discontent. The world is in a state of unstable equilibrium, yeasty, frothing, and bubbling with new ideas, suggestible, plastic, flexible, prepared for a speeding-up of evolution, ready to take on new forms, to make in ten years a leap over a social chasm which ordinarily would require a century to span. Now, if ever, great leaders should arise, men of vision and determination, men of broad and synthetic minds—real constructive statesmen, molders of human thought, organizers, builders, creators. If such leaders do not appear and rise to the occasion, presently things will stiffen up again and move in the old ruts, or else inexperienced men will take control, for when, in such times as these, society has had to choose between trained blind men and untrained men of

vision, the latter have invariably been the people's choice.

Mr. Frank, at least, is not in doubt as to the men whom he would choose and call to this service. Not the ordinary run of politicians, for they represent artificial geographical divisions and have not been trained as executives and engineers. Not the ill-trained and amateur bureaucracy from which we have suffered during the war, nor even a trained bureaucracy, for that would be inefficient, unprogressive, and tyrannical. No, the natural leaders of the hour are the business men of the country, who, if they have the right spirit—the spirit of constructive liberalism—can lead the American people into the promised land. This repudiation of state socialism, with which most business men and labor leaders will sympathize, reminds one of the origin of the well-known and much discredited phrase: *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*, usually attributed to the Physiocrat, Gournay. It goes farther back, however, to the time of Colbert, when a deputation of merchants waited on the great finance minister to protest against protection and governmental interference with industry. "Laissez-nous faire," said Le Gendre—let us do it; let the people who know carry on business affairs, and let the Government interfere as little as possible. While the phrase has been perverted from its original meaning and made to stand for unrestricted individualism, it has still a value in our day as a warning against excessive governmental regulation and state socialism.

In taking up the task of reconstruction or reorganization, business statesmen should keep three large ends ever in view: first, greater efficiency in the production of wealth; second, greater justice in the distribution of wealth; third, greater wisdom in the consumption of wealth. Many efforts have been made in the past towards the attainment of these ends, but none sufficiently comprehensive nor altogether successful. Collective bargaining can never solve the labor problem, for it is merely a phase of the class struggle based on the old system of balance of power and increasing armaments. Conciliation in industrial disputes is apt to degenerate into industrial pacifism and attains only temporary results. Arbitration is essentially opportunistic and compromising in character, and its awards are often flouted by the losing side. Investigation is a mere antiseptic, negative in character. Social legislation may give security to the wage-earners, but that is not the goal of labor's aspiration. Welfare work savors of patronage and is irritating to labor. Profit sharing when most successful tends to break down the solidarity of labor. Scientific management tends to mechanize the worker,

making him a better tool, but a poorer craftsman. All of these remedies, good in their way, fail to cure the trouble, as they do not touch the ultimate labor issue—the status of the worker in industry, and his relation to its control.

After reading this long list of futile attempts to solve the labor problems, one is inclined to think that, like the squaring of the circle, it is unsolvable. By the Industrial Revolution, as the author says, the workers lost control of the instruments of production, the raw materials for production, the conditions under which production is carried on, and the profits arising from production; and they will never be satisfied until control of all these things is regained. Of course, the author does not propose to give them complete control, such as they are supposed to have had in the good old handicraft days, but only partial control such as is provided for in England by the Whitley Councils; and it is very questionable whether the workers, if they are really determined to regain their ancient status, will be satisfied with this. Besides, as the author himself admits, such proposals are essentially conservative in character, and socialists like Mr. G. D. H. Cole, the belligerent young apostle of the Guild movement, are stoutly opposed to them, asserting that they will not involve any real conquest of economic power. Similarly, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton candidly advises labor not to sell its rights of combining and striking for any plausible and partial participation in management, for, he says, "the triumph of capitalism has practically consisted in granting popular control in such small quantities that the control could be controlled."

For all that, Mr. Frank is very enthusiastic about the Whitley Councils, as well as such experiments in profit sharing and shop control as have been successfully tried by William Filene's Sons Company and other enterprising business men. He thinks that twenty of the outstanding leaders of American business could with dramatic suddenness draw up a plan for a new order of industry, even as the Constitutional Convention drafted the Constitution of the United States. It might be well to point out, in this connection, that the framers of the Constitution departed very slightly from British and Colonial precedent, and that the newest features of the Constitution have been, as many think, the least successful. It is rather odd, too, that Mr. Frank says nothing about ownership as giving a title to control, and does not suggest that the workers, before demanding the right to control, should make the efforts and sacrifices prerequisite to the acquisition of a property interest in the business concerned, without which any large measure of control might have most disastrous results.

A Historian in the Field

SCENES FROM ITALY'S WAR. By G. M. Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

FOR more than three years the distinguished biographer of Garibaldi commanded the First Ambulance Unit of the British Red Cross on the Italian front. The unit served from the Astico to the Carso, witnessed the sieges at Bainsizza and San Gabriele, and the capture of Gorizia; was whirled back, with the loss of its entire material, after Caporetto. Thus there passed under the eyes of one of the most accomplished of modern historians the main events of the most sensational fighting of the world war. All this Mr. Trevelyan treats with color and discretion and insight. His narrative is accompanied by maps, and despite the modest title of the book, it is for the non-technical reader a definitive bit of military history, and withal an engrossing personal narrative.

Mr. Trevelyan traces the mood of Italy from the outbreak of the war to the end. His analysis of the great debate which preceded intervention is masterly, as is the explanation of the moral *débâcle* at Caporetto. The wonder is, he thinks, not that the disaster came, but that it did not come sooner and that Italy so soon recovered morale. For the war was made in the towns, but fought by the peasants. These, unlike their French and English allies, hardly realized the moral scope of the war, were sustained by no instructed idealism, suffered terribly (the percentage of deaths was as great for Italy as for England), and so were readily affected by pacifist agitation and easily dismayed in disaster.

The portent of Caporetto is less than the marvel of the recovery. Certain units of the second army, strikers from the munition works ill-advisedly posted in a quiet sector, voluntarily surrendered to the Austrians on October 24, 1917. Widely rotted at the centre, the whole line had to withdraw. In twenty days the Italians were driven in about 150 miles from the East and North. Many of the troops were demoralized, most of the artillery taken, lost those Alpine positions which had cost months of ingenuity and sacrifice. Only the sturdiness of the Duke of Aosta's third army, which doggedly fought its way back from the Carso to the Piave, saved Italy and possibly the world.

The reintegration was conscious. Italy had suffered from what one of her own writers called "incomplete nationality." The disease being known, the remedy was forthcoming. Mutilated officers organized for propaganda, and often against opposition, stung the little villages to shame and valor. The nightmare of Caporetto silenced or even

converted the Clerical and Socialist defeatists. In humiliation Italy built herself a new soul.

These processes of national psychology are traced and interpreted with sympathy and *finesse*. The gentlemanly restraint of the style befits the greatness of the theme. Although written so near the events it describes, it has the balance and detachment of Mr. Trevelyan's well-known histories, with a glamour of its own. Nobody who cares for Italy and wishes to be informed as to her gigantic sacrifice in the war can afford to leave this book unread.

The West, Inc.

THE BRANDING IRON. A Tale of East and West. By Katharine Newlin Burt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WOODEN SPOIL. By Victor Rousseau. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING. By Frederick Niven. New York: George H. Doran Company.

MR. REX BEACH says he wishes he had written "The Branding Iron"; or rather in his enthusiasm he wires the publishers to that effect, adding that he "looks forward with confidence to its great success as a book and as a photoplay." Most cheering this must be to the writer of a "first" novel. Hers, indeed, is the stuff best-sellers are made on, and there seems to be nothing against her early inclusion in that band of Eminent Authors who, with Mr. Beach at their head, have just dedicated their genius to the Film. She has a full bag of tricks and a liberal hand. She has mastered at sight the rules of the game. Not even her ownership of a ranch in Wyoming and her familiarity with Broadway have been permitted to interfere with the thoroughly "practical" construction of her fabric. Whatever she may know of Wild West and Wild Ways is carefully subordinated to the standardized and tested conceptions of those parts upon which the authorities of screen and news-stand have set their final seal of approval. It is the West of Owen Wister and Rex Beach, and the East of R. W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris that are brought together in these pages.

Joan, fierce virgin of the hills, is romantically wed by Pierre, lone rancher. They are happy enough till a young "sin-buster" Holliwel butts in (the right phrase), a fool (his author seems to think him rather noble) who, never mind how, succeeds in rousing Pierre's jealousy. Instead of shooting the parson, Pierre brands his wife between the shoulders with his branding iron. On the second, enter male number three, Prosper Gael, author and elegant man of the world: shoots Pierre, leaving him for dead, and carries off Joan. In his finely appointed cabin in "a secret fold

of the hills," she is cared for and becomes, out of gratitude, his mistress. But the cabin has been built for another woman, who presently lifts a finger, and Joan is deserted. On the second, the young husband turns up alive in the offing and Joan flees stricken into the wilderness. Author makes stage-play out of their story, producer (husband of "other woman") picks up Joan in ranch kitchen and decides to star her in the new piece! Done. Author returns from Europe to see his latest success. My goodness, it's Joan—she must never know I wrote this!—the only woman, after all, I ever really loved. Bound in honor to the other woman, though. At this second, Pierre, the long-lost husband, arrives on Broadway. A fine fellow—he has had Joan's address for some years but has refrained from looking her up out of consideration for the author's plot. He is now rewarded, being, for all his little performance with the branding iron, the only man Joan ever really loved. End of the reel. It is all cleverly done, "well-written" in the verbal sense, and fulfills its subtitle. Most so-called wild-Western romance is in fact the romance of East and West. Broadway and Wyoming—what contrast more "sure-fire" than the setting against each other of our two romantic frontiers? Or New England and Montana—there you have the fillip also. Just now the Eastern school-marm of "The Virginian" and "The Great Divide" is, as the theatrical people say, resting, while the daughter of the rancho holds the scene.

In the Canadian Northwest the field of contrast is wider, with barriers of race and of social convention to be surmounted by the small god. The author of "Wooden Spoil" makes use of them all. Hilary Askew, a young American, inherits from an eccentric uncle a large tract of timber on the St. Lawrence. It turns out to be the land of an ancient seigneurie, sharply won by the uncle from its latest old-school incumbent. The chateau and a bit of land surrounding it remain to the Seigneur. He dwells there in pride and poverty with his young and beautiful and spirited daughter, Mademoiselle Madeleine, and a faithful old servitor whom we have met somewhere before. Naturally the Rosnys do not rejoice at the coming of Mr. Hilary. However, youth will be served, and the hearts of Hilary and Madeleine are presently inclined one to another. But there is a rich and villainous Canuck hard by, with designs on Madeleine and the remnants of the Rosny property; also an enemy to Hilary for business reasons. Now Hilary is a remarkably husky young man, and provides several scenes of distinguished activity in the way of fighting, Northern style. Things are against him, since the old Seigneur is determined, according to recipe, to

marry his only child to the sufficiently patent rascal who has won his sacred promise, some time since. Later, the knave being exposed, and Hilary accepted as Madeleine's lover, a double abduction comes off, and the tale comes to a whirlwind finish with much play of fists and pistols, a shipwreck, and a providential disposition of escape for the heroic pair and death for the villain. Let us not ask too much: this is a yarn, and frankly so; only it contains bits of localism and hints at characterization to exasperate the reader who has reached his years, or moods, of discretion.

"The Lady of the Crossing" is an attempt to write a marketable romance, by a writer who knows and is interested in the real scenes and types of a certain Western country. His plot is too slight for the movie scenario. His people speak the colorless and grammatically sloppy "American language" of common use instead of that highly colored lingo invented by Bret Harte and since developed and standardized for the use of Western romancers. His title is a sort of joke on the expectant reader, since its "lady" turns out to be not the heroine but the adventuress of the piece. It is, as the author confesses at the end, "the story of Sam Haig and Nance Webster, though it all began with the lure of Mildred Henderson." Mildred is the "lady," the rather uncouth siren of Kootenay, while Nance is simply a nice girl with an honest heart worth winning. Sam Haig himself is no great figure of a hero. He makes a clever "deal" on one occasion, and we need not fear that he will fail to do well for Nance, in the wordly estimation of his time and place. The story even lacks a proper villain, since Marsden, who seems at first to be shaping for that rôle, is presently seen to be a good fellow at heart. Finally the minor characters, the Timkins and the elder Websters, commit that utter superfluity, from the movie point of view, of existing as persons tolerably amusing and "convincing" in themselves.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

THE readers of Mr. Galsworthy's brief "Addresses in America, 1919" (Houghton Mifflin) will be many, possibly very many; they will always be fewer than lovers of wisdom and humanity could wish. These speeches dwell upon the moral union of Great Britain and America in a spirit to which solemnity rather than festival has supplied the keynote. Great Britain and America have been *ordained* to fellowship through their joint assignment to an imperative and mighty task. Mankind is their ward; let them look to their stewardship. The second capital point in these ad-

resses is the protest against "the increase of herd-life, based on machines, money-getting, and the dread of being dull," in other words, against the enslavement—not to say the extinction—of life by its own apparatus. On this ground Mr. Galsworthy is impregnable. The addresses suggest a man whom life has profoundly saddened, but neither embittered nor disheartened. The pitch of the voice is low. Mr. Galsworthy does not asseverate; he testifies. There is no insistence, scarcely any urgency, but the reader can hardly fail to be drawn to a side on which good sense, sanity, and fraternity have so clearly ranged themselves. Half the effectiveness of persuasion rests on the desire to be in good company.

The impressive point in these addresses is their evident disinterestedness. Here is a man profoundly anxious that certain things in the future of mankind shall come to be. Judging merely from this book, one might almost affirm that that desire is Mr. Galsworthy. Its effect in the marshaling of his thoughts is notable. Mr. Galsworthy utters an original thought without concern for its originality. He utters a commonplace thought without embarrassment for its commonness. In a world in which the importance of truths is not in the least affected by their early or retarded entrance into the consciousness of humanity, the absolute rightness of this attitude is undeniable. Exactly the same temper is visible in his style. Mr. Galsworthy utters a bright phrase without eagerness. He utters a tame phrase without misgiving. His preference of the bright phrase to the tame one may be conjectured; his preference of the apt phrase to either is unmistakable. He governs his route by the compass, not the scenery. The trend of the higher literature of our time (Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, Galsworthy) towards *integrity* in the amplest sense issues in a certain jealousy of style, or at least of the charms of style as distinguished from its utilities. Its attractions are viewed as distractions; the servitor of thought may become its competitor. Whether the doctrine and the resultant practice be sound or not, there can be no doubt that the self-denying attitude of literature, the sacrifice of its life to the transmission of its message, is a noble and touching spectacle. Kings have sometimes been most kinglike in the act of abdication.

"Sky Fighters of France," by Lieutenant Henry Farré (Houghton Mifflin), is valuable chiefly for its pictures. If it had only been possible to reproduce them in color the book would have been superb. Even as reproduced Lieutenant Farré's paintings are quite the most effective representations of war's last

splendid adventure. To realize that there, at any rate, knighthood is still in flower, one has but to glance at the portraits of Guynemer and William Thaw. It would be hard to find a nobler picture of the warrior brought home triumphant in death than the "Tragic Return of Captain Albert Féquant."

Farré, no longer a young man, hastened from Buenos Ayres on the declaration of war, and after the usual difficulties found himself an aviator-painter. In this capacity he had all the flying experiences, which he does not so much tell us about as allow us to overhear in the form of snatches of conversation that are not without a flavor.

"Inventions of the Late War," by A. Russell Bond (Century Company), is a good, popular summary with a few plates, from which may be learned all that the layman needs to know about trench gear, poison gas, hydrophones, depth bombs, and the like. For an unreconstructed boy it would make a thrilling present.

Intensive Vacationing

NONE of the gentler excitements is quite like that evoked by moving into the hills; nothing else quite like the subdued thrill that grows as blue outlines begin to heave on the horizon. There, beyond, is a life apart, there lie concealed the beginnings of great rivers, there dwells the mystery of the forest. It is towards this that we are moving.

For a right setting there should be a heavy sky, with sharp, bracing dashes of rain, the hills, as we come nearer, rising flat and grey from a foreground not too distinctly seen. Presently, as we roll along, the farms grow hard and thin, dark masses of pine and hemlock fling themselves closer to the road; and the hills, just now ahead of us only, are suddenly on either hand. The sky to the west is rent with broad planes of light, and a universal greyness yields place to varied greens beneath peaks washed clean to elemental stone by every rain that has fallen since the world began.

Still we are expectant. We are not yet enfolded. Benediction has not yet breathed upon us. We wait. A backward glance shows the hills now closed in behind us. And then it comes; a gentle puff of air, cold with evening and late rain; and freighted with the pungent balm of ancient woods, unescapable, impelling, healing.

"The hills, my dear . . ."

To be sure, the abrupt eminence of the Catskills had long hung on our left, a region of mystery and romance, too, but this time unvisited of us. And perhaps these "fairy mountains" keep their charm freshest in the pages of the his-

torian who has endowed them with an immortal folklore, "away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country." In our day Kaatskill has become Catskill, and that is by way of measuring the difference. Likewise, at the foot of Lake George, to stand on the beautifully gardened slopes of the Fort William Henry Hotel and watch a hydroplane drop like a gull to the surface of the water, is to say: "Yes, this is fine, but the other, the old life—the steamer just putting out, you notice, is named 'Horicon'—lies transfigured, too, in secure immortality." And the piazzas of the avenue of hotels at Saratoga, where our grandmothers once billowed in stately "constitutional," what a human "zoo," caught, as it were, half-way between dinner and a Sunday afternoon nap in their thirty-dollar-a-day rooms.

And now we are bowling along over perfect roads in the deep heart of the Adirondack forest, or poised on the crest of the Wilmington Notch gazing across pleasant valleys to the rainbow-patched mountains beyond. What would "Adirondack" Murray deign to say of this sort of travel? What, even, the guides of not so long ago, when we counted it the best part of three days to "come in" by North Creek? What, too, the company of poets and naturalists who, seventy years since, ventured among the first a holiday in the wilderness, the party that Longfellow refused to join because he heard Emerson was going to carry a gun? Perhaps Longfellow, who felt he got quite enough exercise putting on and off his rubbers, would have been willing to commit himself to the new form of locomotion. There are almost as many automobiles in the street of Lake Placid village as line Saratoga's Broadway. In the leisurely days one went into the Adirondacks for at least a month. In these strenuous times, with perhaps a scant week of holiday, one perforce vacations it intensively. Let us not wholly despise the automobile. . . .

-The Adirondack camp—I do not mean the sort of shack we had twenty-five years ago on Brown's Tract Pond a few feet from where the railroad now runs by to Raquette Lake—but the huge log living house on the lake shore, with its sleeping quarters scattered here and there through the enveloping woods, and its dining-room somewhere else witnessing the regular conjunction of copious meals and a company of hungry guests, such a camp has always been civilization's most splendid achievement of an *urbs in rure*. To dress as one pleases, to sleep out of doors, to find oneself, at the remove of but a few steps, lord of a pine-needle carpet which seemingly no man's foot had pressed before, to return to a fireplace capable of a whole Ætna

of flame, and there knit up the broken and twisted strands of old-time friendships, does civilization offer a finer delight? To make one's own flapjacks of a cold morning; to bivouac in the dark and drizzle, stealthily to stalk the enemy under guise of deer or trout, that, too, is magnificent, but it is war. We are speaking now only of the pleasures of civilization. It takes a long time to go camping as we used to do it. But in the Adirondack camp, the camp that has perfectly learned to maintain its comfort, even its splendor, amid an envious and delightfully contrasting wilderness, here even forty-eight hours is not too scant to contain infinite riches. . . .

There is no missing the look on the face of a north country. Its marks are as unmistakable as signs of age or race, wisdom or folly in the human countenance. Perhaps it is the stone houses that bring home the sense of it; perhaps the touch of autumn where four days back on the road it was full summer. Huge poplar trees on the shores of Lake Champlain speak a word for the south. Arbor-vitæ hedges of noble lugunance proclaim winters that are not intolerable. And yet the feeling will not down that before long a cutting wind will sweep the mighty gorge between the reposeful Green Mountains across the lake and the tossing Adirondacks near at hand.

Chazy is true north, and for us farthest north. It is almost Canada, and in appearance Canada already. There we flag a broad but incredibly agile ferryboat and are soon set across the lake and left to thread our way over innumerable islands and endless causeways to the mainland of Vermont. It is amazing to see how unappalled these Vermont cars are by their roads. One is sure they would start boldly up the side of one of their own Green Mountains without remarking that the way was more than usually rough. When the good roads come, all the world will follow. To-day only those who are blest with very powerful springs, strong brakes, and sound tires can give deserved attention to an inexpressibly beautiful combination of hills near and far, of flashing waters, and of delightfully old-world towns. And when all the world does come, it is to be feared that a little inn on the shores of Champlain, in the face of which the sun tips the Adirondacks with his expiring flame, will lose something of its homely welcome, and Phyllis will no longer recommend to a bowl of apple sauce the addition of heaping whipped cream. . . .

It is a little anti-climactic to approach the Berkshires from the north. One has supped full on mountains. One begins to take an interest in lesser mountains of slate, refuse of great quarries, from which the farmers help themselves to

material for their fences, just as, a little farther on, they build their fences of clean Dorset marble. One rejoices, too, in glimpses of well-kept estates, through the grounds of which the public no longer as of old wanders at its will. No doubt it is the automobile that has put an end to former hospitality. One rejoices, finally, in the good roads. From now on it is plain sailing. The North is far behind us. In the Connecticut fields they are harvesting tobacco, whole families working carefully and neatly at the delicate task of storing the leaf in the open-sided barns. The names on the sign posts grow familiar. The first house is recognized almost with a shout. Here is the utmost bourne of our tentative afternoon drives. Again a soft tremor of expectancy asserts itself. Home? Yes, but that always. Something else. The hills sink lower. A soft haze drops across the road ahead. We wait. And presently we move into a gentle air, touched with a salty coolness.

"My dear, the sea."

HARRY AYRES

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles do not include bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Mexico

MEXICO has been described in books from the point of view of the native Mexican partisan—adherent of this, that, or the other "Chief"—or by the American publicist whose bias may exist because he does not approve of President Wilson, or it may spring from the fact that he likes President Wilson very much indeed. There is the Anglo-Saxon writer who loves the spirit of the Latin races, and views the lands of *mañana* not only with sympathy, but through a haze of sentiment; there is his opposite, with no patience for people without a Yankee habit of "git up and git." There is the apologist for and defender of selfish commercial exploitation, ever desiring immediate intervention; and there is the one who can remain indifferent to the murder of his fellow-citizens rather than let anything



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A Bargain in Acreage

In one of the most beautiful and healthful locations in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, in the Lenox and Stockbridge neighborhood, an estate of about 570 acres is offered for sale at a very reasonable price. About 250 acres are under cultivation and the rest is timber land and pasturage.

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Herbert E. Moore, Lee, Mass.

be done which might directly or indirectly benefit the object of his pet hatred—his fellow-countryman who happens to be a “capitalist.”

There are monumental works upon Mexico, like Prescott’s “History of the Conquest of Mexico,” and studies of the earlier relations of the United States with Mexico, scholarly and extensive, like G. L. Rives’s “United States and Mexico, 1821 to 1848,” and Manning’s “Early Diplomatic Relations between the United States and Mexico.” But the average reader does not wish to make historical researches, and if the early history of Mexico is sketched, and our earlier intercourse is briefly described, he is satisfied. In “Mexico, Today and Tomorrow” (Macmillan, 1919), Edward D. Trowbridge has written a book which has received almost unanimous praise. It contains historical chapters for the early days, but devotes the greater number of its pages to the men and events of the past five years. Mr. Trowbridge’s book is certainly indicated for contemporary reading: it is recent, and it endeavors to be impartial. George J. Hagar’s “Plain Facts about Mexico” (Harpers, 1916) is a brief handbook of economic information; while “Modern Mexico,” by R. J. MacHugh (Methuen, 1914), gives an English correspondent’s observations while Huerta was still in power. “The Awakening of a Nation,”

by Charles F. Lummis (Harpers, 1898), is still valuable, and certainly readable, though it deals with the days of Diaz. And Clarence W. Barron, in “The Mexican Problem” (Houghton, 1917), discusses economic questions,—heartlessly, says a socialist critic, sympathetically, say others. The production of oil is dwelt upon.

Caspar Whitney’s “What’s the Matter with Mexico?” (Macmillan, 1916) advocates “a strong man” to govern that country, and criticizes President Wilson’s policy. Thomas E. Gibbon, who writes “Mexico under Carranza” (Doubleday, Page, 1919), arraigns the Carranza government. “The Political Shame of Mexico,” by Edward I. Bell (McBride, Nast, 1914), is now five years old, but it gives the result of first-hand observation of political manoeuvres in Mexico City. Mrs. Nelson O’Shaughnessy, in “A Diplomat’s Wife in Mexico” (Harpers, 1916), describes the period before the American bombardment of Vera Cruz in 1914; while John Reed, in a style as lively as fire-crackers, gives his impressions of “Insurgent Mexico” (Appleton, 1914).

Of the books of travel, Hopkinson Smith’s “A White Umbrella in Mexico” (Houghton, 1889) is pleasant, if not informing. Every one reads Harry Franck, so his “Tramping through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras” (Century Co.,

1916) need just be mentioned. George F. Weeks’s “Seen in a Mexican Plaza” (Revell, 1918) records the charming side of Mexican life. “Viva Mexico!” (Appleton, 1908) is both pleasing and valuable, and is the work of Charles Macomb Flandrau, one of the two American authors (the other is Arthur Cosslett Smith) whose books are too few in number.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Lane, Jeremy. Yellow Men Sleep. Century. \$1.60 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Burton, C. P. The Trail Makers. Holt. \$1.50 net.

Herron, G. D. The Greater War. Mitchell Kennerley.

Kelly, F. F. What America Did. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

Raemaekers’ Cartoon History of the War. Volume 3. Century. \$1.75.

Ransome, Arthur. Russia in 1919. Huebsch. \$1.50.

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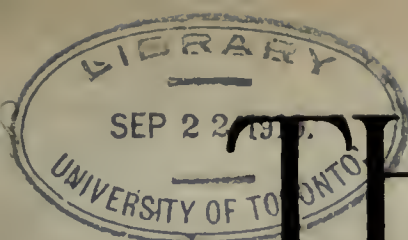
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THE REVIEW

395

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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VARIOUS interpretations will be put upon Mr. Bullitt's disclosures to the Foreign Relations Committee. Those opposed to the Covenant in its present form will naturally make the most of them. And in default of any denial or explanation by Mr. Lansing it is hard to belittle the statement that three of America's delegates to the Peace Conference are not at all satisfied with the President's programme. That the American Secretary of State should have expressed doubt, as he is alleged to have done, that the people of this country would ratify the treaty if they knew what it let them in for would in normal times put the success of the President's plans decidedly in question. But the moral which emerges most clearly from this extraordinary situation emphasizes again the President's unhappy choice of his advisers. To exalt a minor employee of the Peace Mission, who had had the most meagre experience in the State Department, to the position of a special delegate to Russia and to take him into confidence on other matters was rashness itself. But Mr. Wilson's fondness for the society of

radicals, of no uncertain stripe, is of several years' standing. A number of these former friends have turned against him, as was almost certain to be the case, unless he went nearly the whole way with them. Mr. Bullitt's indiscretion is the latest reminder that the radical's notion of open diplomacy differs from the President's or that of any other gentleman.

THE President has long been expert in reforming the world with a phrase. "Underwriting civilization" is a phrase of such resonance as almost to make America's obligation seem complete. If Mr. Wilson's verbal facility were less, and if this phrase stood out almost unaccompanied, as though the inevitable expression of the utmost fervor and conviction, its value as an inducement to accept the Covenant unchanged would undoubtedly be very great. But it will require more than alluring phrases to convince a people now accustomed to them. In his tour about the country he has chosen to give little time to the "technicalities" which are worrying many Senators and to emphasize what he undoubtedly regards as the broad truths which underlie his policy. Strategically, this may be wise procedure. If he can stir the country by broad vistas into a better world, he may get a tumultuous response. But he will hardly succeed without the use of definite argument, even in this somewhat tenuous sphere of discussion.

When Mr. Wilson states glowingly that the League will reduce war to a minimum, why does he not take pains to answer the objection, felt by many, that such a concert of Powers, in which every represented nation will have a voice in every dispute, may magnify certain incidents, owing to cherished grudges, which might otherwise be easily settled? Will the League, while serving as a useful medium of discussion, lend itself too easily to the propaganda of strongly organized minorities? These, to go no farther, are large, vital questions which should be considered by the President in a calm judicial spirit.

Finally, Mr. Wilson is continually lashing at the politics going on in the Senate. Well, some of his ardent adherents are not above admitting that he set the example for partisan politics by refusing to take with him to Paris such

a strong representative of the Republican party as, say, Mr. Root. The President chose to go it alone. Let him not complain unduly if he now finds the going somewhat rough.

PARTY politics should be silent in the present great crisis, and Senator McCumber has done a valuable service in lifting up his voice to this effect. "Such an attitude," he says, in referring to the indifference of the majority report to the lofty purposes of the League, "is most selfish, immoral, and dishonorable." Himself an old-line Republican, he speaks of tactics concerning which he undoubtedly knows much. Into the merits of Senator McCumber's argument for the League we shall not enter in detail. He does not keep himself within bounds when he says:

No statesman, no philosopher, has ever yet given a single reason why nations, which are but collections of individuals, should not be governed in their international relations by the same code of ethics that governs the peoples of communities or states in their internal relations.

This is a question with which political philosophers have, of course, wrestled for years, but the tone of Senator McCumber's argument is such as to convince the public of his sincerity and to help materially to bring the Senate to a sense of its duty.

NEW YORK CITY may well take pride in the character of its fire officials. The Uniformed Officers' Association of the Fire Department, in view of what has been happening in the Boston police service, has passed a series of resolutions defining its position. While recognizing that workers in ordinary lines of private employment may be justified in striking, as a last resort to better their condition, this association declares explicitly that men in the position of its own members, sworn guardians of the public safety, can not strike under any circumstances without incurring a guilt akin to that of mutiny and desertion by the soldiers. The resolutions close with a formal pledge to the people of the city "that we shall stand faithful to the trust imposed upon us, and to our oath of office, unswerving in our devotion to duty as members of the uniformed force of the Fire Department to protect and preserve our city and government, our department, and the lives and property of the community."

Here is genuine leadership, and we predict that fire and police forces all over the country will rapidly line up with these faithful firemen, not with the mutinous Boston policemen.

NO one who has observed the activities of the Bolshevik Government, or followed closely its policy, can be doubtful as to the close relationship which existed between it and the German General Staff. The positive character of this relationship was clearly set forth in the so-called Sisson Documents, which were published last year by the Committee on Public Information. Our radicals, however, in a frantic endeavor to free their friends, the Soviet authorities, from the charge of being German agents, declared these documents to be forgeries, and indeed brought forward evidence that threw doubt on the authenticity of several of them. Competent authorities are agreed that the major portion of these revelations are entirely genuine, and sufficiently establish the fact that Lenin and Trotsky were acting in accordance with German plans. If further evidence were needed, it is to be found in a telegram discovered in the files of the Soviet at Vladivostok. This telegram reads:

No. 00784.

Moscow, May 4, 1918.

To Sukhanov, President of the Vladivostok Soviet.

In accordance with agreement with German Ambassador Mirbach, all telegrams of military importance, issued by Allied Consuls or received by them from their Governments, before delivering or sending to addressees, must be sent to following address: Moscow, Metropole, Room 205, wherefrom [code from here on] Brest-Litovsk [more in code]. After such telegrams have been censored in Moscow and returned, they should be delivered as addressed. To see that these orders are carried out, appoint a special commission with full powers. Chicherin, Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

It is interesting to note that these instructions were sent out by the Soviet Government under the direction of the German Ambassador at a time when Colonel Raymond Robins and other deduced or disingenuous persons were urging our Government to recognize the Bolsheviks.

THE Jewish situation in Russia is exceedingly grave. There can be no question that there is a widespread feeling among the Russian peasants and intelligentsia that the Bolshevik régime which afflicts their country to-day has a Jewish character; and that this idea is to be found in the number of men of Jewish names and Jewish origin who occupy prominent posts in the Bolshevik organization and who took a leading part in its establishment. How unjust this is can be seen from the recent report of Dr. Pasmanik, who is a con-

spicuous worker in the Zionist movement in Russia and abroad, and who has been prominent in the Constitutional Democratic party in Russia. He points out that the Jews of Russia are suffering more from the Bolshevik régime than any one else, because they belong chiefly to the intelligentsia and small bourgeoisie, and he makes it clear how bitterly they are opposed to it. What the Russians fail to realize is that men like Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Larin, and their like do not consider themselves as Jews at all. They are renegades and apostates and have cast aside religion and nationality. Dr. Pasmanik has just made a tour of southern Russia, where he has had an opportunity to observe Denikin's army, and he testifies that in spite of the feeling against the Jews, which has been aroused by the hatred for the Bolshevik leaders of Jewish name, there has been no pogrom in the immense territory held by the Volunteer Army. He makes a stirring appeal to the Jews of Europe and America to support the anti-Bolshevik forces of Russia as a means of saving from ruin his co-religionists now under the heel of the soviet tyranny and expresses his strong belief that only in this way can there be brought about an harmonious collaboration in the interest of the Jewish people. This pronouncement of Dr. Pasmanik should be given heed in America, where loyal patriotic Jews are also faced with the problem of renegade supporters of Bolshevism.

THE Italians live up to their fame as a preëminently poetic nation. Their diplomats having failed to satisfy the national cravings, the poet steps in and cuts the Gordian knot. D'Annunzio's dramatic act will, doubtless, make a powerful appeal to the temperament of the people. The whole affair was enacted with the consummate skill of the playwright. "I understand you would fire upon your brethren? Fire first upon me," the poet, baring his breast, said to the Italian general in command of the city. Whereupon the general, overcome by emotion, exclaimed: "I am happy to meet you, brave soldier and grand poet. With you I cry, 'Viva Fiume.' All forces together: 'Viva Pittaluga'" (the general's name). "J'y suis, j'y reste," says the poetic adventurer.

"No worse service could be rendered to the cause we are defending and have defended," says Premier Nitti. The Fiume affair has thus become an issue between common-sense statesmanship and national exaltation, and it is doubtful whether the Minister will be able to hold his own, since the scene of the contest has been shifted from the assembly room to the stage. What will happen if Mr. Nitti does not succeed in having his orders obeyed, if the army sides with

the poet, and Fiume remains in the control of the emotional General Pittaluga? The Supreme Council in Paris will suffer in prestige if it submits to thus being faced by a *fait accompli*. We shall have a new version of the House that Jack built. This is the city that the Italians built. This is the poet who took the city that the Italians built. This is the Minister who reproved the poet who, etc. This is the Council that reproved the Minister who reproved, etc.

THE cold facts the Commissioner of Immigration, Anthony Caminetti, poured on the current hysteria regarding the supposed flood of departing foreigners which was drying up our labor supply settled, at least in part, a question that has vexed business men, students, and journalists. But the interesting question still remains as to who was fooling us in this matter, and how illusions like that arise and spread. Says the Commissioner, 102,513 foreigners have left the United States since the armistice, "an exodus that is perfectly natural" and not in the least exceeding the normal rate. The rumor about the 1,500,000 leaving or preparing to leave our cold and inhospitable shores forever, carrying \$5,000,000,000 in cash with them, is hereby returned to lay its head at the door of the Department of Labor, which fathered it. The child really ought to be legitimized.

THE *Review* can give the heartiest commendation to the movement, now in progress, to complete a \$10,000,000 fund for the better equipment of the various benevolent institutions comprised within the Federated Jewish Philanthropies of New York City. What the cause of philanthropy in general owes to Jewish liberality in New York City, no intelligent reader needs to be told. Jewish aid to causes outside the limits of its own faith has been so frequent and so generous that this call for funds for Jewish charities should as a matter of course meet with spontaneous offering of aid across the lines of faith and creed in the opposite direction. Of the various institutions involved, the directors themselves had already subscribed more than three million dollars at the time when the intensive effort to complete the fund began, a few days ago. The pressing need for funds just now grows out of the fact that Jewish benevolence was so largely occupied, since 1914, with the support of special war philanthropies.

MR. BRATIANO, after riding his high horse for some time in the political merry-go-round of the Balkans, has suddenly come a cropper within a day of his Government's refusal to sign the treaty with Austria. The successes

of the Rumanian Army in Hungary, leading up to the overthrow of Bela Kun's dictatorship, were likely to swell the head of any petty ruler. And the knowledge that the restoration of the monarchy under Rumanian auspices was not unfavorably viewed by at least some of the Entente Powers must have added to the self-confidence and pride of the Premier at Bucharest. The Rumanian Government, it is true, has disclaimed all responsibility for the usurpation of power by Archduke Joseph, but the Hapsburg could never have made his *coup d'état* without at least the connivance of the military occupant. The Supreme Council, in its telegram to the Allied mission at Budapest demanding the resignation of Archduke Joseph, gave official support to this suspicion by attributing the formation of the new Hungarian Government to "a coup of a political group under the protection of a foreign army." Mr. Hoover's successful onslaught dealt, consequently, a heavy blow to Mr. Bratiano's prestige. But neither that nor the compulsory retreat of General Mardaresco's troops behind the Tisza River, in obedience to a command from Paris, could shake his complacency. He would show his importance by refusing to be a partner in the signing of the treaty with Austria. He had a good pretext for making himself conspicuous by his absence: Rumania could not brook having it prescribed to her how she was to treat the foreign minorities under her rule. The distinction to be gained by this sulking attitude was slightly impaired by the partnership of the Jugo-Slav state, although, it is true, it modestly disclaimed any prejudice to the treaty. It was only the momentary non-existence of a responsible Government that prevented the nation from being represented at the ceremony.

THE death sentence pronounced upon Dr. August Borms, the Flemish activist leader, is just punishment for his traitorous dealings with the Germans. He took pride in calling himself the Flemish Casement, and went on lecturing tours through Germany as the guest of the "All-Deutscher Verband" and the "Vlämische Gesellschaft," letting himself be fêted while his own countrymen were being deported or cringing under the German heel. He was at the head of the deputation from the Council of Flanders which entered into transactions with von Bethmann Hollweg regarding the partition of Belgium into an autonomous Flanders and an autonomous Wallonia; he followed the hearse of von Bissing to the grave, and was admitted by his patrons to the prisoners' camps in Germany to recruit from among the Belgian soldiers there an activist army of malcontents.

How far he was misled in believing his Flemish people to be in sympathy with such proceedings has been shown by the utter collapse of his activist party. Less than one per cent. of the Flemings followed his leadership; so little did the tenet of pan-Germanism, that similarity or affinity of language naturally constitutes a tie of sympathy or even love between peoples, prove true when put to the test. First to decimate a nation and then to curry favor with the ninety per cent. that have remained alive by an appeal to their affinity of speech is a policy that only a Prussian militarist can expect to be crowned with success. The Flemish people's response to these approaches is tersely summarized in an anecdote told about Professor Paul Fredericq of the University of Ghent, a prominent leader of the Flemish movement, on whom Freiherr von Bissing had reckoned for support of his policy. One day the professor was summoned to appear before the Governor General in Brussels. "Professor," said the Freiherr, addressing the visitor in his native speech, "since the Germans have occupied Belgium I have learned to speak Flemish, as you hear." "Excellence," answered the Fleming in French, "depuis que les Allemands ont occupé la Belgique, moi j'ai oublié le flamand."

AMONG the new items of expense set forth by President Lowell, in connection with the Harvard movement for enlarged endowment, was \$15,000 for the physical training of freshmen. The new system, to take effect with this year's entering class, is under the direction of William H. Geer, formerly State Supervisor of Physical Training in New York. It is compulsory in amount, requiring three hours of physical exercise per week, but largely elective as to the particular form for the individual student. Limitations on choice in this respect are those of physical inability to engage with safety in certain forms of athletics, as determined by the preliminary physical examination. The only positive requirement of specific forms of exercise, apparently, will be in those cases in which the physical examination discloses specific defects requiring definite forms of exercise for correction. The freshman physical examinations will be made in the office of Dr. Roger Lee, head of the department of Hygiene, and in all parts of the work Director Geer will have the aid of thoroughly competent assistants, including the 'Varsity football coach, the crew coach, and Norman W. Fradd, who was with the American overseas force, in charge of training battalions for gassed, wounded, and shell-shocked soldiers. To many, the first thought may be of the gain to Harvard intercollegiate teams to be ex-

pected from this systematic physical assessment and development of the entire freshman material. It is due to the Harvard authorities, however, to take it in good faith as an effort to obtain the sound body not for victories over Yale and Princeton but as the fit instrument for the sound mind.

IN the death of John Mitchell, in his forty-ninth year, American labor loses a leader of very superior type. The country also loses a useful and respected citizen. Hard at work at an age when the law would now protect his right to be in school, he won his early education as a side issue, by the evening lamp. Though always opposed by the more radical element, he rose high as a labor leader, serving about ten years as President of the United Mine Workers of America, and as Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor. In 1902, he was summoned by President Roosevelt to the White House to meet the rather untractable George F. Baer, and began negotiations which ended in the settlement of the great anthracite coal strike. Mitchell had no love for a strike as such, looking upon it only as a last available resort, when mediation and conciliation failed to do the work which justice seemed to him to demand. He was head, for a time, of the Trade Agreement section of the National Civic Federation, and served also on the New York State Workmen's Commission. During the war, he served as Chairman of the Federal Food Board, and was also at the head of the State Food Administration Board of New York. At the time of his death he was in active service on the Federal Milk Commission. In all these relations he manifested rigid honesty, intelligent insight, great capacity for labor, and strong common sense. With the I. W. W. type of agitator he had nothing in common. If he made use of agitation at any time, it was only to remove what seemed to him obstacles to industrial justice. He may have made mistakes of diagnosis in particular cases, but his purpose was always legitimate, it was never revolutionary.

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Editors
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The Situation in the Senate

SINCE the last issue of the *Review* went to press, the majority and minority reports of the Foreign Relations Committee have been presented to the Senate. It can not be said that the contents of either report have had any influence upon shaping opinion, either in the Senate or the country at large. No new aspect of the controversy was brought to light; no old aspect received fresh illumination. The majority report, besides rehearsing the long-familiar objections to unreserved acceptance of the treaty, ridicules the plea that delay is dangerous to the prospects of the restoration of industry and business to a normal condition. The minority report lays solemn emphasis upon that plea, and declares the objections to unreserved acceptance to be purely factitious. That nothing novel is brought out implies no reproach to either side; it might, however, have been hoped that one or both of the reports would give a new impressiveness or persuasiveness to the case for its view.

But, though the reports have not in themselves made any substantial contribution to the crystallization of opinion, their presentation—or rather the presentation of the majority report—appears to have been the occasion of a noticeable change in the Senatorial alignment. Such appearances are often deceptive, and it would be a great mistake, in the present instance, to regard them as conclusive. But on the face of the news it would seem that a tendency among the Republicans towards union upon a position more radical than that of the moderate reservationists was distinctly manifested after the submission of the report. Senator McCumber's refusal, however, to go the whole way with his fellow-Republicans in the Committee is a landmark of the situation which must be kept in sight. It may be set down as certain that there are several other Senators who stand firmly with him; and it is quite within the probabilities that before the matter comes to a test this nucleus of steady supporters of a temperate and practical course will find a way to present their view in a form that will rally to it strong support. When the moment of actual decision arrives, the temper of the country and the temper of the Senate may well prove to be quite different from that which is evidenced while everything is still at loose ends.

The issue as between the proposal of the moderates and that of the Committee is a vital one. Not only do the moderates propose no overt amendment to the treaty, but in framing the reservations they have taken scrupulous care to

make them, in both form and substance, as unobjectionable as possible to the other signatories of the treaty. On the other hand, the Committee has proposed amendments which would vitally alter the treaty, and has worded two of the reservations in language made unnecessarily offensive apparently out of pure wantonness, while the most important of them—that relating to Article X—can hardly be understood otherwise than as outright annulment. The difference between the two positions is in effect all the difference between acceptance and rejection of the treaty.

It is true that even the course proposed by the moderates involves the possibility of difficulty as to the final consummation of the settlement. No one can say just what processes will have to be gone through to make all safe after a ratification of which any reservations form an integral part. The doctors disagree; but common sense seems clearly to point to the conclusion that, where an end is intensely desired and urgently needed by all parties, no great difficulty will be found in securing assent to a demand highly important to one of them, and comparatively indifferent to the rest. It appears to-day, and it has appeared all along, that there are practically only two courses before the country. Either we shall get together upon something very like the plan proposed by the moderate reservationists, or we shall not get together at all.

The Real Issue at Boston

THE question at issue in the Boston police strike is one that goes to the very heart of our national life. It is a question that is going to present itself in a hundred forms in the period of stress through which it seems only too clear that the country is bound to pass before things settle down to a condition of equilibrium. The question is whether the citizens of a commonwealth of freemen owe to the commonwealth as a whole a paramount allegiance, or whether they may at any moment throw off that allegiance and pursue their own special purposes regardless of the claims of public law and the public safety.

For it is not the state of mind of the policemen themselves that chiefly makes the affair at Boston an occasion for grave solicitude. It is the state of mind of the people at large. If we have lost that instinct of loyalty which should cause the whole community to be instantly shocked by the spectacle of the appointed guardians of the law deliberately attempting to paralyze the government of which they are the physical arm, then the whole structure of our laws

and our government has lost its only secure foundation. It is upon that instinct of loyalty, and nothing else, that democratic institutions, in the last resort, can rest. Without it, they can not survive any really serious strain; and that ours are going to be subjected to very serious strain in the near future there is every reason to believe.

Undoubtedly the eyes of the people of Boston were opened to the immediate significance of the policemen's revolt as soon as its consequences of shocking lawlessness and anarchy set in, and they set in very soon. Undoubtedly, too, a majority of the population felt at once that the strike was an intolerable offense against the first principles of government. But the fact that it took place at all is conclusive evidence that a very considerable part of the population had no such feeling. Had there not been an atmosphere favorable to it in a large element of the community, the idea of the strike could not have been seriously entertained by the policemen themselves.

The issue precipitated in so gross a form at Boston is one which, in forms less palpable but by no means less serious, the American people will be called upon to confront in many directions. It is quite certain that they have not, even under the stress of present-day confusions and excitements, drifted so far away from their moorings that they will fail to grapple with it firmly when the question of order or anarchy is put before them in a shape so simple and direct as that of the outbreak of criminality and disorder at Boston. But it is not so certain that they will adequately realize what is at stake when sinister consequences are less obvious and less immediate, though the principle involved is the same. Upon those who bear any share in the formation of public sentiment, no duty is more imperatively laid to-day than that of strengthening the hold upon the people of the essential principles of government; and upon those who have coquetted with notions that are subversive of these principles rests a heavy responsibility.

These misleaders of opinion do not call themselves anarchists—though, as we have had occasion to point out, one of the most conspicuous of them recently came out in an explicit advocacy of anarchy as a goal to be striven for, and to be reached in a fairly near future. What they do is to cast all possible discredit upon the existing order, without incurring the odium of actually proposing its destruction; to ignore or belittle what established institutions do for us and to magnify what they fail to do; to shut their eyes to the history of the hard-won progress of the past and to represent as the simplest thing in the world the realization of roseate visions

of imagined progress in the future. Upon immature or undisciplined minds, the natural consequences of a prolonged course of this kind of teaching is to produce the feeling that government as we know it is, if not an absolute evil, at least a thing to which we owe only a feeble or temporary allegiance.

It is possible that the experiences at Boston will have the effect of recalling many who have lightly allowed themselves to fall into this frame of mind to a sober realization of the vital facts of the social order. That order has not been created by mere contrivance; it is not the result of the happy thoughts of a few clever lawmakers or philosophers. Society is held together by sentiments that have grown up in the course of ages, and that have become almost as instinctive and as deep-seated as the feelings of parent for child or of child for parent. It is full of conflicting interests and jarring passions—interests and passions of classes as well as of individuals; and it goes on with tranquility and harmony because, on the whole, everybody acknowledges that the authority of law and government is superior to the claims of these interests and passions. Laws and forms of government are, to be sure, subject to change; and from these changes may come great benefits. But all the benefits that can come from any specific changes which, humanly speaking, can be looked upon as possible, are of trifling importance in comparison with those benefits which the mere existence of law and government—the mere acknowledgment of their supreme authority—is silently conferring upon us all the time, and of which we are usually as unconscious as of the air we breathe. The time was—and that not at all long ago—when all this was a truism; but the time has come when it has to be asserted as a militant principle. It must be made plain that no such defiance of the first principles of government as is involved in the attitude of the striking policemen will be tolerated by the American people.

Labor and Capital to Talk it Over

AS we move nearer to the conference between representatives of labor and capital, which the President has called for October 6, the sense of its importance increases. If the conference in the end should accomplish nothing, the manner in which the mere prospect of such a thing has been received on all sides would testify to the existence of a very general desire that labor and capital should at this time make every effort to get together on a human and enlightened plane. Continued warfare be-

tween belly and members is not merely destructive; it is ridiculous. For all to go down to destruction together is bad enough, but to do so through stupidity and selfishness is far worse. But this conference can not possibly end in mere negation; it can do good, perhaps a great deal of good, or it can do harm and also, quite possibly, a great deal of harm. The result will depend on the men who are to compose it and on the spirit in which they address themselves to its delicate and difficult problems.

So far as it has been indicated the constitution of the conference leaves something to be desired. Something like a fairly representative body may eventually be convened but it can not be said that the method of its selection is by any means certain to produce that result. Of the forty-five members, five are to be appointed by the National Industrial Conference Board and five by the United States Chamber of Commerce. So far, so good. But the farmers, who represent a good half of the production of the country, appear at the conference with only three spokesmen, but one more than the Investment Bankers' Association, who seem to have very little justification, if any at all, for participating in the discussion. The important industries of transportation and of mining, on the board, fare worse than agriculture; they have no representatives at all. Labor is officially represented only by the American Federation of Labor, which has as many delegates, fifteen, as the combined groups already mentioned. But the many shop organizations and the vast body of unorganized labor, together greatly surpassing the Federation in numbers, though not in power, go unrepresented.

There is, however, one point at which it is possible to make or break the conference. In the President's hands lies the choice of fifteen delegates, a third of the whole number. Here is the opportunity somewhat to redress whatever lack of balance the make-up of the conference may then show. But more important still, from this group are most likely to come the men who shall be capable of directing the conference to wise and constructive action, the men who can create its atmosphere of intelligent good will and generous coöperation towards attainable ends. Men of vision they must be, but men also who are capable of interpreting in a rational manner what it is they see.

The kind of man who takes in all seriousness Mr. Lloyd George's preëlection vision of a "new world, where labor shall have its just reward and only indolence shall suffer want," which is to supplant an old world "scarred by slums, disgraced by sweating, where unemployment, through the vicissitudes of industry, brought despair to multitudes of

humble homes, a world where, side by side with want there was waste of the inexhaustible riches of the earth, partly through ignorance and want of forethought, partly through entrenched selfishness," will not be a very helpful member of the conference. He might in all fairness be allowed a voice, but it should come a long way this side of being a controlling voice, because he has nothing to contribute to the ends for which the conference is organized. His object is quite other: to destroy this world that exists, the much hard-won good, along with the very considerably remediable bad. To a question what he is going to make the new world out of when he has destroyed the old, he has no answer save a pitying smile. Enough for him to echo Miranda's cry, "Oh brave new world!" and, presumably, it will somehow appear.

If, therefore, the President is fortunate in his selection of men who at once see the limits as well as the yet unrealized power of human industry, and if they in turn are so fortunate as to meet with representatives of labor who come to consult on ways of bettering a situation by no means hopeless and not to deliver an ultimatum, October 6 may yet come to be regarded as the birthday of a world, which by its courageous and enlightened acceptance of what man has already achieved for himself, coupled with an increasingly intelligent desire to improve the conditions to which step by step he has worked his way up from savagery, may so transform itself as to deserve, in long retrospect, to be called indeed "new."

Cardinal Mercier

WHEN General Pershing, leading the parade on Wednesday of last week, arrived at the grand stand in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, he dismounted to accept a bouquet of roses from a pretty Knights of Columbus worker, who was thanked by the General with a kiss. It was then that some one told the hero of the day that Cardinal Mercier was on the stand, and he forthwith went over to salute him. There they stood, face to face, the wielders of the sword and of the cross, joint victors in their war for right and freedom. That the Cardinal's presence was revealed to the General almost by accident is significant of the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which the prelate fought his war against the enemy. All the attention of the world was riveted on the deeds of the men of action; the heroism of the battlefield held the public in suspense, and the roses which pretty hands gathered when the victory was won were for the brave warrior who had faced death in the trenches. But this Christian warrior

had faced worse than personal annihilation—the death of all faith and hope in the hearts of the flock entrusted to his charge. To fight that ally of the Prussian, the people's despair, systematically reinforced by the enemy with all the devilish powers of terrorism, deportation, and starvation, demanded from the shepherd a constant heroism of the soul transcending the courage of the fighting soldier.

Désiré Joseph, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, was in the occupied territory of Belgium the embodiment of the nation's resolve never to stoop to the oppressor. Before the self-contained power of this physically weak, emaciate man with the sharp, thin features, the German satrap, Freiherr von Bissing, was forced to yield. Against his strength of soul physical force could not prevail. When in January, 1915, the Cardinal had incensed the despot in Brussels by some utterances in a pastoral letter to his people, which was read in all the churches of his diocese on the first Sunday of the new year, Bissing sent an officer to Malines to demand from the prelate the retraction of the offensive passages. But Cardinal Mercier maintained his right as a Belgian to give utterance to his Belgian feelings, and refused to withdraw a single word. "When on August 2, 1914, a foreign Power, trusting to force and forgetful of its treaty oath, dared violate our independence . . ." were the words that had especially roused the ire of the Governor-General. A German guard at the entrance of the Episcopal Palace was the Prussian argument to disprove the truth of that statement. But Freiherr von Bissing was given to understand by his diplomatic adviser Baron von der Lancken that this attempt against the personal liberty of the Monsignore was contrary to the policy which aimed at winning the hearts of the Flemish people by a show of respect to the Catholic Church. For it is among the Flemish half of the Belgian nation that the Catholic clergy has almost absolute sway. In the Walloon districts, on the other hand, with their coal mines and large industrial centres, socialism prevails. And as the Germans, at that time, were naïvely hoping to bring about a schism between Walloon and Flemish Belgium by holding up to Flanders the bait of autonomy under a German protectorate, they reckoned on the support of the clergy, whose lead the Flemish people were sure to follow. So the guard was withdrawn from the Archbishop's door; but to screen his defeat the Governor issued an order to the priests of the diocese of Malines in which he mendaciously gave out that His Eminence regretted the effect caused by his pastoral and no longer insisted on its being read on following Sundays. The lie

was immediately overtaken by the Cardinal's denial: "Neither verbally nor in writing have I withdrawn any, and I do not now withdraw any, of my former instructions, and I protest against the violence done to the liberty of my pastoral ministry."

A year later a similar passage at arms took place in which, again, the man of the cross proved the stronger of the two. His Eminence preached a Lenten sermon which incurred the wrath of the Governor. His secretary Monsignore Loncin and the publisher of the sermon were arrested. But the Cardinal himself the tyrant dared not touch. Nor could the words of comfort he had spoken to his people be arrested on their way from mouth to mouth: "In recognition of the moral truth that justice passes force, you have sacrificed your possessions, your homes, your sons, your husbands, and, after eighteen months of suppression, you remain proud of your deed as you were on the first day. And all over the world your self-abnegation is understood and admired. . . . Still from the very beginning I have made you feel that I foresaw a long time of trial. But the natural and supranatural conviction that the ultimate victory will be ours is anchored in my soul deeper than ever."

That anchorage has remained firm to the last, through the heaviest of storms. Though in many a blast the ship of his conviction was shaken, it was never swept off its moorings. By constant exhortation, by the example of his own unbending spirit, by the devout expression of his faith in God, he sustained his weak, his almost dying people. Of all the figures whose greatness the war has revealed to the world, Cardinal Mercier seems to us the most imposing.

"I have come to thank America for what she has done for Belgium," were the first words which His Eminence spoke on setting foot on land. Our debt to him is greater than Belgium's debt to us. For he has given to us, as to all the world, a matchless example of moral strength and courage, to keep alive our faith in the power of good over evil.

The Apologies of Ludendorff and von Tirpitz

"WE were steeped in illusions about our enemies, the nature of their war aims, their conduct of the war, and the nature of the economic war," says Admiral von Tirpitz in the opening paragraphs of his memoirs, now in course of publication by a syndicate of American newspapers. General Ludendorff's vision is still sadly dimmed by one of these illusions when he repeats, in his story of the war, the childish statement

that America simply did not understand, that she had never really known Germany in time of peace, and was misled into opposition by viewing all the events of the earlier period of the war through the glasses of Entente propaganda. It might be well for the German universities to send over some of their matchless experts in quantitative research and have a tabulation made of the contents of American newspapers during the period when American opinion was getting its bearings on the war. The result would show that the decision was hampered by no lack of amplified and oft-repeated statement of the German point of view. In fact, Germany suffered in American opinion not because she was kept from stating her case, but because she stated it all too clearly. For even her deliberate misstatements, with the interpretative comment of her actions, let the fundamental truth shine plainly through.

Admirals and generals, the Kaiser and his chosen counselors, may look this way and that for someone else upon whom to lay the blame for the lack of success of a work so long and so minutely planned. History will not charge it to individual errors in execution, but will find for it a deeper and broader basis in the fact that Germany, misled by the host of self-induced illusions which Von Tirpitz so readily admits, had thrown herself squarely across the main current of modern political progress. In such a contest a final success was impossible from the outset. A delay of the disaster could only increase its violence and completeness, and the advice of a von Tirpitz, heeded or unheeded, could play no fundamentally important rôle.

It must be said for the Admiral that he had some sense of the danger to Germany lurking in the ruthless use of submarines at the start. His desire was for a less spectacular beginning and a gradual working up to the point where outside opinion would have received with less shock such deeds as the sinking of the Lusitania. But after the blunder of the Lusitania had been committed, there should have been no further hesitation. Germany should boldly have maintained the legality of the act, he thinks, and gone vigorously on. His assertion that American expressions of indignation at the act were largely bluff merely illustrates how impervious to the thoughts and feelings of others the callousness of Prussianism had rendered the German leaders. The reply to President Wilson's note on the sinking of the Sussex, he says, "was the beginning of our capitulation. . . . By promising to indemnify the families of the victims of the torpedoing of the Sussex, we showed the world that we were going down before America. . . . By spurning at that time the salvation of submarine

warfare Germany signed away her birthright as one of the great powers. In fact, the record of the war is a record of one lost opportunity after another for Germany to wrest from England a satisfactory peace." But after the weakening of 1916, "It is impossible for me to make up my mind," he says, "whether, if the responsibility had been left to me, and I had known all the facts, I still would have waged the submarine war in 1917. As an actual fact, at that time I had an instinctive feeling that it was too late, but I allowed myself to be convinced by those in high office that it must be risked."

All this is only one of many proofs that the men at the top in Germany knew even then that the game was lost, as things stood, and were ready to try any desperate gambler's chance rather than face the consequences of admitting defeat. For it was evident even then, to all who saw beneath the surface, that foremost among those consequences would be the ruin of the Hohenzollerns and their entire governmental machine. With the masses of Germany, loyalty to Kaiserism was largely a matter of the good things of this world which it promised. With its confessed inability to make good, the bond could hold no longer. But the affection of Admiral von Tirpitz for the Hohenzollerns continues, and he looks with a wholly pessimistic eye upon the republican experiment. In the emphasis of rights rather than duties, in the unwillingness to admit that real benefit to the individual can come only through living primarily for the state, he can see no pathway to national elevation. "I can not but fear," he says, "that Germany has lost her last chance of rising to the position of a real Power." Nor does he find hope in the thought of possible estrangement between England and America. "I can not foresee any serious antagonism between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers."

A correspondent in one of the dailies likens the memoirs of these two German commanders to the Commentaries of Cæsar and Xenophon's Anabasis, but he wisely omits specifications. Neither the simple charm of Xenophon's smoothly flowing narrative nor the quick energy and directness of that of Cæsar have any counterpart here. What the inspiring power to repeat the Roman's "Veni, vidi, vici" might have done for the style of either of them, the world fortunately will never know. But in their attempts to shift the responsibility for disaster from their own shoulders, these memoirs may perform a much needed service. For they are sure to draw a heavy cannonade of rejoinder, and from the entire mass of controversy the truth that Germany's course was one stupendous blunder from beginning to end, and not a rational plan thwarted by

avoidable blunders of detail, will at last work its way effectively into the consciousness of the German masses. And herein lies the necessary cornerstone for the rebuilding of Germany's position in the world.

A German Version of Archduke Joseph's Coup

THE story of Archduke Joseph's recent strange *coup d'état* is still enveloped in mystery. What were the forces on whose support he could rely in usurping power over the Hungarian state? The French papers, at the time, were particularly insistent on it that the unexpected return of the Hapsburg régime in the eastern half of the old Dual Monarchy had not been brought about by the Rumanians. Their knowledge of the event did not go beyond this negative statement. The *Petit Journal*, the organ of Minister Pichon, couched its comment on the news from Budapest in the following cautious terms:

The Allies can only state the fact of the archduke's appearance at the head of the Government. They will have to await his actions. The course of events will probably compel them to enter into negotiations with him concerning the settlement of current affairs. But they will recognize him definitively and officially only in case of a majority of the country giving him its support.

Were the men in power at Paris actually so completely ignorant of what had really happened as the *Petit Journal* would have one believe? If so, the representatives of the Great Powers in Budapest either gave their benediction to the *coup d'état* on their own initiative, or allowed the Archduke to take the decisive step without any interference on their part. They were, at any rate, duly consulted by the Hapsburg aspirant to power before he entered upon his adventurous move. His first step on arriving at Budapest, whither a military deputation from the newly formed militia had invited him to come, was to call upon the several Entente missions. "The upshot of his negotiations with them," said the *Hungarian Correspondence Bureau* at the time, "was the archduke's decision to take upon himself the solution of the political crisis."

In view of the scarcity of facts that are allowed by official quarters to come to the knowledge of the public, it is of some interest to hear what the German comments were on the development of this mysterious revolution. They are, of course, not at all to be taken at their face value; but they may possibly help to throw some light on an extremely obscure phase of recent history.

There is first a statement, made by the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, accord-

ing to which negotiations had been conducted in Switzerland between British agents and Emperor Karl concerning a possible restoration of the personal union between German Austria and Hungary. The plan was to appoint the former Emperor King of Hungary, and meanwhile stir up a monarchist movement in German Austria. The plan was frustrated by the refusal of the Emperor, who saw in the arrangement a personal degradation to which he would not submit. Not until the idea of a Danube Federation had been realized would he consent, he declared, to return to power. Archduke Joseph, however, was found willing to take his place in Hungary provisionally, which he was to cede to the ex-Emperor when the Entente should have succeeded in constituting that federation. The Berlin paper accounted for the wish of the Entente to restore the monarchy of the Hapsburgs by the fear of France of a union of German Austria with Germany.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* confirmed this last statement: "The new Danube Federation, under Entente control, was to serve as an instrument wherewith to weaken the German Empire." The editor, Theodor Wolff, who has long borne the repute of a reliable and conscientious writer, called the Entente's support of Archduke Joseph the reward for his misconduct in the battle of the Piave, "where Austria was beaten because the Archduke withdrew his Hungarian divisions from the field."

Vorwärts, though it saw in the Hapsburg revolution not an anti-German but an anti-socialist move, agreed with the other Berlin papers in believing some of the Entente missions to have been the wire-pullers behind the scene. "The capitalist governments of the Entente are on the alert to expel the organized workers everywhere from the powerful position they have gained by the revolution. To attain that end they are willing to join hands with the recently dethroned and, up to now, hostile dynasties, and they find in reckless Communist adventures such as the dictatorship of Bela Kun a welcome pretext for making such a volte-face."

In the absence of any proof it is impossible to decide whether this representation of the event, given by German papers of various political convictions, was solely due to the German prejudices which their editors have in common or had some degree of foundation in the facts. An authoritative statement of the relation between Mr. Hoover's protest and the final action of the Versailles Council demanding Joseph's retirement—whether, namely, that protest caused, or merely accelerated, the Council's action, or whether the two events merely happened to come so close together—would do much to clear up the mystery.

The Demand for Withdrawal From Siberia

PUBLIC opinion is much confused as to the situation in Russia and our proper policy with reference to it. In general it may be assumed that the vast majority of right-minded people look with abhorrence upon the Bolshevik Government and what it represents. They sympathize with the efforts which patriotic Russians are making to drive out the brutal, German-inspired tyranny that has ruined their land, and to restore the national Russian state, for they are coming to understand how essential this is for the future peace of the world. They are still a trifle uneasy as to the aims and purposes of the Omsk Government, for the flood of anti-Kolchak propaganda has not been without some effect. But what they do not see is that we should take any part in this movement or interfere in any way in what they consider to be the domestic concern of the Russian people. This feeling is voiced in the insistent demand that American troops be withdrawn from Siberia, and certain Senators have found this a popular and responsive chord to strike and a vulnerable point at which to attack the Administration.

Since the war is over as far as we are concerned, it is not without reason that they ask by what right and for what purpose over 8,000 American troops are maintained in Eastern Siberia. To answer the question requires a brief survey of the situation and the steps in our policy that led up to it. An examination will show that we had a good reason for sending the troops there and that the question of withdrawing them is not so simple as it might appear, but is bound up with and complicated by weighty considerations pertaining to our general policy in the Far East. The occasion for sending our troops to Vladivostok in the first place was the obligation to come to the succor of our allies, the Czechoslovaks, then at war with our enemies and threatened with destruction by armies of German-led Bolsheviks. The need was imperative and we could not in honor refuse. We did, however, delay considerably, pending the conclusion of protracted negotiations with Japan, whom we suspected of ulterior designs, but we finally came to an agreement whereby both countries were to send expeditions of specified size, and accordingly a force of American soldiers was landed at Vladivostok.

At this point, however, the American policy becomes difficult to understand. It was announced that the purpose of the American troops was to guard the rear of the Czechoslovaks, and that they were therefore to remain at Vladivostok.

This was, of course, absurd, for the 15,000 Czechoslovaks at Vladivostok needed no guarding; they were abundantly able to take care of themselves. But the 40,000 west of Irkutsk were in grave danger. They were in desperate straits for arms and munitions, and a powerful and well-armed force intervened between them and their fellow-soldiers at Vladivostok. As a matter of fact, these brave men finally succeeded in breaking through and making their way eastward without our assistance. So they owed us no gratitude, for the instructions to our troops prevented them from going to their aid.

Meanwhile, the people of Siberia and Eastern Russia, thanks to the Czechoslovaks, had been able to throw off the Bolshevik yoke. They welcomed the arrival of the Americans and believed that they were coming to aid them. They had good grounds for such a belief, for it had been announced that one of the purposes was to stabilize the efforts of the Russians to establish their government, and they had been faithful to the Allies and were fighting against the Germans and the German-led Bolsheviks on the Volga front. They saw clearly that if we helped them maintain the struggle on this front it would improve the situation on the western front in France. But when this help did not come and the American troops remained inactive in Vladivostok, wide currency was given to the belief that they had been sent there, not to aid the Russian people, but merely to guard vast stores of supplies in which America had a financial interest. Meanwhile, Japanese troops aided the Czechoslovaks and Russians and cleared the Amur Valley of Bolshevik bands.

Another unfortunate situation arose. Apparently under instructions from Washington, General Graves, the American commander, assumed what was termed an attitude of "neutrality" with reference to Russian "factions." This, of course, meant neutrality as between Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks. In the meantime, the Russians had united in setting up a government of all Siberia at Omsk. The decent people of Vladivostok, of course, gave their hearty support, but the town was filled with transient Bolsheviks and German agents, who made strenuous efforts to incite rebellion against the central Government. Our people seemed unable to understand this and appeared to maintain that any community had a right to determine its own government and allegiance independently of the Siberian authorities. The effect of this policy was to protect

the Bolsheviks and afford them a refuge, while our military zone became a vantage ground on which they could agitate without hindrance and from which they could launch marauding expeditions. It is not strange, therefore, that the people of Siberia came to regard the Americans as the supporters of their enemies, and a strong anti-American feeling grew up, a feeling which was encouraged by the Japanese. So strong, indeed, did this feeling become that the Omsk Government felt impelled to intimate very plainly that it did not wish any American troops sent westward.

Nevertheless, after an inter-Allied agreement had been reached with reference to the Transsiberian railway, a quota of American troops was sent to do duty as guards along the line east of Irkutsk. Here again their instructions, which limited them to a narrow zone on either side of the railroad, made their work dangerous and ineffective, while the policy of "neutrality" brought about a situation in which open conflicts were narrowly averted.

The upshot of the whole situation is that the American expedition to Siberia has been a lamentable failure. We have given no aid to the Russian people in stabilizing their efforts to set up their government, but rather have hindered them and have won for America general suspicion and dislike. As far as the Omsk Government is concerned, the withdrawal of our troops would be a relief, save for one consideration. They are, to be sure, employed at present in guarding a section of the railroad, but other troops could perform this service as well. Yet if we withdraw, we leave the whole situation in the hands of Japan. From the day our troops leave, the Japanese will be in complete control of the railway from Vladivostok to Irkutsk, and the All-Russian Government at Omsk will be entirely at their mercy. The Omsk Government will be obliged to come to terms with them and adjust its policy to their aims. The withdrawal of American troops from Siberia, therefore, is not merely a matter of policy as between Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks. The real issue is whether we shall scuttle the ship and let Japan salvage it. To do so will relieve homesick boys and anxious parents, and give great satisfaction to the radical agitators who are playing the German-Bolshevik game, but it will have a mighty influence on all our future relations with Russia, when the present chaos has passed and she comes back into her own as a national state and a great European Power. And meanwhile, we are not absolved from the pledge of support and assistance to Admiral Kolchak and his associates given by the Conference at Paris.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Italy's Point of View

THE Governments of France, England, and the United States have had Italy by the throat at the Peace Conference. The situation has been plain enough; Italy is to-day immediately dependent upon the Allies, and particularly upon the United States, for financial assistance, for food supplies, and for the coal and raw materials required by her industries; consequently, they can force her to sign eventually any peace which they choose to dictate.

It will be remembered that England and France showed themselves humble enough in 1915, when cap in hand they sought Italy's saving intervention in the war; and the primary consideration which they sincerely urged upon her then was her vital interest in the Adriatic. "Italy has certainly need of possessing this second lung in order to breathe normally," declared the *London Times* on March 25, 1915. "There is not a single Italian patriot who does not understand that the question of the Adriatic takes precedence over every other in his country and can be solved only through her intervention," pleaded her later arch-enemy Gouvain in the *Journal des Débats* of February 4, 1915.

Indeed, as early as August 27, 1914, the *London Times* had issued an appeal to Italy for the liberation from Austrian domination of "the Italians of Dalmatia and Istria."

Italy entered the war on May 24, 1915, entered "in the cause of civilization and justice;" and the assistance which she subsequently rendered the Allies by offering up 460,000 of her best citizens and from seventy to eighty per cent. of her national wealth alone made possible the common victory over the Central Empires. She risked freely all that she had, trusting in the honor of England and France to secure that for which her heroes were giving their lives—a just and permanent peace in Europe, with the completion and future security of Italian national territory. Now that the victory has been won and that she is completely in the power of the Allies, what is their policy towards her? If the *Nation* is to be believed in its statement of May 3, "they made up their minds some time ago to cut her adrift by the first of October and let her sink or swim, survive or perish, from that time on. . . . How can she refuse to sign the peace?" The answer is quite simple: *She can not refuse.*

But is the policy of coercion of a faithfully ally wise? Leaving aside considerations of their international honor and integrity, in the name of which the great war was fought, is it desirable that England and France—with their associate the United States—should force

Italy to sign a peace which she believes to be manifestly unjust in her regard? She may well recall Mr. Wilson's statement of February 11, 1918: "Nothing settled by force, if settled wrong, is settled at all. It will presently have to be re-opened."

Italy's claims have been frankly stated from the outset, and consistently maintained. Sonnino's declaration in Parliament on June 20, 1917, is a characteristically honest exposition of her position, setting it forth as in full harmony with the international principles laid down by the Allies: "Our aspirations are for liberty and security, both for ourselves and for others. We have no desire to acquire frontiers that would constitute a menace to a neighbor or a peril to anyone, but simply frontiers that will serve as a bulwark for the independence of our country and a guarantee of its pacific civic progress." In other words, Italy means to have frontiers that will assure her at least a minimum of safety, rendering normal disarmament possible and enabling her people to go about the business of life without constant preoccupation over the danger of surprise and attempts at domination on the part of their neighbors. No one can deny Italy's right to have such frontiers, and she hopes to obtain them by the treaty of peace now under discussion. If, however, she should be forced to sign the peace without them, she believes that it would simply mean that the question "will presently have to be re-opened." So it was after the peace "settled wrong" in 1859. So it was after the peace "settled wrong" in 1866. Mr. Wilson believes that we are "living in a new world"—but the eternal course of justice does not change.

The minimum frontiers to which Italy has a right for purposes of self-defense were exactly determined by the English, French, Russian, and Italian Governments in 1915, and the decision was then recorded in a secret document known as the Treaty of London, which gave definite assurances. Mr. Wilson, however, has a particular aversion to secret diplomacy and secret treaties, unless he himself has been in the secret—though he has made an exception of the secret Japanese treaty with the Allies, of 1917, which secures great concessions to Japan in China, against China's sovereign will. Mr. Wilson, therefore, put his veto upon the Treaty of London—although on February 11, 1918, he had declared that the United States had "no desire to act as arbiter in European territorial disputes." But even if this binding document is to be treated as a scrap of paper, the fact remains recorded in it that England and France recog-

nized in 1915 the justice of Italy's present claims.

What has induced the recent radical changes in policy of France and England towards Italy with regard to the Adriatic? For it is generally known that Mr. Wilson has not stood alone in contesting Italy's rights at the Peace Conference, but that his opposition has been supported, if not inspired, by Clémenceau and Lloyd George. If the Allies called upon Italy to liberate the Italians of Istria and Dalmatia in 1914, why should they now seek to prevent these Italians, finally liberated, after immeasurable sacrifice, from becoming citizens of the Mother Country? It is not without interest in this connection to recall certain historic declarations made in past phases of Franco-Italian relations. At the time of Garibaldi's famous expedition of the Thousand in 1860, Prince Napoleon maintained that from the French point of view Italian unity was not desirable: "A nation of twenty-five millions of men (to-day forty millions), grouped together under a powerful dynasty at the doors of France, frightened him; the influence which France had long exercised over the Latin races would suffer cruelly from it. He wished an Italy divided into three kingdoms, one at the north, one at the centre, and a third at the south." Such was the view of the Government of the Second Empire: a united and strong Italy was contrary to the interests of France. Nor was the downright policy of the future leader of the French Republic different; on March 4, 1867, Thiers declared in the French Chamber: "Had I enjoyed the honor of directing the destinies of France when this question arose, I would have employed all the force at my disposal to prevent Italian unity."

One can not believe that a similar aversion to a strong Italy prevails among the majority of the French people to-day, yet the position taken by Clémenceau at the Peace Conference would clearly indicate this attitude on the part of the *French Government*; and that this is its attitude is the common belief in Italy. The *French people* must realize that a strong Italy would have saved them from Germany in 1870, that a strong Italy did save them from Germany in 1914 and 1915, and that if they are skeptical as to the efficacy of a League of Nations as a panacea for all international evils, a *strong and friendly Italy* will be an invaluable bulwark against the enemies of France in the future.

But it has been said that Italy's claims for national defense are exaggerated. Can this charge be maintained? The general staff of the Italian Navy, composed of officers of the highest ability and integrity, have clearly demonstrated to the Peace Conference, as they believe,

that Sebenico and a certain number of the Dalmatian islands indicated in the Treaty of London are essential to the security of Italy in the Adriatic. These naval officers have borne the heavy responsibility of directing Italian naval defense, characterized by some of the most brilliant achievements of the World War, for over three years. Do you now charge them with ignorance, or bad faith, in their claims? In one of the "technical" discussions held in Paris regarding Italian claims in the Adriatic, the American "expert," a smug professor of one of our great universities, who had been dressed up in khaki as a major, declared that the American delegation was very well informed upon the questions under debate; it had been studying them for three months. "Indeed," replied the Italian naval officer, Italy's "expert," who had served for three years during the war in command of a cruiser in the Adriatic, "we have been studying them for two thousand years." One may be permitted to ask whether in questions of sea power it is usual to submit to the decisions of other nations issues of vital national defense? Who decides whether Gibraltar shall belong to Spain or Great Britain? And Malta? Have the French submitted the future of Djibouti to the League of Nations? Is the United States ready, at the dictation of an international tribunal, to relinquish to a European power her dominating influence in Cuba?

But, say those who hold Italy by the throat, Italy claims Fiume, which is not designated as Italian in the Treaty of London; its hinterland is Slav; and the claims of Italy both in Fiume and in the zone of naval defense embracing Zara and Sebenico and the Dalmatian islands are in conflict with the claims of the Yugoslavs. The truth is, however, that Fiume, the vast majority of whose population is Italian, has of its own initiative declared its annexation to Italy—this by the right of self-determination. The immediate hinterland is certainly Slav, and is not claimed by Italy. The vast commercial hinterland, however, served by the port, is for the most part not Slav, but Hungarian and Czechoslovak; and the Hungarian trade interests at Fiume, which concern principally agricultural produce, will be much safer in the hands of the Italians than in those of a competing agricultural nation like Yugoslavia. In 1912, to the commerce of Fiume the Yugoslavs themselves contributed but 13 per cent.; for their own commerce they have abundant port facilities and opportunity for extensive further port expansion on the Slav coast, both close by Fiume, and to the south where most of the small Slav export trade would originate. No valid reason, therefore, can be adduced for denying to Fiume its right of self-deter-

mination, or for depriving Italy of Fiume, which is essential to the commercial unity of the Istrian peninsula.

In regard to the claims of the Yugoslavs, as Lord Cecil declared in Parliament on May 22, 1918, "there is no incompatibility between the aspirations of Italy and those of Yugoslavia"—meaning, of course, between their just aspirations. To Italy's honest efforts to harmonize her claims with those of Yugoslavia the records of the Congress of Rome bear witness. But the Yugoslav delegates have been false to their pledges there given; they shamelessly intrigued against Italy prior to the Peace Conference, and after having solemnly pledged themselves to respect Italy's "vital interests" of territorial defense and the rights of nationality, they have extended their own claims to include even Trieste and Gorizia. Trumbic declared on June 18, 1918, that the Slav troops "would not fight to save Austria." How mistaken was his assurance may be gathered from the bulletins of the Austrian general staff upon the fiercely fought battle of Vittorio Veneto, in which many Yugoslav regiments are cited by name as having fought with singular gallantry; in the fleet the Yugoslavs were equally faithful to Austria. The committee of Yugoslav émigrés which was intriguing with the Allies thus proved to have comparatively little following among its own people, of whom the vast majority desired only independence under a triple Austro-Hungarian-Slav monarchy, for which declared end they fought fiercely against the Allies to the last—even against their "brothers," the Serbs.

If the Allies fought for the cause of

liberty and justice against Germany, they fought for the same cause against the Yugoslavs (Croats and Slovenes) who faithfully supported Germany until the great Italian victory of Vittorio Veneto brought the overwhelming finale. Yet it is by the unjust claims of Yugoslavia that the rights of Italy are contested. For the Allied cause Italy raised a fighting force equal to over 13 per cent. of her total population, a percentage greater than that reached by England, France, or the United States. Yet you would reward Italy with injustice in order that you may give a premium to the Yugoslavs, two-thirds of whose composite and unstable nationality, to the last hour of the world conflict, continued to sacrifice their lives for the cause of the Central Empires. If this be justice, we now live in a new world, indeed!

No country in Europe has been more sincerely favorable to a League of Nations than Italy—but a League of Nations founded upon justice, guaranteeing truly national frontiers and equitably distributing colonial mandates, not a League whose deliberations are a series of compromises dictated in the interest of the most powerful. "To this point has the logic of ambition brought Mr. Wilson," observes the *Corriere della Sera*, voicing in its issue of July 23 the bitterness that is in Italy's heart. "He has said 'Yes' to Japan because she is great and strong. He has said 'No' with regret to China, which is great but weak. He has said 'No' without any scruple whatever to Fiume, which is weak and small."

H. NELSON GAY

Rome, August 5

The Socialist Reaction

AMERICAN Socialism as a constructive force touched its highest point in the national convention of 1912 at Indianapolis. That convention was faced by a party crisis. The cult of "direct" action, sponsored by the I. W. W., had won many proselytes; and the term had come again to mean what it had meant forty years before, in the days of Bakunin. In its extreme form it meant, negatively, contempt for government and abstention from political effort, and positively, reliance upon conspiracy, sabotage, and destruction. In its milder forms it meant anything the individual chose to read into it. Numbers of professed Socialists had caught the contagion, and they succeeded in making themselves felt and heard in the convention.

The left displayed a fairly well-organized front. Of course, not all its members—perhaps not even half—were extreme "direct" actionists. The faction included persons of every degree

of gradation from propagandists of the deed to mere emotional flappers. The faction was, however, at its core, a reincarnation of the old foe against which Marx had thundered and which supposedly had been vanquished and laid to rest. This reëmbodied thing had now come forth in a new guise, and it had brought to its support a hitherto unknown element in social radicalism—an element that had sprung up overnight some time in the early part of the year and was now hysterically making itself known. This element was composed of what were then known as parlor impossibilists and pink-tea revolutionists, though they are now usually referred to as boudoir Bolshevists. To the Roaring Jims and Wild Bills of the hinterland had been allied the Esmeraldas and Reginalds of the metropolitan coteries.

This alliance of "fanatic roughneck and sentimental softhead" in the propagation of a resuscitated heresy was

looked upon by the guardians of the Socialist faith as a grave menace. The movement meant, unless checked, the overturn and wreck of all that had been built up in forty years of hard and courageous work. In the convention of 1912 the issue was fought out. There was a memorable debate, and in that debate the speakers of the constructive element placed the party squarely on the side of legalism and order. Unquestionably the note of expediency was heard; "politics" was not forgotten; but in most of the speeches—particularly those of Delegates Charles Dobbs, Winfield R. Gaylord, and W. L. Garver—the ethical note was strongly emphasized. "The working class," said Mr. Dobbs, "is entitled to the best that there is in our civilization; . . . and if the capitalist class desires to stain its hands with fraud and to practise violence, let us, who represent a new and constructive force, take our stand in favor of order as against chaos."

The convention agreed with him; and by a two-thirds vote, amid tense excitement, formally condemned the reactionaries of the left and decreed the expulsion from the party of every advocate of sabotage, violence, and abstention from political effort. A referendum to the membership of the party confirmed, by an equal majority, the verdict of the convention.

All authoritative propaganda of Socialism at that time emphasized its constructive, its ethical, its humanitarian aspect. The platform, the official leaflets, the books and other writings of leading Socialists were consistent with one another. Had any anti-Socialist of the period 1906-14 pictured a Lenin-Trotsky régime as a Socialist ideal, he would have drawn upon himself from the propagandists of the faith a storm of denunciation. Socialism was explained, not as a reversion to terrorism and loot, but as the next stage in the march of civilization. True, there was to be revolution, but in the sense that the change was to be thoroughgoing. The transition from capitalism would be made with the minimum of social dislocation, the maximum of regard for individual well-being. Socialism meant internationalism, but it did not mean anti-nationalism, and it made ample allowances for the obligations of national allegiance. The "bourgeois" state was not to be overthrown and abolished; it was to be conquered at the polls and gradually transformed into a *social* state, functioning for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Socialism, it should be noted, did not mean Communism; it meant the fullest individualism consistent with the common welfare. Even the class war, though emphasized as a fact, was described in terms not unduly terrifying to the

timid. In those days the capitalist was not necessarily a bad man; he was quite as much a slave to the system (even though a lucky one) as was the proletarian. The chief anathema was reserved for the revolutionary extremist and his dilettante worshiper. No dictum was oftener on the lips of the orthodox than that the extremist and his sentimental dupe were, consciously or unconsciously, mere tools of reaction. Above all, Socialism meant democracy; everybody—at least every adult—should have a voice and vote in the conduct of the world's affairs. Without democracy there could be no Socialism.

This was the picture presented; and though a few ribald extremists hung about the fringes of the crowd and jeered at it, and most of the illuminati of the coterie superciliously rejected it as a thing quite too tame for souls of the real revolutionary vision and fire, it was the official picture. It had behind it the sanction of the leaders and the often repeated verdict of a plebiscite to the membership.

Of the sincerity of one section of these spokesmen there can, of course, be no question. But doubtless also those who afterwards so completely stultified themselves were equally sincere. They pictured Socialism as they imagined it, and the transition from capitalism as they believed and hoped that it might happen. But when, not long after, came the great test, it was found that among Socialist spokesmen with presumably equal degrees of sincerity there were vast disparities of self-understanding. Some of them knew themselves, and some did not. The minority—which included, with many others, the men mentioned above—found that they could consistently maintain their self-respect only by seceding from the party. The majority, under the increasing pressure of events on which they had not counted, gradually shifted their ground until today their attitude is on almost every point a complete reversal of that of five years ago.

Three factors, then latent but brought into active expression by the great war, are responsible. The first was the strong racialism of the large German element of the party; the second was the pro-German subserviency of the equally large alien, but non-German, element; and the third, the perverse impossibilism of a considerable part of the American element—a mental state which finds its chief ecstasy in always being on the wrong side of every question and which naturally enough found merits in the autocracy of William Hohenzollern which it could not find in the democracy of the Joneses, Smiths, and Robinsons of the United States. It is well to remember, in an age in which so many juvenile philosophers are perpetually

challenging every accepted belief and standard, that sometimes at least the obvious explanation may be the true one. In this case it is the only conceivable one; and in spite of all the demurrers and protests of the accused, the fact remains that the Socialist shift is a product of Germanism. Had there been no war, there would have been no Socialist shift to Bolshevism; the Lenin-Trotsky régime (assuming that it could have come into being in a time of world peace) would to-day be denounced by the American Socialist leaders as a brutal travesty on Socialism. They would have followed Kautsky and Branting in their verdict; they would have listed the Bolsheviks with the counter-revolutionists—the more or less conscious tools of a czaristic reaction.

The change is so striking that it can not have escaped any observer. No time is now wasted in employing any of the old arguments. They have been remorselessly scrapped. If now you want a picture of the Socialist state, you are directed to gaze at Soviet Russia; and if you ask about Socialist tactics and means, you are likely to be told that anything which produces results is sanctionable. Soviet Russia is a model in operation; and the exegesis and apologetics of Socialism depend, in large measure, upon what has happened in that land and what may yet happen. If you make any inquiry about such things as liberty, justice, fraternity, and democracy, you are quite as likely as not to be told that the terms for these things are mere "bourgeois ideologies." As for the word democracy, it was a good and useful word a few years ago, but new conditions have rendered its meaning vague: it may mean anything or nothing.

What matters most is power; and what matters least is how it was acquired or how it is wielded, so long as it is maintained in the holy name of the proletariat. Of the glorification of proletarian power there is no end; and there is ready justification for the violation of every right or principle for which official Socialism stood in the days before the war. Internationalism has become more or less anti-governmentalism. The nice distinctions between Communism and Socialism have in the main been forgotten. Though there is still a professed reliance upon political action as a means of advancing the cause, an increasingly indulgent attitude towards "direct" action brought about, in 1917, the repeal of the anti-sabotage clause. Moreover, the old antagonism towards the extremists and their parlor disciples had by 1917 disappeared, and many of these intractable souls had become authoritative spokesmen of the movement. That within the last few months the old breach has

again been opened, and that the extremists, with the relentless fury of an army of dervishes, are warring for the total obliteration of the Socialist party, merely adds a sequel of humiliation to a five years' career of stultification. The party leaders had nothing to gain and everything to lose from their truckling to the extremists, and they are now paying the penalty. They have drawn upon themselves a storm of objugation. What it is all about must prove puzzling even to one long experienced and well documented in radical controversy. But in any case it remits nothing in its sweeping denunciation; it concedes no shred of merit or honor to the party leaders. Even their stubborn resistance to America's part in the war, which cost some of them long prison sentences, is now denounced by the ultras as an expression of mere "petty bourgeois pacifism," a tawdry imitation of the simon-pure article of international revolutionary proletarian pacifism.

The American Socialist party had its greatest opportunity in the days of 1914-17. But saturated as it was with Germanism and pro-Germanism, and more or less tinctured with impossibilism, it drifted day by day into Bolshevism. The gates were opened to what it once considered its greatest enemies—the Goths and Vandals of revolutionary extremism—with the inevitable consequence of opening gates to enemies. Too late its leaders learned their mistake. They are modifying their Bolshevism, and they are trying desperately to save something from the wreck. It appears, however, that there is little to save. The recent national referendum seems to show an overwhelming majority for Beyond-Bolshevism. The party as a political factor is thus doomed. It may continue a sort of death-in-life existence after the pattern of its predecessor-contemporary, the Socialist Labor party; or it may be absorbed by some other organization, or it may merely die of inanition. Whatever its ultimate fate, it can now no longer be seriously regarded as a factor in the political struggle.

In its better days this party was a power; and to those of us who were then among its fellowship it held the promise of a glorious future. Now, the mere shadow of its former self, it awaits the inevitable end. "Men are we," wrote Wordsworth,

And must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed
away.

Yet the fitting regret in this case is not because of the impending extinction, but because of the fatuous course of social and national apostasy which decreed that fate.

W. J. GHENT

Correspondence

Vim Vi Expellere

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Having thrown the barn doors wide open and fastened them back, now that the horse has been stolen, our wise and watchful authorities are scurrying hither and yon, crying stop thief, and asking for clues. There is one unmistakable damning clue which anyone can see with his eyes shut, and it leads straight back to the social authorities themselves and from them higher up. It was, to begin with, the attitude and action of our Government in permitting Trotsky and his gang, after having urged the destruction of our institutions, to go to Russia, in spite of the remonstrances of the Allied Governments, with the declared purpose of taking her out of the war; and its further action when the Bolsheviki, not yet strong, had entered openly upon their career of murder and robbery, in refusing to join the Allies in putting them down and preventing the spread of their nefarious propaganda; and later its efforts more than once to treat with them on equal terms, a course that gave them clearly to understand that they were at liberty to send here as many emissaries and as much stolen money as they chose with which to spread their poison and carry on their warfare against us.

This propaganda they have been carrying on without concealment on their part and without let or hindrance on the part of those we have set over us. So serenely confident were they of not being interfered with, reassured doubtless by the declaration of a high officer of the Government that no matter what they said they would not be proceeded against unless there was an overt act, they have held public meetings, one of them presided over by a Government official, where anarchy and revolution were openly preached, and this after numerous bombs had been sent through the mails. The same doctrine has been proclaimed unhindered in numerous journals.

We are now reaping the legitimate results, and all under the monstrous plea of free speech and a free press. As well talk of free murder and free plunder, which is indeed what in stricken Russia has been attained. Every one knows that just as certainly as seed planted in a fertile soil will grow and bear fruit, incitements to the use of the bomb and the torch sown in idle, vicious, perverted, or disordered minds, spring up and bear fruits of anarchy and violence. The authorities know well enough that all the money spent on propaganda was not for amusement but

for results, and they know equally well what those results must be, and yet they have sat with folded arms and chanted and chattered of free speech and a free press, and let the teaching and training of anarchists and murderers go on before their very eyes. Worse still, when a large band of them, caught red-handed in the West, were brought to New York to be deported, the Department of Labor, in which no such power should be lodged, turned the majority of them loose, and it is more than likely that it is to some of them, in token of their gratitude, that we owe this last exhibition of the beauty and advantages of advanced Socialism.

Our authorities have shirked their plain duty, shown themselves incompetent and inadequate to meet the menacing situation which confronts us, which they have long been aware of, and it remains for Congress to pass laws which will not only punish the criminals but compel timid, inefficient, and demagogic officials to act. This plea of waiting for an overt act—preaching revolution is an overt act—is as though a Board of Health, fully informed that enemies were spreading deadly germs throughout a community, should say, "We can do nothing until someone has developed the plague, and died." The making of laws and their execution should be, like the modern practice of medicine, as far as possible preventive.

There can be no question in any patriotic or reasoning mind as to how these Bolsheviki and I. W. W.'s should be dealt with. They are our avowed and deadly enemies, bent on destroying our Government, our liberty, and every institution which we hold sacred. They despise, scoff at, and violate our laws, and when confronted with their cowardly and bloody crimes invoke the laws they would destroy in their own defense. They are not entitled to their protection. Those that commit acts of violence should be hunted down like the vipers and rattlesnakes they are, and every member of the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki should be rounded up and driven out of the country. They hate and despise it, and lie in wait to injure it; they are our deadly implacable enemies; why should we permit them to remain among us another day? Send the foreigners back to their native shores and bar them and their like out forever. Send the Americans, for with shame be it said there are some, to some far-off uninhabited island, where they can work out their theories unmolested. As to the parlor Bolsheviki, send them to Coventry. Not one of them will ever go within a hundred miles of a bomb or anything else dangerous. Then and not till then will there be abiding peace and security throughout our borders.

VETERAN

Nonquit, Mass., July 14

T. M. Osborne, Genius

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your recent editorial on "T. M. Osborne, Seaman 2," is an example of the characteristic inability of the American public to recognize and appreciate genius in its midst. And because of this very inability, you fail to see that it is the peculiar and especial genius of Thomas Mott Osborne that makes his experiment a most hopeful and significant one.

In one paragraph of your editorial you express admiration for the distinctive character of his service to prison reform. Yet you presume that his experience at Auburn Prison as a voluntary prisoner added naught to his equipment. Now it must be evident that it was some particular quality of his genius, or his actual experience within prison walls, or both, which account for his achievement. His remarkable accomplishment at the Naval Prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, prefaced as it was by a voluntary incarceration as a naval prisoner, lends great weight to the proposition that it is the genius of the man, coupled with the reality of a living experience, that explains his success.

If this be true, is it unreasonable to expect that out of this experience as a "Seaman, 2nd Class," the genius of Osborne may reveal not brutalities, but needless repressions and ways of developing a more consciously integrated organization? Suppose that with his rare creative instinct he should discover some means of articulation between officer and seaman, more friendly and less formal, which would make for greater harmony, fewer misunderstandings, fewer infractions of discipline—and a decrease in the number of naval prisoners. Then would not his service be of value, and entirely substantiate the courage and foresight of Secretary Daniels? And would not Osborne's capacity for inner penetration into the fundamentals of vital relationship command new attention? It is some such thought as this which has persuaded Lieutenant-Commander Osborne that he might perform a useful service as a "Seaman, 2nd Class."

Your discussion of naval tradition is both confusing and contradictory. After all, traditions have their day, and pass away if they do not square with common sense. The passing of the wine-mess removed a long-standing tradition. The war has witnessed many more, even to the extent of construction officers in the navy yards putting on civilian clothes to remove the artificial barrier between officer and workman. And taken by and large, they have all been for the best interest of the service. Nor is this work of Osborne's in any sense "high-minded spying." He is aboard the

North Dakota by executive order, with the full acquiescence and knowledge of the Commanding Officer. The very thing that an Intelligence Officer would do is the very thing most abhorrent to Osborne—namely, spying. In fact all that any Intelligence Officer would detect would be some obvious infraction of naval regulation, and nothing that reached deep into the very fundamentals of associated life; its repressions and conflicts, with illumined suggestions, of a constructive nature, on the way out. For this contribution is going to come from men with perception and profound understanding of human relationships.

It is no longer the confidence of his friends that these six years of whole-souled, unselfish devotion to prison reform has cut deep into his financial resources till it is a gross exaggeration to speak of him as a "millionaire" in a seaman's rôle. He has given without stint of his principal to sustain the ideal of a moral principle. With true Christian spirit he has given all—or nearly so—for the fulfillment of this service to his fellow-men. Such is the eloquent testimony to his genuineness.

So the genius and genuineness of Osborne may bear much fruit. His clear vision, his articulate voice, his trenchant pen, and his constructive imagination may shed light on the path for others.

SPENCER MILLER, JR.

New York City, August 6

Mexico as it Was

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Permit me to suggest, in connection with the very interesting résumé of books about Mexico by Edward Lester Pearson in your issue of September 13, that readers who wish information and entertainment par excellence should be advised to secure "Life In Mexico," by Madame Calderon De La Barca, now reissued in Everyman's Library.

Written by a brilliant young American woman, wife of a Spanish diplomat, who resided in Mexico for two years, it was first published in England in 1843. William H. Prescott sponsored the book with an Introduction.

So accurate was it and so authoritative, that in our war with Mexico in 1847 the book was used as a guide by the American officers, including General Scott.

CHARLES M. ROE

New York, September 13

A Correction

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Galsworthy's "American Addresses" is published by us and not by Houghton, Mifflin, as stated in your issue of September 13.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

New York, September 15

Book Reviews

Philippine Independence

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Maximo M. Kalaw, Chief of the Department of Political Science, University of the Philippines, Secretary of the Philippine Mission to the United States. New York: The Century Co.

THIS is a book which all citizens of the United States should read, for it lays before them in direct, courteous, and dispassionate language the Philippine situation of to-day, and makes clear the plain duty of this country. Its appeal to our national conscience is only strengthened by the careful avoidance of everything that should offend the most sensitive American, and by its generous recognition of whatever good we have done, for the author's forbearance must make anyone who has studied the facts feel mortified that the representative of a nation we have treated as inferior should so easily demonstrate the absurdity of our claim to superior civilization.

The Congress of the United States with substantial unanimity passed in 1914 the so-called Jones Act, which in its preamble pledged the United States "to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein." Mr. Kalaw shows that the stable government has been established, and that the promise of the United States should now be kept.

The conditions are in all respects singularly favorable to independence. In the first place, there has been in the Islands no dynasty whose representatives might aspire to recover their power, there are no noble families, no castes, no political distinction between citizens, except such as are surmountable. The conditions are like those which existed here in 1776, but are better because there are no slaves in the Islands. We have, therefore, the best possible foundation for free government in an essentially democratic people, who naturally favor republican institutions.

In the next place, we have a homogeneous people of the same blood inhabiting a group of islands, with no boundary questions to disturb them such as have so long elsewhere disturbed the peace of the world.

In the third place, they have been tried in the balance and have proved their fitness to govern themselves. Of this Mr. Kalaw furnishes convincing proof. He quotes the foolish statement of a writer in the *New York Herald*, who, speaking of Mr. Wilson's remark at Staunton, Virginia, in 1912, that he hoped the frontiers of the United States would soon not include the Philippines,

said that when the news of the speech reached the Islands, "like a clock in a house shaken by an earthquake, the new-found business expansion stopped, like a pulse in the body struck by lightning the current of its life ceased to throb. Capitalists accustomed to place their money through brokers on commercial loans drew in their funds; insurance companies and other institutions that had been investing their surplus in local enterprises closed their doors to such transactions." This statement, on its face absurd, is typical of many before and since by which the American public has been deceived, such as the delusion that the Filipinos "desired our sovereignty," that the opposition came from only one out of eighty tribes; that the photographs and living specimens of savages sent to this country fairly represented the Filipino people, and that Aguinaldo was like an Apache chief.

Mr. Kalaw marshals the facts and figures which absolutely refute the theory that Filipino government meant disorder and ruin. In 1913, the total trade of the Philippines was 202,171,484 pesos. In 1918 it was 468,563,496 pesos. In 1913, 42.65 per cent. of the trade went to the United States; in 1918, 63.4 per cent. The Philippine National Bank was established in 1916 with some 20,000,000 pesos in resources, which in 1918 had grown to 230,000,000 pesos. In the last few years 3,065 domestic corporations and firms and some 95 large American concerns have been organized. "For three years prior to 1913 the Government had expended from two to two and a half million pesos yearly in excess of its ordinary income, and in 1913 had expended more than 9,000,000 pesos in excess of such income" was the statement of Governor Harrison in his first message to the Philippine legislature. In the last three years the national income has increased from about fifty-three and a half million pesos to nearly 71,000,000 pesos, and "at the end of 1918 there was a surplus of nearly 35,000,000 pesos in the insular treasury."

It is very instructive to see how the Filipinos have worked out a successful budget system, which this country has vainly been striving for, under which the budget is prepared by men elected by the people.

It was predicted that if the Philippines were independent "the Moros would revive their piratical life and war on their Christian brothers, and that the other districts would be subject to disorders and revolutions." The Philippine officials have disproved all these gloomy prophecies, and have adopted a policy of kindness which is steadily civilizing all these so-called "savage tribes," and has accomplished wonderful results. Civil government was established under

an American, Governor Carpenter, and has been continued so wisely that peace and order reign, and the Moros have learned to trust and respect the other islanders to such a degree that their representative in the Filipino Senate said, "We are one in spirit and one in blood."

The Filipinos have nearly doubled the mileage of first-class road from the end of 1914 to 1918. They have built public buildings, school-houses and bridges, increasing the amount devoted to public works from about 3,000,000 pesos annually under Governor Forbes to 17,000,000 in 1919. They have a Bureau of Labor to serve as a mediator in disputes between labor and capital of which both the Director and Assistant Director are labor leaders. The number of children at school in 1912 was 440,000, in 1918, 675,000. The number of teachers in the Department of Mindanao and Sulu in 1912 was 99, in 1918, 783.

One is tempted to quote more freely from the abundant evidence which this volume contains that the Filipinos are a united, civilized, prosperous people, entirely fit to govern themselves. It is enough to repeat the words of Governor Harrison: "The Filipino people have come out triumphantly through their trial. By temperament, by experience, by financial ability, in every way, the ten millions of Filipinos are entitled to be free from every government except of their own choice. . . . They are intelligent enough to decide for themselves. . . . I have found the native Filipino official to be honest, efficient, and as capable of administering executive positions as any men I have met anywhere in the world."

The Filipinos have done their part. If the American Governor and Vice-Governor were to sail away to-morrow, the stable government which the people have established would go on without feeling any shock. The question which for twenty years has vexed the conscience of the American people recurs. Shall we whose government stands upon the immortal declaration that all human governments rest upon the consent of the governed refuse to such a people as this has shown itself to be the same right of self-government?

If we care nothing for the principles which we constantly profess, shall we treat our solemn promise to withdraw our "sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein" as a mere "scrap of paper," following an example of broken faith which we all condemn?

Shall we who believe that "every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the

little along with the great and powerful" disregard these fine professions with cynical indifference?

In a word shall we whose conquest of the Philippine Islands is a chapter in our national history of which no American can really be proud, add a yet blacker chapter to that history by trampling principles and promises alike underfoot, and while trying to emancipate other nations for which we are not responsible, continue to hold in subjection the weaker people for which we are responsible?

Shall we who hesitate to enter a league of nations because we fear foreign entanglement and do not wish to see our young men fighting in remote regions insist on remaining an Asiatic Power with all the consequences?

If the American people really believe in their own institutions and value their own honor, there can be but one answer to these questions.

MOORFIELD STOREY

The Middle Distance

THE OLD MADHOUSE. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE GAY-DOMBEYS. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IF there is a boundary between the prolix and the garrulous, Mr. De Morgan stepped over it in "When Ghost Meets Ghost." You may say that there was no superfluous item of fact or of comment in the nearly nine hundred tight-printed pages of that remarkable tale. But there were unmistakable redundancies of manner and superfluities of phraseology. At times his readers could but feel themselves, reluctantly, to be half-charmed victims of beard-wagging, finger-shaking eld. How get to the 'osses without somehow cutting the cackle? Why couldn't this delightful old gentleman speed things up a bit, so that we might proceed to the next business on the docket? If nothing else, there were other story-tellers with a right to be heard.

It may at once be confessed that "The Old Madhouse" arouses similar qualms. Indeed, if De Morgan had lived to finish it, he might easily, at the pace he was making, have beaten again all recent records for the long-distance novel in English. Some readers, genuine De Morganites, would have rejoiced in this. The rest of us will be well enough content to accept Mrs. De Morgan's summary chapter of conclusion in lieu of the three or four hundred pages into which its substance would have been spun by the leisurely affection of the author. The facts are, briefly, that he was working at the story till within a month of his death, had talked over its conclusion

with Mrs. De Morgan, and left notes from which she was able to solve for us without peradventure the mystery on which the plot is based, and to tell how everything "comes out."

The plot seems, as usual, to be carefully and deliberately constructed, and from the multitudinous cross-references and minor pertinences which make perilous the skipping of a De Morgan page, we might have fancied the whole affair complete in the author's mind before the penning of a sentence. Mrs. De Morgan's account of her husband's methods of composition completely destroys this easy supposition:

When my husband started on one of his novels, he did so without making any definite plot. He created his characters and then waited for them to act and evolve their own plot. In this way the puppets in the show became real living personalities to him, and he waited, as he expressed it, "to see what they would do."

It was his usual practice to read out aloud to me every Sunday evening all he had written during the week. When the novel was completed we read it aloud again straight through from beginning to end, so that he might judge of how the story came as a whole, omitting or adding parts as he considered necessary. This process of weeding or elaborating was not always left till the completion of the story, but he relied on being able to do it before giving his work to the public. . . .

Towards the end of the book, when an intelligible winding-up of the story became imperative, the plot was taken up and carefully considered, all the straggling threads gathered together and finalities decided upon, though latitude was always allowed for details to shape themselves after their own fashion. . . . He never made rough copies and practically finished as he went; everything was so complete that he found even a slight alteration in the text would often let him in for as much work as the writing of the whole chapter would have given him.

The plot, in the end, is there, and everything seems to fit into it. And, as usual with De Morgan, it is a plot based upon quite simple and external facts: a sudden disappearance, the revelation of a long-concealed passion, the love-affairs of a few young people as determined by jealousy, temperament, character, and opportunity. The old madhouse, so far as we can see, is introduced—that is, the former use to which the fine old house has been put is postulated—purely in order to account plausibly for the hidden trap-door which is the primitive engine employed for the sudden elimination of poor Uncle Drury. Uncle Drury's ghost capably plays that part of innocent mystification which is customarily assigned to the supernatural in this romancer's work. In truth, he and his faded romance are pretty lightly linked to the tale of Fred Carteret and Charley Snaith and Lu Hinchliffe and Nancy who is our real heroine—a kind of unsentimental Cinderella, with the undying appeal of her rôle. But whatever in structure and

substance the novel may or may not be from the technical point of view, it will have for thousands the character of yet another delightful communication from a well-loved friend, the more agreeable because, in a way, unexpected.

De Morgan writes of his own England. It is a little England of nice middle-class or humorous lower-class people, of no visible "problems" beyond the personal interests of the handful of persons we are concerned with at the moment; a world snug and safe and self-contained. Sir Harry Johnston, in "The Gay-Dombeys," writes also chiefly of Victorian England, and in an intimate, discursive vein which suggests De Morgan more than any other recent writer. But his is the Victorian England of the ruling class and of steadily broadening empire, which honestly believed in its destiny, and shouldered without false modesty or cant, if sometimes also without discretion, the white man's burden in many lands. Through his experience as explorer and British administrator in Africa and elsewhere, Sir Harry Johnston was in the thick of this movement for racial expansion, an empire-builder in faith and practice. He is evidently his own model, in some degree, for the Eustace Morven of the tale. In an enthusiastic Preface, Mr. Wells contrives to mention this fact without assuming responsibility for it: "Sir Harry has used his own experiences with extraordinary freedom throughout, and the mechanical reviewers from whom all writers suffer will no doubt, when they are not saying he is a caricaturist, be saying that the is 'autobiographical.'"

How much truth may be in these extra-Wellsian charges is, as Mr. Wells says, a matter of small importance. Never mind where he got his materials, the question of moment is what use he makes of them? And the answer is that, not being one of those mechanical novelists from whom all reviewers suffer, he has retold an excellent story, as a story. The main action, however aware of the adventures and achievements of Eustace Morven abroad, is firmly rooted at home. "The Englanders" would not have been a bad title. And the central figure among them is not Eustace or any other man, but Suzanne, that island Ceres who is also a great lady and a dear girl, and who needs only to exist in these pages in order to justify them, if there were no other justification. But the book is rich in other ways, in portraiture, in ideas, in humor—a keen and sympathetic study of that Victorian age which it has been the fashion of late to dismiss (no, never to dismiss!) as all of a piece, whether pathetic, or absurd, or downright damnable in its hypocrisy and mediocrity. There is no dove perched on Suzanne's finger!

H. W. BOYNTON

A Courageous Pessimist

A GENTLE CYNIC. Being a translation of the Book of Koheleth, commonly known as Ecclesiastes, stripped of later additions; also its origin, growth, and interpretation. By Morris Jastrow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

IN the record of the literature of the world the Book of Ecclesiastes holds a unique place. It, in Renan's famous phrase, is the only lovable book ever written by a Jew, and the phrase still holds even with Heine reckoned in. Ecclesiastes rings truer than Heine in any of his stages and can be read and re-read beyond even the "Buch der Lieder." No one who has ever caught a glimpse of the real man behind these broken sentences, swaying with many moods and truthful to each to the limit of contradiction, has ever thereafter been unfaithful. From St. Paul to Thackeray they have known that here was a great creative mind, their kin, struggling to express itself and to tell the burden and mystery and attraction of human life as it had found it, even when the exact meaning of the words has been held from them and they could only answer, spirit to spirit. For this book belongs to great literature in its very diversity of possible interpretation, and beyond the haze of meanings we still can see the man. He abides our questions, and his smile, when we can catch its rare glimpses, is true and warm. He had part in the common *élan vital* and he knew, in spite of all experience, that life and living were good.

Yet, there is the horror, too, of the mystery. He was no metaphysician; no Hebrew ever was. He had to posit a Personality behind everything and directly controlling everything, and what kind of Personality could that be? We might call it the order of nature and solve the shrieking paradox between it and ourselves with a phrase, but for him it had to be a Will, and in presence of that Will he had to walk through the number of his fleeting days here under the sun. That Will knew neither good nor evil—all experience of life showed that; it was inexorable but irritable; in some strange way it actually feared man—the Garden Story in Genesis was a myth of the deepest meaning for Ecclesiastes, though he read it very differently—and had arranged all the events of life in opposites to puzzle man. Thus life could have no plan or meaning, and every one could see that it had not. But this Will, also, had put man under a curse of toil—again just as in Genesis—and for the same purpose. So there was man, and the whole groaning and travelling creation, driven to toil on in endless circlings, without hope of any advance or new thing, in an essentially changeless universe. That is this mor-

tal life, and, when it is over, man returns to the dust, for he is dust and unto dust he returns. And in the meantime let men walk cautiously before this Will, lest It be angry and he perish by the way.

If ever pessimism were justified it would be in presence of such a nightmare as this. But our tags do not apply to Ecclesiastes; he is too great and different for them all. Yet he is, if anything, more a pessimist than a "cynic," and has neither lot nor part with the snarling curs of Diogenes' litter. Nor does "gentle" fit him save as he was a great-hearted gentleman who faced life steadily and as a whole, ready to do his duty by it and in it; having learned the joy that lies in work and fellowship and human love and that man could thus transform the penalty imposed on him and really live. It is true that he never speaks of duty, just as he never speaks of conscience—no Hebrew ever did—but these things were as real to him as was that Will behind life which haunted his dreams. So strongly beat the pulse of life within him, although he knew well the paradox that it involved. And what impatience he had was expended on those who talked and theorized where no one could know. He preferred to leave the contradiction as it stood and to go on with life. The curious point is that, while he had no doubt that the Will behind the events of life did not recognize good or bad, he never asked himself whence his own acceptance of these categories came. But, then, neither did the poet behind Job. Was the problem hidden for them by their having no term for "conscience"? Contrasted with this blindness is the clearness of the double classification which he lays down of people and their actions. One is into categories of moral good and bad, and the other into what is pleasing to that unmoral Will and displeasing to It. Here he even shows the beginnings of an escape from the fundamental confusion in Hebrew ethics between being wise and prudent and being good. The wise and prudent man knows how to get along with that Will, more or less, but the unflinching and inconvenient moralist destroys himself. This is somewhat veiled in our English versions by the translation of a Hebrew word as "sinner"; in his use of it Ecclesiastes reverts to its etymological force of "one who makes a mistake," "a blunderer."

Beyond this use of wisdom and the practical fact that "the wise man's eyes are in his head but the fool walketh in darkness" Ecclesiastes did not go. He had no more use for those philosophers who professed to understand and explain both the phenomena and the inner meaning of life than he had for those writers of apocalypses who told of a golden

future and a new heaven and earth. How did they know? was his rejoinder to all attempted escapes, by reason or pious imagination, from the leaden and certain facts. He preferred to posit the two sure things, the unmoral personal Will and the *élan vital*; and to leave it there.

All this has been written not to send the reader to Professor Jastrow's book but to that of Ecclesiastes. Almost two hundred pages of Professor Jastrow's book are given to introduction and about fifty to translation and commentary—an intolerable proportion of bread to sack. Further, he is an Old Testament exegete, historian, theologian, and as a sworn higher critic he must have editors, redactions and glosses, and deals with the Book of Ecclesiastes as though it were Leviticus or Deuteronomy. But the laws of literature are not those of history, or theology, or jurisprudence. It is a mirror of life and its pure products may be as full of contradictions as life and personality themselves. This Ecclesiastes well knew, but he could hardly have known that in thus liberating his soul he was writing the first and perhaps the greatest of the books of the literature of self-revelation. How he came to do it, how his book became current among men, how it became part of the sacred canon of the Jews, are questions which show how little we know of the real life of these centuries of Hebrew history. The rest is silence, and literature accepts and respects the silence.*

Marriage Laws of the States

AMERICAN MARRIAGE LAWS IN THEIR SOCIAL ASPECTS. By Fred. S. Hall and Elizabeth W. Brooke. New York: Russell Sage Foundation.

THIS digest of the marriage laws in our States and of various proposals for their reform is preliminary to a thorough study by the Russell Sage Foundation of the manner in which these laws are administered, and of their relation to family welfare. Readers of the book are asked to aid the authors in securing information on the following points: "What is the interpretation put upon the marriage laws of your State in daily practice? How are licenses issued? How carefully is the intention of the law made clear to unsophisticated people? How are evasions punished?" The authors believe that the women voters will take a keen interest in the subject and will render effective service in reforming our marriage legislation. Let us hope that such faith is well founded. There can be no

*Of course the Hebrew text of Ecclesiastes is not immaculate and the last six verses are an explicit editorial appendix. Yet the text is in better condition than that of a very great part of the rest of the Old Testament.

doubt that our marriage laws are now bewilderingly diverse, and their reform seems beset with many and strange difficulties.

It is a fact rarely referred to, and perhaps not generally known, that the Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws owes its existence largely to an attempt to bring about uniformity in our State laws upon marriage and divorce. And yet, while the Commissioners were able to draft statutes relating to negotiable instruments, to warehouse receipts, and similar topics, which commended themselves to State Legislatures and are rapidly unifying commercial law in this country, they made no progress with marriage and divorce legislation for many years.

This state of affairs led the Governor of Pennsylvania to call a National Divorce Congress, the expenses of which were paid by his State. It was attended by representatives of all but two States and resulted in giving a new impetus to reformatory legislation in this field. Taking advantage of the interest thus aroused, the Conference of Commissioners formulated a series of uniform statutes of great importance, *viz.*: The Marriage License Act, the Marriage Evasion Act, the Divorce Act, and the Family Desertions Act.

It was hoped that they would receive immediate legislative approval and go far towards correcting the evils incident to the defects of our present marriage laws. This hope has not been realized. Up to the present year, only three States—Delaware, New Jersey, and Wisconsin—had passed the Divorce Act; only four—Illinois, Louisiana, Massachusetts, and Vermont—the Marriage Evasion Act; while the most important of the series, the Marriage License Act, has been passed in but two States—Massachusetts and Wisconsin—and one of these, Massachusetts, modified the draft in many respects.

How little is known of these Acts, even by prominent legislators, is shown by the conduct of Representative (now Senator) Norris of Nebraska, in introducing a bill in 1911, providing an appropriation of \$200,000 for a congress of delegates to be appointed by State Governors, who should assemble in Washington and formulate uniform laws on marriage and divorce. A similar bill was introduced at the same session of Congress by Representative (now Senator) Sheppard of Texas. Both appeared to be ignorant or forgetful of the divorce congress which had been held under the auspices of the Governor of Pennsylvania and which had given rise to the legislation which we have described.

The present book will be of service in bringing these uniform acts to the attention of social reformers. Its authors

agree with the Commissioners that the welfare of society required that emphasis be put upon laws regulating marriage rather than divorce. "It is the duty of the State to discourage and place obstacles in the way of sudden and clandestine marriages, both for the sake of inducing forethought and deliberation generally in the formation of indissoluble relations; and for the purposes of preventing illegal and irregular relations, as well as of enabling parents to protect minors from improvident marriages."

Accordingly, the Uniform Marriage License Act declares void all common law marriages; that is, all marriages by consent or reputation, and without a civil or religious ceremony. It fixes the marriageable age. It requires the parties to apply for a license at least five days before it is issued and to post a notice of the proposed marriage in a designated public office. Objections to the marriage may be filed by near relatives of the parties, to be heard and passed upon by a designated court. The manner in which marriage may be solemnized is prescribed, as well as the form of marriage certificate; and a formal public record is provided for.

To what extent the enactment of this statute would change existing law is indicated by the following facts: Common law marriages are valid in twenty-eight jurisdictions; in seventeen States no marriageable age has been fixed; while most States require some sort of license, only eight require a notice of application for it, and only two provide for the public filing and hearing of objections to a proposed marriage.

In digesting our marriage laws the authors have summarized their provisions under the following heads: 1. Common Law Marriages. 2. The Marriageable Age. 3. The Marriage License. 4. Solemnization. 5. The Marriage Record. 6. Inter-State Relations. 7. Other Prohibitions.

The compilation appears to be a careful piece of work and quite up to date in its reference to revised statutes, codes, and session laws. It does not pretend to inerrancy, and the authors illustrate the difficulties which they encountered in gathering their information by the following experiences: "In one State the secretary of a charity organization presented our inquiry regarding common law marriages to two lawyers. When she found they disagreed, a former judge was appealed to. The lawyer who assisted us in another State wrote, in explanation of a conflict that we had noted: 'That was a mistake of the Legislature in drawing the Act.'"

On the topic of common law marriages, the authors would have found much useful and some corrective information in Decker's "Digest" of the law

on this topic, prepared for the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, but which does not appear to have fallen under their notice. This remark is not by way of disparagement, for the book is entitled to high praise not only for the information it contains but for its sane and practical suggestions to social reformers.

The Run of the Shelves

"IN White Armor" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the interesting record of the manly and generous life of a young American captain, Arthur Ellis Hamm, who died in action on the Lorraine front on September 14, 1918. The recorder is his widow, Elizabeth Creevy Hamm, and the spirit of the book is one of proud and tender worship. The following passage illustrates the tenor of many parts of this unreserved but not indelicate little book:

"I chose 'The Holy Grail,' and he leaned his head against my knee and looked dreamily into the fire as I read. I lingered a little over the description of the sending of Sir Galahad upon his quest [we omit part of the quotation]:
I maiden, round thee maiden, bind my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have
seen,
And break through all, till one will crown
thee king
Far in the spiritual city'; and as she spoke
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her
mind

On him, and he believed in her belief.
I paused and ran my fingers through
Arthur's hair, and he reached up and
took my hand, and so on to the end of
the poem we read together."

This is not Tennyson at his best, nor Tennysonianism at its best, by a good deal. The form in both cases is dilute and saccharine. The passage (in the biography, not the Idyll) is precisely the kind of passage which a prudent writer or a timid publisher would have been tempted to excise. Excision, however, would have been regrettable; the passage carries a lesson. This young man who reads the "Holy Grail" with his head against his wife's knee, with her fingers in his hair, and his hand in hers, was a tireless worker, an unequalled disciplinarian, and a fearless leader in combat. Victorianism in its weakened and ultra-sentimental phase, Victorianism in the hour of its decline and its reproach, is still the pabulum and incentive of manhood, can still make men all that their commanders ask and that their countrymen honor. There is neither need nor wish on our part to derogate for a moment from the heights to which other men, like Alan Seeger and Rupert Brooke, have been urged by other stimuli. But Victorianism as a man-maker holds its own even to-day.

There may be some who will rejoice at a rumor that the Senate Prohibition Bill is to permit the manufacture of cider and wines made from the elderberry, the gooseberry, and even the wicked grape itself. But those who have lived "In the Sweet Dry and Dry," as described by Christopher Morley and Bart Haley (Boni and Liveright), will be wise enough not to rejoice prematurely. They know that Bishop Chuff and his minions will not thus tamely surrender at the first skirmish. It is nothing but a ruse; when the demon begins to work in these supposedly innocent beverages, then the homes of offending citizens will be invaded by his squadrons, armed with their breathoscopes, and woe betide the poor Decanterbury Pilgrim whose souse registers the minutest fraction above one-half of one per cent., unless he can prove that his exhilaration is due merely to communion with departed spirits and not with those of his own manufacture.

The world is grateful for this revelation of the lengths to which its chuffs are prepared to go in their implacable warfare against Nature's evil tendency towards fermentation. It may be, however, that the chuffs, instead of abolishing Nature, may conclude that it will be easier to abolish all the wicked individuals who trade upon her weakness. This seemingly generous concession offered by the Senate is merely a device to find out who these individuals are. Let no man, therefore, make his gooseberry wine with any other notion than that he is playing into the hands of his persecutors. The only way of safety lies in using the dangerous stuff to irrigate his flowers, as Virgil Quimbleton did, and thus communicate a tonic quality to the atmosphere which can be enjoyed without transgressing the statute "for beverage purposes." Before long there will be a law making it a crime to circulate recipes for these noxious homebrews. It is in the book. And everything in the book is so, or shortly will be.

"The Story of the Rainbow Division" (Boni and Liveright) loses nothing in its telling by Raymond S. Thompkins. And indeed, it is difficult to overpraise this division culled from the flower of the National Guard. It was the first to take over a divisional sector under its own commander, it was more constantly engaged than any other unit, it fought in Lorraine, Champagne, in the second Marne, and in the Argonne, having its patrols nearest Sedan at the moment of the armistice. Some time we hope to have a real military history and criticism of its fighting. Meanwhile, this chronicle and eulogy will more nearly meet the immediate needs of its members and their friends.

English Political Parties

THE present position and prospects of political parties in England are interesting subjects for disinterested observation. Disinterestedness is precisely the most difficult position to attain, for in England we are all accustomed to regard political affairs from a party point of view, tinged with personal preference and aversions. One thing, however, may be considered certain—the party system will continue. The constitutional habit of centuries will not be altered completely even by the great cataclysm of the last five years. Beneath the often rather contemptible and puerile characteristics of Parliamentary parties is a genuine conflict of fundamental principles and ideals. The parties which were so long known in England as Whig and Tory were actuated by opposing ideals of movement and rest. The same ideals exist to-day, as in the time of Gladstone and Disraeli. The remarkable Parliamentary coalition which came into being during the abnormal period of the great war was an abnormal political fact; and now that peace objectives and not military are before us, the same principles which governed the actions of politicians and statesmen in the ante-war period must once more come into play. The coalition is, therefore, doomed. Politicians and journalists take short views and talk of reconstructing offices and changing Ministers, but though the end of the Coalition may be deferred, end it certainly will, and two great parties will again face each other at Westminster as they have done in the past. The questions have already taken shape that afford abundant opportunity for broad differences of opinion and subsequent political action. Having regard to human nature, it is almost inevitable that there should be one party which is bold and another which is timid, one which regards movement as essential, another which looks upon the preservation of existing institutions as the most vital need.

But personal aims and ambitions have always affected English parties; they demand effective leadership and are inclined to hero worship. It is immaterial from most points of view whether or not Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister through personal intrigues; it is certain that his appointment was approved by the large majority of the nation who were looking round for courageous and visible leadership in a time of war. But having, in the process of succession, cut himself off from many of his former associates, and having at the last election endeavored to establish a coalition party entirely subservient to his leadership as distinguished from a

coalition of parties, and having by so doing brought himself into bitter antagonism with the Liberal party, Mr. Lloyd George can not, as things stand, again become a leader of that party without a complete abdication of his present personal preëminence. Yet the Prime Minister by temperament and opinion is out of sympathy with the Unionists, who form the bulk of his present supporters, nor have they any liking for his aims in domestic politics, if these are to be judged by his ante-war political record. In war-time political principles disappear before the overwhelming necessity of united action; they rise again, perhaps stronger, when war ceases. Disraeli, when he became Prime Minister in a Tory government in 1868, had done first-rate service to his party during years of Parliamentary opposition; his party may not have liked or trusted him, but he had served it well. But Mr. Lloyd George opposed the Unionist party until the war, for a time, eliminated party differences. Is it to be expected, then, that he can ever be the head of a purely Unionist government?

Yet the future of parties seems not a little to depend on the aims and ambitions of this one man, who unquestionably by ability and courage and parliamentary skill has attained a supreme political position. Country and party are inextricably mingled in the mind of the ordinary parliamentarian; therefore a successful and courageous leader from a party point of view is the first of patriots and should be supported. This fact is Mr. Lloyd George's chief political asset. Yet he is in a difficult position; he is isolated, from a party point of view, and has neither the temperament nor the kind of ability needed in the difficult, slow, and trying time of post-war reconstruction. But whatever course he may follow, he can not prevent the reëmergence of the Liberal party, which includes the bulk of those who are in favor of what may compendiously be called Reform. It does not want for guides, whereas their Unionist opponents are in this respect deficient. The Labor party is not likely to be more than an independent and advanced wing of the Liberal party as long as it continues to be a Labor party. For a Labor party in Parliament is one which is actuated, not by political principles, but by the interests of a class; its objects are selfish and not national. In furthering these objects it may support or promote certain measures beneficial to the nation, but it does so because in the first place they benefit a class. This must remain a weakness of the Labor party in a democratic and politically well-educated country, and therefore the Labor party as a Parliamentary party does not seem likely to have the importance or the influence which many appear to expect.

Indeed, the more successful the Labor party or Labor organizations are in obtaining advantages for Labor as a class, the less will be the influence of that party, for it lives on the discontent of its constituents.

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Post-Crisis Studies

THE wholesale and thorough appraisal of American manhood by the draft brought to light a number of conditions that constituted a challenge to our educational system. The percentage of rejections showed that our physical manhood was not so rugged as it might have been; there were more illiterates and near-illiterates than we had thought; and there were too many who had not been thoroughly Americanized. Since both the physical defects, not infrequently, and also the mental insufficiencies were largely due to lack of information and training in more tender years, a considerable portion of our disillusionment had to be referred to defective elementary education. And there was no comfort in the reflection that, after all, our system was better than that of other nations; for the shortcomings of others, especially if we have to shoulder the consequences, are no palliation of our own.

Yet it was just the inculcation of the vital and elementary things that we had prided ourselves upon. Perhaps we had been a little lax about insisting upon physical examination and upbuilding in the common schools, but we thought that we were making almost everybody learn at least to read and write. And then it has gradually become evident also that even the common schools have not fully succeeded in that fundamental service of theirs: Americanization. Naturally there could be but little of the peril of a foreign language press if that indispensable precondition of national unity, a common language, had been insisted upon; nor could alien societies with counter-national objects have existed long if the young had been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our national ways and institutions. Pro-Germanism was more vociferous than multitudinous; but there was enough cause for concern over the hitherto unquestioned efficiency of the "melting-pot"—and most of the fusion attributed to that vessel has always, and rightly, been credited to the common schools.

The schools are naturally not to blame for the status of persons who have not attended them. It is for the Governmental authorities to secure the proper exposure of all the young to the school influences. It is true enough that, with our enormous immigration of afore-

time, and especially in view of the fact that a considerable part of that immigration represented only transitory exploitation of economic opportunity, there has been much material for the melting-pot that the schools could not touch. The need of contriving in some way to Americanize the immigrant who comes to us when past the school-age, has offered a difficult problem to able and devoted specialists; hence the night-school and school-centre enterprises, the home-visitations, and many another high-minded form of service to the nation.

In a general way these newer devices, summoned into being to meet a positive and ominous condition, go pretty straight to their mark and are not much handicapped by whims and fancies. It is the institution of long standing that is subject, not alone to the incrustation of tradition, but also to the solvent action of half-grasped, emotionally conceived "theory." It is the latter sort of institution that needs reconstruction; the former are not yet past their period of construction. The school may not be responsible for the status of those who have not attended it; but for those who do attend, it is evident that more can be done, and more expediently done.

Elementary education, no matter what the age, in years, of its recipients, must, in order to be thorough and disciplinary, confine itself to fundamentals: to arithmetic rather than to "infant biology," to spelling rather than to those "expressions of individuality" that the gushing type of so-called teacher seeks to elicit; to physiology and hygiene rather than to folk-dances. It is not nearly so hard to maunder poetically before a class over thrilling subjects as to inculcate and discipline a set of resisting minds; and the thing that is easier to do, and more interesting, has not had to wait long for its justification in "pedagogy." But if the fundamentals are to be taught in a fundamental manner, there is no time or place among the subjects for frills or caprices, even if the latter be assumed to carry some advantage instead of producing slackness of mental fibre.

To have well-learned fundamentals we must have few fundamentals. All are agreed, presumably, upon the identity of some of these, for they have constituted the basis of education these many centuries. Even the ardent faddist falls in with the traditional view; only he has developed some pet scheme for teaching, say, spelling, in such manner that learning involves no mental labor or tension. Indeed, some of the subjects that have been introduced into the schools are not at all bad in themselves if they were or could be introduced in a disciplinary manner. But we are concerned, for the moment, with matter rather than manner; and must ask ourselves, therefore, what subjects are the least dispensable

after the three R's and the scanty remainder upon which practically everyone, in earlier times and at present, has been in agreement.

This is a question as to what every young American, boy or girl, needs most to know in order to take his place in the adult generation. Naturally, then, vocational education, except along the broadest lines, is excluded. These broadest lines will represent rather a survey of the field of economic opportunity than preparation for any species of gainful occupation; that is, an understanding of the nature and location of the nation's natural resources and of the industrial organization that Americans have developed for the utilization of these resources. Here are the bases and fundamentals of American life, that is, of that type of life which the rising generation is to lead.

The tendency towards such studies has been apparent for some years; and the war has given impetus to it. Perhaps the world has never seen, even in the tortured countries of Europe, so dramatic a mobilization of national resources and industries as that effected by the United States prior to and after its entrance into the war. And strained attention has been called to this mobilization, for it was seen that it was a marshaling into the fighting-line of ultimate and indispensable necessities. What saved our friends of like mind with ourselves, and our wives and children, and civilization? American products derived from rich natural resources exploited by an adequate industrial organization. The inevitable inference is at hand that we have known too little of these vital things—too little in view of the need of their mobilization to preserve our existence, and also, we now see, too little in order to secure the fullest and most economical national well-being, now that existence is preserved. The arts revealed as of such supreme importance for war are seen to be of a supreme significance also for peace.

This economic enlightenment is not all; we need more effective "Americanization." It has always been of the utmost moment in time of war that, in whatever it does, a nation shall act as one man. Cohesion within has ever been a precondition for successful defense as well as offense. Likemindedness in the face of national danger, expressed in loyalty and patriotism, has had a strong survival-value among the qualities of nations. Once it was only a certain controlling part of the people—those who had the say—who needed to hang together and hold their more or less inarticulate followers with them. But in this age all have a say, whether they use it or not; and for some time they have been inclined to avail themselves of it liberally. Hence it becomes important that pub-

lic opinion shall fuse into one synchronizing rhythm in face of peril. That it did that in the recent wartime is attested by what is now history; but it could have done what it did still more nearly unanimously, more intelligently, and more quickly. Too much had to be explained, or powerfully suggested, before it was accepted. Too much had to be said about "What America Stands For"; and what had to be said must needs be translated into too many different languages.

There is no excuse for tolerating any foreign language at the expense of English. The most superficial student of history knows that community of tongue is almost a prerequisite to political cohesion. We must profit by our war experiences at least to the extent of revising our easy-going ways as respects this essential. Perhaps the literacy test for entrance into the country is altogether ill-advised; but a test in literacy on the basis of the national language should precede any conferring of the suffrage. The foreign language press is doubtless useful, or can be made so, in easing the transition to American citizenship for foreigners above school age; it should be confined to that function.

To return now to the need of Americanization as respects the fusing of public political opinion. Every native-born citizen ought to know what America stands for before he attains his majority; and every naturalized citizen ought to have learned that, as an essential prerequisite of naturalization. But such knowledge, while most nearly indispensable in time of stress, is scarcely less dispensable in ordinary times. This fact is ripe for acceptance, just after the war, as it could not be after a long period of peace, with its milder lights and less burning focusings.

Therefore, it seems that to instruction in national economic life there should be added, as a fundamental of American common-school education, instruction also in national political life—in American citizenship. But I hasten to qualify this term "citizenship." It does not mean merely "civics," or "civil government." These are important, though they have been taught in a mechanical, dry, and unilluminating way. It is not alone the mechanism of American government that the prospective citizen and voter ought to know. It is something wider, more vital, more interesting than that; something with perspective in it and capable of laying hold of the imagination. It is possible to learn the names of all the parts of a completed machine and stop there; but it is not interesting or "inspirational" to do so. Facts in themselves are not only the driest but also the least useful of things; while as the material out of which to build, say, an evolutionary

theory, they are not only full of meaning, but they will also stick permanently in the mind.

In such considerations lies the answer to those who would find fault with the foregoing fundamentals—economic opportunity and citizenship—as materialistic, not providing for the imaginative and poetic elements, devoid of the æsthetic, artistic, and spiritual. This is no place to enter into controversy over the matter. There is not time or place for all sorts of studies; and it is not claimed that the ones here proposed would yield the type of poetic inspiration sought in courses where young children are called upon, for example, to identify, in "The Ancient Mariner," Coleridge's departures from the ballad form. But it is contended that the body of these subjects is fundamental to the purpose of common-school education; and that if they are treated aright, they are not devoid of appeal to faculties higher than the acquisitive. It is also contended that, in contradistinction to some of the fanciful subjects which aim directly at enlargement of the soul in the child, the ones proposed are capable of being understood by him; and that there is here a body of definite knowledge that can be taught, with the result of mental discipline and the strengthening of fibre in both individual and nation.

There is here no advocacy of courses for the schools in theoretical economics or politics. These are beyond many collegians. But it is possible by the use of simple language and direct and homely statement to teach children the real meaning of terms like capital, labor, money, speculation, competition, wages, profits, etc.—terms not seldom in these days so diversely conceived of as to produce uncomfortable, costly, and even perilous misunderstandings and enmities. It is not impossible to convey to a boy the working of the law of supply and demand or even of Gresham's Law. It is possible to make any subject recondite and intricate; and not impossible to convey an adequate working knowledge of a subject without pursuing it into its metaphysical phases. The line of safety is the adoption of the historical and evolutionary method: the letter of credit, for instance, becomes understandable the more readily in the light of its matter-of-fact origin, and so does many another economic device. Similarly as to the topics under citizenship. Any boy can be shown the evils of lawlessness and disorder, of weak and ambiguous government; he can be shown, in historical perspective, the pain and labor which the race has suffered in evolving the liberal political system which he enjoys and must presently uphold and defend. He can readily understand the blessings of freedom of conscience if he is aware of the conditions out of which that enfran-

chisement evolved. He can be shown that liberty is not to be got for the taking, but is bought at the price of eternal vigilance and responsibility, and can exist only under law. History is one long panorama of the evolution of such matters.

It is well for the individual to know such truths. It is practical to know them; and it is also enlarging to the mind and soul to imbibe them, as ideas so early and so thoroughly assimilated that they seem "natural" and underived. The perspective of their historical development is something that stimulates the imagination and fills the mind with thoughts that are above the commonplace. And if benefit to society be considered, it is well with any nation that has citizens whose heads are clear upon such fundamentals. They will be the less readily swept off their feet by the agitator, whose main stock in trade is highly colored promises of the impossible. They will possess, in their own minds, a touchstone upon which phantasms can not impinge without revealing their insubstantiality. Is there fear of Bolshevism in the United States? Not very much. And why not? Because our people are too wise. We can make them wiser still, and thus still more sturdily proof against anti-social notions.

A. G. KELLER

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

China

IT should be remembered that in these articles no pretense is made to name the latest sources of information about the subjects discussed. Such sources to-day are, more than ever, the daily newspapers and weekly periodicals. Books, to be based upon any research, any consideration whatever, must follow the event by months, if not by years. With international politics as changeable, as apt to take unexpected shapes as the lava flow from a volcano, with industrial and social conditions similarly fluid and red-hot, the printed book, even of 1919 imprint, often can only be read to get

a background for the news of the morning. Or it may help to make the news intelligible by showing what a different turn events have taken since the book was published.

William R. Wheeler, author of "China and the World War" (Macmillan, 1919), is a member of the faculty of Hangchow College. His book describes China's part in the war, epitomizes the Lansing-Ishii agreement between Japan and the United States *re* China, and the China-Japan military agreement of 1918. A Japanese view is in "Japan and World Peace" (Macmillan, 1919), by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, who discusses Japan in the war, her relations to the League of Nations, the question of the Pacific Islands, the Japanese advance in China, and China's financial condition. The last subject is studied at length in Theodore W. Overlach's "Foreign Financial Control in China" (Macmillan, 1919), wherein a description of China's early foreign relations is followed by chapters taking up, country by country, the influence which the various nations have had upon China.

For her history, readers are referred to S. Wells Williams's "A History of China" (Scribners, 1901), a book composed of the historical chapters from the author's standard work, "The Middle Kingdom." A handy book, good for dates and quick reference, is "A Sketch of Chinese History" (Kelly and Walsh, 1915), by F. L. Hawks Pott, which gives a brief outline from earliest times, with maps. K. S. Latourette has written, in "The Development of China" (Houghton, 1917), a concise study of China's history and present problems, up to 1917.

For a detailed account of Chinese manners and customs, there is Arthur H. Smith's "Village Life in China" (Revell, 1899). H. A. Giles, professor of Chinese in Cambridge University, gives in "China and the Chinese" (Columbia Univ. Press, 1902) a brief book of lectures, taking up a number of interesting points, dispelling some old, popular errors. Law, government, taxation, business customs, banks, and railroads are treated in T. R. Jernigan's "China in Law and Commerce" (Macmillan, 1905), while Edward A. Ross's "The Changing Chinese" (Century, 1911) is a readable book upon the new tendencies, such as the anti-opium and anti-foot-binding agitations. Our late minister to China, Paul S. Reinsch, includes India, Japan, and China in his "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East" (Houghton, 1911). K. K. Kawakami, author of "Japan in World Politics" (Macmillan, 1917), as well as the later book, previously mentioned, is a Japanese, eager to promote good relations between Japan and America. He writes of China in this book, and of all phases of Japanese-American relations. In Stanley K. Hornbeck's "Contempo-



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R. E. COSTELLO, Manager.

rary Politics in the Far East" (Appleton, 1916) there are sections devoted to China and to Japan, considering the relations of both with America and with Germany.

China is a fascinating subject, and out of regard for my readers' own enjoyment, I can lose no opportunity to urge them to try to see, at some large reference or university library, H. A. Giles's "A Chinese Biographical Dictionary" (Quaritch, 1897), one of the most curious and charming books imaginable. Another work, entertaining and valuable, is "China under the Empress Dowager" (Lippincott, 1914), in which J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse depict life in Pekin and the intrigues of the old, Imperial Court. Li Hung Chang's memoirs (or autobiography—I am not where I can verify the title) is also certainly to be read, for pleasure and profit.

EDWARD LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Aumonier, Stacy. The Querrils. Century. \$1.60.
- Akins, Zoë. Cake Upon the Waters. Century. \$1.35.
- Barbour, R. H. and Holt, H. P. Fortunes of War. Century. \$1.50.
- De Morgan, William. The Old Madhouse. Holt. \$1.90 net.
- Duhamel, Georges. The Heart's Domain. Century. \$1.50.

- Gilchrist, B. B. The Camerons of Highboro. Century. \$1.35.
- Knipe, E. B. and A. A. Vive La France. Century. \$1.50.
- Kreutz, R. J. Captain Zillner, a Human Document. Second edition. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Macdonald, F. C. Sorcery. Century Co. \$1.35.
- Morley, Christopher and Haley, Bart. In the Sweet Dry and Dry. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.
- Oemler, M. C. A Woman Named Smith. Century.
- Pertwee, Roland. The Old Card. Boni & Liveright. \$1.60.
- "Sapper." Mufti. Doran. \$1.50 net.
- The Story of a Lover. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.
- Woden, George. Little Houses: A Tale of Past Years. Dutton. \$1.90.

ART

- The War in Cartoons. Compiled and edited by G. J. Hecht. Dutton. \$2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

- Hyndman, H. M. Clemenceau. The Man and His Time. Stokes.
- Ruutz-Rees, C. Charles de Saintemarde, 1512-1555. Paris: Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion.
- Young, Norwood. Frederick the Great. Holt. \$2.50 net.

DRAMA AND POETRY

- Smith, J. T., Jr. Haunts and By-Paths and Other Poems. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
- Maynard, Theodore. Poems. Stokes. \$1.35 net.
- Towne, C. H. A World of Windows. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- McCoy, Samuel. Merchants of the Morning. Doran. \$1.25 net.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- Corelli, Marie. My "Little Bit." Doran. \$1.75 net.
 - Baker, R. P. Engineering Education: Essays for English. John T. Wiley & Sons, Inc.
- #### GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS
- Barker, J. E. Modern Germany. Dutton. \$6.00 net.
 - Chung, Henry. The Oriental Policy of the United States. Revell. \$2.00 net.
 - Dawson, W. H. The Evolution of Modern Germany. New and Revised edition. Scribner. \$5.00.
 - Nordentoft, Severin. Practical Pacifism and its Adversaries. Stokes. \$1.50 net.
 - Pepper, C. M. American Foreign Trade. Century. \$2.50 net.
 - Turner, E. R. Ireland and England. Century. \$3.00.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- A History of the New Thought Movement. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. Crowell.

SCIENCE

- Dunlop, J. M. Anatomical Diagrams For the Use of Art Students. Macmillan.
- Fabre, J. H. Field, Forest and Farm. Century. \$2.00.
- March, N. H. Towards Racial Health. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

- Footner, Hulbert. New Rivers of the North. Doran. \$2.00 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Taillandier, Madame Sainte-René. The Soul of the "C. R. B." Scribner. \$1.75 net.
- Woolcott, Alexander. The Command is Forward. Century. \$1.75.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 20

New York, Saturday, September 27, 1919

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THE fight on the Treaty continues. Last week its opponents were making the most of the disclosures of Bullitt, but the sting has been extracted from them by Mr. Lansing's handsome appeal to the people to ratify the Treaty without delay. This week there is chuckling over the defection of Senators Thomas, of Colorado, and Hoke Smith, of Georgia. The real test will come with the vote on the Johnson amendment. Meanwhile, evidence is accumulating in support of the belief that the Treaty will hardly be ratified without some reservations. That enough votes can be obtained to send it back to Conference is most improbable. The break in the Democratic ranks seems rather to imply that the moderate reservationists will receive enough backing to make their views prevail. The country is very evidently tired of the confusion which has thus far characterized the Senate's action and would be only too glad to see the interpretative reservations in question put speedily into the Treaty and the document ratified.

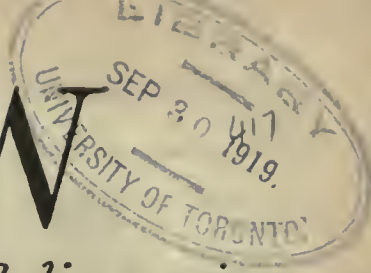
IT is unfortunate that in discussion on the League certain points which in themselves are not likely to cause serious trouble have not received frank treatment. The President in answering the objection that the British Empire could outvote the United States in the League rested his case upon the understanding that the vote of the Council must be unanimous and that therefore the veto of this country would entirely protect our interests. Senator Reed has undoubtedly scored by immediately introducing the reply to Sir Robert Borden made by Clémenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George. Asked whether in their opinion representatives of the self-governing dominions of the British Empire might be selected as members of the Council, they answered in the affirmative. Similarly, Mr. Wilson left something to be desired when he gave it as his view that the Irish problem might properly be a subject for discussion by the League. The inference was inevitable that the League might also address itself to the status of the Philippines. Why should not the President have admitted this? It is not now a question whether such objections to the Covenant are vital; it is the President's attitude which must give some concern. From a champion of the League who, presumably, has a better understanding of its workings than any of his fellow-countrymen one expects the utmost frankness.

ONE tires a little of the tendency to prove a point, or to justify a course of action, or perhaps merely to stir up trouble, by uncorroborated assertions that Theodore Roosevelt did say so and so, or by stout insistence that he would say so and so if he were living. Admiral von Tirpitz supplies an instance by stating that Roosevelt, on the occasion of his last visit, said to him personally, "Germany must take Holland." If Roosevelt were living to answer, it is pretty safe to say that no such statement would have been ventured. It is absolutely out of harmony with every probability in the case, and the standing of the Admiral is not such as to give it credit. Senator Hiram Johnson has been making energetic use of what Roosevelt "would have said" in opposition to the ratification of the Peace Treaty, and the President has just been brought to book for using certain of

the Colonel's words as a recommendation of the League. It would show a little more respect for Mr. Roosevelt's memory to quote only such statements as he actually did make, with no effort to wrest them out of their natural meaning, or stretch them unduly in their application. When Mr. Roosevelt was here to speak for himself, it was a pretty dangerous business to attempt to put one's own meaning into his words, or to claim his support for a position on which he had not declared himself. If those who would use his reputation now to further their own views are not a little more careful, some of our skilled mediums may yet be reporting from the other side a few more elections to membership in the famous "Ananias Club."

AS the *Review* goes to press, the strike among the steel workers has not developed far enough to warrant prediction as to its outcome. Figures concerning the number of men actually out are conflicting, and one may well doubt the ability of either side to give accurate information on the subject. Disorder has promptly raised its head, and it is unfortunate for the credit of the strike, if it has any justifiable basis, that its chief promoter, William Z. Foster, has in the past put forth a pamphlet in support of many of the most revolutionary demands of the "Bolshevistic" wing of labor agitation. The owners of industries, according to this pamphlet, are merely "thieves who must be stripped of their booty," not men who need to be brought by orderly methods to agree to a just distribution of the fruits of industry. Such expressions, until definitely recanted, will not gain support for the strike with the great majority of the American people.

If American sentiment is now more sensitive than ever to all just demands of the laboring classes, it is also more sensitive than ever to the danger of pressing those demands by means radically at war with the orderly progress of civilized society. There is a very general impression that the present strike would not have occurred save for the temporary dominance of this tendency to violence. This has put the public on its guard, and there are so far no signs that the strike is "popular" with unbiased observers. On the other hand, there is every evidence short of positive



statement that many prominent labor leaders themselves regarded it as unwise and used their influence, under cover, to prevent it. It has also been known from the start that a very large portion of the men employed had no grievances to press at this time and no desire whatever for a strike. A large portion of those who have gone out have done so under compulsion and contrary to their own judgment. If all this were not true, there would doubtless be a very strong popular feeling that Judge Gary was wrong in refusing the conference asked by the promoters of the strike. As it is, there are many who feel that such a conference could have been granted and conducted without sacrifice of the principle of the open shop—a principle which can not be universally yielded without a loss of individual liberty hardly consistent with the continuance of a free state.

THE Italian Government will not use Italian troops against D'Annunzio's forces in Fiume, and we hope that the Entente will be deaf to Mr. Nitti's reported appeal for armed intervention. For abstention from action is the wisest course that could be taken at this juncture. An armed attack on the adventurous poet, even though it were crowned with success, would add lustre to his person and gain him the sympathy which heroic martyrdom always evokes. But the enthusiasm and its attending glory will soon lose their glamour when the enterprise ends in an ignoble struggle against starvation. Unless the poet's coup is soon overtaken by its failure, we shall witness an epidemic of D'Annunzi-itis. Danzig is first on the programme, to judge from hints in the German press. Gerhard Hauptmann may there find a welcome opportunity to recover a fame which his feeble war poetry has sadly impaired. Maurice Maeterlinck may be the next to follow Gabriele's lead in forcing his way, at the head of Belgian troops, into Maastricht. And some modern Tyrtaeus can make himself famous overnight by the surprise of a Thracian fortress in defiance of the principal Allied and Associated Powers.

THE most striking feature of the peace terms presented to Bulgaria is their lack of "finish." The two most vexed problems are left unsettled. "The question of inducing Rumania to cede to Bulgaria that portion of Dobrudja which is wholly Bulgarian in character will be taken up later," we read in a summary. This confession of inability, on the part of the Entente, to bring one of its recalcitrant members to reason is sadly misplaced in a document that prescribes to a defeated foe. Western Thrace is to be ceded to the principal Allied and Associated Powers, but how they will dispose of it does not appear

from the treaty. It only guarantees to Bulgaria an economic outlet to the Aegean Sea and assigns to the Powers the right to return all or part of the territory to Bulgaria, or transfer part to Greece and incorporate the remainder with Eastern Thrace as an international state, or, maybe, defer the disposal of it to the Greek calends. This evasion of the real issue will prove the source of new strife and unrest. For the Greeks the indefinite status of Thrace will be an inducement to fresh agitation, to which the Bulgarians will not fail to respond in the true Balkanese spirit. And this perpetuation of unsettledness will bring grist to the German mill. The more the small nations of Central and Eastern Europe spill their energies in fighting among themselves, the easier it will be for Germany to restore her economic life and recapture her former position on the world market. We have the authority of Mr. Morgenthau for saying this.

IT was the part of wisdom in Boston labor organizations to recede from the first impulse towards a general strike in support of the Boston policemen. When brought to the test, public sentiment was neither slow nor uncertain in declaring its opinion that there can be no toleration of strikes by men to whom the immediate safety of the lives and property of all is entrusted, under sworn obligation to fidelity. There is a principle involved here on which there can be no compromise. And a similar crisis might show that the classes of workmen who must be exempted from the privilege of striking do not stop merely with the police and fire departments. If there is any other class without whose uninterrupted service the really vital functions of a civilized state of society can not continue, it should be included. We are not interested at this time to show just where the limit of the right to strike should be drawn. It may take a very careful study to determine that question, with justice and safety to all concerned. The point of importance just now, to labor organizations and the public alike, is the clear and final recognition that there is such a limit.

And in the definite recognition of this fact, the just interests of labor will make a distinct gain. Let it be once understood that all laborers who are entrusted with these vital functions of organized society have renounced all claim to the right to force an increase of wages, or other concessions, by the strike method, and it will be found that society will very gladly deal generously with them in answer to this spirit of loyalty to duty. This limitation of the right to strike will not diminish the effectiveness of the weapon where it is legitimately used for securing justice. Most

people are willing to admit that employers of labor are sometimes hopelessly arbitrary. There are few who would say to-day that a strike is never justifiable in such cases, if there has first been an honest endeavor to settle the controversy by less drastic means. A strike can win public sympathy only as it meets with these conditions. And when it does meet with them, its power to secure the justice desired will be definitely increased by every concession that organized labor has made in the way of safeguarding society against the dangerous abuses to which the method of the strike is always liable.

CALIFORNIA is a land of contradictions. Her grape growers are ruined by prohibition, and yet they are selling their product for more than four times what they got for it before the war. California, we are told, elected Wilson, and supports Hiram Johnson. But now she has surpassed herself. With a duplicity perhaps learned from the Oriental denizens, she has extended to the President a welcome that for ambiguity leaves nothing to be desired. She looked upon him, apparently, "with one auspicious and one dropping eye." She must have greeted him with words modeled upon the impartial utterances of the Delphic Oracle. How otherwise could the correspondent of the *New York Times* report that "great crowds gave him a generous welcome," whereas of precisely the same crowd at precisely the same time the correspondent of the *New York Sun* is obliged to say that "Wilson meets much hostility in Los Angeles"? Can it be merely a matter of whether you believe—or your paper for you—that a failure to ratify the League will plunge the world into chaos or that its ratification marks the end of American liberty? Or is it rather an example of the futility of trying to draw conclusions from the behavior of a crowd that comes out to hear the President? A President can always get a crowd; and among them there will always be some who come to scoff and some to praise and a great many to gape and shout. Is anybody the wiser for this Presidential parade 'cross country and its Senatorial trailer? Certainly not, if its significance is to be interpreted for us in any such prejudiced way as this. If trained observers on the spot can't come nearer to agreement in estimating the temper of a crowd, it must be because the crowd failed to express itself very definitely. Maybe it was too engrossed in wondering when this whole business is coming to a settlement.

MR. PADEREWSKI has been playing an eloquent accompaniment to Mr. Wilson's plea for speedy ratification. He seems to fear that a prolonged delay

will be the prelude to Poland's *marche funèbre*. Maintaining a front line of 1,500 miles against Bolshevik forces, hampered by a shortage of food supplies, clothing, and many other necessities of life, the country will not be able to endure the tax upon its strength very much longer, unless it have the assurance that it can appeal for aid in the righting of its wrongs to the impartial tribunal of the League of Nations. It is not military support the country wants but a moral protecting power that will furnish it the opportunity of solving its difficulties. Mr. Paderewski may be trusted to touch the right chord. Of course, the strain patiently borne for the upkeep of a numerous army is all for the benefit of civilization, which owes its safety from Bolshevik inroads to the Polish front line of 1,500 miles. And with such ardor Poland, in her exhausted state, discharges her duty to mankind that the Supreme Council in Paris has found it necessary to protect her against herself. "The Supreme Council," we read in a special cable to the *New York Times*, "in a few days will probably call on Poland to cease pressing operations against the Russian Bolsheviks. This step does not mean love for the Bolsheviks, but consideration for Poland. In other words, the Peace Conference was satisfied to have Poland fight the Bolsheviks in self-defense, but now that her armies have in some regions penetrated 200 miles into Russian territory the Conference begins to believe that the necessity for self-defense has passed." Mr. Paderewski will doubtless rejoice at the promptness with which his appeal for moral support has received an answer from Paris. This will enable him to withdraw his troops without laying himself open to the blame that, for selfish reasons, he left Europe and civilization without defense.

HERR SCHEIDEMANN, since he resigned as Prime Minister, has turned his black bourgeois coat inside out and parades the red lining. On his return from Switzerland he has seen occasion to denounce his comrade and former colleague, Gustav Noske, the German Minister of Defense, as "a tool of the military reactionaries," expressing thereby, according to *Vorwärts*, "what millions of Germans are thinking." There is nothing new or startling in the statement, for millions of foreigners have not only been thinking but saying so. What surprises us, however, is the confession of *Vorwärts* that these millions of Germans are only thinking but not saying it. Do they still silently submit to the wrongs under which they suffer from a life-long habit of moral cowardice, or is the dictatorship of Herr Noske maintained by forcibly muzzling public opinion? Herr Scheidemann's

attack coincided with a sally of M. Longuet in the French Chamber of Deputies. M. Longuet belongs to the extreme left of the French Socialists and is, consequently, bitterly opposed to what he calls "this peace of injustice and violence." It was Bismarckian, he said, and marked the advent of a reactionary Utopia. And by way of illustration he declared that "Gustav Noske still had under arms 1,200,000 men." M. Longuet seemed to imply that the German Minister could not be in command of such a force, in defiance of the peace terms ratified by Germany, unless the Great Powers connived at the infraction.

THE Guaranty Trust Company of New York has issued a booklet on "The Solvency of the Allies," giving a brief analytic study of the war debts, internal and external, of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy, with some account of the resources available for their payment. The general conclusion of the study is hopeful, and if none of the countries involved allows itself to be overwhelmed in a flood of Bolshevistic radicalism, the regaining of solid financial ground should be steady and fairly rapid. Barring any such catastrophe as we have mentioned, the concerted effort of financial leaders in all lands will be brought to bear upon the problems of reconstruction with an accuracy of knowledge, and to an extent, never even approximately reached in the period of recovery from any previous war. The condition of Italy gives most cause for uneasiness, her debt amounting to about three-fourths of her entire national wealth, if the current estimate of that wealth, between sixteen and seventeen billions of dollars, is to be taken as fairly correct. It is evident that she will sorely need the aid of outside investors in financing her industries, present and potential, through the period of reconstruction. But if the raid upon Fiume by D'Annunzio and his deluded followers is to be taken as the prelude to continued disorders of the same type, it need hardly be stated that the aid of investors from without will be out of the question.

Basing Industry Upon Principle

THE disturbed condition of labor emphasizes the difficulty of the problems with which the coming industrial conference, summoned by the President, will be called upon to deal. It is well not to count too much upon immediate remedies. The difficulties, at least some of them, are fundamental and require the most careful discussion, if any permanent progress is to result. Added to the obstacles which in normal times any such conference would have to face is an attitude set up by the hope of all sorts of post-war readjustments. We have been encouraged to believe by many leaders of opinion that a new order of civilization is coming into being wherein the weak will receive justice equally with the strong. Every right-feeling person certainly desires such a consummation. But "justice," like "truth," is a concept upon which agreement is often most difficult, and, in a period of quick changes in many spheres of activities such as we are now passing through, eternal vigilance is needed, lest in the name of justice we yield to the advocate of panaceas.

The President has stated that he looks to see the relation of labor and capital put upon a new footing. If he means by this that he will insist upon a thorough discussion of principles, he can do the country an enormous service. He will also add to the confidence of the country in him if he will clearly indicate that he does not hesitate to call labor and capital equally to account, should either become obstreperous. One point should be brought out plainly at the start, that one's first allegiance is to the state and that any organization which threatens the orderly process of the law will feel the hand of the Government upon it. The need of a specific statement to this effect is all the more urgent because of recent outgivings by quick-thinking radicals. So, in its issue of September 20, the *Nation* says, with reference to the strike of the Boston policemen:

We suggest that President Wilson, Governor Coolidge and those who believe that loyalty to the state is paramount, forestall such happenings by showing cause for their belief instead of abandoning themselves to mere oburgation and scurrility.

And even if the obligation of a policeman is as sacred and direct as that of a soldier, the *Nation* is not put out of countenance. In the new order the soldier, too, is within his rights if he questions authority: "Suppose, on occasion, the soldiers ask, *Why?*"

This particular consideration will, no doubt, tax to the utmost the President's statesmanship. Labor has always fought any suggestion that it should be respon-

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Editors

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sible, short of crime, to the Government. But if the President really has in mind a new understanding, he can not fail to see that any association which exerts as much influence on trade as organized labor can now compass must, if it is not to overstep itself, be conscious of a definite restraint imposed upon its activities. Whether this can be brought about by incorporation, which unions oppose, or by other means is a subject for study. When the trusts operated in restraint of trade, public agitation began which resulted in the Sherman anti-Trust law. Fortunately, the strike of the Boston policemen, following upon the tie-up of subway and elevated trains in New York, has served to open the public's eyes to the serious disturbances which it is in for unless some principle of responsibility on the part of labor is soon firmly established. What organized labor has apparently failed to see is that such an arrangement would, in the long run, help its cause with the public. Once it is understood that labor is willing to submit to legal control similar to that which applies to its employers, and is not seeking lawlessly to advance its interests, popular sympathy in particular cases of unfair dealing will be easier to obtain.

Yet little can be accomplished by new statutes unless a spirit of sportsmanship is fostered. The Conference should not be made the occasion for delivering ultimata. Capital has amends to make. The spirit of the times requires that labor should not cherish the feeling that it is not getting its just share. This is a problem in the discussion of which it ought to be possible to get down to brass tacks. We need, above all, a frank presentation by capitalists of the workings of their industries. It has been said that, in the present state of reduced production, labor is getting more than its share. Here figures can help, and we believe that, if the Conference could obtain the coöperation of a few heads of large businesses, it might do much to remove the suspicions of labor. The whole country feels the pinch of high prices, and labor, naturally, is the first to cry out. Yet if it can be shown that there is no sovereign remedy, that capital, even if it would, could not entirely cure the evil, certainly not for the present, and that both capital and labor can obtain mutual benefits, perhaps considerable benefits, by getting together in the spirit of friendly collaborators, a hopeful beginning will be made.

The course which should be steered at the Conference is difficult yet plain to the eye. In so mixed an assembly there will be the danger, on the one hand, of much talk and no conclusions; and, on the other, of too hasty action. What is desired is an insistence on solid principles as a basis of agreement.

Holland and Belgium

THE reported breach in the diplomatic relations between Holland and Belgium has not come unexpectedly. On June 4 of this year the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the five principal Allied and Associated Powers decided that to a committee of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and Holland the task should be delegated "of examining the measures which must result from a revision of the treaty of 1839, and to formulate proposals which may not involve either a transference of territorial sovereignty or the imposition of international servitudes." For two months this Committee of Fourteen has sat in Paris and studied the means wherewith to build a bridge between the minimum of Belgian demands and the extreme limit of Holland's concessions. The latter were thus formulated by the chief representative of the Netherland Government, Jonkheer De Marees van Swinderen: 1. Holland is willing to discuss an extension of the present regulations for the common control of the Scheldt as far as navigation is concerned, so that the Scheldt would ever answer to the increasing requirements of shipping; 2. Holland will, in principle, not raise objections to the digging of a Scheldt-Meuse-Rhine canal across Dutch territory, provided an arrangement be made to establish adequate connections between such a canal and Dutch waterways; 3. neither will Holland, in principle, object to the digging of a canal across Dutch territory from Antwerp to the Moerdijk; 4. Holland is prepared to make improvements in the Ghent-Terneuzen canal, on condition that the brunt of the cost be borne by Belgium.

But the Belgian delegates were not to be satisfied by these concessions. They demanded for Belgium the right to have all improvements for shipping purposes made by, and at the expense of, Holland, and the free disposal of both embankments of the Scheldt for the execution of these works. But the Netherland delegates refused to consider these claims as amounting to a cession of "territorial sovereignty and an imposition of international servitudes," which, according to the decision of June 4, might not be involved in the committee's proposals.

The discussions had practically come to a deadlock, when an incident occurred which made matters worse: The Flemish Press Bureau at The Hague published the text of a confidential note alleged to have been addressed by Mr. P. Hymans, the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the Belgian Army Headquarters. In this document a plan was unfolded for a secret propaganda among the inhabitants of the Nether-

land province of Limburg, which, in spite of the decision of June 4, is still claimed for Belgium by a small but powerful group of annexationists. "Every Belgian agent in those parts must help, to the measure of his capacities, to bring about the return of the province to the mother country," is the general injunction to these secret propagandists.

To call Belgium the mother country of Dutch Limburg is just as absurd as to call Jugo-Slavia the mother country of Fiume. For the greater part of that province belonged to Dutch territory at a time when the Kingdom of Belgium did not yet exist. What is now called Belgium was known, before the French Revolution, as the Southern Netherlands, which never, since 1585, enjoyed an independent status. From that year until 1713 they were a Spanish possession; at the Peace of Utrecht Spain ceded them to Austria; in 1793 they were conquered by the French, and, after Napoleon's fall, the Allied Powers, which had wrested them from France, considered themselves entitled to decide their fate, as Austria did not desire to have her former possession returned to her. The union of Holland and the Southern Netherlands as effected by the Allied Powers proved, after a fifteen years' trial, an utter failure, so that, when the Belgians revolted in 1830, the same Powers intervened to untie the knot they had ineffectively made. The guiding principle adopted by them in establishing the basis of the separation was thus formulated: 1. "The Dutch frontiers shall enclose the whole of the territory, all fortified towns, boroughs and places, which in the year 1793 formed part of the late Republic of the United Provinces. 2. Belgium shall include all that remains of the territory which in the treaties of 1815 was given the name of Kingdom of the Netherlands, with the exception of the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg, which, placed under the authority of the Princes of Orange-Nassau by virtue of a different title, forms and will continue to form part of the German League." Only in one respect was this principle qualified by a provision in Article X of the so-called "Bases de Separation": "As the consequence of the principles laid down in Articles I and II would be that Belgium and Holland would own enclaves on one another's territories, arrangements and exchanges between the two countries shall be effected through the good offices of the five Powers, which will assure the complete continuity of their territories and the free intercourse between the towns and places situated within their boundaries."

In accordance with this provision, the King of the Netherlands received additional territory in Limburg in exchange

for a part of Luxemburg, which he ceded to Belgium. There is no ground, therefore, in the contention of the Belgian annexationists that Belgium, in 1839, was robbed by Holland of Limburg. The greater part of that province had belonged to the Dutch ever since the peace of Westphalia, and the territory which was added to it in 1839 Holland received by an exchange to which Belgium herself was a party.

The secret note to the Army Headquarters, having stated an historical falsehood in its preamble, proceeded to give detailed instructions as to the manner in which the propaganda should be conducted. The passage which caused the greatest indignation in Holland was a hint to the Belgian agents "to give expression, every day at every possible occasion, to their gratitude for the good services tendered by the Limburgers to the Belgian refugees during the war." To forge a weapon against Holland out of the hospitality shown by one of her provinces to Belgian people is, to say the least, a perverse form of gratitude.

As the Belgian Legation at The Hague failed to issue a denial of the charge against the Brussels Government implied by this revelation of the Flemish Press Bureau, the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs felt called upon to ask for enlightenment at Brussels, and a few days later he announced that he had received the complete and authentic text, and that a great part of it had already been published in the press. That meant, translated from diplomatic into straightforward language, that the version which had been published in the press did not call for correction.

Such underhand dealings are scarcely calculated to bring the Dutch-Belgian negotiations in Paris to a satisfactory conclusion. The certainty on either side that the other party will proceed with absolute fairness is a *conditio sine qua non* for the success of these transactions. The incident has called forth sharp criticism of Mr. Hymans from several organs of the Belgian press, and in so far it has had a good effect, as it has provoked an up to now indifferent public opinion to unambiguous repudiation of the annexationists' aims. *De Standaard*, a Flemish paper published at Brussels, denounced them in fiercer terms than the Dutch papers employ, which are always more temperate in tone. "In our negotiations with Holland," says *De Standaard*, "the motive powers are downright annexationists, who would prefer a rupture with Holland to a partial satisfaction of their dreams. In constantly widening circles one gains the conviction that Mr. Hymans' policy will prove fatal to Belgium. Only the political truce has thus far protected him in Parliament. But he will not remain scot-free very much

longer; his secret note has aroused too much resentment to leave his position unshaken."

Mr. Hymans seems determined to bring the annexationist issue to a head while the truce still lasts. The Minister is playing a dangerous game, for if it is true, as M. François Dessain, as spokesman of Cardinal Mercier, is reported to have said, that "many Belgians would welcome war," the war with Holland will lead to civil war in Belgium. For the Flemish people, who contribute 70 per cent. to the Belgian army, are opposed to annexation and an armed attack on the sister state. The Gallophil Government of Brussels is hated in Flanders, and Mr. Hymans might take the warning contained in the bitter attacks of the *Standaard* and other Flemish organs on what they call his "fatal" management of the country's foreign affairs.

The New Army Plans

CONGRESS has before it two well-balanced schemes for army reorganization—the Wadsworth Bill, representing the views of the General Staff, and the Chamberlain Bill, deriving from the Training Camps Association. The bills agree in the essentials that military training should be required of all young Americans, and that the organization should be in divisions of all arms, preserving as far as possible the designations made historic in the recent war. The Chamberlain Bill does not require universal service, assuming that an adequate army reserve can be had by voluntary enlistment. The required period of training would be six months, between the ages of 18 and 20. Those who entered the reserve would be subject to at least three weeks' additional training for three separate years—nine weeks in all during a five years' enlistment. Vocational instruction would be given so far as possible.

The Wadsworth Bill calls for universal service as well as training. In his twentieth year every physically fit young man would be called to three months' intensive training in camp, and would remain a member of the army for two years thereafter, subject only to report in time of peace. There is no provision for vocational training.

As to the size of the Regular Army, the bills differ radically. The Chamberlain Bill calls for a regular force of 225,000, with a reserve dependent on enlistment and wholly indefinite. The Wadsworth Bill fixes 510,000 as the peace strength of the Regular Army, with about 1,000,000 of reserves. Secretary Baker has recently insisted before the Military Committee of the House that no smaller force is safe,

considering our prospective military responsibilities. This regular force could be quickly swelled to about 1,500,000 by calling the two trained classes to the colors, while the new classes would normally come out of the training camps at the rate of over 500,000 every year. This constitutes a military provision sufficient for any conceivable case of war, and yet not burdensome on the youth of the nation. To give three months to camp training in one's twentieth year can not be called a heavy sacrifice.

The two bills, agreeing on compulsory military training, differ quite radically as to the composition of the nation's army. The Chamberlain Bill appeals to the old volunteer spirit, and should provide a reserve force very similar to the British Territorials, who served brilliantly in every theatre of the late war. It is assumed that if you train 500,000 men every year, enough of them will develop military spirit to furnish a sufficient reserve, and this reserve will be a *corps d'élite*, like the best of the British Territorials and of our own National Guard. The Wadsworth Bill virtually rejects the volunteer idea. The enlisted line is to be just the average youth of the nation, taken as it comes along. Unquestionably this is the democratic plan. The nation requires the necessary military service of everyone impartially, depending on no one's good will, self-sacrifice or love of adventure. It makes a pure business of its army concerns, knows exactly what it can count on and when.

A weak point in the Wadsworth Bill is the half-million regulars required. Presumably it is hoped to attract them by the allurements of vocational education. This hope would probably be disappointed; it would hardly be found possible to recruit the Regular Army to the desired figure. There are distinct limitations to the schooling of soldiers and sailors, as has already been demonstrated in the Navy for many years. For instructors you depend on your officers, and, Mr. Daniels to the contrary notwithstanding, it doesn't follow that your capable army or navy officer is a zealous and effective pedagogue of non-military lore. Much is being done to improve general instruction in the Army, but the time is still far distant when the recruiting offices will be thronged simply because of the army schools. We believe with General Wood that the lower figure, 225,000, for the Regular Army would be adequate, and that in maintaining the larger figure Mr. Baker is playing for safety in case the Staff Bill should fail in Congress.

Aside from cutting down the figure, the Wadsworth Bill could be much improved by requiring a month in continuation camp for every member of the national army. The second-camp men

would be an immense resource in the instruction of the new recruits. Their presence would speed up the training and double its value. Each second-camp man would fix the knowledge partly gained in his first camp, and would come out a soldier indeed. In the second camp, too, the officer material would emerge clearly. In the second camp the men, who will have received only pin money during their first training, should receive the pay of their rank. The plan of holding a million men, very slightly trained, to report to duty would almost certainly result in wholesale evasion and confusion of all sorts. A continuation camp would avoid all this, provide better training, and assure the army of the control of its invisible force. The second camp also would be the time to sort out the men into appropriate special services. Without it, the engineers and artillery, for example, would be relatively far below the infantry in efficiency. With the extra month, the special divisional services could be tried out under service conditions without cutting into the infantry training, which is fundamental for all branches.

In the matter of general army organization the Wadsworth bill, as Senator Chamberlain has cogently shown, has many questionable features. It multiplies generalcies beyond all needs of the service, increases the already exaggerated powers of the Chief of Staff, and disregards both economy and impartiality in promotion and appointment of personnel. Congress may be trusted not to vote away at once its own powers and those of the civil executive.

The relation of the National Guard to army reorganization is a minor consideration. Our militia system is as obsolete as the military corset and shako. The Guard will have to adapt itself to whatever reasonable system is adopted. Under the Wadsworth Bill it would come off very well. From the millions of young men who have completed their military service, the National Guard would find ideal recruits and officers, and could readily be shaped into a compact and effective second line. Under the Chamberlain Bill the Guard would meet the formidable competition of the volunteer reserve, and would be in danger of extinction. This would be a pity, for, anomalous and costly as the Guard is, it represents a fine tradition and a valuable military good-will which should be utilized.

Apart from any question as to the desirability of either bill for the fundamental purpose which it is designed to serve, the merits of that fundamental purpose itself demand more ample consideration than has yet been given to them. Before adopting either, Congress and the public should thoroughly weigh the question whether the present situa-

tion of our country and the world makes it desirable that the nation should commit itself at this moment to the policy either of universal military training or of universal military service.

Restriction of Output

BEFORE the war the statement was frequently made—and by people who should have known better—that capitalism had solved the problem of production. Assured of an abundant supply of necessaries and comforts, society, it was said, might now give chief attention to the more important question of distribution, in order that the good things of life might be more fairly divided among the rival claimants—landowners, capitalists, business men, wage-earners, the Government, objects of benevolence, and what other participants there may be. An error such as this is not, of course, the cause of the bitter conflict over the joint product, but rather a sort of echo of it. It rests on a half-conscious assumption in the minds of ignorant partisans, who imagine an enormous surplus income that does not exist, and fail to realize that in the quarrel about the divisor the dividend itself is in danger of being reduced. The very persons who are in a constant state of militancy over the question of the exact percentage of the product that should go to capital insist upon reducing the total product by all manner of restrictions.

The example of the restrictions imposed by British trade unions shows to what lengths this pernicious policy can go, and how it threatens the foundations of national prosperity. A partial list of the union regulations prevailing in Great Britain before the war was published in the *London Times* in January, 1917, and is well worth quoting:

They embrace not only the standard rate of wages, and the length of the normal working day, together with arrangements for overtime, night work, Sunday duty, mealtimes and holidays, but also the exact class of operatives, apprenticed or skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled, laborers or women, to be engaged or not engaged for various kinds of work, upon particular processes or with different types of machines; whether non-unionists should be employed at all; what processes should be employed for particular tasks; what machines should be used for particular jobs; how machines should be placed in relation to each other, and the speed with which they should be worked; whether one operative should complete a whole job, or attend only to one machine, or form part of a team of specialized operatives each doing a different process; what wages, if any, should be paid in the intervals between jobs, or whilst waiting for material, and what notice of termination of engagement should be given; whether the boys or girls or young persons should be employed at all, or in what processes or with what machine, or in what proportion to adult workmen; whether remuneration should be by time or by the

piece and under what conditions, at what rates or with what allowances, and—but by no means universally existing—what amount of output by each operative should be considered a full day's work, not to be considerably exceeded under penalty of the serious displeasure of the workshop.

During the first year of the war, under pressure of military necessity, a truce was effected between the employers and the unions, especially in munitions factories, by which some of the most burdensome restrictions were temporarily given up, with the result that, with the coöperation of other factors, production per operative was greatly increased—in some factories as much as 100 per cent. And yet, now that the war is over, the unions demand that the restrictions be restored, or else that they be given an equivalent in the form of nationalization or drastic reduction of hours, or union control of industry—the results of which may be equally bad. Evidently, British labor has not yet fully learned the economic lessons of the war, and may not until a serious reduction in the national dividend forces the country to a lower standard of living.

British writers often praise the United States as a country where economic fallacies have no vogue and restriction of output is almost unknown, but truth compels us to confess that we are very far below that pinnacle of virtue. Who does not know of painters and paperhangers loitering over a fat job, or plumbers holding to their daily stint of work, or workers in almost every trade persecuting speeders, or walking delegates condemning piece-work, or prominent labor leaders favoring shorter hours on the ground that they make work for the unemployed and quoting that foolish rhyme, "Whether you work by the piece or the day, decreasing the hours increases the pay"? Even the exigencies of war did not drive *ca' canny* from American industry, but rather increased its power, as in a typical though extreme case mentioned in a recent report of the National Industrial Conference Board:

In one of our shipbuilding yards it was found that a certain steel ship had required before the war 200,000 hours of labor to construct it at 30 cents per hour; to-day a sister ship, in every respect the same, has just been completed requiring 400,000 hours of labor, but paid at 70 cents per hour. In this case, therefore, it appears that the efficiency of labor—irrespective of materials, engines, etc.—has fallen in the ratio of 6 to 28. A part of this loss of efficiency was undoubtedly due to lack of skill by the new men employed in the industry, but much of this loss must be accounted for by the deliberate practices of the workers. The forces which, undirected or wrongly directed, have already brought British industries to such an *impasse*, should not, by our careless impassiveness, be permitted to produce the same effects upon our own. [The ratio 6 to 28, it should be noted, refers to the productivity of a dollar's worth of labor.]

Whether we like it or not, the fact must be faced that millions of American and British wage-earners—the best paid workers in the world—care nothing for the employer's interest because they do not, or will not, see its relation to their own. The independent farmer, fisherman, prospector, berry-picker, craftsman or trader, is not thus indifferent, because the product is his own; but when an employer intervenes, or a whole series of employers, and the laborer receives money wages instead of a portion of usable goods, then, losing sight of the end, he thinks—if he thinks at all—that he can obstruct and delay the productive process without damage to himself. The union leaders, who give some thought to these matters, should see the evil tendency; but they are almost invariably, and perhaps necessarily, shortsighted, seeking immediate ends rather than long-time results. Moreover, their policy, shortsighted though it be, has brought certain temporary advantages in the way of higher wages and shorter hours, which have not yet been taken away by the slow but certain retribution that is dogging their footsteps, and will, sooner or later, exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The obscure places in our industrial organization and in the process of distribution are being gradually lighted up, and both employers and employed are beginning to see that, instead of quarreling so much about the division of the product, they had better create a larger product to divide. Grievances there are on both sides, but not such as to justify a general industrial war, which might destroy the means of subsistence of millions of people. Now that the nations of the world are making peace can there not also be industrial peace on the principle of give and take, live and let live? Certainly British capital and labor, facing the danger of losing the foreign trade on which they live, must work together or suffer together; and American capitalists and laborers, on the eve of a great era of prosperity, will never enter the land of promise except they go hand in hand.

Photo Music

THE motion-picture is by its nature a new and transforming artistic medium whose emotional possibilities for the individual and whose promise for the development of a kind of new folk-lore and folk-art are scarcely glimpsed. The uncanny power of the films from the very beginning must be dependent upon something deeper than the fascination of the childish tricks, the buncombe and claptrap, and the adolescent hocus-pocus of star-worship that have been its chief substance so far. Münsterberg and other psycholo-

gists have attempted various explanations of this holding power, a power so great that in a country sufficiently provided with movies, like ours, it may quietly take the place of a banished alcohol. These explanations and all others reduce themselves to the simple fact: that the moving picture achieves so unusual a release of emotional power because it coincides with or resembles the flow of human consciousness more nearly than any other artistic medium but one, and that one is music. It is like music in its continuity of flow; continuity has even become a common movie term, expressing the ever-to-be-striven-for goal of the more modern director. It is like music in its plasticity and fluidity of material and method, and more than any other art except music it transcends the limitations of space and time freely, without effort. There is no art that achieves anything like as great a degree of freedom in boding forth the real things, persons, and emotions of life. The moving picture is essentially visual music. It owes its power to the fact that it does through the eyes what music does through the ears. As music achieves a liberating emotional experience through the creative selection and flowing together of ordinary and commonplace sounds, so out of the commonplace and transient images and experiences of ordinary life the motion picture can in its plastic freedom evoke an equally liberating emotional insight.

A dim realization of this is what probably lies behind the call occasionally heard for "A Wagner of the Movies." If this means anything, it means that the movies need not only someone to liberate them from their present banal conventions, but someone also to fuse music and the movies into a better working partnership. Were Wagner alive to-day, he might seize upon the moving picture as the perfect instrument of his intention regarding the music drama. His effort of a real union of music and the drama was a failure because of the essential inferiority of the dramatic medium to music in freedom and plasticity. We have to-day in the moving picture the freest dramatic medium conceivable, hampered only by the stupidities and lack of insight of those whose commercial plaything it is.

Without music the movies are inevitably crippled, dragged down by the weight of the reality of their material and by irrelevancies of actor personality. They need the extra lift of the free emotional inspiration that music alone gives to enable them to effect true artistic emotional release. And this can come only by a musical accompaniment that enters into the musical quality of the film itself, and expresses and heightens its emotional flow.

For such musical interpretation it is no longer possible to depend upon the songs, snatches, and musical rags and patches of the tinkling pianist improviser which marked the early days of the movies. Producers soon realized the deficiencies of this kind of musical support for the films and made some attempts to concoct more rigid programmes for the accompanist, cut and fitted precisely to the various films. Some went further and employed regular musicians to attend to this matter, but, though these would make occasional efforts to write special music for spectacular films, the run of movie houses usually heard more or less pre-arranged potpourris of familiar ballads and parlor pieces.

Musicians of standing, like Briebl, whose opera was produced last season at the Metropolitan, are gradually being drawn into this work, but the total effect on the movies thus far is insignificant.

At the same time the closeness of the connection between music and the movies has been emphasized to the producers from another side—that of the actors. Whether it is because of the lack of inspiration afforded an audience or because of the thinness of the situations and material they are called upon to portray, many of the stars have of late been constrained to seek the aid of musical accompaniment to evoke heightened emotions while acting. Thus it is that Dustin Farnum has himself tagged about the scenes of studio or wilderness by a trio of stringed instruments that play him tears when sad's the word and laughter when gay, and make shivery harmonies to slay the villain by.

It is in view of this faltering progress that nothing has happened in the moving-picture world of such revolutionary importance as the recent gift by Mr. Eastman, head of the Eastman Kodak Company, of three and a half million dollars for the building and maintenance, in connection with the University of Rochester, of a permanent school of music dedicated specially to the development of music for motion pictures. It is not probable that the National Association of Motion Picture Producers, at whose recent convention Mr. Eastman announced this bequest, realized the soundness and importance of the insight into the business that was behind this project. If they had, they would have undertaken the thing themselves long ago. Mr. Eastman, as one of the largest producers of photographic film for the movies, and one who has been most active in the development of the motion picture on the scientific side, sees that the moving picture, on the commercial side no less than on the artistic side, is bound up with the development of effective musical presentation.

“Anti-Wilson”

THIS phrase has been put to much use, for the purpose of discrediting the argument of a large class of persons. It is as if one were to say, concerning a man applying for manual labor, “Oh, he has a withered hand.” The counterpart of the phrase is not employed with anything like the same frequency. The fact that one does not know how to word it is in itself sufficient proof. “An idolater of Wilson” sounds unfamiliar and “pro-Wilson” is almost as strange. “Hatred of Wilson” is a variation which also finds great favor with his strong adherents. It is unfortunate that in a crisis which demands searching popular discussion and real understanding the issue should be clouded by an overworked label.

That unreasoning hatred of the President exists is true; that its volume exceeds the amount of the irrational, emotional worship of him is highly questionable. The situation is, after all, not so extraordinary. Men of vigorous personality in public life are usually the victims of strong likes and dislikes. The feeling towards Col. Roosevelt, when once he began to put all his power into advocating his doctrines, showed similar violence. What it is important just now to recognize is that discussion of the President's programme is only hindered by this rather childish calling of names. No change of heart is effected by it and bitterness is engendered. Both sides could help materially by admitting that, while a certain amount of the irrational feeling described does actually exist throughout the country, much of the sympathy and antipathy addressed to the President is based upon sober reflection.

In the minds of many thoughtful persons the President's policies have become suspect, not because of any single act, but because of what is taken to be his habitual attitude. Personal ambition, it is true, is often alleged, and the bringing of this charge certainly does not help the present situation. Besides, there are grounds enough for their view, such critics hold, outside the sphere of the personal. In retrospect they find the first milestone of their lengthening distrust in Mr. Wilson's hasty yielding to labor in 1916, when there was a threat to tie up the railroads. To state, without a second thought, as the President appeared to many persons to do, that a question of this nature was not “arbitrable” seemed like a rash surrender to bullying methods. It was, to their thinking, not in conformity with the best American traditions. “Be neutral in your thoughts,” came next. Such a sentiment at such a season was foreign and impossible to a great many old-time

Americans. A country which had habitually welcomed to its shores the oppressed of Europe and which had been wont to lend at least moral support to causes in which it heartily believed could not be expected to suppress entirely its indignation over the ruthlessness of German methods. Even at the time when the President uttered this strange mandate, the public was in a position to determine definitely where its sympathies must lie, and information which transpired later did not really change the nature of our feeling towards Germany; it merely revealed the futility of the President's admonition.

“Too proud to fight” is a saying which to this day has never been satisfactorily explained. Coming, as it did, immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania, it was inconceivable to the many Americans here in question. They at the time could think of nothing but the great disaster and the complications resulting from it, and it would have been impossible for them, even in private life, to consider the country's honor in the detached fashion which apologists of the President urge as the explanation.

Strange phrases of this sort have blazed in the memory of many because they seem significant of the President's whole manner of directing public sentiment during those critical years. Such persons are convinced that a more normal attitude towards the affronts administered by Germany would have helped to silence, not only the strong partisans of that country, but also the rather wishy-washy endeavor to make Germany no blacker than her enemies; and would have excited in America a quick response to the cause of righteousness.

Throughout the whole period of the war the feeling has also been widespread that the President wished to play a lone hand. While other Governments, in order to meet a situation unprecedented in the history of the world, were calling upon the best talent to be found, Mr. Wilson, so the argument goes, stubbornly stuck to the somewhat limited abilities discoverable in his own party. Men of the largest experience in international affairs were passed over, and surprise gave way to astonishment when it was learned that at the Paris Conference the United States was to be represented by virtually one man. Added to this was the irritation caused by his uncommunicative way with the Senate previous to the first European visit.

Since the President's final return to this country what looms largest in the minds of his opponents is probably the inference which he has allowed to be

drawn that genuine idealists are not to be found in their ranks. (One is somewhat reminded of Mr. Roosevelt's one-time unfortunate effort to be known as the high-priest of common sense.) The inference has not made for better feeling. The retort has been forthcoming that Mr. Wilson has been too much in the company of professional humanitarians to understand the limits of true idealism. If

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best,

those who are not willing to go the whole way with the President are not bothered by his insisting that he is not a “little American.” If the President were wiser, he would see, not only that an honest difference of opinion is possible in this case, but that one may disagree with him here and still be forward-looking. Many who are opposed to him sincerely desire to bring wars to an end and are willing to see sacrifices made by this country to effect this worthy object. Only, they are doubtful of the efficacy of his League. They have seen him in the past as the enthusiastic advocate of “get good quick” methods and, quite reasonably, they have become suspicious. They wonder whether the prophecy of Samuel Butler, that the next tyrant of the world would be machinery (organization), is not likely to be fulfilled if the President can have his way, and are sincerely worried by the trust which he places in the mere machinery of the proposed League. They may rightly call themselves idealists if in combating a hasty remedy they are reserving their powers for a more permanent cure.

These, in brief, are the incidents in the President's career which have bred distrust and, often, strong antipathy to him; hatred is too strong a word, if by it is meant an unreasoned emotion. Mr. Wilson, himself, might have removed some of the opposition if he had adopted a franker attitude. He did not need to be told that the traditional American way to put through large measures is by a campaign of education and that the public is not accustomed to yield until it is convinced. Instead of taking his opponents seriously, he has given little time to their objections and has resorted to glowing phrases descriptive of the new world to be. He is a political philosopher, and from him, if from any one, one might expect to receive a judicial explanation of his convictions. Put it this way. Suppose as a professor of politics Mr. Wilson had proposed in book form the arguments for a League of Nations which have been handed out as such in his several speeches around the country. How many of his colleagues in the profession would have regarded the book as anything more than an enthusiastic vision?

Party politics should in some way be silenced in the remainder of the discussion. All decent citizens should be made to see the extraordinary opportunity which America now has to help shape the destiny of the world. It is certainly not a time for a timid withholding of our leadership. It is a time to forget partisanship and to practice straight think-

ing. And the person to set the example of forgetfulness of self and of clear, earnest argument is the President. There are many, even among the so-called anti-Wilsonites, who profoundly wish that he would fully embrace the great opportunity that so obviously beckons to him.

H. de W. F.

The Fatal Defect of the Cummins Bill

SOME three years ago, in his book "Heredity and Environment" Professor Edwin Conklin pointed out that modern civilization had become too complex for the present race of men to handle. Either we must contrive to produce abler men or we must be satisfied with a simpler state of civilization.

The so-called "railroad problem" in the United States furnishes a good example of the truth of this statement. That "problem," long existent and long recognized by students of economics, is now acute and pressing for settlement, and the efforts that are being made to find a solution only serve, by their own futility, to illustrate the apparent helplessness of the community to manage the machine that it has brought into being. This helplessness is not so much the result of ignorance of fundamental principles as it is the result of lack of courage to apply those principles and follow them to their ultimate conclusions. We now know all we need to know about government operation in the business of American railroad transportation, and we want no more of it. We know by experience that government operation spells inertia, and that if we want initiative we must go back to private enterprise to get it. Since we want initiative and not inertia we agree that the railroads should go back to their owners. But our fear that under private operation of railroads we shall be exploited, leads us to surround it with all manner of checks, counterchecks, restrictions, and hindrances, the inevitable result of which will be to choke initiative at its source. Under this kind of private operation we shall be no better off than we were under the Director General. As soon as we find that out it will be but a short time before that official's name is once more plastered over railroad tickets, time tables, dining-car menus, advertisements, and government reports. We shall then settle down permanently in a "simpler state of civilization" so far as railroad transportation is concerned. That is the prospect which we now face.

Lest this be regarded as wholly unreasonable pessimism let us take for the

purpose of demonstration the so-called Cummins bill now before the Senate. Senator Cummins has for many years been a specialist in legislation affecting the railroads. He has given every evidence of an earnest desire to settle the question and settle it right. He has shown a mind open to new ideas—even ideas directly opposed to those long entertained by him. He has become a convinced advocate of private enterprise in railroad operation and his bill is designed to restore it. The bill is the product, no doubt, not merely of his own thought, but also of the thought of his associates on the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. It is, indeed, fair to say that taking it all in all it is perhaps the most hopeful essay yet put forward in the matter of railroad legislation.

Bear in mind that its avowed object is to restore private initiative in railroad transportation. Its authors know in a general way that what the public needs is abundance of railroad facilities, and the fullest possible use of those facilities. They know that private capital voluntarily invested in development of railroad facilities and private enterprise freely employed in the working of those facilities furnish the best means to the desired end. They know that there is but one incentive to capital and that is return. They know that return on capital invested in railroads must come through railroad rates, and that the rate-regulating authority must make such rates as will give this return. All this is plainly understood by the author of the bill.

The bill is, therefore, all the more significant in the fatal defects that it discloses, and the significance of these defects is in the illustration that they furnish of the truth of Professor Conklin's suggestion. It will suffice to select one point for discussion out of the many that the bill provides. That point is the most important of all—regulation of rates. There lies the heart of the railroad problem. Everything comes to that sooner or later. The problem is, under a system of regulated private enterprise in the operation of railroads, to

make rates large enough to furnish a perpetual incentive to capital to flow into the railroad industry and at the same time prevent any exploiting of the general public. Let us test the Cummins bill for its handling of this part of the problem.

Sections 4, 5, and 6 provide that the Interstate Commerce Commission is to divide the country into rate districts, and the carriers into rate groups for the purposes of rate making. They provide that it shall be competent for the Commission to consider these rate districts and rate groups *as a whole*, apart from the question of the reasonableness of rates upon particular commodities, or for particular communities. In making rates for a rate group the Commission is to consider the interest of the public, the shippers, labor, cost of maintenance and operation, including taxes, and a fair return on the value of property used in transportation, and to raise or lower rates accordingly. If any railroad in the group receives more than this fair return the excess is to be paid over to the Transportation Board provided in the bill. Furthermore, in Section 9 it is provided that the railroad systems of the country are to be consolidated into not less than twenty and not more than thirty-five systems, and the principle upon which consolidation is to proceed is that the consolidated systems shall, under uniform rates, earn substantially the same rate of return on the value of their respective properties. Consolidation is to be compulsory after a period of seven years (Section 10), which period is allowed for voluntary consolidations. The capitalization of the consolidated companies shall not exceed the value of the railroad property as determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission (Sections 21, 22).

The authors of the bill have in part correctly apprehended the basic principle of railroad rate regulation in the United States. There is no such thing as a railroad rate that is "reasonable" *per se*. All rates are relative to all other rates. A tariff is nothing more than a floating mass of relativities, and this mass of relativities must be "anchored" to something. The true anchorage is found in the "traffic region." In its recognition of the "traffic region" as the starting point of rate regulation the bill is solidly founded upon the rock of reality.

The "traffic region" is a natural product and not an arbitrary convention. The railroad systems of the United States are grouped by a natural division of the country into "traffic regions," and in each of these regions there is a general tariff of freight rates applicable and peculiar to that region. The principle of this natural division of territory lies in the fact that in the large cities which

form the boundaries of the "traffic regions" virtually all—or at least the greatest part—of the freight moving into or out of one region or another changes ownership. Each region is thus a natural unit in that it constitutes a group of markets interrelated one with the other. This unitary character of the "traffic region" is expressed in a general freight tariff—the "regional tariff"—which is so constructed as to maintain a general competitive equilibrium between the various parts of the region so far as shippers are concerned. These regional tariffs are the growth of many years of experience and enjoy a status which is generally recognized as prescriptive.

The purpose of the "regional tariff" is to make an equitable distribution of the entire transportation burden properly belonging to the region among those who use the railroads. This regional burden consists in the obligation of the region to support the regional group of railroads. The rates charged for transportation in the region must be such that their total money product will give the group of railroad systems in the region, *regarded as a group*, a fair return on the value of property employed by these railroad systems in transportation. This is the fundamental principle of rate regulation so far as the interests of the carriers are concerned. It is not necessary in this discussion to consider the principle governing the distribution of the regional burden between the users of transportation further than to note that it is based upon a general equalization of "sacrifice" and "access" with respect both to the shippers and the districts concerned.

In the Cummins bill the principle of the "regional group" and the "regional tariff" is recognized. It is the first time in the history of American railroads that this principle has been recognized by lawmakers and we may well be grateful for its appearance now. The capital mistake, however, of the Cummins bill is that, having correctly apprehended the principle of rate regulation of regional groups and "regional tariffs," it proceeds to apply it in such a way as to nullify the declared purpose of the bill, namely, the restoration of private initiative in railroad operation. It does this by removing the necessary incentive to private enterprise within the group—by confiscating the fruit of enterprise. In attempting to solve the problem of the "strong" and the "weak" roads it takes away with one hand what it has given with the other; encouraging private enterprise at the outset, it ends by destroying it.

The bill provides for enforced consolidation of railroad systems, and it lays down as the principle of this consolidation the ruling that it is to proceed with

the object of giving *each* system the same "fair return" on the capital invested in the system as is provided for the *group as a whole*. It provides that if any system operating under the regional tariff shall earn more than this fair return there shall be taken away from it the earnings in excess of this amount.

The bill erects a "regional group" composed of several systems, each of which is earning the same rate of return on capital invested as the group as a whole is earning. This provision is absolutely wrong in principle, and if put in effect would be absolutely destructive of initiative. Let us suppose a "traffic region" in which there is operating a group of several systems under one "regional tariff," and let us suppose that the product in money of this "regional tariff" is sufficient to yield a fair return on the total capital invested in the "regional group" of systems. Let us suppose further that this tariff equitably distributes between passenger, mail, express, and freight service this total "transportation burden" of the region. Upon what principle is a *single* railroad of the group to be deprived of the fruits of good management as reflected in an earning capacity in excess of the *regional* average? What concern is it of the passengers or shippers in that region how much any single railroad can manage to make under a uniform group tariff which is admittedly fair to passengers and shippers alike? What wrong is done to the public in such case by one road earning 9 per cent. on its invested capital while another earns but 3 per cent.? Moreover, it is precisely the opportunity to earn profits under the uniform regional tariff which is necessary to obtain the full benefits of initiative in railroad operation. A railroad can increase its earnings only by increasing the use of its facilities, and the more these facilities are used the better for the territory which they serve. The Cummins bill most ingeniously provides for removal of the very incentive which would lead the individual railroad to strive to build up its territory when it proposes to confiscate the reward for so doing. A more complete nullification of the purpose of the bill could hardly have been devised.

There are, moreover, two lines of wrong thinking in this matter. One is the *limitation* of the profit that a railroad may earn under an approved original tariff. The other is the attempt to eliminate "strong" and "weak" roads, and thereby reduce all the systems to a *common* level of return. The latter is just as much opposed to private initiative as is the former. A road is "strong" because of the ability and honesty of its managers as reflected in location, operation, and financing, and it is

"weak" by reason of absence of these qualities. Why should those who are prudent, honest, and able be required to support those who are less so? Why should a prosperous district in a "traffic region" be required to support another less prosperous district by furnishing it with transportation that it can not of itself provide and pay for? What incentive is there for "competition" under such an arrangement?

Under a proper conception of the "traffic region" as the unit of rate regulation the "problem" of "strong" and "weak" railroads is of no public concern whatever. The ideal situation is that of a regional group of railroads operating under a "regional tariff," each free to earn as much or as little as it can under that tariff, so long as the *total* burden imposed by the tariff gives no more than a *total* fair return on the *total* capital invested in the "regional group." Some will be "strong" and some will be "weak"; the "strong" will ever be trying to become "stronger" and the "weak" will ever be trying to become "strong," and the result of such striving will always be for the good of the people served. The thing to do is to preserve the largest possible chance for reward of endeavor consistent with exclusion of exploitation. There *can* be no "exploitation" under a regional tariff which is designed in the first place to be fair to the regional group *as a whole*. And there *can* be no "initiative" unless the road to reward be left open. The Cummins bill would effectively close this road.

One has but to read over the entire bill to see that its spirit is one of deep distrust of the very thing which the bill professes to make possible—private initiative. This distrust is in part the product of ignorance and, particularly, ignorance of the true nature of the partnership between the railroad and its shippers. It is, however, mainly the result of something much more fundamental. All forms of democratic government are at bottom based upon a mingled fear and jealousy of the individual. All are based upon a theory—sometimes explicit, sometimes implicit, but always present—that a common level is the goal of human organization. Whatever tends to rise above the common level is suspect. When, therefore, there is question of something which by its nature is deeply affected with a public interest, such as railroad transportation, which by reason of its nature must be subject to governmental regulation, what hope is there that this regulation will be so conducted as to open a way for the free play of individual enterprise and initiative? As men are constituted nowadays, there is no such hope.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

“Soldier, Soldier, Come from the Wars--”

THERE was a king in Ithaca who wandered far through years and sorrows, and heard the sirens call. In the end Zeus “cut off the day of his returning,” for the home that had been his pole-star through the epic years was, when he came to it, but another achievement of conquest. He held his steadfast course through the charms of Circe, past the might of the Cyclops, and over all the peril of the sea, only to find himself again, as he had been before the walls of Troy, in the midst of stratagem and intrigue, and the slaughter of men. He found no rest by the fireside save for a moment in the hut of his swineherd; no hint of welcoming love save for an old woman kneeling at his feet whose eyes filled with tears, and an old boarhound who wagged his tail and drooped his ears, but had no strength to draw near his master.

An exile of to-day came upon the book, a mildewed Butcher and Lang, in a Red Cross hut at Brest, a room crowded with exiles whose nerves were tense with waiting, raw with chafing at delays, bodies restless, minds obsessed with the single idea of getting home. The whole camp was in a turmoil of nervous activity blown in waves by the breath of rumor, finding no outlet in accomplishment; nothing but successive stampedes for new bulletins, and endless tramping up and down the duckboards from office to office, unraveling miles of red tape without loosening a single knot. The exile took the book and read of the homecoming, from the time when Odysseus in the form of a beggar went to Eumæus, the master of his swine, to the last words of Pallas Athene “in the likeness of Mentor both in fashion and in voice.” He laid aside the book with a new shadow across his heart. Is this the way of a man’s homecoming after years of toil and peril? Shall he find only toil and peril renewed, nothing of love save in the heart of a dog and the eyes of an old woman, and only a night’s rest before he “fare forth again to many cities of men, and death upon the sea at last, fordone with age.” If that were all, it were scarcely worth while to “go home and be a king like other folk.” In spite of all the gods, a man’s wife should know him better than his dog, and one need not hold the homeward course through twenty years of fabled peril only to set forth again “with a shapen oar to find men who know not the sea.” Is all the emotion of the day of the exile’s returning taken up in the driving desire that sends him on, spent when it reaches the goal, all but a dying flash or two? Before he had time to ponder

these things, the exile was made aware that his name was on the sailing list, and he sprang anew to the unraveling of red tape. But the question haunted him on his journeys with a vague persistence, and his mind made note of what he saw, seeking in life the force of which he had seen in the poem the shadow, gigantic and grotesque, to learn whether it end in flash and shock or in steady glow, to measure life against the poet’s dream.

He saw what all of us see of the homecomings of men, men in hundreds and thousands, the flow of the stream from western ports of France to eastern ports of ours, its branching, flowing, dividing and flowing again; its individual atoms filtering into every place of human habitation, none so remote as not to know its contact. From these emotionally charged atoms he saw flashes when he sought them and when he least foresaw them, and as it was with his fellow-voyagers, so was it with his own heart. Flashes they were, and swift glimpses, at first seeming never to go near to the heart of reality, merely a blurred mirror to his emotion; a shifting light, touching now here, now there, on a scene faint with mist. But soon he knew them as all of reality the heart could endure.

There was the last evening of the voyage when he stood at the rail arguing about a row of dim lights along a low shore. He knew the shore, and every town along its length; he was sure he was right—but suddenly he found that he could not trust his voice, so he turned abruptly and left the group. One of the fellows thought he was offended, and came to him later to apologize; by that time it was easy to laugh. Again it was the Goddess of Liberty; he had grown tired enough of the talk about her; she had never given him a thrill. But he felt it when first his eye caught her, a faint greenish shadow against the morning mist. He was standing apart in a corner under the bridge; the men on the forward deck were yelling and leaping; the band was playing in the reception committee’s boat, and everybody was at the starboard rail waving at the women and catching oranges and bundles of newspapers. The point of the citted island towered high and dim in mist and smoke like a gigantic shadow of Mont-Saint-Michel, and for him there was no more peril in the sea.

In the smoking compartment of the Pullman, the exile watched with wondering curiosity the face of a boyish infantry corporal. He had been through it all from the Mexican border to Coblenz, but he bore no trace of it save his service chevrons and the little constellation on his ribbon. His complexion was that of a child, and his eyes were gloriously

clear and young. His talk rippled over the surface of his experience as lightly as his eye flickered over the landscape that was now drawing near to the focus of his heart. There was the pond, he said it without a quiver of voice or eyelash, that he had fished every inch of for pickerel; he was only ten years old the first time he swam across it. Father and mother and the rest were coming to meet him—he stood in the vestibule and ran an unwavering eye over the crowd.

“Are they there?”

“Don’t see them yet”—his voice rang clear and steady as a bell.

Then he saw them and charged. Mother’s hat went suddenly askew when the brim hit his overseas cap. Her eyes were shut, and there were tears on her cheeks. Of the corporal, the exile saw only an unexpressive back.

The train moved, and the exile turned to his idle conversation with the captain of engineers. He had been away two years and a half, making roads behind the lines. He spoke easily, but somewhat absently, for the most part of his wife, bravely “carrying on” with reduced income and increased expenses. He fell silent as the train rounded the base of the hill into his home valley. The car window swept along the platform of the little wooden station, and there was the real hero of the war just where he had parted from her. A quick change fell on her face when she saw him. The captain’s jaw was set and his lips pinched tight. They clung together in silence. As the train slid past, they were walking slowly the length of the sunny platform, she clinging to his arm.

On an electric car, the exile found another captain, with crossed guns on his collar and three stars on his ribbon. He sat very still looking steadily forward. He caught sight of them at last, under a big sycamore tree on a shady corner, Towzlehead, Curlywig, and a shaggy terrier. At sight of the car they jumped up, craning forward with hops and squeals of excitement. The captain swung out on the running board. Towzlehead saw him first and darted forward. The terrier was a close second. He sniffed at the unfamiliar puttees, and got no reaction from the smell of French leather polish, but when he got his nose in the captain’s hand he went off like a bunch of firecrackers, leaping, barking, twisting, whining, wagging. Curlywig rushed into the midst of the scrimmage, was caught up and carried to the sidewalk, her arms round father’s neck and her cheek against his overseas cap.

For such moments as these, the exile may make what preparation he can; rehearsals of them in imagination, however frequent, do not dim their poignance. With places, the dream may be so true to life as to make the actual

when it comes, as peaceful as the dream itself. The old garden flanking the pillared white house had been to the exile's memory through all that was harsh and hideous as a secret refuge, a hidden inmost shrine to beauty. Through every month of the year his imagination had followed it, seeing in his heart as in a mirroring pool every change of unfolding bloom or of falling leaf. Day after day as he walked the numbered paces of the boat-deck, his eye ranging over the uncounted miles of racing waves with

No dial shade of any tree or flower
To mark the hour,

night after night as he traced the pendulum swing of the masts among the stars, or in his narrow berth felt the slow lift, pause, and fall of the sea, he drew so exactly before his mind's eye every stone of the path between the swords of iris, the grass walk and the leaning spires of foxglove, the balm and bergamot, forget-me-not and sweet alyssum, that when at last it lay about him in very fact, it slid into his heart with familiarity so soft and sweet that he scarcely felt its touch. Within its borders lay only the memory of placid hours. Of other hours the shadow fell on him unexpectedly days afterwards at the little hillside farmhouse where the call had come to him, where he had made the real decisions—but those had not haunted his dreams in exile. He went to the place unsuspecting, walked merrily up the lane with the children and the busy dog. Then while they clamored into their familiar corners of the long empty house, he went alone through the orchard, leisurely from tree to tree, thinking of nothing but the future stores of fruit till he came to the wall and stood looking over into the woodlot. There where with a heavy heart he had cut that last cord of wood, the slashings lay unburnt, matted with a summer's grass and weeds that had grown up through them and died. He turned and looked back down the rows of orchard trees now become a vista straight into the past, of days in Indian summer when in haste he had gathered the apples lest the call should come before he could store them all, the deadness of his heart at the sound of the children's voices and the squeaking of their little wheelbarrows as they busily helped at the harvest, all the strain of the waiting. . . . Then the children came racing down the row of trees, the dog barking at their flying heels, and the bad moment was gone.

He returned with them, and stood on the broad granite doorstep looking down on the road at the foot of his hillside. It was quivering in the heat, and was bordered with blackberry and Joe Pye weed that were velvet with dust. On it moved slowly the figure of a man in overseas cap and spiral leggings, an

infantry sergeant whom the exile knew. His mind followed the soldier up the road he was to go, across the bridge where the hemlocks grow over the stream, over the long hill road to the little upland farm. There where apple trees slant sturdily against the wind is the goal of his dreams. He has fought over the ancient fields of war where Celt and Gaul have been before him, Roman legionary, Goth and Ostrogoth, Lombard, Vandal and Hun, rider and bowman of Burgundy, Orleans, Normandy, Britain, of Austria, Bavaria, Saxony—life and death have woven those fields with the richest tapestries of history. Through it all his dreams have been only of the old apple trees leaning to the wind, the gaunt barn, the low house with the heavy chimney, and the far purple hills over which the storm clouds ride. Night and day he has dreamed of them, at Rheims, at Toul, the Argonne and the Meuse, most of all in dust and idleness at Saint-Aignan and Brest. They have been to him the intense and burning focus of all his being. Are they so still as he plods the dusty road? Well the exile knew that he could not learn by asking. He was tempted to go down across the pasture to intercept the sergeant as he rested under the hemlocks at the bridge; but he knew how it would be. The sergeant would accept his cigarette; they would exchange experiences, and wonder that they had not met at Bligny or Vigny, or any one of the "fifty-five more all ending in" *-gny*. But were he to touch on the main theme, the homecoming—"Say, this sure does look good to me!" and further deponent saith not. To the exile who knew so well the electric tension of Camp Pontanezen, and of the nights on the transport when, if the ship could have been sent on her way by the united wills of those on board all straining in one direction, she would have flown swift and true as the homing thought—to him that brown figure toiling up the road was the emotional high light of the landscape. But is there still in the soldier's spirit enough of fervor to illumine those harsh upland fields with the light of his dreams? Has his hillside welcoming love for him, or only the promise of battle?

The nature of a man's homecoming is of the nature of the man himself. Odysseus is no sentimentalist. He looks coolly at the feeble Argos, and one feels that the thought behind his words to Eumaeus is of the dog's money value, or his "efficiency." As for Penelope, whatever she may once have been, by the time we see her she is very much as her lord has shaped her. She has guarded well the things he values in herself and in the palace. It ill becomes him to reproach her with lack of warmth since he has taught her naught

but craft. With the dog it is different; you can teach him many things, but you can hardly teach him not to wag his tail and adore you with his eyes, and you can not inculcate in him any prudent maxims that shall withhold him from spending his last ounce of strength in such welcome as he can give you. The garden does not leap forth to greet you—no proper garden jumps at you—but if you have given to it liberally of your mind and heart and hand it repays a thousandfold in its soft enveloping welcome. If you have put nothing into it but money, it will not know you when you return. Not often do the gods "cut wholly off from the exile the day of his returning"; they are much more apt to deal it to him measure for measure.

ROBERT P. UTTER

Correspondence

The Monroe Doctrine— Policy or Principle?

To the Editors of the REVIEW:

If, by some process of personification, the Monroe Doctrine were endowed with a voice, perhaps we should find it uttering that bitterest of laments—"Heaven preserve us from our friends!" For the solicitous friends, who seem to think that the Doctrine can be saved only by means of the reservation formulated by the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, have, in truth, inflicted upon it the most grievous wound it has yet received.

It is true, in a sense, that the Monroe Doctrine is the expression of a policy. It had its origin, at any rate, in a policy springing out of a deep sense of self-preservation, and designed to counteract and defeat a hostile policy, which, if unchecked, might have come, in time, to threaten the safety and independence of the United States. But the Monroe Doctrine possesses two fundamental characteristics which easily distinguish it from those dictates of national interest which are commonly called policies. One of these characteristics is that the Doctrine looks not so much to immediate as to ultimate consequences. It takes a long view. But the second characteristic is far more significant. It lies in the fact that this "policy" is in essential harmony with men's moral nature. It has its basis in a recognition of the indispensable condition of human liberty, the free development of self-governing peoples. This is what justifies its claim to universal acquiescence and gives it the character almost of a legal principle. This is why our people, by a sort of instinctive feeling, have regarded it as a part of the world's public law. Though technically not such, it

has nevertheless come *per vim ipsam rationis* to be looked upon as a just rule of international conduct.

The reservation proposed by the Foreign Affairs Committee takes an altogether different tone. It thrusts the Monroe Doctrine from its assured position as a principle of international conduct and reduces it to the level of a mere self-regarding national policy. If the Doctrine is to be regarded from this point of view and dealt with as a mere declaration of national policy, the proposed reservation is clearly useless, for every Power is necessarily the sole judge of the scope and applicability of its own policy. If it is to be viewed, on the contrary, as a principle of international conduct entitled to universal acquiescence, the proposed reservation is equally senseless and highly mischievous besides, because it declares that a principle claiming obedience from all is to be defined, interpreted, and applied, as exigency may require, according to the sole discretion of a single interested power. Clearly this is to deny to the Monroe Doctrine in express terms the character and validity of an international principle.

Why, then, should we do something which is equally senseless from the point of view of those who regard the Doctrine as something devised for our own particular purposes, and from the point of view of those who believe that it is an abiding principle governing the relations of all mankind with the American continent?

A reservation framed, not for the purpose of embarrassing the ratification of the treaty, but for the purpose of giving due notice to the world of our fixed and unalterable intention to maintain this Doctrine or policy at whatever cost, and to retain all necessary freedom of action to that end, might have made use, it would seem, of language more after this fashion:

In giving its consent to this treaty, the Senate of the United States declares, its adherence to the traditional policy commonly known as the Monroe Doctrine, a doctrine which it understands the covenants of the League of Nations not in any wise to impugn or impair, nor the enforcement thereof by the United States in any manner to hamper or restrict, but on the contrary, to recognize as a just and permanent principle of international conduct in respect of the American continent.

A reservation to that effect would surely go far enough. Yet, being merely interpretative, it would not be tantamount to an alteration or amendment of the treaty. Perhaps that would not recommend it to the framers of the proposed reservation, who, unmindful or unaware of the moral injury done to the doctrine about which they are so concerned, have chosen to deal with the principle of the territorial and political

integrity of the Americas as if it were nothing but a point in a selfish diplomatic programme.

HENRY H. GLASSIE

Washington, D. C., September 16

How the Real France Feels

To the Editors of the REVIEW:

French and Americans will always sympathize through the qualities common to both: quickness of understanding, capacity for enthusiasm and idealism, frankness of character. French and Americans will always admire in each other the qualities by which they differ: on the one side, practical sense, love of enterprise, and the habit of prompt decisions; on the other side, refinement of taste, logical and clear thinking, and the precious art of *nuances*, delicate shadings. They lack nothing that happens in marriages for love, not even the little surprises, the passing quarrels, which sometimes follow the enchantments of the beginning, and are remembered afterwards with a smile, when one has had, as we have had, and will have again if the case repeats itself, the wisdom not to take these slight disappointments tragically, and stupidly magnify them into occasions of divorce.

Yes, a marriage for love, wherein neither of the betrothed seeks the other's wealth, wherein they both declare they want no dowry. "Our arrangements are simple," wrote Vergennes in the name of France in 1778, "we have not desired to obtain any commercial advantage for ourselves which other nations might envy us, and which the Americans themselves might in time regret having granted us." And the reply came a hundred and forty years later, when America entered the war at France's side: "We have no selfish end to serve," wrote President Wilson in his message of April, 1917. "We desire no conquests, no dominions. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensations for the sacrifices that we shall freely make." Pershing, in face of the peril of April, 1918, gave up all his personal plans in order to put his troops quite simply at Foch's entire disposition. Rochambeau, on board the *Duc de Bourgogne*, wrote in his orders before leaving: "The body of troops sent by His Majesty to America is auxiliary to the United States, his Allies, and to General Washington."

And the same advantages which this generous policy brought both our countries in the past, and which it enables them to enjoy to-day, will endure into the future. It is by remaining in accord with us and our several associates in the Entente, England at their head, that America will maintain her choice position, her moral hegemony, and, let

us fearlessly add, the immense prosperity by which she makes some people envy her, many admire her, and all respect her; in this direction may and must unfold the glorious destiny predicted for her by the enlightened minds of the old world and by her own great men, and of which the present splendor is perhaps only the dawn. The United States would not have had the honor, unparalleled in history, of having founded the League of Nations if they had not begun by joining with us for the defense of the essential principles of right; they can not in future by themselves alone, however strong they may be, assure the existence of the League, the most beneficent, but also the most delicate work that humanity ever undertook.

France, whom her heroism has borne to supreme glory, France too needs, in order to preserve her prestige—let us say more, in order to live—to keep in touch with the peoples she has led to victory, especially with the people of the United States, who are more numerous, richer, and more powerful than any of the others. If our country, to its great honor and its great peril, constitutes the vanguard of civilization, America forms the reserve; and in the always possible hour of danger we must be able, as we were this time, and quicker, to count on her help.

It is true that the Americans came into the fight only the third year of the war; but that was the time when we began to be most in need, and nothing obliged them to come to help us even then. And they have not done things by halves. However jealous of their independence they might be, however little inclined to military discipline, they took upon themselves the heavy law of conscription. A year later, at the time of the armistice, this people, so lately minus an army, had more than 2,000,000 men on the soil of France; and there would have been 5,000,000 this summer and 10,000,000 next year: "as many as are needed." We saw them in Champagne, in Lorraine, fighting beside our men; so, let me add, we have admired them in their homes, ready to do anything for France, and hailing everything that spoke of her. So, finally, will they remain, in our memory, in our hearts, in our history.

They not only sent us men, they sent us money; they denied themselves to send us food; and we shall not let this fair picture of what America has been to us be obscured by vain images of puerile difficulties, of passing and individual mistakes; we will not be the plaything of misunderstandings and false reports which the enemy, let us clearly realize, enlarges and exploits with care, when he has not made them up himself out of whole cloth. We do not want to

fall into the error that was Germany's perdition in the United States—the refusal to believe in the disinterestedness, the idealism, the youthful power of enthusiasm that are at the bottom of the American soul. Beside all that their Red Cross has done and given, what could the unworthy behavior of one or two greedy merchants count for? What, beside St. Mihiel and Château Thierry, the too free manners or the turbulence of some soldiers whose idleness hangs heavy on their hands? And if it be true that their President has opposed one or the other of our claims, was it not in order to better assure the success of the whole, to maintain the principles for the good of all?—was it not to make more solid the foundations of this great League by which we shall be the first to benefit?

With these false grievances, these trivial complaints, the real France has nothing to do. Her President, her Ministers, her great philosophers, her learned men and her writers, her finest artists, her aristocracy and her workmen of the most advanced ideas preserve for the United States the ardent friendship of the days of trial and combat. The Ambassador of France in Washington has expressed the simple truth when he says at the end of his latest book: "The Americans have never forgotten 1778; the French will never forget 1917." And this is the just reply to the graceful act of Washington himself, who, on February 6, 1783, in order to celebrate the anniversary of our first alliance, gave as password: "America and France," and then as answer: "United forever!"

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

Meudon, near Paris, August 29

Self-Determination

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Returning to the subject of the psychology of Woodrow Wilson, it is plain from the speeches of Senators Borah and Walsh and the utterances of De Valera that the fire of self-determination, as an abstract dogma unqualified by considerations of expediency, is rapidly spreading. President Wilson's notion appears to have been that territorial conquest is always unethical, except that he considered Alsace and Lorraine to be reconquests, and recognized the right of Italy to enlarged boundaries, along lines of nationality. With these exceptions his approval of the Russian formula, "no annexations and no indemnity," appeared to estop him from imposing a fine on Germany expressed in terms of territory rather than money. Is this a sound and practical view? Territorial conquest appears at first view to be plain plunder, but the first view is not always correct.

It is necessary to look beneath the surface. Conquest as the motive for commencing or continuing war is unethical, but conquest as a punishment for a guilty and defeated country like Germany has no such taint. In fact, it has the advantage of being much more easily enforceable and much simpler than a great exaction of money payments running through many years, or payments in the form of so many tons of coal, or iron ore. There is already grave doubt as to whether the treaty can be enforced in all these respects. Time alone will show.

The old way of seizing and holding territory had its advantages, and it seems that President Wilson was averse to it for a single reason, namely, that it disregarded the rights of the population belonging to the conquered region, that is, the right of self-determination.

My contention is that such a question could not be settled by an abstract formula. As between the rights of the people of a locality to self-determination, and the general good of the world, including the rest of Germany, as well as the Allies, it may often happen that in a conflict of principles and of rights the greater interests should prevail over the less.

I fancy that much confusion of thought has arisen over the case of Alsace and Lorraine. The immoral nature of the German treaty imposed on the French in 1871 does not consist in the mere fact of territorial conquest and violation of popular rights. Technically, France began that war. On this assumption, a false one, Germany might have found justification for the annexation as a punishment of France, for punishment does not rest on the idea of revenge, but of deterring the guilty party, as well as all others, from a repetition of such crimes. The immorality of the Alsace-Lorraine conquest in 1871 lay chiefly in the fact, which we now know, that Germany planned the war, brought it on intentionally through Bismarck's fraudulent alteration of the Ems telegram, and did so for purposes of conquest and plunder.

This affords clear proof of the contention that the ethical or unethical nature of territorial annexation, through force, can not be determined by the mere principle of the right of self-determination. We must consider the origin, purpose, and method of the war itself. Since, in the present war, the Allies conducted a war of defense, their right to punish the aggressor by a fine of territory was one to be determined by questions of expediency and not by the dogma of self-determination, without regard to the particular facts involved.

AUGUSTUS LYNCH MASON

Little Bear's Head, N. H., July 10

Book Reviews

Frederick the Great

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Norwood Young. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

BEFORE the war Germany had a multitude of Hohenzollern worshippers who were allured by the prospect of a chair at the University of Berlin or the title of *Geheimrat*, or were fired by a patriotic zeal which approved the condoning of the crimes of Prussia's heroes and the asserting of Prussia's destiny and Prussia's right to dominate Germany and the world. In opposition to these Hohenzollern hagiographers, now and then appeared a real historian who cared more for truth than for favor or for what was mistakenly supposed to be patriotism—a Max Lehmann insisting that Frederick the Great deliberately planned and caused the Seven Years' War in order to annex Saxony; or a Max Lenz proving from internal evidence and contemporary memoirs that Bismarck's "Reflections and Reminiscences" are full of errors and deceptions, and that the Iron Chancellor's account of the origin of the Franco-Prussian War is the most untruthful chapter of all. But these protests against the official and prevailing views were no more than voices crying in a wilderness. Lehmann was still refused permission to print Frederick the Great's "Political Testament" of 1752, presumably because it contained the incriminating evidence which Lehmann suspected. Lenz was not allowed a glance at the archives which contained the shady secrets of Bismarck's machinations. Even von Sybel, the official historiographer of the "Founding of the German Empire," was not permitted by Bismarck to see the documents relating to Prince Leopold's candidacy for the Spanish throne—documents which would have revealed the falsity of Bismarck's allegations. So in Germany the patriotic versions prevailed. And Hohenzollern heroes were set on pedestals in the Siegesallee to enforce the Hohenzollern legend upon the docile minds of gaping children from Berlin and of raw recruits from the provinces.

Now, after the war, when the fruits of Prussianism are patent, a new interpretation is as inevitable as it is desirable. The present volume is a valuable contribution to history because the author has freed himself completely from the facts and conceptions of Frederick's former biographers. He has created a new Frederick, based freshly on the sources—chiefly on Frederick's voluminous political correspondence (in 36 volumes) and his more literary "Oeuvres" (in 32 volumes). On the military side he

checks up Carlyle's credulity by diligent use of the ponderous narratives recently published respectively by the Prussian and the Austrian General Staffs. His style is simple and clear. And he writes with conviction—the conviction that Frederick was a physical coward, an incompetent commander, an inveterate hypocrite, a treacherous friend, a cruel conqueror, an oppressive despot, and a vulgar braggart. He was "a false, hypocritical *parvenu* among kings," "whose incurable preference for trickery and deceit brought many misfortunes upon him" (p. 184). "Hypocrisy and fraud were outstanding features in the character of Frederick the Great" (p. 415). In fact, "Frederick enjoyed cheating" (p. 125). "A heartless and callous man, he cared nothing for the welfare of his subjects, save in so far as it ministered to his weakness for power and prestige on the European stage. He was a benevolent despot like Louis XIV, but with less benevolence and more despotism—save only in one direction, that of religion" (p. 378).

Frederick's supposed military genius evaporates when we are told that the numbers and strength of his enemies have been greatly overstated; that he twice fled in fright from the field of battle; that he was guilty of many tactical and strategical errors (which the vantage of a century and a half now enables Mr. Young to point out); and that Frederick, to conceal his deficiencies, published doctored accounts of his defeats which none dared to contradict.

As for being an "Enlightened Despot," Mr. Young does not for a moment deny that he was a despot. But except in the matter of religious toleration (and even here Frederick did not accord to Jews and Catholics all the rights enjoyed by Protestants) he was not "enlightened" at all. He was a century or more behind his times. In his literary tastes he declared that he admired nothing so much as the French classicists of Louis XIV's age. In politics his whole thought and action were based on the Machiavellian conception that all men are by nature base and deceitful. With Rousseau and the contemporary conception of the perfectibility of man he had no sympathy. Of the new German writers of his day—Herder, Lessing, Goethe, Kant—he had no appreciation at all.

The author has also discovered several curious matters in which the "Attila of the North," as Madame de Pompadour called the King of Prussia, was the precise prototype of the twentieth-century "Hun." As to responsibility for the Seven Years' War Frederick's subjects "believed what they had been told, that Prussia had been attacked by Powers who were jealous of her prosperity, and that their King had, single-handed, beaten off the whole of Europe" (p.

359). In the course of the war Frederick "sent officers with explicit commands to loot the palace of the Elector"; "he ordered his men to give no quarter," but "cashiered an officer who tried to save them, and then issued a statement deploring the inability of his officers to prevent the soldiers from murdering the wounded and the prisoners. Similar hypocrisy was shown when he bombarded the residential quarters of a besieged town, and made a particular mark of the Cathedral" (p. 349); and then alleged that the Cathedral tower had to be attacked, owing to its use by the enemy as an observation post.

The chief criticism to be made of Mr. Young's book, aside from some minor inaccuracies and the inadequacy of the maps, lies in his frequent practice of drawing inferences or imputing motives, always derogatory to Frederick, which are scarcely warranted by the evidence. If Frederick were really the kind of man he depicts, he certainly does not deserve the epithet of "the Great," which history has accorded to him and which the author, though with some embarrassment, still leaves him. Yet in spite of this criticism and the belittling spirit in which the book is written, we repeat that it is a valuable contribution, for it affords a much-needed antidote to Carlyle and the accepted Prussian legend. Mr. Young's selection of facts is fresh and his correlation of evidence is novel; they are buttressed by careful and exact citations of the King's own words, and are therefore beyond dispute. But in his inferences he has made the mistake of going to the opposite extreme from the hero-worshippers. The truth, as usually, will be found to lie between the two extremes.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Square and Sphere

THE QUERRILS. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

LITTLE HOUSES. A Tale of Past Years. By George Woden. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE "new novel" of England has not come through the war without change. It has given up something of its waspish brilliancy and taken on a friendlier humor. Dear old England (it says), she is in a mess. But the thing is not to be clever at her expense, it's to understand her. There is virtue somewhere among her foibles and frailties. Not all lords are wasters, not all new-made knights are bounders. Some workmen are neither sots nor paladins. Some modern daughters are neither window-smashers nor free-lovers. Middle-class respectability may have its place in the general economy. Even the family bond may not be altogether brutal or unmeaning.

The Querril family recall Mr. Walpole's Trenchards in "The Green Mirror" and Miss Sinclair's Harrisons in "The Tree of Heaven." The solidarity and isolation symbolized by mirror and tree in the earlier stories has no concrete symbol here. "Querrilism" is a condition to be felt rather than analyzed, yet worth analyzing since it is a British quality and, more, an Anglo-Saxon quality. "Don't imagine you only find Querrils dotted about these lime-washed villas in Surrey," says the young American, Tony MacDowell. "They're a by-product of an age which has been so long lulled by refinement and security that it has forgotten how it arrived. There are crowds of Querrils hunched around Boston and even way out at Los Angeles." The hallmark of Querrilism is an intense yet placid communal life within the family circle. A gay, unforced, yet carefully guarded contentment is its note. "Flee fro' the press" might be its motto. Mr. Querril thinks himself very modern, "alive to every social and religious development," but it is when he has slipped from business and other uneasy contacts into "the toga of his pleasant family life" that he chiefly lives. Yet this is not the whole story; for beneath the surface of Querrilism, sworn to quiet gaiety and against all display of emotion, is the swell of a contrary tide. Rodney, the eldest son, feels and consciously rides upon it. Pleasant acquiescence, he argues, has done nothing for the world. There has been progress "because people whom you despise as interferers have butted in, made themselves unpopular, and got their way. Everybody who has done anything, from Jesus Christ to Lloyd George, has been described as a busybody and a meddler at some time." So Rodney interferes—interferes with the Troon family and very nearly ruins his brother Peter in consequence; interferes by disobeying the orders of his superior officer, in France, and is disposed of by a firing squad. Even old Mr. Querril is a "passive interferer," according to the predestined rôle of the Anglo-Saxon, the Westerner.

A curious race, the Anglo-Saxon, restless, not quite knowing what it wants, with the genius of dissatisfaction more acutely developed than in any other race. He must crawl all over the earth and see what's doing. . . . Then he returns home and after a long time thinks about it all—he's rather slow in the uptake. And then one day—or more probably one night—something starts worrying him. . . . He wakes up and thinks: "No, but damn it all! babies in the Ganges! A bit thick!" . . . And he finds that this disturbs his nights. And one day it gets beyond him. He suddenly packs up and goes off to interfere. He takes his golf clubs, and his ridiculous clothes, his zinc chapels, his gramophones, and his evening dress. And being a practical man, he thinks: "Well, as I'm going, I might as well take a few pounds of tea to sell to the natives." . . . And of course

the malevolent person will say: "Ah, yes! that's what he goes for!"

In this book, you observe, the Wellsian "idea" rears its head. Nice people, "real" people, as story-telling goes, but not quite free agents. "Little Houses" is a work of more ingenuous realism, or at least of a realism less moralized. For an analogue we must look not to "Mr. Britling," but to the "Old Wives' Tale" of Bennett, the responsible Bennett. A tale of the near past, but of the past. Here also we may take comfort in our detachment from an idea-provoking present. Like Bennett's Five Towns stuff, it is plainly built of the most intimate materials of memory. And the materials are similar. Pedley Hill and Selbridge belong to the same England, if not the same part of England, as Bursley and Hanbridge. The people, also, are chiefly of the lower middle class, average townsmen, none too safe from poverty and prone therefore to make a god of frugality. "Seest thou a man diligent in business?" reads the motto on the title-page. "He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Not the least engaging thing about the story is its demure refusal to confess in what spirit this quotation is made. What does the tale "mean"? Whatever you like, whatever it is in you to see in it.

One thing, however, you must see: that the author, however disinclined to manipulate or annotate his facts, is able to view them in a mode quite other than Bennett's cold-blooded, not to say fishy-eyed detachment. His irony is both slighter and warmer. He has an affection for creature man, an equal kindness for his follies and his high efforts. The "Little Houses" of his title seems to mean not only little dwellings, but little households and little persons—houses of life: "small souls" in the less amiable phrase of the Dutch novelist Couperus. Pedley Hill is this new novelist's microcosm, a Pedley Hill of the eighties and nineties, place and period of almost indecent security and comfort. Omens are not absent, challenges of authority, hints of industrial unease. But in general the ayes have it by a languid show of hands. There is nothing to worry about except one's own affairs and well-being, which includes, of course, pleasant relations with one's own world. . . . The Alldays, the Wheatleys, old Gentleman Binns, Sam Bloom, the Kingsnortons, the Benlows, give very thoroughly the range of Pedley Hill society. Is John Allday or Sam Bloom the "hero" of the piece (a piece it is, of course, for all its air of being a slice)? The answer hangs on your reading of it. Sam Bloom is the dreamer, the man of big discontent and warm vague hopes for his kind—by which he would mean primarily his class. John

Allday is the unconscious egotist, well-meaning, sensitive enough to what he can see of other needs and rights than his own. It is he who "gets ahead," becomes the warm man and the solid man in his community, marries the nice girl that is bound to make him happy, instead of the devoted woman he is ready to marry for a sense of duty. Somehow, at the last moment, matters always "turn out right" for him. We have our last glimpse of him going off with the comfortable girl, while his two lovable and limited old parents gloat in their innocent way over their son's steady rise in the world. Sam gets the hard end of the crust, somehow marries the wrong woman (lucky John happens to own her heart, too), wastes his spark of genius on rebellion and drink, and at the moment when he is ready to forswear sack and ideals and put his shoulder to the wheel, a casual death foists upon him undignified release. . . . It is a piece, a story well-composed, but its characters give the illusion of reality in an unusual degree. We know them, and recognize our kind in them, for all their localism—or rather by natural consequence of their fidelity to time and place. For it is in this sort of compacted realism that we get, as in a crystal spherelet, our clearest images of the human world.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Status of German Socialists

GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY DURING THE WAR. By Edwyn Bevan. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

IT was a Marshal of France, we believe, who in reply to a question from his king as to what preparations were required for an enterprise against Milan, spoke the much-quoted words: "Three things, Your Majesty, are necessary, money, money, and still more money." The German Social Democratic party has tasted the bitter truth of that historic remark. For it was by its vote for or against the war-credits that the party had to proclaim its sanction or condemnation of the war, and that financial issue proved the wedge which split the organization into two irreconcilable divisions. "Give us 500,000,000 marks," said the Government on August 4 to the Reichstag, and the Social Democratic group of 110 membership to a man gave its vote for the war-credits. Still, the wedge had already been driven in: fourteen, among others the President, Hugo Haase, gave their vote against their own conscience, in obedience to party discipline. "Give us 500,000,000 marks," said the Government a second time, in December, 1914, and the wedge's point went in so deep that the split could no longer be concealed from the outside world: Karl

Liebknrecht, in defiance of party orders, gave a dissentient vote. "Give us 10,000 millions of marks," said the Government again, in March, 1915, and this time Rühle voted with Liebknrecht against the credits. A year later the number of intransigents had grown to seventeen, constituting a new group under the presidency of Hugo Haase.

It is difficult for the outsider to do justice to either standpoint. At the time, Liebknrecht and Haase were universally admired outside Germany, but there is some truth in the charge made by the majority that the applause gained by them abroad proved their attitude to be injurious to their country. For who knows the workings of his own mind so well as to decide whether his sympathy for Haase was actually based on pure appreciation of his logic, undefiled by any speculation as to the effects that it might have on Germany's power of resistance? Haase himself, however, shrank from the consistent straining of his own doctrine. To Liebknrecht the possible defeat of his country as a consequence of the abstention of the Socialists seemed a lesser evil than the betrayal by the Socialists of the ideals of the Internationale. Haase was not brave or not reckless enough to go that length. He thought he owed it to his Socialist conviction to vote against the war-credits, but as a German citizen he dreaded the imputation that, by so doing, he played into the enemy's hands. To disarm his accusers and, maybe, to soothe his own conscience, he maintained, therefore, that he could not endanger his country by opposing the Government because the war was sure to end in a deadlock, victory being impossible for either side: "At the end of the tremendous conflict there will probably be neither victors nor vanquished—or rather, only vanquished nations bleeding from a million wounds," he said in March, 1916. The excuse is a flimsy texture, still the inconsistency which it fails to conceal is less to his dishonor than that of which the majority Socialists were guilty who, to screen themselves from the accusation that they betrayed the Internationale, had recourse to the fiction that Germany was waging a defensive war. This question of guilt, of who was responsible for the war, was the pivot on which all the debates between majority and minority turned. Only the extremists of either group denied to that question any weight. Liebknrecht was for opposing the Government in any war, irrespective of its cause, and Wolfgang Heine would stand by his Government in any war, just or unjust. As early as 1907 this member of the right wing of the majority group foresaw the difficulty, of which the German Government was to avail itself, in drawing the line between

a defensive and an offensive war: "The fight against military arrogance is one of the tasks of national civilization. The consciousness of this does not discharge us from the duty of defending German civilization, if it is menaced by outside enemies. And it is true that in such an event it is hardly possible to enter upon nice distinctions between aggressive and defensive wars."

This difference between fearless consistency and half-hearted conformity has caused a subdivision of both majority and minority, which, however, goes deeper and is of a more lasting nature in the latter group, the following of Liebknecht being now known and distinguished from those of Haase by the name of Communists.

Mr. Bevan's study, which gives a lucid and impartial account of the details of this disruptive process, surveys its history up to the fall of Chancellor Michaelis in October, 1917. Since then little has happened to alter the situation described at the close of his book, except that the Spartacus riots and Liebknecht's share in them have widened the breach between Haase's following and the Communists. The present shows no signs of any inclination of the three groups to reunite on a common platform; not even the fear of a counter-revolution has been able to bring about a reconciliation. Never was German Social Democracy so weak and disunited as when it saw one of its leaders raised to the Presidency of the German Reich.

A Journalist in the Far East

THE FAR EAST UNVEILED. By Frederic Coleman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

MR. COLEMAN at one time or another has spent a great while in the Far East. The present volume, however, is the result of a special trip taken in 1916 for the *Herald*, of Melbourne, Australia. It is composed of a series of nearly sixty short chapters or notes dealing with different items of political and economic interest picked up in China, Korea, and Japan, and does not make pretense of being a comprehensive treatise on conditions in those countries. Mr. Coleman impresses one as an intelligent journalist and as without any thesis to prove. He does not seem to be especially anxious about the fate of China or the future of Japan, except in so far as the interests of the western world may be concerned. He is not indignant against the Japanese, but the facts which he saw and heard have led him to express few opinions favorable to that people and many to their discredit. "No Englishman will ever forget the anti-British campaign in the Japanese press when Britain was fighting for her life," he reports as the state-

ment of one of the most prominent Englishmen in the Far East. This campaign, Mr. Coleman points out, was not conducted by an irresponsible section of the press, but was begun by the influential Tokyo *Yamato*, and participated in by all the other newspapers.

Mr. Coleman has much to say regarding the matter of the Open Door in Manchuria, and closes his chapter with the answered question: "Has Japan kept her pledges? I am afraid that the most charitable of us would be compelled to answer, 'Well, not exactly.'"

In the great railway shops at Shaha-kou, near Darien, Mr. Coleman was interested to find many Chinese workmen employed and to learn that the Japanese freely admitted that the Chinese were decidedly better workmen than their own countrymen.

Of the Koreans Mr. Coleman says: "You can hardly imagine the inherent gentleness of this people. They are so entirely helpless, so absolutely childlike, that no one but a brute would wound their feelings." This, of course, was written before the recent troubles in Korea.

The labor situation in Japan, our author finds far from satisfactory—long working hours, small pay, many women and children employed, and factory conditions in many cases very bad indeed.

In his last chapter, which is devoted to a discussion of Japan and American capital, he says: "My stay in Japan convinced me that American capital will find little opportunity for independent investment in China, however non-political its schemes may be, if Japan can get her own sweet way. Will she get her way? She will, unless the American Government makes a great fundamental change in its policy, which could only be born of a great change of heart."

The Run of the Shelves

ONE of the learned publishing institutions of the world which have continued to function steadily through the war is the E. J. W. Gibb Memorial, founded to promote researches into the history, literature, philosophy, and religion of the Turks, Persians, and Arabs. When Gibb died prematurely in 1901 he was easily the greatest Turkish scholar of his time, and his magnificent but unhappily uncompleted "History of Turkish Poetry" is his abiding monument. In the series, founded to his memory by his mother, thirty-seven volumes of texts and translations have already appeared, seven of them since the outbreak of the war. Of these last the editors have been Italian, Egyptian, Persian, East Indian, and English; the contribution of the East Indian was most curi-

ously his Ph.D. thesis when studying at the charges of the English Government of India in a German university. The last volume, just issued, is a translation by Guy Le Strange of the work of Hamd-Allah, a Persian geographer of the middle of the fourteenth century. Like the sheep's head of tradition it is of a fine confused feeding. Its value to the scientific geographer is probably not great, but the student of more primitive geography, of folklore, and early voyages, of popular religion and traditional history will find his matter here. Its readers will realize that the Arabian Nights is not a book of fairy tales, of imagination all compact, but a record, behind a thin veil of romance, of the wonders of Allah in this earth of his.

Two years before the outbreak of the war, Miss Marie Corelli wrote as follows: "It needs no gift of prophecy and no special intuition to see that we are on the brink of some tremendous change in the destinies of the human race (pages 44, 45, "My 'Little Bit'": George H. Doran Company). The promptitude of the universe in fulfilling Miss Corelli's prediction seems to have pointed her out as its confidant and spokesman, and on the various topics handled in this collection of war-time miscellany her voice is authoritative, not to say imperious. Miss Corelli is a woman of the most unbending religious principles. She is critical of institutions, often disdainful of clergymen, and dogma in her mind has been volatilized into symbol. But she holds this reduced faith with an unimpaired fervency and defends her modernized God and Christ with the zeal of a Wesleyan and the rigor of a Covenanter. The war, for which we are to thank God but abhor the Kaiser, is the "punishment of nations for their unrepented wrongs to another" (page 204). Miss Corelli can lay her finger on the exact wrongs—so legible is the mind of Providence. Belgium erred in the Congo, and France excluded the name of God from the curriculum of her schools. In the last specification Miss Corelli is unfair to the general sanity and moderate liberality of her own mind.

There are obvious weaknesses in Miss Corelli, but we guess that the impartial reader who opens her volume with a smile will close it with a respect in which some penitence for that smile is mingled. She is masterful undoubtedly, but the excuse for mastership is service, and the book is conclusive as to the fact that service in many forms, by purse, pen, and voice, has been faithfully and bountifully rendered by Miss Corelli. In this nondescript handful of papers for the hour, some future Mommsen or Carlyle might almost read the war in epitome. He would find there the out-

break of hostilities, the martyrdom of Belgium, the faithfulness of the navy, the advent of America, the war work of women, the ingathering of recruits, the fidelity of Canada, the internment of aliens, the Red Cross and other charities, the traitors in high places, the restrictions on travel, the raising of loans, the persecution of alleged "hoarders," the vanishing potato and the deteriorating loaf. Miss Corelli's convictions are mighty, and her dealings with the transgressor (a person in whose company she finds herself with alarming frequency) are summary and drastic. Has some one mentioned Hindenburg's eye? "What have we to do with 'Hindenburg's eye,' except bomb it out if we can" (page 269)? Is it a question of sops for Bolshevism? "One does not offer a sop to a mad bull—one kills it" (preface ix). The style of these injunctions hardly suggests the vein of fervid, though florid, eloquence in which most of the book is written.

Messrs. D. E. Watkins and R. E. Williams have compiled a book of school declamations or readings to which they have given the vaguely exhilarating title of the "Forum of Democracy" (Allyn and Bacon). The contributors to this volume are drawn from America, England, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Russia, and other states. The names are distinguished—Roosevelt, Asquith, Mercier, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Kerensky. All the selections pertain to the Great War, and the date of the earliest is confined by that boundary. The years 1914-1919 exhaust the historical perspective of this book. The past is shut off behind us as in those obsolete front scenes in the theatre in which the intervention of sliding doors cut off the background at a point six feet or so behind the footlights. Temporally we are left on a shelf, but at both ends this shelf is so far extended as virtually to circumscribe the world. The meeting of these two tendencies is illustrated with admirable clearness in the great temporal contraction and the vast compass in space or nationality of this otherwise not very salient little text-book. Culture once sought to liberate the human mind by giving it the freedom of the centuries, by making it, in a word, intersecular. Can the same result be brought to pass by making it international? In these days, when Broadway intersects the Strand and the Boulevard des Italiens runs into Fifth Avenue, are the Via Sacra and the street that is called Straight no longer necessary for the extension of our promenade? Can we trust to the nations to furnish to our sons the corrective and sanative variety which the ages offered to our fathers? The question is too involved for treatment in a random para-

graph; a single observation must content us. Nations can profit by their mutual diversities only as they approach each other, and approximation means a reduction of that difference to which it owes its stimulus and value.

There are two ways of constructing a class-book of the history of religions. One is to use the services of a number of scholars, each an authority in his own field. The result will be comparative accuracy but lack of unity in method and even discord in fundamental ideas. If the teacher who uses the book knows his business these disadvantages will not matter greatly; for the sooner the student learns that in comparative religions, as in folklore, which is essentially the same, you can turn and arrange the evidence to make almost anything of it the better it will be for himself and for the subject. The other is to give it all into the hands of one scholar and to let him read up on the religions which he does not already know. The result will be unity in handling of a kind, possibly misleading, and certain inaccuracy in parts. At the worst it will be like the celebrated article on Chinese metaphysics, and at the best, when an eminent scholar of wide sympathy and common sense is chosen, it will be as in "The History of Religions," in the new "Religious Science and Literature Series" (Macmillan), by Professor Hopkins of Yale. Professor Hopkins knows India thoroughly; that is his business. He has followed, too, the recent investigations of Greek and Roman religion, that lies near to his business. For the others—and the whole religious world is surveyed, ancient and modern, from China to Peru, in these six hundred pages—he must rely on his training, insight, sympathy, and reading. The result in this case is wonderfully good, especially when Professor Hopkins looks away from his accumulations of supposed facts and abandons himself to his own ideas and generalizations. These are always interesting and stimulating; a good teacher will know how to use them and a lazy student will not be greatly injured by impressing them on his memory. As for details, Professor Hopkins seems to regard Methodism (p. 592) as a product of High Church ritualism, and Agreement and Analogy in Mohammedanism (p. 476) as "works."

Until Gertrude Atherton set it forth in a brilliant historical novel, the pathetic romance of Concepcion Arguello was little known outside of California. Rezanov, the dashing Russian cavalier, who came out to Alaska in 1805 to set in order the affairs of the Russian-American Company, sails into San Francisco Bay in his good ship Juno, and promptly falls in love with the daughter

of the Spanish Commandante and they are betrothed. In California he sees visions of a great empire to be taken from the faltering hands of Spain over which he and his bride are to hold sway. He starts back to Russia promising a speedy return to claim his fiancée, but falls ill in Siberia and dies there, and she waits in vain. "Rezanov" deserves to be termed an American classic; Boni and Liveright have done well to add it to their Modern Library series.

The Redemption of Philadelphia

AMERICAN cities are misgoverned because American citizens do not vote. The machine rarely commands the majority of the voters. If it has done so in Philadelphia, the reason is to be found in the overwhelming control of the city by one party. Thus, at the primaries of the week before last there were nearly 300,000 Republican votes cast, but less than 15,000 Democratic votes. The Democrats have sometimes done better than this. At the presidential election of 1916 they rolled up 90,000 votes for Mr. Wilson. But the Democratic party organization has long been hopelessly discredited. It has become little more than a gang, ready to trade votes with the Republican factions. The position of the Republican organization has therefore been secure. When two parties are more or less evenly balanced, a comparatively small body of independent voters can turn the scale. Other cities have administered salutary defeats to bosses in this fashion. But Philadelphia could redeem itself only by action within the Republican party. That is what it has done at last. By a narrow majority Congressman J. Hampton Moore, backed by a Committee of One Hundred representing the party opposition to the machine, has won from Judge Patterson, the candidate of the machine, the Republican nomination for Mayor; and at the same time a majority of the Council has been secured for the forces of reform.

Those who do not understand what political conditions in Philadelphia have been for many years will not realize the extent of this victory. The Republican vote is large enough to afford the luxury of two political factions. Eight years ago, when they quarreled, an independent candidate for Mayor was elected. This was the late Rudolph Blankenburg, "The Rupert of reform," who had fought many a fight for civic virtue. But the factions had only to unite to regain control. Four years ago the city was theirs again. Fortunately, however, the Vare faction did not play fair with the McNichol faction. It captured the weak

and inefficient Mayor and made him serve the purposes of the Vare contracting firm, which cleans (or does not clean) the streets and manages this and other lines of municipal business for its own profit. So McNichol, who has since died, and his friend Senator Penrose found themselves outside the breast-works. The dissatisfaction of the Senator was first expressed by an alliance with the "Town Meeting party" two years ago. The organization won then, though the usually apathetic public opinion of the city had been stirred to protest. This year the organization was attacked from a new angle. The battle for good government was fought in the Republican primaries.

It should be clearly understood that this battle was not like any previous one within the party. Senator Penrose stood against the Vares and with their opponents. That he has not been more scrupulous than they may readily be believed. That he was moved in the present case by any unquenchable zeal for reform may readily be doubted. But he threw all his influence on the right side, and for that he should have the credit. The impression that he had any personal advantage to gain by the election of Mr. Moore is quite unjustified. He did not select Mr. Moore as the candidate of the reform element. It was the Committee of One Hundred, men and women of light and leading, that did this. Senator Penrose might easily have preferred another candidate. The Congressman has been a strict, sometimes a narrow, party man, but he has never been tied to the Penrose chariot. Nor does his justification for leadership in a reform movement lie in his party services. His energy, honesty, and executive ability are his qualifications.

The fact that Mr. Moore carried the primaries by so small a margin that the result was for a time in doubt emphasizes the fact that reform in Philadelphia has a hard road to travel. In the past, thousands of voters have shown their indifference to disgraceful conditions by staying away from the polls. Others, who would not for a moment admit any sympathy with municipal corruption, voted for the organization as voters of the same class have voted for Tammany, because it bore the party label. Wealthy manufacturers supported it because they regarded Republican supremacy as essential to the maintenance of a policy of high protection. Yet the organization was always what Elihu Root once called it—"a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading under the name of Republicans." It was really a liability to the party, not an asset. Nevertheless, the difficulty of overthrowing it will readily be perceived. Even in this election, after its

methods had been thoroughly exposed, after every newspaper in the city had taken a stand, and with one exception a firm stand, against it, there were eminently respectable citizens found to vote for its candidates. The greatest disappointment to the Moore forces came in the very wards where the strongest support was expected. The returns show positively that the "Contractor Combine" was defeated in the wards upon which its reliance had been mainly placed.

There are intimations that the vote has not been correctly counted and that in many instances frauds were committed by the Vare leaders. Whether this be true or not, two things are fairly obvious. One is that the agreeable personality of Judge Patterson exercised a strong influence over many who did not approve the methods of the Vares. They persuaded themselves to believe that he would be better than his backers, despite plenty of evidence from the history of municipal administration that the occupant of an office can not escape from a sense of obligation to those who put him there. Again, to some of these Mr. Moore was persona non grata because of his relations with a former city administration that went out in bad odor, of his record in Congress, of his pacifism, not to say pro-Germanism, in the early days of the war. Nor did union labor take to him kindly, regarding him as a "reactionary." These were some of the influences against him.

The other plain conclusion to be drawn from the vote is that Vareism owed no small part of its defeat to its own followers. If the Vare wards had given Judge Patterson the customary organization majorities, he would have won the nomination. In other words, the plain wayfaring man showed in many cases a better comprehension of the real issue than the philosophical reformer. He felt more keenly the burden of misgovernment. He realized the menace to his family in dirty streets, in filthy slums, in the protection of criminals and thugs by the police. Then, too, no machine can exist long without incurring the enmities of disappointed politicians. In this election more than one such openly or secretly worked against the "Contractor Combine."

These are the chief circumstances which make the Philadelphia primaries of more than local interest. No city has stood more preëminently in the public eye as an example of municipal corruption than Philadelphia. No city has been more firmly joined to its idols. Yet honest citizenship, although working against a strongly entrenched organization, although hampered in various ways, has at last achieved at least the beginning of its redemption.

EDWARD FULLER

Drama

The Re-Opened Theatre

THE cessation of the discord on Broadway and the reflux of an eager public into silenced lobbies and corridors leads one to remark with interest the very few cases in which the strike has proved deadly to a play. Off-hand, I could name but one instance, and it is curious that the most combative and irascible play on Broadway in August, Mr. Thomas Dixon's "Red Dawn," should have been the sole play to succumb, if indications are trustworthy, to the onset of the strike. The melodramas, naturally invulnerable to catastrophes, have revived with the facility of their own chloroformed or poniarded heroes. The re-emergent "Crimson Alibi" is once more gripping and dripping by turns at the Broadhurst. A "Voice in the Dark," profiting by a sightless and soundless interval, renews its exploitation of blindness and deafness at the Republic. "At 9:45," which kept on heroically ticking when all the other clocks on Broadway had run down, is still giving perpetuity to a fateful moment at the Playhouse. At the Selwyn Mr. Walter's "Challenge," whose attack on labor leaders found an appropriate nemesis in its own interruption by a labor strike, resumes its high place in the catalogue of plays which think that they think.

The war-play still hangs out its flag, though one doubts the continuance of its vogue, and the appearance of "Civilian Clothes" at the Morosco is suggestive of the nearness of a time when the theatre may doff the khaki. The "Better 'Ole" seems to have entrenched itself in the favor of the public, and one is glad to see that "Friendly Enemies," emulous of its young volunteer, has survived its own decease. I am rather sorry that it now advertises the end of its run, because, in the general paucity of desert, "Friendly Enemies" is a deserving play. It was rarely fortunate or unbelievably subtle in the fact that by portraying the revolt of a German against Germanism, it pleaded in a sense for the race by the very picture which intensified our horror at its conduct. In the humors of returned soldiership the "Five Million" at the Lyric has found excellent game, though its marksmanship seems to me less consummate than its delighted audiences suppose.

Even literature is here and there resurgent. Barrie's "Dear Brutus" was long since laid to rest, and no manager has anointed its eyelids with the potion which would arouse it from its midsummer night's sleep in the enchanted wood. The "Jest" will continue to offer

to New York the sanguinary spectacle of the Italian Renaissance in the blitheness of its own renaissance at the Plymouth. I know no fact of more honorable substance or more cheering augury than the prowess of "John Ferguson," which, active in the July languors and peaceful in the August combats, now reaches the twenty-third or twenty-fourth week of its prosperity, at the Fulton. The three plays, taken together, may arouse some wonder at the type of play which beguiles New York into a momentary forgetfulness of its hostility to literature. "Dear Brutus" is acrid; the "Jest" is terrible; "John Ferguson" is lacerating. They seem at first sight remote enough from the sort of play whose office is to recommend literature to a non-literary public. Explanations, however, are not wanting. Barrie is Barrie, and perhaps the philistine mind forgives his literature in the same spirit in which the democrat overlooks his title. The virus of literature was largely expurgated from the "Jest" in its passage from Italian to English and from shelf to stage, though its other viruses withstood the purge. The case of "John Ferguson" is quite exceptional. The powerful and elementary appeal of home, a spring sparingly touched in contemporary literature, is here presented with a distance of setting and an originality of circumstance which takes off the odium of domesticity. One should be in no haste to draw glowing inferences from a single fact, however gratifying. New York in the act of homage to literature is a good deal like Hamlet's uncle on his knees. Disappointments and reverses are certain, and the final usefulness of any movement will hinge on its possession of the moral and material strength to outride reaction. The Theatre Guild is deserving of subsidy in both kinds.

In the newer comedies I note with pleasure certain instances in which zest combines in the friendliest manner with innocence and wholesomeness—a union the possibility of which seems to have escaped the notice of some managers and playwrights. I name three comedies without disparagement to others with whose merits I have still to acquaint myself. Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's "Up from Nowhere," at the Comedy, Messrs. Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde's "First Is Last," at the Maxine Elliott, and Mr. Mark Reed's "She Would and She Did," at the Vanderbilt, are all, in their several ways and differing degrees, sound stage-ware; yet all are quite undefiled by that form of sexuality which has furnished many recent comedies with a passport to fame hardly distinguishable from the "Yellow Ticket." All three give pleasure; in the two last the pleasure is keen. It is interesting

to compare the reception of these plays with those offered to Mr. Owen Davis's "Those Who Walk in Darkness" (not properly a comedy), at the 48th Street Theatre, and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "Scandal," at the 39th Street. Mr. Davis's play is low without being exactly base, and Mr. Hamilton's is base without being, in the class or caste sense, low. The first-named is not really welcomed, and the second receives a welcome which dissembles a rebuff. There is plenty of laughter and applause for Mr. Hamilton, but the crucial second act, in which the current stage, long studious in self-debasement, arrives at mastery in that facile art, leaves in the mind of the audience a question mark instead of the coveted exclamation point. Neither play is constructively sound. Mr. Hamilton, who was a diligent and provident artist in the "Blindness of Virtue," now reposes on the fortunate discovery that prurience is a dispensation from art. Some day the awakening may be rude. It is no more possible to content even sexualists with raw sex than to content drunkards with raw alcohol or gluttons with raw food.

What impresses me in the plays of the hour and of the crowd is less the failure of the public taste to refine itself, than its failure to define itself. Its first requirement, indeed, is definite enough; the public wants laughs, kisses, shudders, but its demand and its instructions cease at this point. The public mind is simple and mysterious like a child's, and like a child's its mind is a mystery to itself. It can give no orders; it can only give vetoes, and, what is worse, it does not veto practices or qualities or elements, but simply plays. The public, though vastly good-natured, though compliant almost to the verge of complacency, is nevertheless, finally, a hard master. Normally, a hard master is a good disciplinarian; a loose disciplinarian is a kind master; each state has its compensations. But the theatrical public is at the same time difficult and lax; it is a hard master and a loose disciplinarian; its refusals are many, but it has none of that constancy and consistency in refusal which is the essence of discipline.

Nothing is harder to meet than the demand which is exacting without being exact. No person is more troublesome than the man who, when asked what he wants to read or to eat, replies with a genial disavowal of preference, "Almost anything." Apart from its primary demand for shudders, laughs, and kisses, the public requirements and exclusions are unfixed. With the reservation just made, there is hardly a virtue which a dramatist is forced to regard as indispensable; there is hardly an enormity which he is called upon to abjure as fatal. Art is the adjustment

of conduct to conditions; it thrives on conditions. High conditions make high art; many conditions and sharp conditions make exact art. The reason why our commercial drama, having sacrificed everything to pleasure, succeeds so indifferently in the task of pleasing is that the demand which it has to meet is almost a demand for unconditioned pleasure.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Treaties

THE treaty has been on the front page of the newspapers for months, but as the debate over its ratification comes to an acute stage it may interest some readers to look at a few books upon the general subject of treaties and their making.

Immediately we are in a different world. The pleasant and romantic sections of the book-shelves devoted to China and Mexico, which we looked through last week and the week before, have changed to austere rows of heavy volumes, bound in sheep and duck. If you ask their custodian for something "authoritative but popular" on treaties, he reminds you, pityingly, that international law is not a subject in which you may lightly dabble for a half hour to anything but your own confusion. And, if the spirit of the law has enveloped him, he will put in front of you some "digest" in ten or twelve fat volumes, or some compilation of "cases" wherein the foot-notes and references cover nearly all of each page.

Yet, if his sheep-bound books have not dried up his humanity, he may admit that Samuel B. Crandall's "Treaties; their Making and Enforcement" (Byrne, 1916) is an extensive study and an authoritative work. In this, the second edition (a stout book), the reader may pick and choose by aid of the table of contents, and learn what he wishes of the history of treaty-making in the

(Continued on page 438)



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United States, and of the powers and relations each to each of the President and the Senate. The effects of treaties, and the treaty relations of this with the other countries are adequately described. The learned author tells of the first President's visit to the Senate and of his indignation at that body's firmness, but he does not consider it appropriate to mention the expressions said to have been used by General Washington upon that occasion. The reader will have to go elsewhere to learn that they were quite unlike "Tut, tut!". Coleman Phillipson, in his "Termination of War and Treaties of Peace" (Unwin, 1916), studies methods of ending wars, giving notable examples of armistices, preliminary negotiations, and treaties, from the Crimean to the Second Balkan War of 1913. "The Great European Treaties of the 19th Century" (Clarendon Press, 1918), by Sir Augustus Oakes and R. B. Mowat, is a book of modest and convenient size, giving in full, or epitomized, the important treaties from 1815 to 1913. Another book, not too long nor too technical for ordinary reading, is Sir Walter Phillimore's "Three Centuries of Treaties of Peace and Their Teaching" (Murray, 1917). Possibly useful, although hardly more than a large pamphlet, is Arthur Ponsonby's "Wars and Treaties, 1815-1914" (Allen

& Unwin, 1918). It is good for the brief résumés of the treaties.

There are convenient, single volumes dealing with the whole subject of international law, and, of course, discussing treaties. Two of them are George B. Davis's "Elements of International Law" (4th ed. Harper, 1916) and Thomas J. Lawrence's "Principles of International Law" (Heath, 1912), while a valuable appendage to the latter is the same author's "Documents Illustrative of International Law" (Heath, 1914).

The rapidly increasing flock of books about the League of Nations is one of a librarian's problems to-day. Warm enthusiasm for the League (or for a League) is almost invariably their characteristic, and it may be cynicism which notes that so many of their authors were, fifteen or twenty years ago, touchingly confident about the powers of the Hague Court to abolish warfare. Two studies of a League, written before the one now under consideration was formulated, are Henry N. Brailsford's "A League of Nations" (Headley, 1917) and Ralph C. Minor's "A Republic of Nations" (Oxford Univ. Press, 1918). In "Some Historical Reflections on War, Past and Present" (Oxford Univ. Press, 1916), by Viscount Bryce, is an address briefly and calmly discussing the theory of a league.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

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- Cabell, J. B. Jurgen. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2 net.
- Clémenceau, Georges. The Strongest. Doubleday, Page. \$1.75 net.
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A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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THE people of the country will sympathize deeply with the President in the illness which has interrupted his speaking tour in behalf of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. Whether one accepts all the principles and details of the League or not, there can be no question of the high moral and political purpose of the statesmen by whom it was formulated. It is a sincere attempt on the part of high-minded men to relieve the world, so far as is humanly possible, from the constant danger of such stupendous tragedies as the war which has just ended. No one has been ardent enough to predict its unqualified success, but unqualified success does not ordinarily come to human undertakings. One may question certain features of it, even hold that it has points of possible danger, without attaching any real importance to the cries of some that it is either an inevitable breeder of wars or a shrewd scheme of England and France for the undoing of the United States. The *Review* has advised, and believes, that the condition of the world being at present what it is, the Treaty

should be ratified, and without any such reservations as would either send it back to the Peace Conference or nullify any of its vital purposes.

FROM the standpoint of Anglo-American solidarity and good feeling it may be considered unfortunate that the first major issue raised by the opponents of the League Covenant in its present form relates to the voting power of the United States and the British Empire in the Assembly. But the question was bound to be raised, and it is perhaps better to clear the atmosphere by dealing with it at once. Three amendments have been proposed to safeguard the United States against possible prejudicial action as the result of the inclusion of self-governing British dominions in the League as independent members. The committee amendment provides that in disputes to which Great Britain is a party, and therefore ineligible to vote, her self-governing dominions and colonies shall likewise be debarred from voting. Senator Johnson's amendment is bold and direct. He would give to the United States a number of votes equal to the combined vote of Great Britain and her colonies. Practically, the adoption of this amendment would kill the League, and it may well be a gesture to this end. On the one hand, it would give England and America together a voting preponderance that could not be accepted by the other Powers, and, on the other, would permit on overwhelming combination of American and colonial delegates on certain issues peculiar to their special interests, particularly in the Pacific. Senator McCumber's amendment does not differ in principle from that proposed by the Committee, but puts it in better and less aggressive form.

Either the Committee amendment or the McCumber amendment would simply incorporate the interpretation voiced by the President in his recent explanation of Article XV and the votes of the Dominions. They contemplate, however, only negative action—exclusion of voting and the single veto in the Council—but there are other possible contingencies to be considered. Nothing is said about the combining of votes to elect members to the Council, a fruitful opportunity for clever political combinations. Nor does it seem to be realized that, in spite of the interposition of a single veto in the

Council, the adverse vote of the remaining members can not but have great international significance. If positive action is to be expected, then positive votes are important. The weakness of the President's position seems to lie in the assumption that international friction is caused by disputes that come into the open and are amenable to debate and discussion. The deeper causes of friction must be removed by more positive action, and nations whose vital interests conflict will no doubt attempt to manoeuvre within the League. And unless the League is to be an association designed merely to postpone action, account must be taken of the voting power of its members and the future political alignments. These considerations are urged, not to raise insurmountable obstacles to an institution which with proper safeguards should be put into effect without delay, but to point out its limitations, lest the oversanguine should expect too much, and, relying upon it blindly, give too little heed to the realities of international relations.

IT is a shocking advertisement that Omaha has given to herself in her inability to cope with the lawless mob which terrorized her streets, tried to hang her Mayor, burned her courthouse, hanged a negro who was already in the hands of the law, with no indication that he would escape the penalty of his crime, and was finally reduced to the outward semblance of order only by having the streets filled with United States soldiers. The lesson of this tragedy and disgrace should impress not merely Omaha, but the whole country, with the need of a deeper realization of the vital importance of law and order on the part of all who really desire the maintenance of a civilized state, and the necessity of a more watchful and vigorous control of the elements whose wish and purpose are only too clearly revealed in the Nebraska outburst. It would be a mistake to account for the mob on the theory of mere prejudice against the negro. The color of the man lynched and the crime he had committed were, with a large part of the mob, nothing more than mere pretexts. The sooner we realize that we have a large element among us only waiting for some such spark with which to start a fire, the easier it will be to find the pathway to safety.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO appealed to the America of Lincoln when, "as an interpreter of the valorous sentiments of the whole Italian people," he proclaimed the annexation of Fiume to Italy. Seeing how difficult it is for contemporaries of the late Col. Roosevelt to agree as to the stand he would have taken towards Mr. Wilson's League of Nations, it is hardly worth while to guess at what President Lincoln would have thought of the Italian poet's *coup de main*. However, here is a quotation from a letter that he wrote to Mr. Hodges on April 4, 1864: "By general law life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb." Put to the test of this "general law" the poet's attempt would scarcely have found favor in the eyes of the man who formulated it. D'Annunzio claims Fiume to be a limb of the Italian body, an organic part of the whole. But Italy, in her turn, is a limb of the European body, and by refusing to give up Fiume, she is in grave danger of being cut off herself from the organism to which she belongs. And thus isolated, by her own waywardness, from the comity of nations, she would appear to have fallen into the very error to which Lincoln alluded of having given her life "to save a limb." For if the Italian Government is forced to give way to the spirit of *bravura* which D'Annunzio has aroused in the popular mind, the country will place itself outside the League of Nations and suffer all the hardships which a political and economic boycott entails.

THE applause into which the entire Italian Chamber burst when Deputy Eugenio Chiasa made an enthusiastic reference to D'Annunzio's adventure shows how far the poet's interference has vitiated the entire question of Fiume. For it never was, with the politically minded Italians, a matter of sentiment. If the city actually had a preponderatingly Italian population, the Italian delegates at the Peace Conference need never have pressed the strategic reasons which made Mr. Wilson opposed to their demands. An appeal to the right of self-determination would have been a much stronger argument to base their claim upon. If Italy, as D'Annunzio asserts, could not live without Fiume, why then did she agree to its cession to Croatia under the secret treaty of London? At the time when that pact was concluded the Dual Monarchy was still a great Power, and Italy not yet the sole maritime ruler of the Adriatic. The fall of the Hapsburg Monarchy gave her the opportunity of gaining the hegemony over that part of the Mediterranean, and Fiume was deemed by her naval experts to be indispensable for the com-

pletion of its defensive organization. In the memorandum presented by the Italian delegation to the Peace Conference on this question, economic considerations are also urged for the cession of Fiume to Italy: "The competition of a Yugoslav or non-Italian Fiume would, by its competition, prove detrimental to an Italian Trieste. But the two ports, in the hands of Italy, could without any conflict of interests and to the common advantage of the respective 'hinterlands' become of great maritime service." We do not see why on these grounds Italy should have been denied the grant of the city, as the other claimants, the Yugoslavs, until the fall of the Hapsburgs was imminent, were enlisted against the Entente and had taken an active part in the Austrian attack against Serbia. The more is the pity that the Italians, by bringing sentiment to bear on the matter, have obscured the clear aspect of the issue.

IN the days when Becky Sharp went to school young ladies who had finished their education were presented by the headmistress with a copy of the Bible. In Germany the worship of the state has superseded religion, and in accordance with that change the adult Fritzes and Gretchens will henceforth see their happiness at leaving school completed by the gift of a copy of the Constitution. Such is the provision of Article 148 of the new fundamental law of the German Reich. Fritz and Gretchen will have better reason than Becky had to fling the present at the reverend feet of their late tutors. We do not say this from any disrespect for the document in question, for we admit that, as a sample of democratic legislation, it conforms to up-to-date requirements, including the nationalization of railroads and waterways serving general traffic. But apart from its political and educational value, it has little to attract the attention of youthful minds just released from the bondage of the classroom.

Still, they may find interesting passages among its 181 articles, which, read in the light of the history taught them at school, will make them realize their own happiness in living under the new dispensation. The sons and daughters of the Liebknechts and the Clara Zetkins will think of their parents in prison on reading that "all Germans have the right to form societies or associations for purposes not contrary to the penal law." "Every German has the right, within the limits of the general laws, to express his opinion by word, in writing, printing, by picture, or in any other way," begins Article 118, promising the growing generation a freedom which their parents never enjoyed. Pro-

visions for the protection of children and motherhood, for the free development of foreign minorities among the nation, the recognition of the sacredness of the home, and of the right to complete liberty of worship and conscience, are only a few of the many features which will call up before the reader of this document the vision of a better, chastened Germany. It is for the youthful recipients of the constitutionally prescribed presentation copies to render life to the dead letter of this law.

IT does not appear that the drowning of young McCullough, at Colgate University, merits any severe censure of the Colgate authorities. So tragic an ending was only a very remote chance of a class prank which in itself was far milder than many such features of rough-and-tumble class activities in a large number of our American colleges. But the tragedy should not pass without impressing upon both college faculties and college students the duty of considering even the remoter chances in such cases. Any college man knows the real source of the difficulty in breaking up the sophomore-freshman "horseplay" that attends the opening of most colleges—the state of mind of the average freshman himself, who would feel just a little miffed, after all he had heard in High School, if his class were the first to be subjected to the indignity and notoriety of a quiet and dignified reception into college life. But there is no question that the general public is a little weary of any tendency in college students to treat lightly the common obligations of law and order. And to the favor of the general public the college owes too much not to treat its opinions and feelings with all reasonable consideration. What has been said applies also to much that occurs in connection with college fraternity initiations. The real tragedies in these frivolities are, of course, extremely rare; but each one that does occur should mark the rise to a higher level of college opinion and practice in such matters. Any one who has seen the gloom that overspreads a college community in such a case knows that no student body can justly be called careless of the lives of its individual members.

THE late Charles L. Freer, who died on September 25, in his sixty-fourth year, was one of the most successful art collectors of his time. He was born at Kingston, New York, and educated in the public schools. At Detroit he quickly made a fortune in manufacturing and in the operation of railroads, and the last thirty years of his life were chiefly devoted to collecting in many fields. These interests were the more intense as he never married and cared

little for general society. He began by acquiring the paintings of the more advanced American artists, Tryon, Dewing, Twachtman. From them he passed naturally to their cosmopolitan affinity, Whistler. Between paintings, drawings, and prints his Whistler collection overran a thousand items, including such a rarity as the "Peacock Room," made for the shipbuilder Leyland. Whistler, again, was a link with the exquisite art of Japan. More than twenty-five years ago Mr. Freer was carefully buying, besides the color prints, the masterpieces of Sesshu, Korin, Sotatsu, and Hokusai. From them he passed to the graver painting of old China, his collection of which is equaled in the Western world only at Boston.

As Mr. Freer passed middle life, his habit became that of an invalid, and frequent journeys evoked new interests. He concerned himself with Egyptian excavation, purchased sagaciously Levantine objects of all periods, acquired rare early Christian pieces—manuscripts, miniatures, and metal work. About ten years ago he made a unique disposition of his treasures, deeding them to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, for the sum of one dollar, but retaining possession of the collections (and adding to them) during his life. This remarkable donation, with attendant legal complications, was furthered by the tact and enthusiasm of that many-sided President, Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Freer, wishing the installation of the museum to represent his own impeccable taste, provided a building now nearly finished. It will be one of the most delightful museums in the world. A reserved and unexpressive person in general relations, Mr. Freer found his fullest expression only in the field of art. A chronicler of his doings would discover countless instances of covert generosity towards individual artists, teachers of art, and struggling enterprises of æsthetic intent. To dwell on this little-known side of his beneficence would not please him; he cared for results and not for praise. Mr. Freer combined in a rare degree independent taste with a capacity to take advice, whether from professional critics or his fellow-amateurs. Thus he was easily the most catholic of the great collectors of our time. He has left to the nation inexhaustible resources of instruction and delight. Of few contemporary Americans can one say as confidently that their memory is assured.

ACCORDING to the Census of 1910, there were in that year no less than 13,345,545 foreign-born whites in the United States, of whom about 3,400,000 were natives of English-speaking countries, about 3,000,000 natives of German-speaking countries, and, roughly, 7,000,

000 of other nationality. This enumeration does not, of course, include native-born Americans one or both of whose parents were foreign-born, nor does it take account of the fact that many of the foreign-born came to the United States when quite young and commonly used no language but English. It is evident, therefore, that there are many million people in this country who speak some language other than English or German, and who, if they read at all, prefer newspapers, magazines, and books printed in that language. A recent inquiry made for the *Review* confirms this opinion, as it indicates that there are, not counting the German, at least 1,225 foreign-language periodicals—dailies, weeklies and monthlies—issued in the United States, with a total circulation of about 8,000,000. The list includes 212 Italian periodicals, 150 Spanish, 101 Polish, 81 Swedish, 75 Bohemian, 67 Jewish, 48 French, 44 Slovak, 39 Magyar, 36 Japanese, 30 Greek, 30 Lithuanian, 27 Finnish, 22 Dutch, 18 Chinese, 15 Russian, 14 Serbian, 10 Ukrainian, and many others representing nearly all the European and several Asiatic languages. It is frequently assumed that the foreign-language press in general represents very radical views, but such is not the case, as in this list only 80 periodicals can be classed as Socialist, Bolshevik or Anarchist, and they have a circulation of only 631,000, whereas there are in the United States about 350 radical or red publications issued in English, with a circulation of about 10,000,000. Of even the Russian periodicals only 2 are Socialist and 5 Bolshevik or I. W. W., out of a total of 15. Evidently, the foreign-language press exists primarily for the instruction and consolation of strangers in a strange land, rather than for the propagation of un-American views. It may have some tendency to retard the Americanization of aliens and even of their children; but it may also serve a good purpose in tiding over the danger period in the moral life of the younger generation who, ceasing to be foreign, have not yet become American.

MAN might, it is true, have invented a better game than baseball, but it is pretty certain he never did. It is not a "gentleman's" game—no flannels and afternoon tea about it. Nor is it, like golf, a long, lonely struggle with one's own personality; nor, like football, a swift Homeric clash of young and godlike heroes. It is a game of the people—of the American people who have made it and who love it and who in their hearts feel that they have no greater blessing to bestow upon the rest of the world. It is a game that can not possibly be played so badly as to be uninteresting, yet can be played so well

as to fascinate by its broad strategy and thrill by the speed and perfection of its detail. It affords an outlet for much instinctive human energy which otherwise finds expression in all sorts of nationalistic and economic madness. In a world's championship series (note the calm assumption—America first and the rest nowhere!) there is a preliminary weighing of chances, balancing of resources, "dope," in short, enough to soothe the most active-minded political intriguer and keep him out of mischief. If a small part of the energy that has gone to creating—and destroying—a League of Nations had been expended in an initial effort to make the National League international, the American League universal; if our munitions factories had been set to turning out baseballs and bats and gloves for a whole world of rooters, a planetary fandom, the prospects of democracy would be considerably brighter than they are at present.

THE ex-Kaiser is reported to have bought, besides a castle for himself, a number of villas in the village of Doorn, which, according to local gossip, will be used for various members of the ex-royal staff. The Hollanders will, doubtless, view this German inroad of hangers-on of dethroned royalty with anything but pleasure. Doorn is the Dutch word for "thorn," and a thorn in the flesh of Holland the village will be if it becomes the fixed residence of the ex-Kaiser and a hearth of counter-revolutionary intrigue.

THE representative of the Associated Press at Vienna is, evidently, of the stuff that Bolsheviks are made of. In a despatch, or shall we say Bullittin, dated September 18, he refers to acts of brutality committed by the Hungarian White Terrorists, giving as his authority "such conservative newspapers as the *Neue Freie Presse* and *Arbeiter Zeitung*."

If the standpoint of this latter organ of Labor is, in his eyes, averse to progress, any policy will appear stagnant to him which does not conform to the practice of Lenin and Bela Kun.

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Editors
FABIAN FRANKLIN
MAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Results of the President's Tour

MINGLED with the great regret which is felt over the President's illness there must be no little satisfaction, even on the part of his warm friends, that his series of speeches was cut short at this juncture. He had ample time in which to stir the country, if it was to be stirred, and the last few days of his tour did not show the President at his best. Unfortunately, the public is still in doubt as to the impression which Mr. Wilson made. He himself is certain that fully eighty per cent. of his fellow countrymen are solidly behind him. Yet judging by the press reports, one would probably be justified in concluding that the country at large is, even yet, somewhat in the dark as to the significance of the Covenant but holds that, if this country can be properly safeguarded, it would be glad to see the business in hand dispatched without further delay. In short, as the situation stands to-day, the President could probably come off with a real victory if he would yield to the position of the moderate reservationists.

Compromise of some sort seems inevitable, and Mr. Wilson would work to his own interest by taking magnanimously what is here so clearly offered him. According to his own reasoning, our obligations will not be weakened by setting down in black and white, as interpretation, the manner in which the United States Government is almost sure to approach its duties under the treaty. This procedure must strike the average citizen as being merely sportsmanlike. The President, apparently, has no great objection to such moderate reservations. He describes them as futile expansions of clauses which are already plain to the eye. He would prefer to sign the document as it now is and to allow us to interpret our moral obligations in the light of our best judgment as each case arises. To our thinking, it speaks well for the country that it is not ready to agree to a contract which it feels instinctively it will not live up to, save by a method of interpretation which must inevitably set the rest of the world to thinking that America is not playing the game.

Taken as a whole, the President's speeches in the West can not be said to have added much to the people's education. The proof of this is the applause at Salt Lake City which greeted his reading of the proposal for Article X offered by the majority of the Foreign Relations Committee. The President had to use strong language to bring the audience back to a proper respect for the authoritative version of this article. One is reminded of the profane laughter

in the House of Commons which followed Mr. Lloyd George's mention of the League. At this stage, it seems clear that the country does not wholly understand the bearings of the League of Nations; that it is quite ready to enter a League if such an organization is for the world's best interests; and that it does not wish our entrance to be niggardly. What has Mr. Wilson done to clarify the subject? He started by using generalities and by putting into words a glowing vision. This may have been a good introduction. The country usually responds to what it gladly accepts as idealistic purposes. But in such cases it is the man behind the words which counts most, and there are many in the West, as in the East, who are not entirely convinced that the President's leadership, especially up to our late entrance into the war, has been of the wisest. It is not pleasant to be forever calling up the past, but this is the more necessary since the League of Nations, so far as this country is concerned, is bound up with the President. And faith in it, while any real understanding of its workings is popularly lacking, is predicated upon faith in him. The President, for example, has been using as an argument for our unqualified acceptance of the Covenant the aims for which we took up arms. Has he forgotten that it was but a short time before we declared war that he desired to be told what the aims of the Allies were?

Under his sweeping generalities must be classed his statement that the only organized forces opposed to the League of Nations are the pro-Germans. This remark proved to be a disastrous boomerang. For it brought a hot protest from Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, president of the League for the Preservation of American Independence, an organization having for its purpose the support of members of the Senate opposed to the Covenant in its present form. Any one who knows of Mr. Wood's efforts to induce the President, prior to April, 1917, to assert our rights towards Germany in the most vigorous manner must appreciate the folly of the President's reckless statement. Equally unfortunate, from the point of view of the past, were his implication that opponents of the League are actuated by a spirit of cowardice and his statement, "I can not understand hesitation."

Even when Mr. Wilson descended to a discussion of details, he was not effective. Frankness was lacking from his explanation of the manner in which this country could always protect its interests through its vote in the Council. He allowed Senator Reed to furnish the information that one or another of the British Dominions might be seated in the Council. This fact, to be sure, did not overthrow his point, but knowl-

edge of it might better have been given to the people by him. He has been silent on the question whether, in a given instance, the veto of the United States in the face of unanimity on the part of the other members of the Council might not breed a serious antagonism. He proposed the Irish problem as a proper subject of discussion for the League and said nothing concerning the League's duties as to the Philippines. He reminded us that we did not protest when Germany acquired the rights in Shantung which have now passed to Japan, forgetting that we look to a justice-loving organization like the League of Nations to improve upon the old diplomacy. He asserted that the League would greatly help the condition of labor without setting forth any reasons for his belief. A careful discussion of this interesting question would have been most helpful.

These animadversions upon Mr. Wilson's argumentative methods are made in no cantankerous spirit. What the country most needs to-day is buckling down to the business in hand. The treaty should be ratified as soon as this can safely be done, and it is to be hoped that, when the President recovers from the exhaustion resulting from his most arduous tour of the country, he may seek to effect the compromise which is probably his for the asking. He can be conciliatory without abasing himself, and as a result can almost surely see the spirit of the League triumphant, even if the letter is a bit altered.

The Steel Strike

IT would be unsafe as yet to predict either an immediate collapse of the strike of the steel workers or its continuance over any long period. Events of a day may hasten or retard the end. But whether it comes sooner or later, there is so far no indication that it will bring success to the plans of the leaders by whom it was forced. No statement made in advance, nothing brought out by the labor leaders who have appeared before the Senate committee, has convinced the average unprejudiced observer that the men called out had any such real grievances as to justify a strike at this time, when the need of continued production is so acute. The talk about the "terrible conditions" of laborers in the steel plants was not backed up by evidence, and not in accord with the great increase in the rate of wages which has marked the steel industry during the war period. Furthermore, the events of the past week have made it increasingly plain that the strike never would have occurred but for the long and energetic efforts of men not in the employ of the plants against which

it was brought. Nor has the theory that these outside organizers were merely going to the rescue of men sorely distressed and unable to help themselves made any headway in public opinion. Such a claim finds no easy progress against the ample evidence that many thousands of the workmen directly involved did not want the strike at all. In the circumstances, it was inevitable that the movement, once launched, should find itself destitute of any material popular support.

Yet to say that it lacks positive support is but half the story. Opinion could rest at this neutral point only if the situation concerned merely the employers and the workmen. But perhaps no industry in the land extends its ramifications in more directions than that of the production of steel. The inconveniences caused by its violent interruption are countless, and wherever they occur they arouse a feeling of resentment which could be removed only by proof that the strike was so clearly a last resort to secure justice that all good citizens ought to submit to whatever inconveniences it may bring. As no such proof is forthcoming, the growth of these attendant inconveniences, as the strike drags on, marks a corresponding growth of positive disapproval. But popular disapproval does not rest merely on the material inconvenience of the strike. There is a growing conviction that the leaders who forced it were not moved by any particular concern over conditions in the steel industry at all, but are merely using that industry as a tool for ulterior purposes. Mr. Foster, the leading spirit, specifically identified himself with a widely revolutionary programme only a few years ago. His closest associations are not with those who would seek betterment of the laborer's position through conciliation, but with radical revolutionists, who would be only too glad of an opportunity to knock the supports from beneath the whole system of private enterprise in productive industry. It is clear enough to the careful observer that this radical wing has been making a desperate effort to get control of all organized labor.

This feeling that the strike is not a sincere movement for the benefit of the workers in the steel plants at all, but that it is allied with just the same revolutionary movement which has brought the ruin of Russia, furnishes a heavy weight of support to Judge Gary and his associates in their refusal to negotiate with the men by whom the strike was organized and is directed. As was said in these columns last week, American sentiment was never more ready than to-day to listen with favor to any just demand for betterment of the condition of those who toil; but American intelligence is a little too keen to be

convinced that the betterment of the toiler, or of anybody else, is to be found in knocking the foundations from under the edifice of civilization which centuries of thought and toil have built up.

It is not asserted, of course, that the masses of men who go out on a strike of this type are consciously bent upon revolution. Many of them are wholly unaware of the deeper designs of their revolutionary leaders, and would shrink back at once if a clearly revolutionary purpose were openly declared. Indeed, if Mr. Foster were to come out now with a statement that his immediate aim was to bring about what he declared as his programme a few years ago, the chances are that the strike would collapse in a day. But this does not remove the danger. The seeds of revolution thrive in the soil of violence and disorder, and at a time when Bolshevistic ideas find so many agencies of distribution, sober-minded people can not afford to countenance any course of action which naturally leads to violence and disorder.

The labor leaders, including Mr. Gompers along with the more radical, do not help their cause in public opinion by the growing tendency to scoff at the "welfare work" undertaken in recent years by so many employers. One can not believe that the rank and file of laborers themselves are wholly unappreciative of these efforts to give them pleasanter surroundings in their work, to provide healthful forms of recreation and entertainment, and to help them in various other ways which are ordinarily considered as contributory to the comfort and pleasure of living. A large manufacturing concern can provide far more of these good things of life than could be obtained individually for the same amount of money distributed to the employees to spend for themselves; and it is a well-known fact that the companies which do most in this way are also the companies which are most liberal in the matter of wages. No question of pauperizing the recipients arises here, any more than in connection with similar work done by so many churches. And yet Mr. Gompers can join with men usually less thoughtful than he in sneeringly referring to such efforts as "hell-fare work." It is hard to find any explanation of such an attitude. It does not seem to originate with the laborers, but rather with the professional labor agitator. In him, the dislike of the system can very readily be explained as due to the feeling that welfare work actually does tend to make the laborer contented with his lot, and its prospects, and less inclined to be continually at swords points with his employer, less easily led into strikes, less accessible to revolutionary propaganda. To arrive in peace and good will at a really stable concord between labor and capital, allowing the latter sufficient

profit to stimulate enterprise, and keeping an ever open pathway by which the laborer of thrift and energy may himself become a capitalist, would not suit those leaders whose tastes and talents are developed along the one line of agitation and conflict. And it is this class of leaders which has forced itself to the front, not only in the steel strike but in a fairly large share of the epidemic of strikes that has followed the closing of the war, both in this and other countries. We are aware, of course, that Mr. Gompers has confessed a change of heart on behalf of Mr. Foster, but the confession can hardly be accepted as satisfactory in view of Mr. Foster's utterances subsequent to the alleged date of recantation, to say nothing of the normal interpretation of his present course of action. And it is a notable fact that the committee of twenty-four now advising with Mr. Foster in the conduct of the strike is putting no brake whatever on his radicalism, but aiding him in its worst features, such as the attempt to paralyze the activity of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary in maintaining order.

Revolution by Conspiracy

ONE of the most notable features of American life was the sense of security in which our people lived. In pioneer days, when savages and wild beasts abounded, and the cold and famine of winter threatened destruction to the careless and improvident, danger was ever present, and fear was a powerful stimulus to industry, frugality, and untiring vigilance. Now, however, that those obvious dangers are gone and we have a continent to ourselves, with friendly Canada to the north, harmless Mexico to the south, and broad oceans to east and west, we dwell till recently in a paradise of security, sitting at ease under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid. Doubtless the American people were more care-free than any that the world has known—except possibly the British people before the war and some islanders in the Pacific Ocean.

Even the World War did not altogether awaken us from our pleasant dream. For three years it was to us hardly more than a terrible spectacle. It was not until the ferocious German drive in Picardy began that we had a real tremor of fear, as it occurred to us that our own life, liberty, and property might be at stake; and as soon as the Central Powers were crushed we laid aside our armor and resumed our ordinary way of life, fearing no enemy, without or within. The people of Continental Eu-

rope, trained in another school, were not so easy in their mind; hence they demanded all the guarantees they could get against the recurrence of war, and they were keenly alert to the danger of a social revolution that might destroy what is left of modern civilization.

Now the western world is beginning to see how badly it has been fooled by the parlor socialists. Not only did they lull people to sleep with their song of peace when there was no peace, but they described the social revolution in such terms as to make it appear as an angel of light. By a sort of intellectual sleight-of-hand the fearsome word revolution was made to disappear and the magic word evolution took its place. The jugglery is simple: "Verbally, revolution is but evolution with the addition of a single letter; scientifically, it is merely the last step in a long and gradual process of evolution, like the emergence of a butterfly from the chrysalis or the breaking of a chicken from the egg; politically it does not come until the majority want it, when by the simple casting of a ballot they quietly take control. Moreover, capitalism is even now preparing the way by the socializing of one industry after another—the municipal monopolies, the railways, the trusts—and presently there will be almost complete state socialism; whereupon the property owners, having already parted with the substance of their power, will hand over the shadow also—with their blessing—to the educated, civilized, regenerated proletariat."

When this theory is applied to particular countries, it follows that those which are the most highly developed, industrially and capitalistically, like Great Britain and the United States, must be well along the road to socialism; while those that are industrially backward, like Russia, must be very far from the goal. Marx, in fact, had little hope of a successful revolution in Russia until the peasants should be reduced to utter poverty by the growth of large estates; and even Lenin, who poses as an orthodox Marxian, said, as late as July, 1917, that an agrarian revolution was all that could be expected at that time. Marx, in his later and more evolutionary mood, states the theory thus:

No social order ever disappears before all the productive forces for which there is no room in it have been developed; and new and higher relations of production never appear before the material conditions of their existence have matured in the womb of the old society.

But theorizing such as this, while it may be good for purposes of propaganda among the propertied classes, does not go far with the proletariat, who demand stronger doctrine and the promise of more speedy results. This also socialism can supply, for while it speaks the lan-

guage of persuasion and sweet reasonableness to the timid bourgeoisie, to the proletariat it speaks the language of hate and violence, bidding them arise to destroy and spare not. Marx, with all his scientific poise, speaks both languages with equal fluency, although his intemperate utterances are found chiefly in his earlier writings. In the *Rheinische Zeitung*, in 1849, he said:

When our time comes, revolutionary terrorism will not be sugar-coated. . . . There is but one way of simplifying, shortening, concentrating the death agony of the old society, as the bloody labor of the new world's birth—revolutionary terror.

Marx was no parlor socialist at any time of his life, and if he were living to-day he would probably give substantial assent to the following quotation from Lenin's "Soviets at Work":

It is not hard to see that during any transition from capitalism to socialism a dictatorship is necessary for two main reasons, or in two main directions. In the first place, it is impossible to conquer and destroy capitalism without the merciless suppression of the resistance of the exploiters, who can not be at once deprived of their wealth, of their advantages in organization and knowledge, and who will, therefore, during quite a long period inevitably attempt to overthrow the hateful (to them) authority of the poor. Secondly, every great revolution, and especially a socialist revolution, even if there were no external war, is inconceivable without an internal war, with a state of the greatest uncertainty, instability and chaos.

In fact, the doctrine of the class struggle, compounded of real grievances with a large admixture of prejudice, misrepresentation and hatred, is not a harmless beverage which people can take with impunity and remain as they were; it is rather a strong poison that works powerful changes in the brain of all who indulge in it, and drives men of unstable mind to mad attacks upon the society which they have learned to hate and despise. It is all very well to tell such people to be calm, to restrain themselves, to wait for the day of evolution, which may not come for a thousand years. They have been taught to believe that it was coming soon; they have worked for it, hoped for it, had visions of it by night and by day; and now it appears just ahead, with only a feeble, contemptible little group of capitalists standing in the way. What wonder if they rush ahead, like the dogs of war, to destroy what they can never re-create. Meanwhile, the parlor socialists are aghast at the havoc which their disciples have wrought, and would fain stop them in their mad career. In vain! They have sowed the wind and they reap the whirlwind.

Conspiracy is an essential and inseparable feature of revolution. It is the activity of an impatient minority of believers trying to hasten the day of their dreams. And their plans fre-

quently succeed—as may be seen in the history of many revolutions and *coups d'état*—but over the after-effects of their achievements they seem to have slight control. Rigid evolutionists to the contrary notwithstanding, there is place in nature for the cataclysm, the catastrophe, for what Marx would call the mortal leap, but what prudent people who have something to lose call the leap in the dark. If the prudent people of Russia, after the revolution of March, 1917, had been able to agree on a definite policy and had been wise and courageous in carrying it out, they might have forestalled the conspiracy of Lenin and Trotsky and the Petrograd Soviet which resulted in the *coup d'état* of November 7 and all the misery and chaos of Bolshevik rule.

Such calamities, we may even yet believe, can never come to us. Revolutionary conspiracies have no place in a country so great and prosperous as ours, where there is no poverty-stricken working class and no intellectual proletariat to manufacture discontent. The foundations of European society may be rocking, but ours are built of other material. Thus we soothe ourselves with comfortable words, and turn a deaf ear to those who would disturb the spirit of our dream. And yet when we consider certain symptoms of discontent—the discontent over the high cost of living, the demands of organized labor, the threats of the I. W. W., the epidemic of strikes, the strange outbreaks of violence here and there, the semi-revolutionary movements in Seattle and Winnipeg—we must find reason to doubt the completeness of our immunity.

An Analysis of Mr. Bullitt's Testimony

PERUSAL of the testimony of Mr. William C. Bullitt before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate gives one a feeling of eavesdropping, or of opening and reading a letter addressed to someone else. The dominant impression is that of the caddishness of the dapper young millionaire who had been employed in a most confidential capacity and entrusted with the details of the most delicate negotiations, pouring forth with evident relish the piquant gossip gathered in his association with the chief figures at the Conference. But, after all, what else was to have been expected? Half-baked young radicals have standards peculiar to themselves, and are bound, sooner or later, to abuse the confidence placed in them.

The testimony brought out by the examination of Mr. Bullitt falls into three classes—documents bearing on the treaty; Mr. Bullitt's personal comment

on the negotiations to which he was privy; and the reports on the situation in Russia made by himself and by his associates, Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Captain Walter W. Pettit. Among the documents presented are several of importance bearing on the Covenant. These include the plan of Lord Robert Cecil; a typewritten draft of President Wilson's original plan; a printed draft of the same with advice, comment, and suggestions by Mr. David Hunter Miller and Mr. Gordon Auchincloss; a draft of another proposal by the President, incorporating changes made by him in his original plan; and also what was known as a composite draft, largely based on Lord Robert Cecil's recommendations and prepared by the British law experts and Mr. David Hunter Miller. All of these documents are of importance to the Senate Committee for its proper understanding of the Covenant and the intentions of its makers, and should have been furnished by the President in accordance with the spirit of his replies at the White House conference in March. It is evident from them that the President had not clearly formulated his ideas in regard to a League of Nations before leaving America or taken into consultation on the subject competent experts. The surprising fact is brought out that the President stood strongly for a body of Delegates made up of the diplomatic representatives of the members of the League, and opposed the suggestion that there should be representation of the congresses of the several nations. Yet Mr. Bullitt's own comments on the negotiations, coming from a disgruntled employee, should not be taken at their face value until opportunity has been had to hear the testimony of other parties concerned.

Considerable light is thrown upon the confusion that reigned in the Conference in regard to Russian policy. The Peace Delegates were evidently at a loss to know how to deal with this menacing situation. One extremely unfortunate gesture had already been made—the proposed Prinkipo Conference. The petering out of this proposal was followed by the Nansen plan for feeding Russia, and an important part of Mr. Bullitt's testimony deals with the history of this plan, and its failure. In this, however, his testimony is quite at variance with the facts. He fails to point out that the so-called Nansen plan was suggested originally by the Russian Committee, and that the object of the proposal was simply to feed Petrograd, on condition that the Soviet Government would not interfere. This plan was set in somewhat more general terms when Dr. Nansen wrote his letter to the President on April 3, and indicated an organization along the lines of the Belgian Relief Committee. Accord-

ing to Mr. Bullitt, he prepared a reply to the Nansen letter at the request of Col. House. This reply introduced a host of new considerations of a political nature, including a general armistice on all Russian fronts, the immediate withdrawal of Allied and American troops, the lifting of the economic blockade, and the utilization of Russian transport facilities. This, of course, changed the simple scheme of food relief into a big political plan for settling the Russian problem, and it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that it was designed to assist the Soviet Government in maintaining its power. Mr. Hoover put his finger upon the weak spot instantly, for he pointed out that the transport agreement was tantamount to a recognition of the Bolsheviks, and he vetoed the proposal.

It is not quite clear from Mr. Bullitt's testimony who originated the project of his mission to Russia, or whether it was in any way connected with his earlier mission to the Socialist Conference at Berne, concerning which the Foreign Relations Committee might well have interrogated him. At any rate, he went to Russia fully authorized by Secretary Lansing and took with him Mr. Lincoln Steffens, well known as a Bolshevik sympathizer, and Captain W. W. Pettit, of the Military Intelligence Division, formerly a social worker. That Mr. Lloyd George was privy to Mr. Bullitt's mission and his proposals for an agreement with the Soviet Government is sufficiently evidenced by the letter from Mr. Philipp Kerr, in spite of the fact that the opinions expressed therein are insistently declared to be personal and unofficial.

The reports on conditions in Russia made by the three precious investigators are illuminating. The callow Bullitt, utterly ignorant of Russia and Russian matters, spent a whole week at Moscow under the personal direction of the Bolshevik leaders, and was completely taken in by them. He swallowed without question their statements and displayed a credulity only explicable by his ignorance and his Bolshevik sympathies. Captain Pettit did not go to Moscow, but paid three short visits to Petrograd, and his report is likewise a striking example of how a man can be taken in if personally conducted through carefully prepared surroundings. It reminds one of Comte de Ségur being taken through model peasants' villages by Catherine II. One point in his report is sufficient to indicate its character. Commenting on the improvement of food conditions, he states that the suspension of passenger traffic from March 18 to April 10 had resulted in the Government's bringing to Petrograd sixty to one hundred cars of food each day, and that one saw large quantities of food being trans-

ported about the city. By his own showing in the same report, he left Petrograd on March 31 and sent his report from Stockholm on April 4. As a matter of fact, passenger traffic was suspended, as he describes, and a vast supply of grain was requisitioned from the peasants and collected near Viatka, but so incompetent were the Bolshevik authorities that no cars were available for transporting this food and it was all ruined. Not a single carload reached Petrograd.

The most illuminating of the three reports, strangely enough, is that of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, because inadvertently he admits the whole case against the Soviet Government. Naturally he misrepresents the soviet idea, because he does not understand it, and believes the silly theories that had been circulated concerning it, but he indicates clearly enough that Lenin's effort to utilize a system which was designed to destroy the established institutions of Russia has failed. The result of the revolution he describes as follows:

The effect is hunger, cold, misery, anguish, disease—death to millions—but worse than this was the confusion of mind among the well and the strong. We did not realize, any of us—even those of us who have imagination—how fixed our minds and habits are by the ways of living that we know. So with the Russians. They understand how to work and live under their old system; it was not a pretty one; it was dark, crooked and dangerous. But they had groped around it all their lives, from childhood up. They could find their way in it, but now they can remember how it was, and they decide for the old ways. . . . And the poor, in their hunger, think now how it would be to go down to the market and haggle and bargain from one booth to another, making their daily purchases, reckoning up their defeats and victories over the traders, and they had good food then. And now—it is all gone. They have destroyed all this and having destroyed it, they are lost—strangers in their own land.

Mr. Bullitt did more than report on conditions in Russia—he brought back with him a proposal for peace—a proposal which was to be offered by the *Allies to the Soviet Government*, which would accept it, provided it were received by April 10. Fortunately, this proposal died a natural death. Had it been considered seriously, it would have been even a greater blunder than the Prinkipo suggestion. It would have alienated for all time the Russian people, of whom not two per cent. were in favor of the Soviet Government.

The deductions to be drawn from Mr. Bullitt's testimony are that the interests of the United States would have been far better served had the President called into consultation to pass upon the knotty problems of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, not inexperienced and second-rate advisers, but the ablest legal minds of America.

The Latest Witness from Bolshevik Russia

[Mr. David Aronson, the author of the following article, is a Russian engineer who, before the war, spent several years in America. He did military service in Russia during the war. A year ago, he was able to send out of the country his wife, who is an American, and their infant son. He himself was obliged to take service under the Bolsheviks, and for nine months worked as an engineer in the Commissariat of Public Constructions. This gave him an exceptional opportunity to observe the workings of the Bolshevik system, not only in Petrograd, but in other parts of Russia as well. He had the good fortune to escape from Petrograd the middle of last July, and brings to us the latest eye-witness account of conditions behind the veil in Bolshevik Russia.]

SINCE July, 1919, when I escaped from Russia, so little time has passed that I can not yet accustom myself to freedom, to the idea that I am not still in Bolshevik Russia.

The other day I ran across the "Metropolitan" magazine and in it the article entitled "The Climax of Raymond Robins' Sensational Story, as told to William Hard."

I read this article over and over again, and can not make out whether this is a story of what Colonel Robins saw or of what he imagined—it must be his imagination. I lived there in Bolshevik Russia, I worked for the Bolsheviks for nine months, and in Mr. Robins' account I fail to recognize the Bolshevik Russia of reality.

Colonel Robins relates that "there was more law and order, gentlemen, in Petrograd and Moscow under the Bolshevik Nikolai Lenin than under the anti-Bolshevik, Alexander Kerensky." No one has a right to speak of order in Petrograd and Moscow and give credit for this order to the ability of the Bolshevik Government. There never was any order, and up to the time I came away, there was no hope of any. Mr. Robins speaks about law being enforced by the Bolsheviks. He must certainly have forgotten or overlooked the decree issued by Lenin, for whom he seems to have such a warm admiration, denouncing the existence of any law and setting up instead the "revolutionary conscience." To recall this decree to Mr. Robins' mind, let me say that it was issued at the same time he abolished the legal profession and did away with lawyers.

He says more, that he saw with his own eyes how they did enforce law and order. It must be that by this he refers to lynching on the streets.

Why did Mr. Robins fail to mention in his article the many cases when the Commissars and Red Guards were caught in highway robbery and, to save them-

selves, shot innocent persons down, in order to claim that these persons had perpetrated the crime?

He tells how the Bolsheviks stopped the use of alcohol. I am sure he must refer to the raids of the Red Guard upon wine cellars throughout the town, when the Red Guard not only drank themselves full, but literally drowned themselves in the cellars of wine and had to be dragged out by the fire department. After these happenings, all the wine left in Petrograd was confiscated by the Lenin Government and stored at the Bolshevik headquarters, and now, after eighteen months of that order so admirable in Colonel Robins' eyes, it is still possible, by approaching some Bolshevik officials with sufficient money, to obtain the prohibited beverage.

To quote Colonel Robins: "Orderliness was produced. I saw it with my own eyes down to May, 1918." Colonel Robins must have had this conviction produced in him by the sight of the dead lying in the streets of the town after a night's "enforcement" of law and order. I will tell even more to Colonel Robins, that, up to the time I left Petrograd, no one cared to venture out in the streets after dark, especially during the months of February and March, 1919, when the Chinese employed by Lenin as official murderers kept Petrograd in terror of street robberies, not only by night but even by day. Further on, Mr. Robins relates of Mr. Hunt and Mr. Levine: "They saw what I saw. They see a population in which the instinct of personal self-preservation in hunger and agony is held in steady and successful check by the social control of the Soviet power." He must have been helped to this conclusion by a speech made by Zinoviev in Petrograd, who said "there is no hunger; there is no starvation in Russia, in Petrograd in particular, as I will consider that we are afflicted by starvation only when I see a crowd in the streets of Petrograd fighting to death for a dead rat lying on the pavement." If Colonel Robins means this, I agree with him. People were pretty well checked up by the social control.

Colonel Robins says the Soviet system does not consist of riots. I agree with him! But that the Soviet system is plain robbery, I do not believe Colonel Robins in his heart can deny.

I agree with Colonel Robins when he says that Bolshevism is a system that can put numbers together in groups, but I will prove to Colonel Robins that they failed to make from such a group an orderly group, and that they succeeded in grouping only because they

find criminal sympathizers with their system of robbery and destruction.

In the months of February, March, and April, 1919, and up to the time of my escape, scarcely a week passed that Lenin, Zinoviev, and Trotsky did not, through the medium of the Bolshevik papers, implore, and unsuccessfully implore, the different Soviets, especially those of Petrograd and Moscow, to refrain from usurping the authority of the Central Power. I must mention to Colonel Robins that in Petrograd alone there are over twenty Soviets which have been substituted for the former police stations. Sometimes law enforced by Soviet No. 1 will be outlawed in Soviet No. 2. So, for example, in one part of Petrograd my passport was suspended and search was being made for me, while at the same time, in another part of town, I was working as a Bolshevik official. Among the pictures illustrating Mr. Robins' article is a photograph of the pass issued to him by Lenin. Mr. Robins speaks with much commendation of the power of this pass, which was so greatly respected all over Soviet Russia and facilitated his travel to Vladivostok, and, incidentally, he sees in this proof of the great popularity of Lenin and understands it as a real power. May I suggest to Colonel Robins two explanations? First, it was well known among the Bolsheviks of Russia that Colonel Robins was an admirer of the Lenin-Trotsky-Zinoviev policy, and furthermore that he would carry in his report to America the records of his admiration, and that in case America should recognize the Lenin-Trotsky-Zinoviev Government, the Bolsheviks felt they could even guess who might be delegated to them as American Ambassador. Secondly, even Bolshevik Russia, regardless of the signature of Lenin, dared not at that time tamper with the head of an American Red Cross Mission.

When Colonel Robins says that the condition of the railroads under the Bolshevik régime was better than under Kerensky, he makes a deliberate misstatement. I hate to put it more strongly. The situation of the railroads from the first day of Bolshevism to the present moment displays the most outrageous anarchy. This I can say with authority, since for nine months I served the Bolsheviks in the railroad department.

To quote Colonel Robins: "If Lenin had been allowed to work his idea out into practice, there would now be no poverty in the world and no misery." Granted, there would be nothing left existing in the world at all.

It is rather a hard task to cover all points in a short review of an article dealing with such a vast subject. It would be necessary to take it up sentence by sentence. But there are a few

more things that I feel bound to call attention to.

Speaking of the Bolshevik army, he remarks that the men were more "socialists than soldiers, poorly equipped and poorly trained, under the inspecting eye of a little pacifist Jew." I suggest to Colonel Robins he might possibly admit that they were neither soldiers nor socialists but simply cut-throats in uniform, and that he does not need to point out that Trotsky is "a little pacifist Jew." That is all too well known in Russia.

Speaking of the failure of the Russian church, Colonel Robins does not seem to realize that the terrible persecution it has suffered has had an effect unlooked for by Bolsheviks: that of filling the churches with vaster and vaster crowds.

I wish the people in America, especially the working classes, would really find out the truth about Russia (and this they can do only when they learn how they have been deluded by the peddlers of Bolshevism in America), that poor, bleeding Bolshevik Russia is far, far away from being a land where the proletariat rules; and for this Bolshevism is to blame. I wish they could rightly learn how the Russian proletariat is cheated and how dreadfully they are suffering under Soviet rule, which pretends to be the sole friend and savior of the proletariat. There has never been a moment in the whole history of Russia under Czarism that the working classes have been so oppressed as now.

I know workingmen in America, for I have been a worker myself for several years in America. They might fight governments and capital to better their lives, but they would not fight women and children. They would not torture, for the mere pleasure of torturing, a human being because he happened to belong to a different station of life, as happens now every day in Russia. They would not desecrate and destroy churches, tearing down altars and installing instead moving-picture shows in the places which have been for centuries held sacred by nine-tenths of the Russian people. Nor would they persecute parents and teachers for desiring to bring up children in religion. These things the American proletariat would not do, even if they themselves were unbelievers. The sect of "Holy Jumpers" has as much right here in America to demand toleration for their meetings as has any socialistic convention. It is not so in Russia, in the land of Lenin, Trotsky, and their associate rascals.

The American proletariat must know that to "strike" in Russia, where the so-called friends of the proletariat are in power, means death by execution to the strikers and revenge upon their families.

Everyone ought to know that while the workingmen in Petrograd and Moscow are starving and freezing to death,

the leaders of Bolshevism in Russia are living in palaces and know starvation only through the death statistics.

The Russian proletariat which shed its blood during the four years of the great war, and in the struggle to overthrow czarism, has got as its reward the reign of Lenin-Trotsky-Zinoviev and a dozen other despots and thieves.

Russia always looked upon America as a superior friend and now, in this time of misery, hopes that America may help her to get rid of anarchy. But these hopes are not fulfilled if America simply eases up a bit her starvation and so prolongs her agony, for in the end, under Bolshevism, all life must perish.

DAVID ARONSON

A Commissar Disillusioned

THERE has been considerable confusion in the public mind as to the nature of the Soviets in Russia and the attitude of the vast peasant population towards the Bolshevik Government. Much of this has been due to the myth industriously circulated by Col. Raymond Robins and other superficial or disingenuous observers, who alleged that the Soviet was a natural Russian democratic institution to which the Russian people were passionately devoted. People in America who have been obsessed with this totally erroneous idea are incredulous when told that the Bolshevik power represents the tyrannical authority of an infinitesimal minority and is bitterly hated by the overwhelming majority. With some plausibility they assert that if this were the case, the Government would be speedily overthrown, but they do not understand the peculiar conditions in Russia, whereby a small group, ruthless in its terroristic methods, with a monopoly of arms and ways of communication, can maintain absolute domination over the hungry and inert masses.

Russia contains few real Bolsheviks to-day, and those who are exercising authority in the name of the Soviet Government now feel themselves beyond the pale, the objects of universal hatred. How true this is is shown by a remarkable letter that has just come out of Soviet Russia. Nicholas Lopoushkin was a well-known revolutionist who suffered under the old régime. Like many other revolutionists, he became a radical Socialist and joined the Bolshevik wing of the party. After the Bolshevik revolution, he was made the President of the Soviet in his native town of Kirsanov, in the Province of Tambov. Gradually he came to see the light and to realize what a fraud the whole system was. His colleagues charged him with lukewarmness in the cause and lack of revolutionary

energy. Knowing that these complaints had been sent to Moscow, he addressed, on April 24, 1919, the following letter to the National Soviet of People's Commissaries:

Comrades:

My colleagues of the Kirsanov Soviet are writing to tell you that I am no longer fit to hold the position of President of the Soviet, that I am a counter-revolutionary, that I have lost my nerve, and am a traitor to our cause. Perhaps they are right—I only wish I knew. In writing this letter I have no wish to justify my behavior or exonerate myself in your eyes. I am too old a servant of the Revolution to plead at the bar before men who were not born when I was serving my first sentence in a Czarist prison. I think also that my past speaks for itself, and that no one of my comrades will have the audacity to accuse me of insincerity, of want of stability, or of taking a hasty decision. After twenty-four years spent in exile, in close confinement, in every kind of revolutionary work, and in different forms of legal expiation for the same, I escaped abroad, and became an ardent Bolshevik, and a sincere believer in the doctrines of Lenin and his party. But of late my experiences in Petrograd and Moscow, whence I have just returned, coupled with the horrors of the ghastly nightmare of the sort of existence which I found on my arrival in my native town, have combined to shake my faith in the suitability of Bolshevism for our country, and, as a consequence, in the logic and stability of Bolshevik theories and tenets in general, which we have signally and dismally failed to prove. Speaking frankly, we are, in my opinion, on the brink of a terrible disaster, which will leave its imprint, not only upon Socialism, but upon our nation for centuries, a disaster which will give our descendants the right to regard us Bolsheviks at the best as crazy fanatics, and at the worst, as foul impostors and ghastly muddlers, who murdered and tortured a nation for the sake of an unattainable Utopian theory, and who in our madness sold our birthright amongst the peoples for less than the proverbial mess of pottage.

All around me, wherever I look, I see unmistakable signs of our approaching doom, and yet no one responds to my appeals for help; my voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. In the towns I have just come from, chronic hunger, murder, and the license and libertinage of the criminal elements, who undoubtedly hold numerous executive positions under our Soviets, have reduced the population to the level of mere brute beasts, who drag out a dull semi-conscious existence, devoid of joy in to-day, and without hope for the morrow. Surely this should not be the result of the earthly Paradise which the Soviets were to introduce into our lives? Nor did I find the position any better on the railways. Everywhere a people living under the dread of famine, death, torture, and terror, everywhere groaning and utter misery. My countrymen, whom I love, and whom I had hoped to assist to render happy above all nations, look at me either with the mute uncomprehending eyes of brutes condemned to slaughter, or else with the red eyes of fury and vengeance. It is these latter whom I fear—they are so certain that we Bolsheviks are in the wrong, that immediately they can do so without fear of punishment they will kill me, in the firm conviction that they are thereby doing their country a service. It is terrible, and there must be something wrong somewhere. While our brethren in the big towns

are starving, the whole population in our district is engaged in distilling alcohol from surplus grain in their possession, grain which we can not find, and which no amount of threats or punishment will ever make them give up.

Speculation is rife amongst even the most humble inhabitants in the country villages, who have forced a lump of sugar up to four rubles, and a pound of salt up to forty rubles. And the Bolshevik militia and the Soviets? When they are called upon to deal with various infringements of the Bolshevik Decrees, they either try to get out of taking action altogether, or else they pretend that there is insufficient evidence to commit for trial. As a matter of fact, these men too are tired of the position of outcasts and lepers amongst their fellows, which service with the Bolsheviks imposes on them, and would gladly give up their official status, were it not for the fact that they have now cut themselves off from all return. If they fall singly, or even in couples, into the hands of the villagers, they are always murdered. No member of the Red Guard dare risk his life by returning to his native village, where his father would be the first to kill him. I maintain that there must be something wrong with a régime which has aroused such universal hatred, in such a comparatively short time; and amongst whom? Amongst the very class it strove to uplift, to free, to benefit, and to render happy.

I have been closely connected with this region all my life, and it is no exaggeration to say that the peasant population never felt one hundredth part of the hatred and hostility towards the representatives of the Czarist régime and the gendarmes that they do towards us members of the Soviets and our militia. Our aims have been misunderstood, our actions have been misinterpreted, and once we have failed to win the support of those very masses we set out to save, we may as well confess that our failure has been complete. There is a curse upon our party. Ruin and desolation follow in our train, the innocent blood of thousands cries out for vengeance against us. Our doom is fast approaching. Counter-revolution stalks openly amongst us, the gaunt spectre of utter famine and complete nakedness mocks us in the towns and villages alike. But worst of all is the consciousness of failure; we, the would-be liberators of the world, who are execrated openly by the populace; we, who see no safety in the grim looks and expectant glances of our guards; we, whose names are used by the dregs of the town as the foulest epithets; we, who set out so confidently to climb to the sun, and have ended by falling into the cesspool in our own back-yard! I was always against the Red Terror, and bitterly shall we pay for it. Not thus did we plan in Paris, Geneva, and Lucerne, not for this did we swelter and freeze alternately in Czarist prisons in Siberia, or rot in salt mines. This is not the end we had in view when we risked our lives, breaking our prisons, and traveling illegally across the whole of Russia to pass the Western frontier. Then we were always upheld in our weak moments, in our privations, and in our sufferings, by the thought of our glorious cause, by picturing to ourselves the day when we should free this great and glorious nation of ours, and take our place as old and tried Revolutionary veterans at the head of our countrymen in their triumphant march towards peace, progress, and plenty. This is what we visioned, and the actuality is what I have already described. I feel tired and depressed. I know that the Red Terror was a mistake, and I have a terrible sus-

picion that our cause has been betrayed at the moment of its uttermost realization.

Yours in fraternal greeting,
N. LPOUSHKIN

It is needless to say that this letter created an unpleasant sensation among the Commissaries. They passed a resolution that Lopoushkin should be replaced

by a more courageous and determined Bolshevik, of less wavering tendencies. When this resolution was communicated to the Soviet at Kirsanov, it transpired that Lopoushkin had committed suicide immediately after sending his letter to Moscow.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Workings of Democracy

MAX MUELLER declared a generation ago that the study of philosophy had resolved itself into a study of terminology. This was merely to say that in philosophy the critical faculty had usurped the place of the creative, or, with a closer approach to scientific definition, that synthesis had given place to analysis. While, in view of the fact that so many of our young men are seeing visions and so many of our old men are dreaming dreams, it would be rash to assert that the study of democracy has entered this stage, there is evidence, nevertheless, that the concept of democracy is being steadily and even rapidly divested of certain of its old elements and clothed with new ones that are calculated to transform it.

Democracy, indeed, as a subject of contemplation, has in all its bearings pursued a course parallel to philosophy. To-day it is, in serious minds, approaching the point, if it has not already reached it, at which Kant found metaphysics. Time was, says the Königsberg professor, when metaphysics was the queen of all sciences; and if we take the will for the deed, she certainly deserves, so far as regards the high importance of her subject-matter, this title of honor. Now, he continues, it is the fashion of the time to heap contempt and scorn upon her. At first her government, under the administration of the *dogmatists*, was an absolute despotism. Gradually her empire broke up, and internecine wars introduced the reign of anarchy; while the *skeptics*, like nomadic tribes, who hate a permanent habitation and settled mode of living, attacked from time to time those who organized themselves into civil communities. In recent times, Kant further says, the hope dawned of seeing those disputes settled, and legitimacy of her claims established by a kind of *physiology* of the human understanding. But it was found that—although it was affirmed that this so-called queen could not refer her descent to any higher source than that of common experience, a circumstance which necessarily brought suspicion on her claims—she persisted in advancing her claims to sovereignty. Thus metaphysics necessarily fell back into the antiquated and rotten constitution of *dogmatism*, and again became obnoxious to the con-

tempt from which efforts had been made to save it. At present, as all methods, according to the general persuasion, have, says Kant, been tried in vain, there reigns naught but weariness and complete indifferentism.

Admitting at the start the danger that lurks in the use of analogy, Kant's sketch of philosophy, in its broad outlines, is equally applicable to democracy. Springing, as a subject befitting the modern intellect, from the dogmatism of the eighteenth century, democracy has pursued an antithetical career and is again an expression of dogmatism.

It is a question how far a theory that will not work may be considered divine. Seventy years ago De Tocqueville, while asserting the divine origin of the principle of democracy, admitted that the most powerful, the most intelligent, and the most moral classes of France had never attempted to take hold of it to guide it. The democracy, he added, had consequently been abandoned to its wild instincts, and had grown up like those children who have no parental guidance, who receive their education in the public streets, and who are acquainted only with the vices and wretchedness of society. Stopping merely to ask if the picture is any brighter to-day, it may be pointed out that we have here what appears to be a contradiction in terms. Intelligence and ignorance have nothing in common, nor have equality and subserviency. It may make some difference whether the dictating influence proceeds from the White House or from Fourteenth Street, but the principle of pure equality is vitiated in either case.

And the fact that the most powerful, most intelligent, and most moral classes have never attempted to take hold of and guide democracy may possibly merit more than a gibe. Assuming that the thing under discussion is *pure* democracy, and that anything less than that is a contradiction of the term, such effort might properly be stigmatized as condescension, or even disingenuousness, and thus unbecomingly self-respecting minds. The cause of democracy is not furthered by self-deception.

The revolution to which the world has applied the name democracy is a persistent force in human affairs, a fact which it would be fatal to ignore. De

Tocqueville is right in asserting that the gradual development of the principle of equality is a Providential fact, if he means equality of opportunity rather than equality of action. In reality, we find him advocating the intellectual and moral guidance of the many by the few, and we hear him asking, "Whither then are we tending? No one can say, for terms of comparison already fail us."

Curiously enough, this reminds us of a remark of the cleverest and most bitter reactionary of the nineteenth century, the late K. P. Pobjedonostseff, chief promoter of the Holy Synod of Russia. What, he asks, is this freedom by which so many minds are agitated, which inspires so many insensate actions, so many wild speeches, which leads the people so often to misfortune? Forever extending its base, the new democracy now aspires to universal suffrage. By this means, the political power so passionately demanded by democracy would be shattered into a number of infinitesimal bits, of which each citizen acquires a single one. What will he do with it then? How will he employ it? In the result it has undoubtedly been shown that in the attainment of this aim democracy violates its sacred formula of "Freedom indissolubly joined with Equality." The history of mankind, Pobjedonostseff further declares, bears witness that the most necessary and fruitful reform—the most durable measures—emanated from the supreme will of statesmen, or from a minority enlightened by lofty ideas and deep knowledge. And he says that what the ultimate consequences will be, Heaven only knows.

Here we have the reasoned utterances of two men as far apart as the poles. When dealing with the facts they speak with almost one and the same mind. How, then, may we account for the diametrical conclusions embodied in "Democracy in America" and "The Reflections of a Russian Statesman"? Undoubtedly by the different temperaments of the two men, and by the tendency of the one to overestimate the capacity of human nature and that of the other to underestimate it. With all his reasonableness, De Tocqueville was enmeshed in the dogmatism which gave birth to the modern theory of democracy, a theory which, on the other hand, was repellent to Pobjedonostseff, notwithstanding his great learning and profound sympathy.

On the surface, at least, time has not mitigated the circumstances which these two reflective minds deplored with almost equal vehemence. To-day democracy is admittedly the greatest problem confronting mankind, yet we seem farther from an effective solution of it than we were seventy years ago, though the world has grown restive and even reckless,

for the want of such a solution. Confusion reigns in all minds, born of ignorance or fear, and in countless instances of both.

To this pass has the world been brought by pure dogmatism. The divine right of peoples is as easily acceptable as the divine right of kings, but in neither case is the claim admissible without proof. Government was imposed, or imposed itself, on mankind for the sake of the ends it was capable of effecting. The study of democracy should therefore begin with a more or less careful ascertainment of the ends desired, and should proceed to a rigid scrutiny of the means which democracy offers for their attainment. If the ends are universally desirable, we may be prepared to admit that they sanctify the means.

If we should attach any importance to the phrase "making the world safe for democracy," we should be forced to conclude that at present democracy is incapable of standing on its own legs. In reality, we are burdened with a confused terminology which obscures rather than clarifies our vision, and which is an inevitable product of dogmatism. Thus, any study of democracy that is undertaken with a serious intent must imply a study of terminology.

A Critique of Pure Democracy has long been needed, analogous to Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Kant said that by this title he did not mean a criticism of books and systems, but a critical inquiry into the faculty of reason. In other words, he aimed at the solution of the question regarding the possibility or impossibility of metaphysics and the determination of the origin, as well as of the extent and limits, of this science, and all this must be done on the basis of principles. On a less ambitious scale W. H. Mallock has attempted something of the kind in "The Limits of Pure Democracy." While lacking the form of the Socratic irony, his discussion is impregnated with its spirit. A remorseless logic, exercised upon indisputable facts of experience, runs through the work and imparts to its conclusions an appearance of finality.

Pure democracy never has had, and never can have, any counterpart in experience, except possibly in communities of smallest extent and most primitive character. Cecil Chesterton, who has been engaged in a very temperate attempt to harmonize the dreams of revolutionaries with the bald actualities of life, defines democracy, in its essence, as government which, by whatever means, is actually in accordance with the general will of the governed. Ideally, this result might be realized by an ideal despot. Practically, however, ideal despotisms are impossible; and no less impossible, except in microscopic communities, is government by the extreme

alternative—namely, the voice of all the citizens assembled under the same tree. The only device, therefore, which is practicable in the great states of to-day is the election by the many of a small number of delegates, to whom the mass of the citizens specify what the "general will" is, and whose sole business is to execute it in accordance with the terms specified. True democracy exists, Chesterton declares, in proportion, and only in proportion, as the correspondence between the action of the delegates and the general will is complete.

A critical analysis of this statement brings to light a difficulty from which there appears to be no way of escape: if the judgments of the average mass are cumulatively to constitute a "general will," it is necessary that these judgments shall be, in all important respects, identical. But this is impossible except as the units of the average mass are influenced by select minds of greater intelligence or forcefulness than the rest. In the end, therefore, we find an oligarchical content in the concept of democracy. And this is as manifest in industrial democracy as in political. Karl Marx appears to have framed the International with that very end in view. Lassalle, too, boldly declared that, if the wills of the laborers were to be effective, they must be "forged into a single hammer," and that this hammer "must be wielded by the sinews of one strong hand." And Labriola, prominent as a preacher of syndicalism, says that true democracy is the concentrating of power in an *élite*, who can best judge of the interaction of social cause and effect. Such conceptions amount, as Professor Michels observes, to a deliberate denunciation of democracy in any sense of the word, or, as Mallock prefers to say, to a conception of democracy founded on a new conception of the Demos, the implication being that of any given population a certain minority alone is found to be endowed with the peculiar energies which exhibit themselves in connection with social and public questions as the subject-matter of politics.

There still remains the immemorial question of what the force or sanction is which renders the orders of the few operative. The common answer, even among thinkers, is that the force in question resides ultimately in the people. But Mallock easily shows this to be a mistake. For example, the first thing which the masses of the people must do, when they are hoarse with proclaiming their freedom to do whatever they like, is to cringe to an authority which enforces them to a continuous production of food, and dictates the primary terms on which alone food can be procured. If the power of the people is thus limited in respect of the production of necessaries, it is limited no

less stringently in respect of the production of superfluities.

The argument applies with equal force to political government and war. The power of governmental oligarchy has its basis in the fact that, unless the many submit to it, even the simplest industries are paralyzed, the higher made impossible, the welfare, the freedom, the lives of all will be at the mercy of any foreign aggressor whose armies, vitalized by obedience, put them to flight, or make them sane by enslaving them. Thus, the power of the few in reality has its basis in the permanent needs of the many.

F. J. WHITING

Poetry

A Ballade of Despots

NOW that the Freedom of the Seas
Has knelled the submarine's fell
sway,

Now that the Lamb and Lion cease
Becoming one, and twin-like stay;
Now that the World's dark evils may
No longer face the League's just
light—

Would that we had, the gods I pray,
The Great Mogul—a day and night!

If he could see my landlord's lease
What would the Emperor Akbar
say?

Our incomes dwindle and decrease,
Yet all the world is making hay!
Where is the League that should allay
The evils of the Meat Kings' might?
If East is West, then let me play
The Great Mogul—a day and night!

The greedy Grocer—all who fleece
You daily, you might hale away
To my just Durbar, where the crease
Of hemp their necks would soon
display:

Nightly in dreams I hang and flay
These despots of usurious height—
Powers of Four, sans more delay,
The Great Mogul—a day and night!

Envoi

Fellow Determinists, why bay
The League that looms through soft
moonlight?
Our only hope 'gainst Powers that prey—
The Great Mogul—a day and night!

W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

Correspondence

The Votes of the British Empire

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the criticism of the League of Nations Covenant that centres upon the disproportion in voting power as between the British Empire and the United States, there appears an underlying assumption that the members of the Empire are always going to vote in the same sense, and, the chance arising, against our interests. It is assumed that because the Empire made common cause against Germany it will make common cause anywhere and everywhere. This view is childish, if it is candid. Why should the constituent states of the Empire not have developed unanimity against Germany? The whole civilized world did that. It was a token of right feeling and trustworthiness. There would have been legitimate ground for suspicion against any one of these states that had kept out; it would have been well to have stood on guard against such a state, as some Senators now want us to stand guard against anything remotely British.

Anyone who harbors in his mind even the most elementary knowledge of the Empire knows that its younger constituents have recurrently made themselves felt in ways not at all pleasing to the mother-country. The latter has had to let them have their way, not alone with their own destinies, but also with hers. It is an enduring tribute to British methods that the former colonies, and even dependencies, rushed so wholeheartedly to her aid when it was a question of a big and righteous cause. None of them had been thwarted in their more local interests so as to have retained a sense of resentment engendering a hesitancy about loyal coöperation. The notion that these independent and self-governing communities can be dragooned into aggression upon us, or upon anyone else, is evidence of crude thinking; for they will follow their interests, and those interests are more than likely to fall into alignment with ours rather than with those of the older country.

For years we have been under the domination of a tradition as regards England. It has been nursed up in our school-books and transmitted as a heritage of unfairness to succeeding generations. The procedure has been largely unconscious; but the tradition has always been susceptible of revivification at the hand of parties with ulterior motives. Many of us do not like the English as represented by the specimens we have encountered; but they deserve our

respect, nevertheless, for their doughty working-out of institutions of liberty. If they had not wrought these out, we should not have been enjoying them these many decades. This outcry about the Empire's preponderant voting-power is, in part at least, an attempt to enlist the ancient tradition and prejudices. If one is inclined to apply reason to the matter he will find that there is nothing to be alarmed about. If he is playing politics or seeking to stir the people up against England, he ought to be hunting out a less readily collapsible instrument of in-direction.

A. G. KELLER

New Haven, Conn., September 25

The Peace Commission's Point of View

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

"Italy's Point of View," as explained by Mr. H. Nelson Gay in the *Review* for September 20, is quite clearly also Mr. Gay's own point of view, and the point of view which he thinks should have prevailed at Paris. I am not writing to challenge this point of view, or to dispute Mr. Gay's facts; but merely to call attention to Mr. Gay's misapprehension of the point of view from which the Fiume problem was actually envisaged by those who were responsible for the decision which was reached. I was at Paris, attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, and although I was not intimately in touch with Adriatic problems, I know something of the different proposals that were made for the disposition of Fiume, and of the general lines which the discussion of those proposals followed.

It was a matter of the degree in which Italy on the one hand and the Jugo-Slavs on the other merited a "premium"; no concerted attitude towards Italy's national growth and expansion was involved; there was, I believe, no suggestion, even on the part of the Italians, that the disposition of Fiume had any important relation to the very different question of Italy's naval safety on the Adriatic. In particular, the problem was not one of deciding between two claimants on the basis of past support or expected future allegiance or of the special national interests of the parties to the decision. Mr. Gay presents the problem in the conventional terms of the interplay of "foreign policies." Forces that might properly be so described played a part in some of the settlements made at Paris, but the Fiume decision was not one of them.

The disposition to be made of Fiume was, as a matter of fact, a difficult and disturbing problem, honestly faced and honestly examined in the light of all the different factors that might bear upon

the justice of the decision and the welfare of the peoples affected by it. Questions which Mr. Gay does not even hint at were deemed important at Paris. For example: Was it possible to dispose of Fiume apart from the whole urban district (including Susak), in which the Croats are a majority? What were the real desires of the people of Fiume, not as represented by official resolutions obtained in one way and another, but as indicated by investigations, made on the ground? Were the larger affairs of the city and the port in the hands of the Italian residents of Fiume, or was small retail trade, for example, a more characteristic employment of those residents? Was there danger that in Italian hands the interests of the port of Fiume might be subordinated to those of Trieste? Of the various alternative outlets for the Serbo-Croats on the Adriatic was there any one where the construction of a safe harbor, adequate port facilities, and the necessary railway connections was, beyond doubt, practically feasible? Would the interests of Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia in a trade outlet to the Adriatic be better safeguarded if both Trieste and Fiume were in Italian hands or if one of those two competing ports was held by another state? What arrangement would be most likely to attract the capital needed to enlarge and develop the port of Fiume? Did Italy ask for Fiume when the Treaty of London was made, or was this claim an afterthought? Is the physical conformation of Fiume such as to make practicable a solution like that reached for Danzig, by which sovereignty and the actual control of the facilities of the port were separately apportioned?

To offset the flavor of innuendo unavoidable in a list of questions like the foregoing, I hasten to say that I do not assert that every one of these questions was answered in a way unfavorable to Italy's contentions. I say merely that the Fiume decision was a balanced judgment, based on considerations such as those I have listed. The opinion of Italian experts was not, as Mr. Gay intimates, disregarded, and neither were the findings of competent Italian scholars that were published before the Fiume controversy arose.

May I suggest further that the controversy whether Fiume should be viewed as an Italian colony or a Serbo-Croat port, may be explained in some measure by an easily understandable Italian tendency to think of the State in terms of cities, and by the natural tendency of an agricultural people like the Serbo-Croats to think of a city as related to its hinterland?

ALLYN A. YOUNG

Ithaca, New York, September 22

The League of Nations and Siberia

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your issue of the 20th Mr. Jerome Landfield contributes a full-page discussion of the Siberian situation. Now, while I neither agree nor disagree at present with Mr. Landfield's practical conclusion, I still feel justified in protesting most earnestly against his whole treatment of the subject.

Mr. Landfield nowhere mentions or even remotely alludes to the League of Nations. How he has achieved this feat is to me incomprehensible. Surely even in the phase of a mere possibility, the League of Nations plan must vitally affect the Siberian as well as every other international tangle. Your contributor has chosen to ignore the most essential and significant feature of his topic.

If Mr. Landfield will only tell us what the supernational League could do and should do in Siberia, he will have told us something of surpassing interest and thoroughly to the point.

MALCOLM C. BURKE

Montgomery, Alabama, September 23

[To treat the Siberian situation from the standpoint of a future League of Nations would afford opportunity for interesting theoretical speculations. In the light, however, of immediate practical needs, it is putting the cart before the horse. The restoration of the national Russian state is a prerequisite to any effective international organization for peace, and to postpone the settlement of the Russian problem in the hope that a League of Nations can handle it, is both to misjudge the seriousness of the present situation and to attribute to the League un hoped-for powers. While Russia remains in a state of disorganization and a prey of rival interests, there is ever present the danger of a combination that would render powerless and futile the League of Nations planned at Paris.

EDS. THE REVIEW.]

Daylight-Saving Time

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

It would seem that enough and more than enough had been written on the subject of time adjustment, yet I have failed to see anything that seems to take into account all the circumstances that deserve to be considered, especially as the question affects the prairie northwest. It makes a vast difference whether the hour of daylight is added to clocks keeping sun-time, or whether those clocks are already a half hour off from sun-time. To illustrate precisely: We are in longitude 97 degrees and use central time; that is, our clocks are already a half

hour slow; add the hour for daylight saving and we are one hour and a half off from sun-time. The condition becomes more abnormal farther west; at Pierre, still using central time, the longitude is over 100 degrees and the difference between sun-time and daylight-saving time is nearly two hours. Such is the condition throughout the Dakotas east of the river. Now, since the Dakotas lie between 43 and 49 degrees latitude, our measure of sunshine in the long summer days is great and our nights hardly long enough for the sleep that growing children need. With daylight-saving clocks at midsummer it is just twilight at ten o'clock, making bedtime an hour too late. Gardens can still be hoed at that hour and farm chores be attended to without lanterns. I think we are all agreed that for us there is no advantage in daylight saving and there are some serious inconveniences.

I suspect that opinion is the same in all places lying much west of the meridian from which their time is reckoned. Some relief could be secured by breaking the coincidence of the daylight-saving change and the standard time change. All the clocks from Cleveland to Pierre at present are alike, using in the winter approximately the time of Chicago, standard central time; in the summer they are still all alike, but use the time of New York. Now suppose that during the summer months the clocks were made uniform from New York to Chicago, using the time of meridian 82½, approximately that of Cleveland, places between Cleveland and New York undergoing no change, places between Cleveland and Chicago setting their clocks an hour ahead. In like manner, have all places between Chicago and Denver agreed to use the time of the meridian 97½, approximately that of Omaha. The railroads might find some difficulty in determining the points at which changes should be made, but no greater difficulty than was experienced in determining the limits of standard time. It is well, however, to bear in mind that those limits have in some cases, such as the Dakota prairie, not been determined consistently with the convenience of the local public. If the division points between central and mountain time were placed as near the western boundary of Minnesota as possible, our condition would be much improved.

The suggestion that the change in the fall should be made at the end of September instead of the end of October is certainly sensible. With us, from the first of September, the sun begins to rise about seven (daylight-saving time), and thus for two months work begins with artificial light; there is no saving; electricity may as well be used at the end of the day as at the beginning and with a great deal pleasanter feeling to all con-

cerned, for it seems to be human nature to object to getting up before the sun.

The further suggestion that even without the daylight-saving law the benefit of the arrangement can be obtained is doubtless true, but to expect municipalities to take individual action is not in accord with common sense. And unless there were practical unanimity the inconveniences would offset most of the gain. Before the adoption of standard time it was necessary in one city to keep different times in mind and make the necessary reductions. Even after the change many communities still experienced, in a less degree, the same difficulty from the reluctance of the people, especially the rural population, to

adopt the standard time. Even to this day there are communities where one must calculate the difference, if one wishes to take a train or attend church, between sun and standard time. To expect communities of themselves to make a change in harmony with other communities is more than human nature will justify. If a Federal law can not be secured, there must be some concerted action under leadership of a national organization. But Federal law could probably be secured, if painstaking care were exercised in working out details to suit as far as possible varying conditions.

WILLIAM H. POWERS

Brookings, South Dakota, September 18

The Canadian Industrial Conference

THE results of the conference at Ottawa between members of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and representatives of labor and capital will, of course, be interpreted by different men according to their individual points of view. Some, perhaps over-sanguine, will be disappointed because those results were not more tangible and positive. Others may be astonished that the conference did not end prematurely in a free fight between employer and employee. It may be said, however, with some authority that those responsible for the meeting are satisfied that it has brought the warring elements of industry closer together than they ever have been in the past, and this at a time when the possibility of a rapprochement seemed peculiarly remote.

A word or two as to how and why the Canadian Conference was brought about may be timely in view of the approaching conference at Washington. Last spring the Canadian Government appointed a Royal Commission on Industrial Relations. That Commission held public hearings in industrial centres from Victoria to Sydney, and in June last submitted its report embodying a number of important recommendations, which may be very briefly summarized: Fixing of a minimum wage, especially for women, girls, and unskilled labor; a maximum workday of eight hours and a weekly rest of not less than 24 hours; state insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age; proportional representation; the regulation of public works to relieve unemployment; assistance in building workers' homes; establishment of a bureau for promoting industrial councils; restoration of the fullest liberty of speech and of the press consistent with the interests of the community; recognition of the right to organize; payment of a living wage; recognition of collective bargaining; extension of equal opportuni-

ties in education. It will be seen that some of these recommendations are much more contentious than others, and it must be said at once that while five of the seven commissioners signed the report, two put in a minority report giving only a guarded approval to some of the recommendations, and one of the five thought it necessary to explain his views in a supplementary report.

As the carrying out of some of the recommendations involved legislation by the provincial legislatures rather than the Dominion Parliament, and the success of practically all of them depended upon the attitude of capital and labor, the Commission suggested that a conference should be held of representatives of the Provincial Governments and those of capital and labor, for the purpose of considering the whole question and, if possible, arriving at a unanimous decision. In adopting this suggestion, the Dominion Government broadened both the personnel and the programme of the conference. It also very carefully avoided any future suggestion that the delegates were hand-picked. Acting through such national bodies as the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada—the latter corresponding to the American Federation of Labor—the Government invited all the recognized organizations of employers and employees to send delegates to the conference. These formed two of the three groups into which the conference was divided. The third, designed as far as practicable to represent the remainder of the people—that long-suffering middle class trampled on impartially by both capital and labor—included delegates from the Union of Canadian Municipalities, the Great War Veterans Association, the Engineering Institute of Canada, the Canadian Mining Institute, the Canadian Reconstruction Association, members of the Labor Sub-Committee which

acts in an advisory capacity to the Cabinet, members of the Royal Commission on Industrial Relations, representatives of various Federal and Provincial departments, etc. The farming community was not directly represented, because it would have been hopelessly one-sided, farm labor being unorganized, but indirectly it was represented by delegates from the Federal and Provincial departments of Agriculture. A fourth group embracing members of the Dominion Government, the Leader of the Opposition, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, and members of all the Provincial Governments, took part in the discussions, but not in the committee work.

Much of the success of the conference was due to the careful preparatory work of the Chairman and the Secretary, Hon. Gideon Robertson, Federal Minister of Labor, and Gerald Brown, Secretary of the Reconstruction and Development Committee of the cabinet. Acting throughout in coöperation with a joint committee of employers and workmen, they compiled and had printed in advance for the use of the delegates a pamphlet containing information as to the various items of the proposed agenda, the text of the labor features of the Treaty of Peace, statistics of industrial disputes in Canada, legislation as to industrial disputes, hours of labor, and minimum wage in Canada and other countries. In addition to this general information, data of a more detailed character, on each of the subjects brought before the conference, were prepared and distributed to the delegates during the sessions. While everything was done in this way to supply the material for intelligent discussion, the committee as carefully avoided the preparation of resolutions beforehand, or any of the other familiar expedients designed to lead public meetings in the way that they should go.

The procedure of the conference was simple, and apparently worked very smoothly. All questions introduced were discussed for a limited period and then referred to one of nine committees, each consisting of three representatives of the employers, three of the employees, and two of what was known as Group 3, the latter to have fullest right of discussion but no voting power, as the conference was primarily one of capital and labor. The committees reported back to the conference, and the question was again debated, and, if possible, crystallized in a resolution. The conference met during the day, and the committees at night, an arrangement which made it possible to dispose of the many important questions on the agenda in six days, although in one case at least it involved an all-night sitting.

One who followed the discussion in the conference could not fail to notice

the very remarkable change in the mutual attitude of capital and labor as the days went by. At the beginning there was a sharply drawn difference of opinion between the representatives of capital and labor on nearly all questions, and a certain atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. The frank exchange of views, however, by men, and also by women, who showed themselves not only remarkably familiar with the questions they discussed, but also sincere, fearless, and in the main fair-minded, inevitably brought the two sides within measurable distance of a mutual understanding. And while it would be idle to say that the conference has broken down the wall between capital and labor, it has unquestionably made wide breaches, and probably paved the way to a basis of coöperation that will be fair and equitable to both sides, and perhaps even to the large intermediate group.

It must suffice here to note that the committees and the conference reached unanimous conclusions on the following points: recommending the establishment of joint industrial councils, but without endorsing any set plan, and the creation of a Federal bureau to gather data and furnish information and assistance; recommending the appointment of a Federal board to enquire into the subjects of state insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age, and widows' pensions; recommending the adoption of minimum wage laws for women and children in provinces that have not yet enacted such legislation (five have already taken action), the adoption of a uniform law and method of application throughout the Dominion, the minimum to be determined from time to time with due regard to local living conditions, and the appointment of a royal commission to investigate wages of unskilled workers; commending the action of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in their united efforts to improve housing conditions; and welcoming the declaration of the Prime Minister that a Speaker's Conference would be called to investigate the merits of proportional representation; urging the Governments of the Provinces to establish compulsory education for full time at least up to and including the fourteenth year, and for part time in cities and towns for the two ensuing years, and that education in all grades should be made free (these provisions already in force in most of the provinces); recommending adequate provision, by public works or otherwise, by Federal, Provincial, and municipal governments, to avert serious unemployment during the ensuing eight months, and commending the policy agreed upon by the Provinces of centralization of labor supply and demand in one agency;

recommending the appointment of a board composed of representatives of the Federal and Provincial Governments, of the employers and the employees, to bring about uniformity in the Provincial laws relating to industrial labor. On some of the more contentious questions—hours of labor, employees' right to organize, recognition of labor unions, and collective bargaining, the committees were not unanimous, but it may fairly be said that the representatives of employers and employees were not very far apart in principle, and that a common basis of agreement is now within measurable distance. The session closed with two notable addresses by representative bankers, who sounded a warning to both employers and employees that they must get together and speed up production, or both they and their country would come to grief.

L. J. B.

Ottawa, Canada.

Book Reviews

A Good Intent Gone Wrong

CARNEGIE PENSIONS. By J. McKeen Cattell. With extracts from letters from two hundred and fourteen college and university professors, and an article on the History of the Carnegie Foundation, by Joseph Jastrow, and the reports of the Committee on Pensions and Insurance of the American Association of University Professors. New York: The Science Press.

PROFESSOR Cattell takes up in this volume the history of perhaps the only serious disappointment among the benevolent enterprises of one of the greatest benefactors of modern times. The announcement that Mr. Carnegie had given ten million dollars to establish a foundation for the advancement of teaching, through a system of retiring pensions for college teachers, seemed at first to herald a distinct advance in the comfort, dignity, and safety of the teaching profession. It was felt that a better spirit and a higher measure of success would thus be put into the work. If the plan had developed as intended by the donor, showing the results that he and so many others so confidently anticipated, it would have met no serious setback in the final discovery that ten million dollars was only a fraction of the money which would be required to bring all worthy institutions within its scope and carry it to permanent success.

But troublesome questions began to arise almost immediately. Mr. Carnegie had not wished to include "sectarian" colleges in his benefaction. It was, and remains, the belief of most men connected with "denominational" colleges that this exclusion grew out of a mis-

taken idea as to the real nature of the management and teaching in such colleges. But with the donor's right to make the limitation admitted, the trustees never succeeded in drawing the line in a way which met with general approval. Certain colleges became "non-sectarian" by slight changes in their charters and by-laws which did not in any essential particular alter their educational practice, but did subject them to more or less criticism from patrons who felt that they were in some degree forsaking connection with the body of men to whom they owed their existence and endowments. Others which refused to make any change, and thus denied themselves the expected benefits of the endowment, though not a whit more sectarian than the denominational schools which had complied, were criticised by certain elements in their constituency as unduly narrow. It was not a pleasant situation for either the colleges or the trustees of the Foundation, and in the insurance work to which the Foundation has finally turned its attention, the attempt to distinguish between sectarian and non-sectarian has faded away. This feature, however, Mr. Cattell's book does not treat. We have mentioned it only as an element which may, even if only as a subconscious influence, have had something to do with the fact that it was finally determined to turn the work of the Foundation into a new direction rather than raise the necessary funds to carry it through in accord with Mr. Carnegie's original plan.

Again, a doubt arose in many minds, almost from the start, whether the plan was fundamentally sound, as a means for "the advancement of teaching" in our colleges. A certain proportion felt that the receiving of a pension, except perhaps in case of disability arising from accident rather than age, would detract from the self-respect of the recipient, and the respect in which he was held by others—that it would come to be regarded as a badge of pauperism rather than of honor. This is a point wholly beyond the power of argument to decide. A larger number have felt that the one right way to provide for the old age of the college teacher is to put his salary on a basis more nearly commensurate with the real value of his services, so that he may have no less opportunity to provide in advance for his old age than that enjoyed by men of equal ability, character, and training in other callings; and leave provision by pension merely to teachers who through some misfortune break down at too early a period to have made their own provision. And each college should have fixed upon it by public sentiment, if not by spontaneous right feeling, the moral obligation to take

care of all cases of this type. But it has been thought that a general retiring pension fund, supplied by outside philanthropy, tends against the due appreciation of the necessity of a heavy increase in all college salaries. Trustees and donors naturally regard the pension as the equivalent of an increase in salary, and let the matter rest there. In the meantime, the professor to whom that increase will come only after a long series of years, and when his regular salary shall have ceased, has to meet the always increasing cost of living. It is no wonder, then, that the younger men, all along, have been ready to say, "Throw away your pension system that will normally not help me for years to come and give me now a salary on which I can live in reasonable comfort, spend enough on books, travel, etc., to enable me to do my real duty to the college, and lay by a reasonable sum for my own old age, or for those who may be dependent upon me." There can be no question but that this position, when fairly put, is much more convincing than anything which can be said for a pension system. The question which many would regard as the more debatable is, whether the pension plan as things now are really stands seriously in the way of reaching a proper salary basis.

But even that question has lost its immediate importance through the fact that the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation have abandoned the pension system, except for the carrying out of definite engagements made before the change was decided upon. In Mr. Cattell's opinion (in agreement, it must be said, with that of many others) they have not properly drawn the line in determining what they will regard as definite engagements already made. We do not choose, however, to go into a discussion of that matter here, or to thresh out the question whether the trustees have done an injustice in expressing the opinion that many college professors have been unduly ready to avail themselves of the pension privilege at the earliest possible moment. It is the opinion of the author of the book that the trustees have sought to create that impression as one means of bolstering up their determination to change from the pension plan to that of providing insurance and annuities. But we doubt whether a discussion of motives in that connection would interest college teachers and the public generally quite as deeply as it seems to interest the author. The larger number are concerned rather with the merit or demerit of the new proposal. Is, or is not, the proposed system of insurance policies and annuities a thing to commend itself to the good judgment of the college world?

The judgments expressed in this

volume are almost wholly against it. It must be said, however, that these judgments are based partly on an original feature from which the Carnegie board has now receded, largely because of the criticisms of the men whose views the volume expresses. The objectionable feature in question was that the taking of policies was to be obligatory on all members of the faculties of participating colleges, except those in service before the plan was adopted. The unwisdom of this requirement should have been clear to the Carnegie managers from the start, and the fact that it was not seen by them helps to increase the growing presumption that neither the Carnegie board nor any such exterior board can wisely attempt to interfere with the internal policies of educational institutions, as a condition of doing them some service. To kill the genuine independence of such institutions with the hand of kindness is about the greatest unkindness which could be done to them. The standardizing hand is all right within its proper limits; but when it is laid upon the things of the mind (and education has hardly as yet ceased to be a thing of the mind), it is wholly outside its legitimate province. Let us not forget that the land where standardization has had its way more completely than in any other lies to-day in a heap of moral and political ruin.

The naturally vigorous resistance to the now abandoned obligatory requirement may have led to a frame of mind a little too sensitive to other objections. But there are others, as to the weight of which men will differ. It has been shown, we think conclusively, that the cost of the insurance which is offered by the Carnegie authorities differs so little from that of existing sound insurance companies that the Carnegie system can hardly be considered as a "benefaction" at all, and that therefore Mr. Carnegie's laudable desire to do a really important service to the cause of education has been allowed wholly to miscarry. It is also claimed, by Mr. Cattell and many others whose views are recorded in this volume, that the glaring miscalculations which have been made in the past by the Carnegie managers in connection with the pension system give little promise that they have the special qualifications necessary to the safe management of a great insurance company. Here again, we enter a field where proof is impossible, one way or the other. But the mere fact that it is impossible will, of course, deter many from taking the Carnegie policies.

As to the book itself, it would be pleasanter reading if Mr. Cattell were capable of controlling his unremittent and exasperating spirit of belligerency. Belligerency for its own sake grows exceedingly tiresome to most well-balanced

minds. This criticism does not apply to the part of the book written by Professor Jastrow, or to the two reports signed by Professors Arthur O. Lovejoy and Harlan F. Stone, of the American Association of College Professors. And the more reasonable tone of these portions gives to their strictures the greater weight. Naturally, this material had already appeared, at different times covering a period of several years, and had accomplished at least a part of its purpose in influencing the Carnegie board to change certain features of its plan. American college life, however, is not through with its dealing with such external agencies as the Carnegie Foundation, and it is well that this record of certain pretty serious mistakes should be preserved and studied, if our higher education is to get the great benefit intended by such benefactions without suffering the harm which is always possible from errors of judgment or purpose in the human agencies established for their administration.

Yarns, Medium Size

YELLOW MEN SLEEP. By Jeremy Lane. New York: The Century Company.

SORCERY. By Francis Charles MacDonald. New York: The Century Company.

THE SIAMESE CAT. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: Duffield and Company.

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

TO its disadvantage, "Yellow Men Sleep" is the bulkiest of these tales of exotic adventure. A yarn loses by every page it is strung out beyond its natural proportions. Its best effect hangs on the utmost economy and compression. It has to beware not only of dull moments but of the minute slackenings which give threat of dullness. The author of "Yellow Men Sleep" seems to have chosen Will Levington Comfort as his model. He inscribes this book to that romantic author, mentions him in the text, calls his hero Levington, and spins a yarn according to the master's recipe. Con Levington is son of a wanderer who has picturesquely disposed of himself with drink and "dope," out of grief for his dead wife. The process has taken many years, in course of which Con has grown to boyhood. He associates the memory of his father with a strange odor, spicy and heady, that has hung about him in his later years. That smell you might call the villain of the piece. It belongs to a heavy, oblivion-bringing drug, produced only in a hidden kingdom of the Chinese deserts. To destroy this traffic in *koresh*, the "soul-dark," the kingdom must be found; and our friend Levington is the predestined lad for the job. Fortunately the kingdom is so hard to find that its

only human link with the world has to carry a map. This is Chee Ming, Vizier and sole koresh-distributor for the secret realm. We steal his map, we beat him to the kingdom, we rescue the princess (an American kidnapped in infancy), we take, as it were, the cake. We are a trifle elaborate and long-winded about it. We make phrases when we ought to be getting on. The tale begins with "a quiet urge in her veins," and "a gray-feathered night in spring," and when at the last the lovers approach each other for the kiss-curtain, "she was magic upon him; his voice was dry in a mutiny of nerves." As in the work of W. L. Comfort, there is something both hectic and mincing here, both acrid and syrupy—a smell, above all, but what of?

Our other yarns are swifter, less musky-flavored, more masculine. "Sorcery," for all its central motive, is less a tale of Hawaiian magic than of East and West trying conclusions, and less that than a brisk fable of adventure. The author is vastly sophisticated; as knowing (in a later manner) as the young Kipling was. Undergraduates should adore his form, and we suspect his own undergraduate days are not long past. In his opening pages he nearly persuades himself and us that he is concerned with character-study, "psychological" reactions, and so on, working towards a tropical tragedy of some weight. And there is no change in his manner when, very shortly, we find ourselves racing through the doorways and tumbling down the staircases of romantic farce. Nor, unhappily, does he let up on the man-of-the-worldly accent even during the preposterous episode which wrecks the joyousness of our adventure—brutal as well as farce because it is too preposterous—that episode which sees our enlightened Americans torturing to death with hot irons an old Kanaka in order to get a confession out of him. A group of fairly representative White Men engaged in torturing an old native to death with hot irons can not be made an amusing episode of polite comedy or even farce. It is altogether out of order. It violates the code of the White Man, as Kipling taught it to us—of the creature who might be a mischievous boy and an overbearing master, but could never pass the bounds dividing the sad dog from the cur, far less the bounds dividing the West from the East, the White Man from the Black. But, worse for our purpose, it also violates the crudest sense of artistic decorum. On the whole, "Sorcery" leaves us with the feeling of having been let in for a not altogether savory confection which might have been slyly concocted by Edith Wharton, Jack London, and Henry Miller Rideout.

Not that Mr. Rideout, for one, would have taken a hand. For he has a well-

nigh unerring sense of the decorum of the yarn. Improbabilities are his stock in trade, but only as they stop short of the preposterous. There are fishy episodes and coincidences in "The Siamese Cat"—if you look for them. But you are unlikely to have time or inclination to look for them: too much is "doing" and you can't afford to be left behind. In this tale, also, the action concerns a few Americans in the Far East. There is a youth some time exiled, in the name of commerce, "a solitary white man lost in the flux and flow of the yellow myriads." A chance glimpse of a pretty patriot compatriot on a holiday in Japan sets him dreaming. In due course they meet (in China) and queer things begin to happen, involving a sacred cat, a stolen ruby, and other gratifying matters of that romantic order. Of course the cat and the ruby, however elusive, are not lost, and the little comedy ends as such journeys should. The plot, you may say, is slight and artificial enough. What makes it "go" is largely the easy charm of Mr. Rideout's style, which never strains and is never common. Nobody else now writing this special kind of thing writes with equal grace and ease and vigor:

The cat, sitting beside Owen's feet, blinked sagely at the night-lamp with goblin eyes of changing fire. He yawned hungrily, jingled his silver bells, then in slow revolution trod out a lair and curled down to sleep. Owen lay wakeful; or, dozing wearily, started at every flutter of bats without, every stir of geckoes on his chamber wall. But the pink mists of dawn glimmered at last through his doors: nothing had happened.

"All the Brothers Were Valiant" is a yarn of "red blood" which the publishers naturally compare with the sea-tales of Jack London. The picture on the jacket of the pair of hulking brutes assaulting each other with harpoon and handspike gives gory promise, not to be unfulfilled. Here are tempest, mutiny, and sudden death. Here are brothers at odds, a woman between them to battle for. Here, even, is a hidden treasure to turn men's hearts against each other. Yet the tale as a whole is quite different from what London would have made it. He was the romancer of brute force; he would have had Mark Shore win, by dint of his thews and inches and ruthless heart. But Mark Shore's heart is not ruthless: in the end it yields to the right, as his body has yielded to the fist, of his younger brother Joel. And it is Joel, who loathes force, and loves decency of life not less than his Priss, who survives to carry on the brave tradition of the House of Shore. Finally, the love-element or "heart-interest" of the story is sound romantic stuff, instead of the perfunctory commodity London produced to order. The style of this narrative, also, is worth making note of, for

its simplicity and solidity and, as it were, its fine dull finish. The yarn has always been a form worth the highest pains, and a fresh devotion to it on the part of responsible writers is a good sign for any literary generation.

H. W. BOYNTON

Lest We Forget

HELPING FRANCE. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

NOWHERE in post-war books has the appeal of France to the world been given with a surer sense of reality than in this little book. The author was a member of the Smith College Unit in France, the first to be sent to France by a woman's college. It worked as a part of the French Service de Santé, until transferred to our own Red Cross early in 1918. The unit of sixteen members had charge of a district in the Somme of thirty-six square miles embracing sixteen villages. Its duties included the supply to the inhabitants of the first necessities of life—clothing, beds, stoves, milk, and livestock. The unit devoted itself particularly to the care of the children of the district; doctors and nurses made weekly rounds of the districts, holding dispensaries and visiting sick children in their homes. Classes in sewing and carpentry were opened and a children's hospital was established at Nesle. It is characteristic of the German treatment of the districts they abandoned in the spring of 1917 that the old hospital of the Sisters of Charity in that town had been stripped bare by them before their retreat. The one remaining civilian doctor had "literally no instruments, no drugs, and no means of conveyance." During the terrible days of the German drive in 1918, the unit actually took charge of a military hospital at Beauvais. Miss Gaines, then, is writing of a work in which she herself took part.

Of the systematic and thorough nature of the devastation we get repeated record in Miss Gaines's book. It is written for the most part in an impersonal tone. It is largely, perhaps even too much for the casual reader's interest, concerned with organization and interrelation of the various bodies concerned in the work of relief. But no one can have lived through the author's experience without having something to tell at first hand of the ruin the Germans wrought in the regions they occupied. From the beginning they proceeded on the plan of systematically wrecking whatever fell into their hands. "We are not making war solely against the French army," a German officer told the Mayor of Noyon in 1914, when that official protested against the violations of the Hague convention, "we are making it against the

whole of France; our aim is to weaken it, to ruin it by every means possible. If we spare ever so little of the civil population of the war, and do not compel them to undergo all its consequences, it is because we are not barbarians; such are methods of war. The harder they are, the more inexorable, the shorter will be the war."

The devastated area extended over something like six thousand square miles, inhabited by two million people, the most thickly populated, most fertile, and most highly developed industrial part of France. Something like a quarter of this region was reclaimed in 1917, only to be again submerged in the flood of the German drive in the spring of the following year. At the time of the German retreat in 1917, skilled mechanics wrecked all agricultural machinery by removing the same essential part from every machine; expert foresters girdled the fruit-trees, trained chemists poisoned the wells. The harvests of 1914-15-16 were seized by the Germans. In 1917 there was no cultivation whatever, the futile attempt to resume work in 1918 was completely wrecked, and as late as January, 1919, only ten acres of the 750 of arable land had been sown for this year. It is estimated that it will take five years to restore the land to its pre-war cultivation, and that two-fifths of it is unusable for the present, because of trenches, fragments of shells, and unexploded projectiles.

It was into such districts that the Red Cross section for civilian relief came with its warehouses, its trucks crammed with supplies for distribution, its doctors and nurses.

The Red Cross combined with a host of societies, French, English, and American, which were engaged in assisting the refugees and rebuilding the ruins, opened its stores to them, used them whenever possible as a means of distribution, and took their place in districts which till then had lacked a helping hand. It coöperated in every way with the efforts of the French Government and worked in harmony with the French officials. But the work of the Red Cross did not end with the armistice; in fact, the ending of hostilities only opened new fields. The vast region abandoned by the Germans in the last months of the war was in pitiable condition. In the Département du Nord alone it was necessary to provide at once the means of life for over a million persons, a number increased daily by thousands of returning exiles. The situation called for prompt and energetic action. Working under the direction of the French Government, the Red Cross now devoted itself to emergency relief. It established six huge warehouses in northern France into which it poured the stores no longer needed for its serv-

ice with the army; it organized a transport service to take the place of the ruined railroads and tramways in the devastated region, and drew on the accumulated stores of the Belgian Relief Commission in exchange for other necessities. The Children's Bureau of the Red Cross devoted itself with special zeal to the care of children in the liberated towns, stunted and weakened by four years of insufficient food, and established a chain of school canteens where it was possible for them to get at least one hearty meal a day. The task is not yet accomplished. It will be long years before the ruin the Germans left behind them is rebuilt, but every day sees some part of the task performed, and every day deepens the hold which the Red Cross of America has on the affections of the people of France. It was no spirit of boasting, but a true consciousness of work well done that led a director of the Red Cross to reply, when asked what monument the organization would leave behind as a memorial, "Our aim has been to help France in their own way, our monument will be in their hearts."

Orthodox Recent History

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

WHERE does history leave off and journalistic narrative begin? This has been a moot question ever since French scholars over a generation ago pointed the way to a conception of history based on the scientific evaluation of the evidence afforded by documentary materials. From this point of view it is evident that a prerequisite for the writing of history is the release from the seal of secrecy of the archives and diplomatic correspondence of the nations concerned. Naturally such indispensable documents are not available until the danger of embarrassing contemporary political relations is past.

Manifestly, therefore, an attempt to tell the story of the last fifty years can not be regarded as serious history. But this does not mean that such a narrative must be classed as journalistic. A solid background of history of the preceding period makes possible an *ad interim* account, subject to some corrections as additional primary material becomes accessible, but on the whole sound and dependable. Looked at from this point of view, Professor Hazen has rendered a real service. He has set forth in readable form a well-balanced account of the development of international relations and of political changes since 1870. Professor Hazen's interpretation of these political movements is essentially orthodox, and one looks in vain for any attempt to place them be-

fore us in a new light. Not that novelities are necessarily desirable or that we should welcome the upsetting of cherished theories or prejudices, but one naturally expects that as additional material becomes available, it will place a new aspect on many of the accepted accounts from which we have been all too ready to draw general conclusions.

From the economic interpretation of history, a hobby which some of our sophomoric historical and political writers have ridden nearly to death, Professor Hazen steers clear. While this is restful to the complacent soul, it is by no means an unmixed benefit. An overdose of economic interpretation is fatal to any historical work, but to treat the recent development of the British Empire, the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, the rise of the Balkan States, or the Russo-Japanese war, without placing the economic factors in their proper perspective, is to detract somewhat from the value of the volume as a whole.

On the other hand, the author has shown an admirable fairness and freedom from bias. In arrangement and proportion his narrative is excellent. The general reader will find it a handy book of reference with an amazing amount of information compressed within its 400 pages. The author has no pet theories to set forth or prejudices to exploit, and what his book lacks in freshness and novelty it makes up in balance and freedom from partisanship. For the benefit of those who will use this book as a manual, we may venture the suggestion that in a later edition Professor Hazen include a bibliography that will guide the general reader in his selection of authoritative supplementary material and aid him in avoiding, in the overwhelming mass of recent publications, that which is ephemeral and unworthy of credence.

The Run of the Shelves

IT may be possible to quarrel with Theodore Roosevelt, but it is impossible to avoid a fondness for the author of "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children (Charles Scribner's Sons). Perhaps the fondness may not suffice to conquer stubborn disapprovals or ingrained dislikes, but the fondness itself is likewise unconquerable, and the lion and the lamb must lie down together henceforth in one's estimate of the many-sided President. The letters deal with matters of fact set down in the most straightforward and unhesitating manner. Affection scallops their edges in openings like "Darling Little Ethel" and "Blessed Archikins," or globes itself into pellets of sugar-like hardness and sweetness, such as "I loved your little letter." Of course the letters

have not the bad taste to be exceptional. When Skip, the dog, is described as "bathing himself in the companionship of the only one of his family he has left," the reader marks the phrase as the one adventure of its kind in a plain-spoken, crisp, and energetic book. The topics are mainly animals and sports. The parents are half children, and the girls are half boys, and the children are half animals, and the animals are half-human. The life reminds us of some primitive elder day, of the fraternity of man and child, of man and beast, in some caravanserai of "Ben-Hur," some court-yard of Homeric Ithaca.

The man whom some thought an autocrat in democratic America seems to have been truly democratic in that dictatorship to which he was called by fatherhood. His paternity is not wholly unlike the parenthood of animals—it is so quiet, so assured, so undespotic, and so unpretending. Here is no chasm to be bridged, no presidency for the children to surmount; the level on which the father met the sons and daughters was a part of his nature as really as it was the whole of theirs. Advice is forthcoming, but not forthrushing. When Ted (now Colonel Theodore Roosevelt) is balancing the claims of the professions, the father writes to the son with priceless good sense, but without any eagerness or pride in counsel, rather with a deference to the boy himself, which is possibly a phase of the good sense. When there are no dogs or horses or rabbits or badgers or lynxes or cougars to write about, he sometimes writes to Kermit about Dickens. He is very fond of Dickens, not minding the detail that "Dickens was an ill-natured, selfish cad and boor, who had no understanding of what the word gentleman meant" (page 220). That fondness need not prove a bar to diatribe is a discovery very consoling to former foes who are beginning to be fond of Mr. Roosevelt. As for Dickens, one who remembers Betsey Trotwood's nine words of counsel to her departing nephew: "Never be mean; never be false; never be cruel," will think twice before denying gentleness to the parent of their parent.

Sometimes the contact of inequalities in these letters is curiously and amusingly reflective of the neighborhood of diversities in the man's life. On page 132, in a letter to Kermit, he is expansive on Mrs. Roosevelt's approval of the chicken which he fried in camp; on the next page, in the same letter, he is pacifying Russia and Japan. After chickens, one has time for empires. He is reasonably modest about his world-famed Russo-Japanese achievement, but elation peeps out in his record of the cookery. A wife's praise of his fried chicken is a test through which no man's humility can pass unscathed. The allu-

sions to Mrs. Roosevelt, who appears, sometimes as Edith, much oftener as Mother, are always proud and fond. Her good looks appear to have been a family treasure to which the housebreaker, Old Age, must never filch the key.

In that war of opinion which fairly dwarfed that of the battlefields, cartoons played almost as important a part as the printed word. Our Government found it worth while to prompt the draughtsmen for the daily press through a Bureau of Cartoons. The director, George J. Hecht, now brings together a hundred of the more effective designs under the title, "The War in Cartoons" (Dutton). Cesare, of the *New York Evening Post*, is most fully represented, and for imaginative power well deserves his prominence. Kirby, of the *World*, touches certain moods of pathos with a distinction quite his own. The incomparably just and genial Briggs, of the *Tribune*, has only one sketch, concerning reconstruction. He merits a fuller representation. Ding, Sykes, Gibson, Flagg, McCutcheon may be signalized among other notable contributors. The album suffers somewhat from incoherence. Cartoons are made to be seen separately. Probably a better selection could have been made from pre-war caricature and cartoon. Much earlier than the country at large, the artists from the press grasped the horror of German aggression and the shame of our neutrality. It was not rare to find papers neutral in the editorial column while the cartoonist expressed a fine indignation against the words and deeds of the Hun. The cartoonists helped loyally in the war, they helped more to make the sentiment that brought the war home to us as our concern, and they did this without the aid of Mr. Creel's artistic advisers. It will awaken a thrill to relive the war with the present volume in hand, but the definitive record of the service of our cartoonists still remains to be made.

Few words are needed about Raemaekers' "Cartoon History of the War," the third volume of which now appears in the Century Company's popular edition. The period is that immediately preceding America's intervention. With his strong and sensitive imagination Raemaekers has made visible the verdict of all civilization. It is a terrible judgment, for it meets the German on his own chosen ground of *Kultur*. It shows *Deutschthum* in action, and withal the spiritual forces it evoked to its own undoing. Perhaps the severest retribution Germany has incurred is the permanency of this record. Every German will shrink from a Raemaekers album long after the world shall have learned not to shrink from a German.

Drama

Mark Reed and Eugene
Walter

MR. MARK REED, said to be a nestling or nursling of the Harvard dramatic course, is the author of "She Would and She Did," Miss Grace George's vehicle at the Vanderbilt. The play is a regular three-act comedy, and its theme is the suspension of a young woman from a golf club for two months in expiation of misconduct. Let no one suppose that Mr. Reed is making quiet appeals to select people; his end is the common person's common pleasure, and in his skillful hands this straitened theme becomes roomy and populous. Incident is fertile and movement swift. The courage of this beginner, who is hardly a neophyte, is conspicuous in another point. The subject naturally bristles with legalities and technicalities, meetings, motions, petitions, minutes, which the instinct of the reactionary dramatist would shirk or slur. Mr. Reed meets this adverse material in a hand-to-hand conflict in which its defeat is manifest. No golf-links is exhibited in his play, and the satire is implicit, not overt. Other mockers of sport show its worshipers making fools of themselves by speech and action in its behalf. Mr. Reed's satire, sensible everywhere but tangible nowhere, lies in the irony of the placid assumption on everybody's part that golf is one of the conceded magnitudes of life on which it would be as silly to rhapsodize as to be dithyrambic about food and clothes.

All these things interest me sincerely in Mr. Reed. His work is mechanism, but he is an original mechanic. If dramatic art among us were creative, if it gave us new substance, we could dispense with new themes and new methods; renovation, not innovation, would be our avenue to force. But in the absence of the creative faculty, the untried in the form of theme or method becomes indispensable. The minute is one section of the untried, and Mr. Reed is to be thanked for the revelation of its possibilities.

Miss George borrows youth from Frances Nesmith and lends her buoyancy, versatility, and dash. The part is one of sallies, retreats, and resiliences, and is acted with a glancing vibrancy which finds an appropriate symbol in the flutter of plumes and play of tassels in the costume worn by Miss George in Act II. Criticism—if pleasure and thankfulness could be critical—might possibly suggest that the final impression on the mind is little more than a memory of sweeps and flashes. Perhaps this is Mr. Reed's fault; perhaps he left

no option to Miss George except to act as convoy to a flotilla of moods. I think he *did* blunder in giving his Frances Nesmith so much chicane with so little finesse; finesse is the dramatic justification of chicane. When Molière in "L'Etourdi" wanted to depict the partnership of fraud and precipitation, he made the partners two persons; Mr. Reed, outdaring Molière, embodies both in one individual. A chasm results, and Miss George has not succeeded in closing the gap, though she delights us by the agility with which she leaps from side to side.

The other parts were generally well taken. It was a notable and creditable fact that the portrayal of an entire social class by the entire company was better than the work of any single player, if we leave Miss George out of the count. In the committee scene in Act II, the ensemble reached a distinction to which all the players contributed and to which none of them, individually, attained.

For Mr. Eugene Walter I have a slightly shamefaced kindness. "The Easiest Way" left its notch in my memory, and I never lose a chance of seeing "Paid in Full." My motives in this regularity may not redound to my own honor or Mr. Walter's, but it is only just to add, in defense of myself and in praise of him, that the same lures in other hands have been far less successful in controlling my movements. In the "Challenge" (Selwyn Theatre) we are far indeed from the succinct force, the almost cube-like compactness, of "Paid in Full." As a play, a story, an argument, as any sort of entity to which the article, definite or indefinite, could reasonably be prefixed, the "Challenge," for all its vaulting title, is defenseless. It is a loitering and rambling play, of meagre content and half-apposite situation which hardly begins till it is half over, and which dies upon a kiss in a trailing epilogue. The real characters are three: the young girl, who does nothing; her millionaire brother, who bribes a governor; and her radical lover, who elects the governor, renounces the girl, and is ejected by his infuriated party on the baseless charge of complicity in the bribe. That is about all. This scant material is spread out into six acts, which contract into three in the skillful tabulations of the programme. Six acts are admissible in fact, but intolerable in theory. Many people will take food five times between sunrise and sunset who would be shocked at the proposition of five meals a day.

The design of the play, then, is naught, but the very looseness of its fabric has favored the insertion of certain pictures of manners and conduct which, in their independence as pictures, have an evident value. These are the so-called first act, in which wealth, for once, smells less of greenbacks than of the morocco

and mahogany in which its genial tolerance is framed; the newspaper scene, forced into the piece by a ramrod, but stimulating in its irrelevance; and the conglomerate of types in the radical-committee scene in which the spectacle is so much more eloquent than the uproar. There is a realist in Mr. Walter, who sometimes obtains a half-holiday from the sensationist in whose factory he works.

The word "factory" reminds me that this play is a discussion of the labor movement. One fact is remarkable. On views, measures, policies, on the "isms" of the subject, Mr. Walter has simply nothing to say. He deals with men. Bad men can not do good things, and he means to show by report and picture that the men who marshal the laborers are venal and brutal. Now it is hard for a *drama* to convict a *class*. It is hard in practice for the very reason that makes it seem easy, to wit, that every large class of men includes members who are recreant to its principles. Men, for instance, are often *inhuman*. The proof, accordingly, requires an accumulation of instances to which the concentration of drama is opposed. Mr. Walter's confession of this fact is implied in a strange inconsistency which he has allowed to drift into his play. He feels that the class of labor leaders is condemned in the conduct of the bribe-taking governor, but not for a moment does he feel that the class of capitalists is condemned in the conduct of the bribe-giving millionaire. The crimes of our enemies are always typical. The millionaire, on the other hand, remains so agreeable to Mr. Walter that he is even intrusted with the enunciation of the concluding moral, which may be paraphrased as follows: Eat your bread-and-cheese between kisses, and leave the cure of the world to time. That Doctor Time sometimes carries specifics, or at least narcotics, in his wallet no one will deny; but he drives a slow nag, and his fees are sometimes ruinous.

The performance was creditable. It was physically too loud; its lungs were sometimes more audible than its heart. Mr. Holbrook Blinn as Harry Winthrop exhibited an easy and affluent charm. I thought the silk hat an indiscretion. A silk hat suggests gloss over hollowness, and that is precisely the association that is perilous for the courtly millionaires. Miss Jessie Glendenning's* powers were tested only in the first act; they met the test with delicate discretion. Mr. Allan Dinehart as actor, like his feigned self, Richard Putnam, as reformer, rather struggles than decisively achieves; but the gallantry of the fight in both arenas leaves the beholder touched and sympathetic.

O. W. FIRKINS

*Miss Louise Dyer has taken over the part.

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Crime

INTERNATIONAL politics and industrial troubles seem to be tied for first place in the news. Next comes the ugly outburst of crime, the raids upon banks and bank-messengers, the robbery and embezzlement, which have so unpleasantly forced themselves upon public attention.

That section of any large library which is devoted to criminology always stirs my sense of the incongruous, not to say of the ridiculous. Compared with other parts of the library it is like the mixed crowd of passengers who might be found in a life-boat after an ocean disaster, as contrasted with the orderly and respectable gathering in the first cabin the night before. Fundamentally, of course, the causes which lead to the collection of books on crime are melancholy, but the results are strangely varied. Side by side upon the shelves may stand the gravest scientific treatise and a lurid work, differing little from a dime novel in appearance and contents. For the writings of fifty to seventy years ago—often the only guide to the thought of that period—were usually sanctimonious to the last degree, with a frontispiece symbolizing the fruits of virtue and of evil, honored old age or the gallows, or else they were vulgarly sensational. So, for the most part, one must come to the books of the past thirty years to read the conclusions of the men and women who have tried to avoid both sentimentality and harshness in studying the causes and treatment of crime.

Burdette G. Lewis's "The Offender and his Relations to Law and Society" (Harpers, 1917) is a good work for American readers, treating, in one medium-sized volume, crime and its punishment in the United States. "Criminology," by Maurice F. Parmelee (Macmillan, 1918), is of convenient size, comprehensive, with references to further reading. Professional students of criminology find



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Deadham Hard: A Romance

By Lucas Malet

Author of "Sir Richard Calmady," etc.

This talented author (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley) may always be counted upon to give her readers an intellectual treat. Her new story will not prove disappointing to her many admirers. It is a splendid example of what a well-constructed novel should be.

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Maeterlinck's Dogs

By Georgette Le Blanc-Maeterlinck

Author of "The Children's Blue Bird," etc.

A highly entertaining account of some of the dogs owned at various times by the great Master. The book will appeal not only to dog-lovers, but to all devotees of Maeterlinck, because of the intimate picture it gives of the home life of the Belgian mystic. Mme. Maeterlinck's animated style makes the book most enjoyable reading, and she has enlivened her text with a large number of amusing sketches of the dogs included in the book.

\$2.50

The Truth About China and Japan

By B. L. Putnam Weale

Author of "The Fight for the Republic in China," "Indiscreet Letters from Peking," etc.

The author has lived in China since childhood and for over twenty years has occupied high advisory positions in the Chinese Government. His very timely book presents China's case in a fearless manner. Many facts concerning past and present conditions in China and Japan heretofore known only to a few insiders are given a lucid presentation in this book. It should be read by all who aim to keep up to date on current affairs.

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DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
Publishers New York

that it attempts too much in one volume, but the average reader will prefer it to the more minute studies in the Modern Criminal Science Series, mentioned below. A brief and inexpensive handbook is Charles R. Henderson's "The Cause and Cure of Crime" (McClurg, 1914). The former Police Commissioner, Arthur Woods's, monograph "Crime Prevention" (Princeton Univ. Press, 1918) is commended. For a scientific study of not too great compass, Charles Mercier's "Crime and Criminals" (Univ. of London Press, 1918) is by a frequent writer on this subject, while James Devon's "The Criminal and the Community" (Lane, 1912) has received high praise. The author is medical officer in the prison at Glasgow, so his conclusions are drawn from conditions in Scotland. "Criminal Responsibility and Social Constraint" (Scribner, 1912), by a teacher of social ethics, R. M. McConnell, is a philosophical work. Every reader should look at the famous and terrible study of heredity, "The Jukes" (Putnam), by R. L. Dugdale. Criminal anthropology is the subject of Havelock Ellis's "The Criminal" (3d ed., Scribner, 1910).

If you wish extensive and scholarly researches, the Modern Criminal Science Series (Little, Brown) is indicated. Among others, the series includes Lombroso's "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," Hans Gross's "Criminal Psychology," Aschaffenburg's "Crime and Its Repression," and (important to-day) William Adrian Bongers's "Criminality and Economic Conditions." One or two books upon the allied subject of prisons may be mentioned: "The Prison and the Prisoner" (Little, Brown, 1917), a symposium, edited by Julia K. Jaffray and "Within Prison Walls" (Appleton, 1914) by Thomas Mott Osborne. "Juvenile Courts and Probation" (Century, 1914), by Thomas Mott Osborne. "Jubaldwin. The fact that Arthur Train's "The Prisoner at the Bar" (Scribner, 1906) is always readable and often amusing does not decrease its value.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Bottomo, Phyllis. A Servant of Reality. Century. \$1.75.
- Chauvelot, Robert. Carvati. Century.
- Day, Holman. The Rider of the King Log. Harper. \$1.75 net.
- Orczy, Baroness. The League of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Doran. \$1.60 net.
- Putnam, N. W. Believe You Me! Doran. \$1.50 net.
- Robins, Elizabeth. The Message. Century.

ART

- Giles, A. F. The Roman Civilization. London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

- Grelling, Dr. Richard. The Crime. Vols. 3 and 4. Doran. \$2.50 each.
- Haight, E. H. The Life and Letters of James Monroe Taylor. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
- Thayer, W. R. Theodore Roosevelt. An Intimate Biography. Houghton Mifflin.
- Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. Scribner. \$2 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Inman, S. G. Intervention in Mexico. N. Y.: Association Press. \$1.50.
- Leitch, John. Man-To-Man. The Story of Industrial Democracy. N. Y.: B. C. Forbes Publishing Co. \$2 net.
- Logio, G. C. Bulgaria: Problems and Politics. Doran. \$2 net.
- Pepper, C. M. American Foreign Trade. Century. \$2.50 net.
- Smith, Snell. America's To-morrow. N. Y.: Britton Publishing Co. \$2 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Aldington, Richard. Images. London: The Egoist, Ltd. 3s.6d.
- Dreiser, Theodore. The Hand of the Potter. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.
- MacKaye, Percy and Barnhart, Harry. The Will of Song. Boni & Liveright. 70c.

SCIENCE

- Stratton-Porter, Gene. Homing with the Birds. Doubleday, Page. \$2 net.
- Thomson, J. A. The Secrets of Animal Life. Holt. \$2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Mayo, Margaret. Trouping for the Troops. Doran. \$1.25 net.
- Mr. Punch's History of the Great War. With 170 Cartoons and Illustrations by Famous "Punch" Artists. Stokes. \$4.

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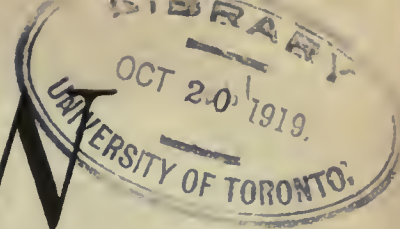
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An Open Letter to Senator Hitchcock

THE country wants the treaty ratified, and is tired of delay. The evidence is all in. There are no new arguments to be heard. Senators who were undecided at first have had ample time to reach a decision.

The treaty cannot be ratified unless the act of ratification embodies reservations safeguarding our country in certain matters of vital concern to its permanent welfare. To such reservations, drawn in so moderate a form that the acquiescence of the other Powers of the world may be counted on as a certainty, a strong group of Republican Senators have long been committed. The President has himself unequivocally expressed his approval of their substance. His opposition is only to their being embodied in the act of ratification.

Your present position appears to be that of a stubborn adherence to this opposition. But it will evidently be unavailing. The Republican Senators who have shown the firmness of their convictions by standing out against changes that would imperil the treaty are equally firm in their determination that the treaty shall carry no peril to our country's honor or safety. They can not be intimidated by the threat that the adoption of reasonable reservations will bring with it the rejection of the treaty by the Administration forces. Upon those who refuse a rational compromise, and not upon those who propose it, will rest the guilt of wrecking the treaty.

President Wilson's illness has laid upon you, and upon the Democratic Senators of whom you are the leading spokesman in this great emergency, a heightened responsibility. It is impossible, and will obviously for a considerable period continue impossible, for him to take full charge of the situation. It is well that the country was not rushed into a precipitate acceptance of the treaty; but further delay would be not only useless, but dangerous. It would be dangerous as prolonging the period of uncertainty and disturbance throughout the world, and it would be dangerous as imperiling the adoption of the treaty itself.

It is in your power to end all doubt and delay. You have only to accept the basis of ratification upon which the moderate Republican reservationists stand. They have shown the sincerity of their desire to put the treaty through by standing out against the leaders of their party on every proposition that boded danger to it. Can you afford to spurn their aid, at the cost of imperiling the whole treaty? You can prolong delay and make ultimate ratification doubtful by continued opposition to their moderate and reasonable proposals; by accepting them you can make ratification certain and make it prompt. Which is your choice?

KING ALBERT'S welcome in America has view in enthusiasm with that which greeted Cardinal Mercier. In times less troubled, and less fraught with grave anxieties, the manifestations of our affectionate regard would have been even more general and more conspicuous, but they could not have been more sincere. In both cases, the reception was but the outward expression of an admiration and sympathy to which no outward evidence could do adequate justice. Rarely, if ever, has history furnished an instance in which the splendid self-sacrifice of a nation has been typified in two figures of heroism at once so superb and so simple.

IT was like the sudden clearing of a dismal London fog when the statement was issued in Downing Street, on Sunday afternoon, that the great railway strike was at an end. Secretary Thomas, of the National Union of Railwaymen, proceeded to Albert Hall and before an audience of 5,000 railway workers declined to announce a "victory" for the Union, but preferred to call it rather an "honorable settlement." And with admirable courtesy he paid a hearty tribute to Premier Lloyd George for his aid in reaching such a settlement. The real victory is evidently with the deep-seated British instinct for moderation and self-control, when any crisis seems to be endangering the foundations on which their civilization has been built up. After Secretary Thomas had made his statement, and the roar of applause had died away, the audience rose to its feet and sang, "Abide with Me." This itself, in an audience composed of members of the Railwaymen's Union, says much for the British solidity of the masses employed in Great Britain's industries. It is not good seed-ground for the plant of "red" revolution. Work was at once resumed on the railways, and negotiations for permanent settlement of remaining differences are to continue through the year. Wages are stabilized at the present rate until September 30, 1920, and no adult railway laborer is to receive less than 51 shillings per week, so long as the cost of living remains as much as 110 per cent. above the pre-war level. The Railwaymen's Union promises that its men shall work harmoniously with all

who remained at work, or returned to work, while the strike was in progress, and assurance is given that strikers will not be punished. On resumption of work, arrears of wages will be paid.

A PART of Judge Gary's testimony before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor excited considerable attention. The part which the newspapers played up is as follows: "Speaking for myself and not the corporation, I would not object to a law for the Federal incorporation or licensing of business which would result in the establishment of a disinterested commission who should determine under what conditions the corporation receive its charter or license and would have a supervision of questions even including labor." Here, apparently, would be a big gain for labor. But notice that Judge Gary concluded this passage with the clause, "providing that questions of principle and law might be reviewed by a legal tribunal." It is very evident that capital is ready enough to make concessions, if labor is willing to regulate its activities according to a reasonable principle and to make itself responsible to the law in the same degree to which corporations now are. Labor will no doubt fight any such step, but the public, we believe, is tired of strikes called by ambitious minorities, and hopes that now may be the time for a careful examination of union propaganda with a view to ascertaining not only what responsibilities labor may properly be expected to assume, but also how the great majority of laborers may be freed from the politics of unscrupulous leaders.

IN General Wood's opinion the real "nigger in the wood-pile" at Omaha was not the man who was lynched. It was stated in these columns last week that it would be a mistake to attribute such an uprising to mere prejudice against the negro, and that there are disorderly elements among us only waiting for any possible spark with which to start a fire. General Wood, after careful examination, has made the deliberate statement that the I. W. W. was behind this disturbance. This may pain the Parlor Bolshevik press, so fearful of injustice in charging any wrongdoing against these distant relatives of toil, but natural probability is in collusion with the evidence in General Wood's possession. Any revolution which the I. W. W. type of mind can understand thrives on riot and disorder, and its promoters go for counsel to men like Foster, whose book on Syndicalism boldly advises utter disregard for all such hampering ideas as patriotism, religion,

duty, or honor, when they stand in the way of any effective weapon which falls within their reach. They have learned that prejudice against the colored man is such a weapon, and when a chance to use it comes to hand there is no reason to suppose that such men would scruple to do so. Omaha itself has responded promptly to the presence of General Wood and his troops, and seems now thoroughly disposed to right itself in the eyes of the country. The quick relaxation of the stringent military regulations at first imposed could have been based on nothing but the most reliable evidence that this is so.

SECRETARY BAKER, in a statement issued through the League to Enforce Peace, declares that if the proposed League does not go through, we shall have to "arm to the teeth" in order to keep ourselves protected from "any combination of aggressors which may be formed against us." This deserves to be put beside President Wilson's equally startling statement that failure to accept the Covenant will mean that "we must stand apart and be the hostile rival of the rest of the world" and become militarized in thoroughly German fashion, throwing our democracy to the winds. Surely if the bonds of friendship that bind us to our Allies can be snapped so easily it bodes ill for the future of the League of Nations, whose success must depend far more upon the spirit that governs the members in their relations to one another than upon the letter of the Covenant. But are these statements more than wanton recklessness of speech? There are certainly no indications of our adopting a hostile attitude towards the rest of the world. Are there any indications that the rest of the world is likely to adopt a hostile attitude towards us? Are we really more in danger of aggressors than we were before the war broke out? If so, we should like the evidence. We had supposed that our effective military support of the Allies, our lavish and generous assistance given to the suffering peoples of Europe through the Red Cross and other relief organizations (which was not confined to the Allies), and the spirit of fraternity in which that assistance was given, had resulted in creating mutual trust and respect based upon mutual understanding.

WE have been repeatedly told by the President in the past few weeks that with the League of Nations in force it will never again be necessary to send America's sons to shed their blood on foreign soil. Yet the Secretary of War, speaking for the Administration the

other day, declared that in order to meet the military responsibilities which we are expected to assume in the new order of things, we must have a standing army of half a million men, with reserves of a million more. Possibly these two propositions can be reconciled. But the perplexed citizen would like to know how. He would be grateful to Mr. Baker if he would condescend to give the details of the reasoning that brings him to his conclusion.

THERE is some analogy between the case of D'Annunzio in Fiume and that of General von der Goltz in the Baltic region. Both hold their own in defiance of the Supreme Council in Paris and find their strength in the strong appeal which their insubordination makes to the masses of Italy and Germany. And there is little doubt that the sympathy openly shown by the masses is secretly shared by the responsible men in power who officially disapprove of their independent attitude. Both the German general and his Government make show of a willingness to comply, under certain conditions, with the wishes of the Entente, but conditional compliance by a defeated enemy differs little from the more open disobedience in which an ally can indulge. The lurking pleasure with which the responsible Italian statesmen must view the growth of the patriotic movement under the inspiring leadership of the insurgent poet will compensate them for the loss they suffer in international prestige. The only sufferer who finds no comfort to make up for his loss is the Supreme Council in Paris, whose remonstrances, followed up by equally ineffective threats, fall upon deaf ears.

VON DER GOLTZ has, naturally, his most ardent admirers among the members of the *Alldeutscher Verband*, the Pan-German League of which little has been heard since the armistice dealt the death-blow to its ambitions. But, emboldened by the general's example, the noisy agitators have crept out of their holes and are again as busy as ever. They call their union, with characteristic German modesty, "the Parliament of the consciously German intellectuals," and have formulated the following demands, which may serve as an illustration of their intellectual standing: (1) the return of a German Emperor in his former glory; (2) the restitution of everything Germany has been robbed of by the Entente; (3) a union, at any cost, with German Austria; (4) the liberation of the Flemings and the Balts; (5) the abolition of the unbearable domination of the Jews. We had been under

the impression that King Albert had liberated the Flemings so thoroughly as to make any further action of the Pan-German League superfluous. And as to a union with German Austria at any cost, we believe that the cost would have to be paid by Austria, which, for that reason, might be less anxious to take her share of Germany's financial burden. And to couple the reference to "a German Emperor in his former glory" with an incitement to anti-Semitic agitation shows such a lack of good breeding that we sincerely doubt whether this appeal of the "consciously German" gentlemen will meet with a favorable reception at Amerongen.

AS Admiral von Tirpitz goes on with his story of the war, three thoughts are pressed with never-ceasing reiteration. First, a war at that time should have been avoided. This does not mean that the Admiral had no ambition for German dominance, but that he considered Germany to be rapidly approaching the point where she could have acquired that dominance by the mere showing of a stick so big that none would have ventured to oppose. And, of course, the Admiral is in no doubt as to the identity of the stick. The second point is that the war which never should have been brought on was lost by continual blundering. The discredit for this is distributed with a free hand, the Kaiser getting the most abundant allowance for keeping himself surrounded by incompetent politicians. And finally, at every available opportunity, the Admiral presses home his conviction that even after the war had been so unwisely forced, it might have been won if there had only been the disposition to follow his advice and unchain the German fleet for a life and death struggle with the British at the very start. It is a sad tale of blunders, all the way through, though in view of the wealth of material many are likely to disagree with von Tirpitz as to the points where the art of blundering reached its highest "efficiency." In view of our habit of referring to the British conduct of the war as "muddling through," it is interesting to hear von Tirpitz confess that "at the end of July, 1914, we found ourselves in a state of confusion, and that with a talent on the whole not equal to the British gift for improvising methods."

ON another page we publish an article on "Courts Martial" which, it may be hoped, will give some comfort to those who are concerned over injustice and hardship suffered by private soldiers through the action of the military courts. The writer insists that he saw no inno-

cent man convicted. But there are at least two phases of the system, as it operated during the war, which Congress should investigate thoroughly. First, although an offence by an officer is supposed to be more reprehensible than that by a private, returning soldiers assert that officers were let off easy. One case has come to our special notice. A private was sentenced to a year of hard labor for using a Government motor car with which to take some Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross girls to a dance. Nothing was said about the colonel of this man's regiment, who came to the same dance in a Government car. An officer who was detailed to investigate the court-martial system at Brest has informed us that, if strict justice had been followed, officers high in command would have been court-martialed and discharged from the service. In the circumstances, dishonorable discharge is not taken very seriously by the soldiers.

The other phase has to do with the treatment accorded to conscientious objectors. The newspapers have been telling us recently of the dismissal from prison of large numbers of these persons. Obviously, the Secretary of War, acting by himself, is not justified in putting his veto on the courts' decisions. A special committee should attack this problem. Conscientious objectors were not dealt with properly during the war. It was outrageous that they should have been permitted from their sheltered cages to jeer at soldiers sweating in the sun; they should have been segregated, and in regions where the outlook was not too satisfying.

TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS placed by Mr. Rockefeller at the disposal of the General Education Board for the improvement of medical education promises much for the side of human health and happiness in the age-long battle with disease. The donor has specified a period of fifty years within which both principal and accruing interest shall be expended. This will leave to the Board a wide range for experiment, making it possible to draw back from positions which do not promise well, on fair trial, and to strengthen those which do. It is apparently the intention to use a large portion of the fund for developing the resources of the medical colleges of recognized worth already in existence, though a statement attributed to Dr. Abraham Flexner that the needs of the various sections of the country are to be considered may point to the establishment of a few entirely new centres of medical education. The men who are to administer this gift will have a great opportunity. The point in which they

might most easily and most dangerously err would be in laying the money-holding administrative hand of the General Education Board too heavily upon the strictly educational policies of our medical schools. Unless unquestioned freedom is left to the schools in this respect, the confidence of thinking men will not be retained, the prejudices of the thoughtless against all such benefactions will be increased, and the possible good in this particular case greatly diminished.

THE plight of the professor has "got across" to the public. Everybody knows it, and that is the best guarantee that something will be done about it. Harvard, Princeton, and the rest will beyond all reasonable doubt raise their quotas. Then they will presumably raise the professors' salaries—the professors', and not merely the instructors'. But those of the public who are interested enough to contribute to the desired result will wish to know very precisely what proportion of salaries has been raised and how much. They will be interested for some time to know how much money is going toward new appointments and new courses—the false glory for which college faculties have allowed their trustees to sell their just inheritance—and how much of it is going to the men who have earned it by years of self-denying devotion. If the public can be convinced that the colleges contemplate something like a moratorium, to be devoted to consolidation rather than expansion, its generosity, or rather its conviction as to its duty, will be found entirely adequate to the demands of the situation.

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The Labor Conference

THE most fortunate circumstance regarding the great labor conference which assembled in Washington this week is that the possibilities before it are viewed by the nation in a spirit at once sober and hopeful. It is only in a few hectic minds that the duty before the conference, or any element in it, is regarded as being that of introducing a brand-new order in the industrial world. On the other hand, it is felt even by cautious people that the opportunity before the conference is one which presents rare possibilities of substantial progress toward placing the relations between employers, employed, and the public upon a better footing. This has doubtless been in the main the state of mind that has existed ever since the conference was announced by President Wilson on September 1; but two large facts in the immediate situation have contributed powerfully to the accentuation of that attitude. The long-accumulating terror of the great British railway strike has just been brought to a close in a manner surprisingly sudden and surprisingly satisfactory, and the great steel strike in our own country is just entering upon its most critical stage. The facts of both these situations conspire to produce a feeling inimical at once to unreasoning fear and to Utopian expectations.

The most conspicuous lesson of the British settlement is that what looks like a battle to the death may in reality be something much milder, and that public sentiment can, if it chooses, assert a commanding influence under even the most threatening conditions. Whatever else may be said about the compromise that was attained, it was a magnificent triumph of order and reason. Secretary Thomas, of the National Union of Railwaymen, after referring to the struggle just closed as "the greatest fight of organized workers in history," expressed his pride that it had been conducted loyally and peacefully, and that in this the railwaymen had given an example to the world. Whether all the credit for the peaceableness and order is to be assigned to the strikers, it is unnecessary at this moment to inquire too curiously. To the more sober leaders of the labor forces a great portion of the merit of the achievement must unquestionably be ascribed; but to lookers-on upon this side of the Atlantic it seems evident that the splendid public spirit shown by the people as a whole in preparing, by extraordinary and efficient arrangements, to meet the worst that could happen to the country in the way of economic obstruction was the factor

of dominating importance. And every American should take pride in feeling that in this resource our own country can, if need comes, prove itself equal to the best.

The meeting of the Conference at Washington coincided with the appearance of armed forces of the United States at the scene of strife in the Gary district. This might seem on its face ominous of trouble. The truth, we take it, is precisely the opposite. Not promptness, but delay, in a threatening situation is the breeder of disorder and violence. Nobody is being coerced at Gary to do anything except obey the law; and, unless we are to abandon the law, that kind of coercion must be resorted to, sooner or later, in any such situation as that which had developed in the Gary district. The only difference between an early and a late resort to it is that a very little suffices if promptly applied, and a great deal is necessary if there is weakness or hesitation in the first stages. A notable feature in General Wood's orders is that, while they prohibit open-air assemblies, no restriction is placed upon orderly meetings in theatres or other public buildings. To prevent meetings which are obviously calculated to result in disturbance of the public peace is a means not of suppressing, but of preserving, the right of free speech in a time of crisis. Thus the first note in the steel-strike trouble is that of a firm insistence on the supremacy of law, combined with a sober regard for the fundamental rights of the people.

The speech of the Secretary of Labor in opening the Conference is deserving of unqualified praise. Closing, as he properly did, with an eloquent expression of hope that the Conference will result in an achievement "that will promote the welfare of mankind down through the ages," there was no word in his speech indicating an expectation, or even a desire, that the Conference would attempt anything in the nature of a change in the fundamentals of the existing order. Whether by accident or design, President Wilson's phrase—indefinite though its meaning was—about "putting the whole question of wages upon another footing" made no appearance either expressly or by implication in Secretary Wilson's address. In tone and substance, the speech was permeated by the idea that industrial relations are capable of being vastly improved by reasonable understandings and efficient arrangements directed to the avoidance of strife and the equitable settlement of those questions which now so constantly disturb industrial relations and impair the general prosperity. All this is of good omen; and the more so when we remember that Secretary Wil-

son's prominence in labor matters took its rise from his connection with the original organization of the United Mine Workers of America.

The hope of solid achievement for the Conference rests equally on the avoidance of any futile search for a panacea and on an earnest and effective belief that results of great beneficence are within our reach if men of good will and good sense combine their efforts for the purpose. For such a combination of effort the Conference at Washington furnishes an opportunity which the conditions of the time make extraordinarily promising. Let us hope that the outcome will realize the just expectations of reasonable optimists.

Ratification With Caution

THE vote by which the Fall amendments were defeated in the Senate has apparently left each of the two parties well satisfied. We need not rehearse at length the modes of reasoning which lead to the opposite conclusions. Senator Hitchcock is supposed to find sufficient satisfaction in the thought that seventeen Republicans were unwilling to endorse amendments which would send the Treaty back to the Conference; Senator Lodge is pictured as chuckling over this Republican flexibility. Mr. Lodge, the reasoning goes, was not particular about the Fall amendments. But he will fight hard to have the Treaty embrace his own amendments, and when these have been passed by the Senate, he can then point proudly to the Republicans' record of open-mindedness, evidenced by their previous ballots, and insist that his additions to the Treaty passed strictly on their merits.

All this is guess-work concerning a procedure which is causing many persons much irritation. The people at large, if we may judge, are chiefly desirous to see the Treaty ratified in such form that it will be promptly accepted by all parties concerned. Yet there is some consolation in the thought that we as a nation are not jumping into this new venture blindly. It is encouraging, even, that the plan of the League has met with the smallest amount of wild enthusiasm. Cautious acceptance of it is best at this time. We all hope that the League will operate effectively. But it will assuredly have to deal with problems which in the past have proved to be insoluble. It will have the advantage of a large organization inspired by the sincere wish to mete out justice, and to establish such a reputation for justice

that wars will be unnecessary. The mere machinery of the League will not be enough, and this point cannot be stressed too often. For much of the social disturbance which the world is witnessing to-day received its initial impetus from a well-meaning but mistaken reliance upon the possibility of creating offhand a social machinery which would enable us to realize the loftiest humanitarian hopes. President Wilson seemed to fall into this error in his speeches in the West. He might have gained a large number of solid adherents to the League if he had dwelt with the greatest frankness upon its possible shortcomings. It would have been wiser to lay the emphasis, not after the manner of the facile perfectionist upon the new order which must be ushered in—for the old world is not likely to learn entirely new tricks—but upon the steady improvement in human dealings for which the League would pave the way.

For the League—the organization of the League—will of itself be but a vehicle. And it is not difficult, even at this stage, for the cynic's imagination to discover in it possibilities for intrigue on a larger scale than any previously known to the world. Representatives of the various nations will be thrown intimately together, and each will be instructed by his Government to agitate in favor of certain policies; it follows that pressure will be brought to bear to form coalitions within the Assembly and very likely in the Council. Says the cynic: Let us suppose, not the case of President De Valera vs. England—cases which have been well aired are likeliest to receive fair treatment—but as broad a question as the equality of races. Japan has already brought it up; India is grumbling; our own negroes are becoming self-conscious. When it comes to the Assembly, one must be blind not to see that little groups will rumble with discontent and will allege the use of autocratic methods by a strong minority. And then some promising great Power will be approached and perhaps induced to say a good word for dark-skinned races. Whereupon another greater Power will fling back at a sensitive point of the first great Power. Result: Nothing will happen—save a deal of unpleasant feeling and various resolves to turn the tables on old adversaries. The League, says the cynic, will, by the very magnitude of its organization, easily make mountains of what, at the hands of a less elaborate diplomacy, might at least remain mole-hills.

This, of course, is not the spirit in which to approach the programme with which we are confronted. Mr. Hoover's address at Palo Alto, if allowance be

made for certain generalizations, approached the present emergency in the right spirit. Showing the utmost consideration for those Senators who are still questioning the merits of the League, he gave his audience the benefit of his own rich observations; presented vividly the serious political and economic conditions in Europe, and gave it as his deliberate opinion that only such an organization as that which is proposed could keep matters from getting worse. Here is testimony from one who has had the most extraordinary opportunity to observe, and, quite as important, it is expressed in terms which entirely remove suspicion: it is no Utopia which Mr. Hoover has in mind, but a workable organization, the product of much careful discussion by some of the best minds in the world.

The *Review* has never been enthusiastic about the manner in which the League came into being. It has contended that much hardship might have been avoided if a treaty had been ratified first, the great Powers binding themselves to see it executed, and if in addition the stage had been set for the formation of a world league in the near future. This procedure, however, was not to be, and we are now confronted by an international situation which must be settled as soon as possible in order that each of the several countries of the world, including our own, may get down to the business of putting its own house in order. Moving day is bad enough when confined to a few hours; having it with us continuously for weeks and months has become intolerable.

The Crises at Vladivostok

AFFAIRS in Eastern Siberia are fast approaching a crisis, and the American position there is such as to cause grave anxiety. This situation is the logical result of mistaken policy, and is the culmination of a series of blunders, of tactlessness, and of needless friction, the responsibility for which must be apportioned between the Administration at Washington and the Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia. It has now reached such a point that we have not only earned the ill-will of the Russian people, but that only prompt action and able diplomacy can avoid a rupture with Japan.

Let it not be thought that, because of the present helplessness of Russia and the general state of disorganization and chaos that reigns throughout the Slav Empire, the alienation of these people is a matter of little moment. It is not good

policy to "kick a man when he is down," especially if he is certain to rise later a giant in strength and long in memory. Sentiments of sympathy and good-will play an important role in the relations between peoples, and we have in the past enjoyed the admiration and gratitude of Russia, thanks to some trifling acts indicative of sympathy in times of trouble. But now, despite fair words and fine promises, we have failed her in her hour of greatest need and have added thereto gratuitous insult and provocation. Bitterly shall we repay this in the future.

The successive steps of our Siberian policy have already been recounted in the *Review*. After long delay we sent a small army to Vladivostok, and the Russians were led to believe that our purpose was to aid them. But, thanks to the instructions issued by Washington, the American force not only was of no assistance to the Russian Government in its efforts to re-establish the Russian state, but even acted as a hindrance and a means of opposition, since the zone which we occupied became a haven of refuge for Bolshevik bandits and for the elements working against Russian unity. Major-General Graves, the American Commander, is a good, average, routine officer, without initiative or foreign experience, and fearful of assuming responsibility. To this is added a tactlessness that has continually set the representatives of our Allies by the ears and rendered intelligent co-operation impossible. He has been further hampered by a particularly stupid chief of staff, whose crude blunders have given rise to the probably undeserved charge of favoring the Bolsheviks. General Graves is the last man in the Army that should have been chosen for a position requiring tact and judgment and demanding considerable latitude of authority to meet conditions which could not possibly be foreseen by Washington. On the other hand, it is apparent that the choice was made because he was believed to be a man who would meticulously follow the letter of his instructions, and never assume the slightest personal responsibility, no matter what the emergency.

Now, however, he has been goaded beyond endurance and has been led into inexcusable indiscretions. The hand of Japan is clearly to be seen in a series of petty misunderstandings and annoyances calculated to make bad blood between the Americans and Russians. The Cossacks of the Ussuri and the Zabaikal regions are loyal Russians, and were the first and most stalwart opponents of the Bolsheviks. But they were not easily amenable to discipline under the conditions of civil war existing in Eastern Siberia, and were led by more or less irresponsible

Atamans. If these Atamans, Semenov and Kalmykov, have been dependent upon Japanese money to pay their forces and have, therefore, been tools in the Japanese game, we have ourselves to blame. Kalmykov is, to be sure, a crazy, swash-buckling brigand chieftain, but Semenov, while no politician, is a patriotic Russian, and would staunchly support the Omsk Government, were he not placed in a position of absolute dependence upon Japanese assistance. We cannot plead ignorance, for we had full and accurate reports concerning him last year.

There have been many ticklish situations in which hostilities were narrowly averted, the most recent of which has been the arrest of an American officer and non-commissioned officer by Kalmykov's Cossacks, and the flogging of the latter, an act apparently abetted by the Japanese. The Omsk Government has repudiated this act, and it may well be considered an unfortunate incident beyond the control of the responsible authorities, and one which should not be allowed to affect the larger issue of our relations to the Russian Government.

More serious, however, are the unwarranted acts of General Graves in holding up at Vladivostok a shipment of arms destined for the Russian Army, and his interference with the local Russian press. The arms in question, some 14,000 rifles, were bought and paid for by the Russian Government and had arrived in a Russian port. General Graves says, in extenuation of his act, that he feared lest these arms should fall into the hands of Kalmykov and Semenov in transit, but this was not for him to decide in the face of directions issued by the Russian Government. The act was a very high-handed proceeding on the part of a foreign force, and was liable to serious misinterpretation in view of our previous policy.

The other act, his interference with the local press, would seem to be even more serious. It appears that two Vladivostok papers published scurrilous articles attacking American policy, and they were so offensive to General Graves that he threatened the editors with arrest and the papers themselves with suspension. One can well understand the annoyance of General Graves, in view of the hostile atmosphere surrounding him, an atmosphere created by our own policy and accentuated by his tactlessness and lack of understanding. But he should have taken into consideration the source of the propaganda of which these articles were the expression. It is not amiss to note in this connection the just grievance which Russians have when they see such journals as the *New Republic* and the *Nation* publishing utterly unwarranted

attacks upon the head of the Russian Government and calling him a murderer and tyrant.

It is high time for our Government to adopt a sane policy towards Russia and to see if we can thereby repair some of the damage already done, and lay the basis for a restoration of Russian-American sympathy and co-operation. The first step should be the immediate recall of General Graves, who has by these acts rendered his position there untenable, and the appointment in his stead of a tactful officer, acquainted with Russian conditions and competent to exercise a wise discretion in dealing with delicate problems as they arise. We should supplement this by sending to Omsk an able Commissioner, with authority to act in co-operation with the British and French High Commissioners already there. Only so can American interests be protected, and the danger of serious mistakes be avoided. The Russian Government should be recognized without delay, and a program of the widest possible material assistance undertaken. The Russian Government will, of course, be able to pay for such assistance, and has in its natural resources a better basis for credit than any other country in Europe. But far more important than the question of payment is that of acquiring in the restored Russian national state a firm friend for the years to come. If, on the other hand, we fail to rise to the opportunity, and instead withdraw our troops from Siberia and abandon Russia, we shall have ourselves to thank if Japan controls the economic future of Siberia and if the Russians are forced to turn to Germany in the tremendous tasks of reconstruction that must follow the approaching collapse of the Soviet régime at Moscow.

Another Week of the Steel Strike

AT present, the strike shows no signs either of an immediate collapse or of a final success. Efforts to give it a better standing in public opinion have not been happy. John A. Fitch, in the *Survey*, attempts to show that it is merely a strike for freedom, but does not get through his first sentence without the false assumption that the men whom Judge Gary refused to meet were the genuine representatives of the men working in the mills of the Steel Corporation. And this is but one of many points in which Mr. Fitch puts himself in flat contradiction to reliable evidence within the reach of everybody. It is not true that the Corporation has refused to its employees the privilege of unitedly presenting their

views, or of collective bargaining. The objection has been to allowing this united presentation of views and collective bargaining to be managed by powers outside the body of its employees and not under their control. The 24-hour shift, included by Mr. Fitch along with other indictments, is perhaps not generally understood. The fact is that in certain processes in the manufacture of steel the unbroken oversight of one skilled workman is necessary to secure the desired result. There are probably few of the men involved who do not take a justifiable pride in the skill and fidelity which warrants their selection for so delicate and important a piece of work. The total number of men to whom this duty falls is very small, to none of them does it come oftener than once in two weeks, and for sixteen of the twenty-four hours there is a fifty per cent. extra wage.

Mr. Fitch reiterates the opposition of the unions to the physical examination of applicants for positions. The assertion is that such examinations are humiliating, and can be used by the employer to blacklist men who have been active in the work of labor organization. The unions will get little sympathy in this position. The idea that the purpose of the examination is to furnish a basis for possible blacklisting is a mere bogey of the imagination, while the knowledge which it furnishes is not only a protection to the company against losses from accidents due to physical incapacity, but a means of safety to the men themselves. And in many cases it gives to the workman knowledge of some physical trouble still easily curable which might have incapacitated him for years, if it had gone on undetected until firmly fastened upon his system.

Popular interest has been turned from the details of the strike itself to the examinations of various leaders by the Senate Committee, particularly of Judge Gary and William Z. Foster. Under hours of questioning Judge Gary consistently maintained the position that the Steel Corporation is contending for the principle of the open shop endangered by the attacks of outside and irresponsible organizations. The questioning of Mr. Foster turned very naturally upon his record as a revolutionary agitator of the Bolshevistic type. Passages from his earlier book were read to him and he was asked to answer with a simple yes or no whether he still holds the opinions there expressed. After long evasion he was finally brought to the point where the question could no longer be dodged, and asserted that his views had changed, but was unable to state that he had ever given any public notice of that change.

Unfortunately for Mr. Foster, he has himself made it impossible for thinking men to attach any positive value to his belated recantation. In his book on Syndicalism he did not hesitate to say, "The Syndicalist is as unscrupulous in his choice of weapons to fight his everyday battles as for his final struggle with capitalism. He allows no consideration of legality, religion, patriotism, honor, duty, and so forth, to stand in the way of his adoption of effective tactics." In these words Mr. Foster gives himself unlimited license to employ falsehood whenever and wherever it promises to be an effective tactic. Now, we happen to have him on record as late as 1914, in a letter to *Solidarity*, the I. W. W. organ, advising I. W. W. men to give up their separate organization, not because he had any objection to its revolutionary objects, but specifically because of his belief that those objects could best be attained by getting into the other organizations and controlling them. That is, make a deceptive movement of apparent retreat in order to prepare for a more effective advance at the earliest opportunity. One must have the "will to believe" pretty thoroughly developed in order to convince oneself that this is not precisely the object of Mr. Foster in his half-hearted recantation under pressure by the Senate Committee. It is inconceivable that the employees of the Steel Corporation, acting of their own volition and desiring to present legitimate and reasonable requests to its executive head, would have handicapped themselves by selecting any such discreditable agitator to represent them.

A Moment's Halt

NONE too often, in these days, amid the desert of statistics, the hot and blinding simoons of propaganda, one stumbles upon a literary oasis. Such oases are, of course, plentiful enough in the literature of the past, but the resort to them may be troubled by a sense that the refreshment they offer is the refreshment of escape—a suspicion, probably unfounded, that the serenity they exhibit arises from the contemplation of a set of facts quite different from those of to-day. When, therefore, someone appears who envisages life as we ourselves are living it, and who can yet find things in it that merit a serene and gracious report, he is one to be welcomed.

Such a man will probably not express himself in verse, nor yet in novel or drama; he will be an essayist. The essayist is by definition a wise man; with no claim to wisdom he has none on our attention. The greatest of them—Seneca, Montaigne, Bacon, Addison, Emer-

son—unshamedly trade in it. Lamb and Stevenson radiate it less directly, but, to the taste of many, not less effectively. Wise and witty—etymologically the two are the same—the essayist is, largely because he does not expect too much of life. He digs for the rare and recompensing gold, not for the obvious and abundant dirt. His assay—or essay, it is all one—not only refines the gold, it defines and puts in its place the dross. Ignoring the facts of life is one way of putting it; another is to regard it as judicious and necessary selection, true elimination.

Take the matter of chimney pots. Mr. Charles S. Brooks has written an essay on them, one of the many subjects touched upon with sanity and grace in his "Chimney-Pot Papers." One might gaze out upon chimney pots and curse them for a sham—our American chimney pots are frequently just that. Or one's thought might picture

Crouched in the dripping dark,
The man who hews the coal to build my fire,

with what statistical or revolutionary result we know. Or finally, and this is what Mr. Brooks does, one might peer among the chimney pots for glimpses of a varied human life on roofs and in upper windows, of which the chimney pots themselves are but fantastically aspiring symbols. The contrasting points of view appear in the essay entitled, "On Turning into Forty":

A few days since I happened to dine at one of the Purple Pups of our Greenwich Village. At my table, which was slashed with yellow and blue in the fashion of these places, sat a youth of seventeen who engaged me in conversation. . . . He flared with youth. Strange gases and opinions burned in his speech. . . . I was poking at my dumpling when he asked me if I were a socialist. No, I replied. Then perhaps I was an anarchist or a Bolshevik, he persisted. N-no, I answered him, sadly and slowly, for I foresaw his scorn. He leaned forward across the table. Begging my pardon for an intrusion in my affairs, he asked me if I were not aware that the world was slipping away from me.

There you have it—lyric youth grown dogmatic, bent of a sudden on bringing the fine translunary things, on which with the poets it is their privilege to dream and eventually to win a place for some of it in the common heart of man, plump down to earth, now, here, complete. Castles won't do any longer—in Spain. Let us get our chimney pots down onto the sidewalk, and our thoroughfares up somewhere adjacent to the Milky Way. Youth must be served. Indeed, the man who, in this Greenwich Village of a world of ours, has really turned into forty—not one who was born forty or had forty thrust upon him, but one who has achieved forty—has achieved something. Sooner or later,

the men of forty, the quadragenarians of all ages, will have to learn to assert themselves. A good deal, as the world goes, depends on whether they prove to be few or many. The birth statistics tell us nothing of their number.

"There is," said Carlyle, with eye bent alike on past and present, "a noble conservatism as well as an ignoble." Perhaps forty, better than eighteen or eighty, knows which is which. Forty, at any rate, is not put into a panic at the thought that the world is slipping away from us. Course follows course, but meanwhile, if wisely, you have dined well. The necessity of keeping forever abreast of events was the curse laid on poor old wandering Ahasuerus. Since it must slip, then, in good Chaucerian English, "let it slide." But meanwhile, observe which end you've got hold of it by; so much, eventually, depends on that. The man whom life fobs off with a stone instead of bread is not wholly to be pitied if he can extract his own sermon from it; indeed, his state is more gracious than his who insists on the bread, and bread alone.

If one were in search of proof that all's not wrong with the world, such might appear in the luxury which the world seems able to afford itself by printing Brooks, tricking him out with other-day wood-cuts, and in its willingness to divide some of its attention between him and an early autumn fire at lamp-lighting time. You could do as well yourself? No one doubts it. The materials lie all about you. Sit down to it at once, dip your pen, and smile a continuous, mouth-twisting smile as the bright humors distil from the nib of it. Tell us of laying your course for a journey afoot by no other whim than the avoidance of literary shrines; tell us of the satisfactions that come from carrying a book in your pocket which you never open; speculate for us on why it is men choose the vocations they do, and then speak a just word in praise of carpenters; make us *feel* Christmas once again: tell us the difference between wit and humor (you will hardly do better than this, though: "A humorous man has the high gift of regarding an annoyance in the very stroke of it as another man shall regard it when the annoyance is long past. If a humorous person falls out of a canoe he knows the exquisite jest while his head is still bobbing in the cold water. A witty man, on the contrary, is sour until he is changed and dry; but in a week's time when company is about, he will make a comic story of it"). Do these things, and the world will rise from the reading of you with a heart refreshed for (how meaningless are words!) the "real business of life."

As To Deporting Undesirables

I hear a lion in the lobby roar!
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we close the door
And keep him out? Or shall we let him in—
Then do our best to put him out again?

THE judicious reader will observe that the question propounded above is momentous and of wide application. It is not at all a question to be decided hastily without due and careful consideration. Rash persons, who easily give way to their impulses, would be likely to say:

"Of course exclude the lion, he has no business in the lobby, and can be there for no good purpose."

But the discreet would pause at least long enough to inquire:

"How did the lion get into the lobby? What does he seek there? What are his intentions? If he merely desires to eat a few superfluous members of Parliament, could we consider that an injury? If we exclude him, will he not have the right to complain that we have abridged his freedom?"

And, carrying the inquiry further than lions and lobbies, carrying it even so far as this country and its Undesirables—Anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s, etc.,—we ask:

"How came they here? Why are they here? What is their purpose here? Shall we exclude them?"

It seems to be settled on good authority that three-fourths of these undesirables are of foreign birth and came here to better their material condition, or else to escape from oppression. Those among them who have been industrious have escaped from oppression and bettered their condition. But that has not contented them. They find this a land of equal opportunity where anyone possessing the requisite ability may prosper. That does not please them. Prosperity there should be, they agree, but only for them. Freedom and rulership, also, there should be—but only for them. They find this country all cluttered up with their enemies the bourgeois—strong, fat, complacent, material-minded citizens—who do not love them when they have revealed themselves.

So their purpose here is to take over the control of this country for themselves and to devour the bourgeois and their possessions. They propose to establish their economic system, the glorious old system which was in vogue among men before money was coined or cities builded. This, too, may well be called the American system, because when the white man landed here he found it practised by the Indians—Communism. Everything belonged to all—there were no capitalists and no rents to pay. True, the warrior owned his wife

and children, his weapons, his wigwam, his canoe, his clothing, but that is about as far as private property extended. If he had food and his neighbor none, public opinion obliged him to divide his store. The chiefs were not exempt from this. They led in war and in hunting, but they served rather than commanded their people, and, so far from exploiting them, were bound to set an example of unselfish liberality.

There is a difference, however. The new Communists believe that all things should belong to a class, their own class whom they call "The Workers," though they are only a small fraction of the industrial and agricultural workers of the country. Others are given the same sort of choice as the followers of Mohammed once gave inhabitants of countries they invaded, "Death or the Koran!" To attain their ends all means are lawful—seditions, sabotage, strikes, arson, bombs, destruction of storehouses and crops, riots, rebellions, assassinations. They defy our laws, mock God, deny the sanctity of marriage and the rights of parenthood.

How they got in is easily answered. Our own loose immigration laws, combined with the greed of our own bourgeois, our industrial chiefs, are responsible for that. Our industrial chiefs wanted cheap labor and got it. Cheap and—not nice. Twenty-five years ago labor in the great factories was largely American, well paid and self-respecting, but in twenty years a notable deterioration was observed. The Americans were gradually forced out, giving place to the most ignorant and degraded of the new-come foreigners—one-process men who received \$9.00 per week, and with their families existed as best they could on that.

To that extent, at least, we are to blame for our own troubles. The bourgeois are ours—the Undesirables are here at their invitation. In the highways and byways of the world the industrial chiefs sought the cheapest human material, thinking to exploit it. It has turned on them, and they rail at its ignorance and ingratitude. What did they expect?

The camel, seeking refuge from the oppression of the sandstorm, beseeched the Arab to allow him to put his head in the tent and the pious Moslem, remembering the precepts of the Koran, permitted the liberty. Pretty soon he found himself outside the tent and the camel in full possession. Then he, too, complained of ingratitude. But in the eyes of the camel he was bourgeois and therefore to be ousted, if not devoured. Don Quixote, enemy of oppression, de-

livered the galley slaves, and they stripped him of his modest possessions. To them, he, too, was bourgeois. We have boasted that this our country was the land of freedom and refuge of the oppressed without considering who the oppressed are or what caused their oppression. We have forgotten Plato's advice as to moderation, and also that many of the oppressed need oppression, or at least such restraint as is furnished by well-conducted prisons and lunatic asylums. So we allowed criminals and madmen to make this country their home, we admitted them to equal advantages and opportunities, and it is hardly consistent in us now to complain that they are criminal and mad. Had we been more careful it would have been easy to exclude them. All that was necessary was for us, through our agents, the consuls, to examine intending immigrants before they left their native lands. In the old lands the police have the records of their people, and intending immigrants not likely to make good citizens could have been shut out.

But no, we didn't do that. We preferred to be able to boast of our Freedom, and no doubt Plato would be willing to concede that Freedom is a good thing—in moderation. His master Socrates expressly indicated that it is not wise or right to present a madman with a spear, even though it be his own spear. There may be too much Freedom.

Once ideal Freedom reigned in a part of London. It was called Alsatia, and lay between Fleet Street and the Thames river. Here the police and other like oppressors had no power, and the Bolsheviks, anarchists, and I. W. W.'s lived their own happy lives. It got its name because of its supposed resemblance to the debatable land then lying between France and Germany. All about this London Alsatia lay the territory of the bourgeois, which the Alsatians freely raided. The bourgeois didn't like the situation. They could not be made to see that the robber and murderer had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness according to his own ideas. They petitioned and manifested all through the reigns of Merry Charles and Unfortunate James, and at last in 1697 they had their will. The privileges of London's Alsatia were abolished, the police burst in on the nest of robbers, murderers, and cheats, and Freedom shrieked—at least among certain classes.

Freedom seems about ready to shriek a lot more; this time world-shaking shrieks from the greatest nest of robbers, murderers, and cheats that men have ever seen—Bolshevik Russia. Under the rule of Lenin and Trotsky they have been trying out their theories of government which foreign-born Socialists, anarchists, Bolsheviks, and I. W. W.'s are suggesting to us as a sub-

stitute for our own, and they have produced results. Millions of men, women, and children starved and starving, in a land capable of sustaining four times its present population; more than 200,000 men, women, and children massacred for various offenses against Bolshevik ideals (many for the supreme offense of wanting clean shirts); all the industries ruined; most of the industrial and agricultural machinery destroyed; drunkenness restored on a vaster scale than ever; vice propagated in the schools; women degraded; churches destroyed; God mocked, the priests persecuted wherever found; old tortures revived and new ones invented, the country rendered utterly bankrupt. Those are a few of the things that Lenin and Trotsky and their kind have done to Russia.

What are we going to do? Shall we pay attention to those amiable Americans who say concerning the most unpleasant of the Russian happenings, "I don't believe it"? They said the same things concerning the German atrocities, which have long since been proved and acknowledged. Shall we, then, heed these

same people now when they say, "The masses of Russia have so long been oppressed, what wonder if they have committed some excesses in their revolution?" Or "The rich ruled a long time, now it is the turn of the poor—that's fair play"?

In accordance with such reasoning the Russians cast Prospero down and set Caliban in his place, and Caliban has ruled—still rules—and has proved himself, as all wise men knew he would, a true child of a witch. There may be persons who, with their eyes open, would prefer the rule of Caliban. If so, they should be at liberty to enjoy it, but at some remote distance where civilization would not be offended by the ruler's "ancient and fish-like smell," and other unpleasant peculiarities.

As to us, we should see to it now that all who hold to the ideas of Caliban and want his rulership should go back where they came from quickly, and that others of their like are most carefully excluded.

And if Freedom shrieks at that, we must stand it as best we can.

SYDNEY REID

The Spirit of Washington's Foreign Policy

IN the confusion of counsels on foreign policy to-day the real meaning of Washington's advice seems to be in danger of distortion. Washington made few allusions in his messages to Congress on foreign policy. He addressed the American people on the subject only once, and that in his farewell address on retiring from the Presidency. He did express himself freely in his correspondence with his friends and political associates. One must look to these letters to catch the spirit of his foreign policy.

The earliest statement was made in a letter to Lafayette, with whom Washington maintained a regular and intimate correspondence. "It seems," he said, "to be our policy to keep in the situation in which nature has placed us, to observe a strict neutrality, and to furnish others with those good things of subsistence, which they may want, and which our fertile land abundantly produces, if circumstances and events will permit us so to do." This was at the time the world was startled by the opening events of the French Revolution. The qualifying clause in the letter makes it plain that the author had in mind no fixed, unalterable rule like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and that he had expressed little more than a natural aspiration for peace and the pursuit of national well-being. What he had said was based, in the main, upon the legiti-

mate needs of the infant republic for a period of peace, but in part upon the view that the European aristocracies represented a system of government distinct from that which America was trying, and that needless entanglements with the European system might endanger the entire American experiment.

Two years passed. The steady democratic march of the French Revolution in this period, and the contagious spread of the movement into Belgium and Holland reduced the distance between the American political system and that of the nations of western Europe. Washington recognized this change and intimated in a letter to the American Minister in Paris the conditions under which it might become desirable to establish closer relations with such nations. He said:

The change of systems, which have so long prevailed in Europe, will undoubtedly affect us in a degree proportioned to our political or commercial connexions with the several nations of it. But I trust we shall never so lose sight of our own interest and happiness as to become unnecessarily a party in their political disputes. . . . A change of systems will open up a new view of things. . . . Should we, under the present state of affairs, form connexions other than we now have with any European powers, much must be considered in effecting them, on the score of our increasing importance as a nation; and, at the same time, should a treaty be formed with a nation, whose circumstances may

not at this moment be very bright, much delicacy would be necessary in order to show that no undue advantages were taken on that account. For unless treaties are mutually beneficial to the parties, it is in vain to hope for a continuance of them beyond the moment when the one, which conceives itself overreached, is in a situation to break off the connexion. And I believe it is among nations as with individuals, that the party taking advantage of the distresses of another will lose infinitely more in the opinion of mankind, and in subsequent events, than he will gain by the stroke of the moment.

In short, Washington, who expressed himself freely on governmental questions to his friends, here lays down a rule of procedure which he thinks best in establishing relations with revolutionary governments. The words seem to indicate that his mind was yielding regarding entanglements with Europe, swept from the earlier position by sympathy with the democratic movement. If so, the news which came from Morris in Paris soon checked the drift towards some form of entente of the democracies of the world. As rumors of an impending general European war as an outcome of the French Revolution reached Washington he repeated in his correspondence his earlier ideas on foreign policy. To his friend and aide, of Revolutionary days, General David Humphreys, he wrote: "I trust that we shall have too just a sense of our own interest to originate any cause, that may involve us in it [the impending struggle]. And I ardently wish we may not be forced into it by the conduct of other nations. If we are permitted to improve without interruption the great advantages, which nature and circumstances have placed within our reach, many years will not revolve before we may be ranked, not only among the most respectable, but among the happiest people on this globe." A letter to an English correspondent, the Earl of Buchan, in 1793, brings out an endorsement of the earl's idea of national happiness: "To be little heard of in the great world of politics." Washington here says that it is "the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues, or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth. And this I am persuaded they will do, if rightly it can be done. To administer justice to, and to receive it from, every power with whom they are connected will, I hope, be always found the most prominent feature in the administration of this country."

Events in Europe moved swiftly. The leaders of the French Revolution allowed their movement to be swept into one for territorial aggrandizement and revolutionary propaganda. Step by step France declared war on one after another of the states of the old régime in

Europe. By the spring of 1793 a general war had opened which, except for a brief interruption, was to end at Waterloo twenty-two years later. On April 8, 1793, Citizen Genet landed at Charleston to claim American aid. Washington was at Mount Vernon. He made haste to return to Philadelphia, the capital. Ten days after the French Minister's arrival in the United States, Washington sent a circular letter to the members of his Cabinet, summoning them to a meeting at his house, April 19, and submitting for their consideration in advance a series of questions. These centred upon two or three problems. Was the treaty of alliance with France in 1778 still binding? If so, what were the obligations of the United States under it? Should some kind of declaration of neutrality be made to restrain American citizens from participation in the war? Difference of opinion developed in the Cabinet on the first and second problems, and no conclusion was reached on these. All agreed that something should be done to restrain the people from involving the nation in the war. Jefferson, the Secretary of State, whose sympathies with the French Revolutionary movement had been keenly awakened, had scruples against the use of the term neutrality. Responsibility for action rested with Washington. On April 22, he issued a proclamation of neutrality, omitting the offensive word out of respect for the views expressed by Jefferson.

The proclamation of neutrality, apparently the wording of John Jay and Edmund Randolph, Chief Justice and Attorney General respectively, stated the purpose of the United States to "pursue a conduct friendly and impartial towards the belligerent powers," warned its citizens against committing acts of war against any of them, and announced to them that the United States would not protect them from punishment of forfeiture in "carrying to any of them those articles, which are deemed contraband by the modern usage of nations." This document is one of the important ones in American history. It was the first official statement of what was to become a characteristic feature of American foreign policy. It was Washington's way of extricating the United States from the "labyrinth of European politics," and gaining time for national development. The highest motives of national interest dictated the act; the same kind that a few years earlier led the Continental Congress to make an entangling alliance with France. Washington's declaration of neutrality received the general approval of the commercial elements of the population. It was not popular with the masses, who were infected with the French Revolutionary doctrines, and moved both by

memories of gratitude to France and animosity to Great Britain.

The foreign policy adopted in 1793 was Washington's own. Jefferson and Hamilton were, next to him, the most forceful leaders in American politics. The policy did not exactly accord with the views of either. Jefferson said: "My system was to give some satisfactory distinctions to the former [France], of little cost to us, in return for the solid advantages yielded us by them; and to have met the English with some restrictions which might induce them to abate their severities against our commerce." Hamilton thought the treaty with France had come to an end with the passing of Louis XVI, and desired a reconciliation of the English-speaking nations. Jefferson sought the growth of an entente with France; Hamilton with Great Britain. Both saw the interests of America bound up with one or the other of the dominant Powers of western Europe. Contemporaries thought each, like his followers, had need of a tag to indicate that he was for England or for France. Neither, however, wished his national favoritism to draw the United States into the European war. Washington held his course between that of his councilors. They were under the spell of the older forces which drew the United States into the vortex of European politics; his goal was a national character and freedom of action.

This paper is not concerned with the displeasure of the belligerents over Washington's neutral policy, which did not show the compliance they expected from a nation in its swaddling clothes. Nor will it be attempted here to survey the passions it stirred in those in America who from their respective sympathies saw their Government seemingly indifferent in the great struggle of peoples in Europe. Jefferson, whose support of Washington's policy had been only half-hearted, who from his French sympathies had been entangled in Genet's activities, and who was out of sympathy with the Administration on every count, resigned his office to lead the incipient party of democratic and pro-French leanings. Hamilton, on the other hand, as soon as the issue was clearly drawn, threw the weight of his pen to the maintenance of the foreign policy which Washington had announced. A series of papers appeared in the Federalist newspapers during the summer of 1793. After the manner of the time they bore a pen-name, "Pacificus" in this case, but one which deceived no one. These papers were followed by another series over the name of "No Jacobin," and by another in the winter of 1794 over the signature of "Americus." Hamilton undertook to explain the Constitutional system of handling foreign matters, the responsibility of Washington under this,

and to justify the proclamation of neutrality. It was evidently his purpose by the later papers to stem the tide of feeling in favor of France and against Great Britain. "Americus" essayed the question whether the cause of France was truly the cause of liberty. Madison, largely through the influence of Jefferson, entered the lists in a series of papers signed "Helvidius," and denounced neutrality, Hamilton, and all his works. The air did not entirely clear until the era closed with St. Helena.

While the tempest raged throughout America, Washington's letter to James Monroe, who had succeeded Gouverneur Morris in Paris, was the occasion of restating his foreign policy, of expressing his attitude towards the French alliance, and of making a fuller explanation than hitherto of the underlying causes of his particular policy. In one sentence the modern doctrine of "the rights of nations great and small . . . to choose their way of life" was foreshadowed. What Washington said was:

I have always wished well to the French Revolution; that I have always given it as my decided opinion, that no nation had a right to intermeddle in the internal concerns of another; that every one had a right to form and adopt whatever government they like best to live under themselves; and that, if this country could, consistently with its engagements, maintain a strict neutrality, and thereby preserve peace, it was bound to do so by motives of policy, interest, and every other consideration, that ought to actuate a people situated and circumstanced as we are, already deep in debt, and in a convalescent state from the struggle we have been engaged in ourselves.

Washington rather more happily phrased his purpose in a letter to Patrick Henry. Edmund Randolph, the second Secretary of State, had just retired. Washington sought to persuade Patrick Henry to accept the post, though without success. He fittingly explained to Henry the foreign policy which it would be his duty to uphold. "My ardent desire is and my aim," he said, "has been (as far as depended upon the executive department) to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic; but to keep the United States free from political connexions with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced we act for ourselves, and not for others." To Gouverneur Morris Washington wrote: "Nothing short of self-respect, and that justice which is essential to a national character, ought to involve us in war; for sure I am, if this country is preserved in tranquillity twenty years longer, it may bid defiance in a just cause to any power whatever; such in that time will be its population, wealth, and resources."

Washington's letters to the end reveal

the struggle he was waging. In one inviting Charles C. Pinckney to become Minister to France, Washington said: "It is a fact too notorious to be denied, that the greatest embarrassments, under which the administration of this Government labors, proceed from the counteraction of people among ourselves, who are more disposed to promote their own views of another nation, than to establish a national character of their own; and that, unless the virtuous and independent men of this country will come forward, it is not difficult to predict the consequences. Such is my decided opinion." The path which Washington had marked out for the Presidency was expressed in a letter to Timothy Pickering: "The executive has a plain road to pursue, namely, to fulfil all the engagements which his duty requires; be influenced beyond this by none of the contending parties; maintain a strict neutrality, unless obliged by imperious circumstances to depart from it; do justice to all, and never forget that we are Americans, the remembrance of which will convince us that we ought not to be French and English." And yet Washington fully comprehended the difficulties in the way of a policy of isolation even at that period. To David Humphreys he wrote: "Nothing short of general peace in Europe will produce tranquillity, for reasons which are obvious to every well informed observant man among us."

Washington's views were carefully, one would say, maturely, stated in his Farewell Address at the end of his public life. This was a state paper he had had under consideration since 1792. Its appearance was timed so as to give the electors knowledge of his own determination to withdraw to private life, and the benefit of his experience. The arrangement and the language of the Farewell Address were very largely the work of Alexander Hamilton, but the ideas were Washington's own. The portions which dealt with foreign relations were on the whole a summary of a foreign policy already expressed in private letters and earlier state papers. There was little in it that was really new. It was Washington's way of propagating a doctrine which he had already found means of expressing. It counselled, as Washington had repeatedly done in messages to Congress, preparation for war as a wise expenditure of money. It proposed "good faith and justice towards all nations" as the watchwords of national policy. The paragraphs which followed expressed fear of foreign intermeddling in the affairs of the United States, lest the Republic might become a satellite of some other power. To escape from these dangers and to realize these high ideals had caused Washington to labor to create an

American consciousness of an American national character. The rest of the document is in harmony with these ideas. There is a warning against inveterate distrust of particular nations and passionate attachments for others, as also against permanent alliances with any particular nation. The advantage of geographical isolation is again stressed. Several paragraphs near the end form a defense of neutrality during the war in Europe. The course that had been pursued was identified with national interests. "A predominant motive," Washington stated in conclusion, "has been to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortune."

The Presidency of Washington was a formative period, though one in which the powers of government had to contend with bitter opposition and stinging abuse. There were times when Washington had occasion to fear that anarchy

and confusion might overwhelm America. However, in eight years of labor, difficult as any he had to perform in a long public life, he had created a well-defined foreign policy, and more important still, had held the nation to the course prescribed. Its dominant note was its "American character." It was an American foreign policy, for Americans and by Americans. It was considerate of the rights and interests of others, but conscious first of American interests. It looked out upon an old world of kings, princes, and aristocracies; it assumed, what Europe would not have gainsaid nor envied, that America was a great experiment in democracy. Extraction from dependence on the foreign policy of another nation cleared the ground for the experiment; isolation insured it a fair chance. One must not conceive of Washington as casting a long look into the future and setting up an ideal for future generations to carry out; his policy was fitted, if ever one was, and as ever one should be, to the needs of the hour.

ELBERT J. BENTON

Courts Martial

THE experience of our citizen army with the courts martial as organized and administered by the Regular service has produced considerable criticism, in which defenders of the system have been rather few. The Judge Advocate General's Department, in particular, has harvested a crop of enthusiasts who have made various suggestions and adduced some cases of obvious miscarriage of justice, but their proposals for the improvement of the fundamentals of procedure have, for the most part, been so far removed from the actualities of the problem as not to impress most line officers as practicable. The Judge Advocate General's Department sits as a kind of court of final review, in certain cases, to make sure, from reading the printed record of the trial, that the formal requirements have been complied with. During the war, it was largely made up of lawyers taken from civil life, who had a most rudimentary idea of the problems confronting a line officer in the maintenance of discipline and the attainment of efficiency in his unit; and inevitably the conclusions based on theory differ from those which are the fruit of experience in the field.

The closet theorist, especially if he be a member of Congress, is rather skeptical about the outward and visible forms of discipline. He likes to start with the hypothesis that soldiers are the "equals" of their officers in the American army; but right there he begins to confuse the subject. "Equal" means nothing definite

until it is indicated in what respect the equality exists. In physical strength, or character, or general education many men may be the superiors of their officers; but the relevancy of this fact is not apparent in a discussion of discipline or courts martial.

That the officer and enlisted man should be equal before the law, however, is quite right in theory—though in practice the responsibility placed upon officers makes it impossible to condone many an offense which may be overlooked in the case of a soldier. During the war I was Judge Advocate of General Courts which tried both officers and men; I sat on Special Courts; I acted as Regimental Summary Court Officer, myself, for some months; and I never saw a man get an unfair trial nor one convicted when he was innocent. But I have seen men convicted when the conclusion of the court was absolutely impossible, without disregarding the rules of evidence; and I have seen an irate old colonel all but behead a lieutenant for suggesting that the verdict of the court was, as a matter of law, unsupported by the evidence. The impressive point in connection with my observation of the workings of courts martial was that I invariably found that the courts were trying to do justice without the professional lawyer's reverential regard for the formalities of the rules of law. In this they are quite the opposite of the civil courts, which try to decide cases before them by the consistent application of certain rules of law

with only an indirect regard for the accomplishing of absolute justice in the particular case at bar. It is the essential requirement of consistency that has led to the old saying in civil courts that "hard cases make bad law": meaning that the attempt to temper the general rule to a case where it will not work for justice leads to unfortunate precedents which may afterwards cause confusion and uncertainty in the relations of men. This possibility does not worry the courts martial in the least. They never hesitate to modify the usual rule to include or exclude a particular case in the interest of justice, with the result that it is practically impossible to clog the procedure with objections or astonishing defenses based on technicalities, and, in the absence of a court of appeals, it is not worth while to follow that time-devouring custom of the professional lawyers called "making a record for the appeal."

It is evident, however, that this horse-sense method of trial produces records which will not always meet the pragmatic requirements of the lawyers in the Judge Advocate's Department. This does not mean that the trials were unfair. It simply means that summary disposition was made of certain technical defenses or objections which did not go to the merits of the case, or that the court's interest in the substance led to a disregard of the required formalism. It very rarely means that material evidence as to which there could be any doubt was dispensed with, but many a soldier has been convicted over a jurisdictional objection which was never properly threshed out by the court. Mitigating circumstances are often considered in the verdict instead of the sentence, and a deserter, for instance, is convicted of absence without leave and given a heavy sentence for that offense—a practical, though illogical, solution much in favor with juries in the civil courts also.

The question of heavy sentences is a knotty one, and has received more advertisement than almost any other phase of the matter. No reviewer of a trial has anything like the opportunity to observe the demeanor and attitude of the defendant that the trial court has. For this reason appellate courts in civil life have always been loath to pass on the credibility of witnesses or modify or reverse rulings dependent on what happened in the court room during the trial. Sentences depend considerably on the impression the prisoner and witnesses make on the trial court, and the lawyers in the Judge Advocate General's Department are somewhat reckless often when they decide that a particular sentence is extreme. Six months for absence without leave may be a severe sentence; but if it is really a punishment for deser-

tion, which the court was convinced of but did not care to find officially, then to the lay eye it may be pretty lenient.

It is with a layman's eye that the trial court always looks at the trial. This is inevitable in a service where lawyers are not present in sufficient numbers among the officers to exert a controlling influence. Perhaps, for the purpose of substantial justice and the dispatch of business, that is just as well. A military Thaw trial would do as much harm to the army as the mutiny of a division.

Some serious cases obviously arise by reason of the lack of force of character or judgment on the part of an officer. About one officer in ten, and the ratio is the same whether he is a graduate from West Point or drafted from civil life, is a lame duck, and has to be carried along by the prestige of rank. Only too often these unfortunates do not realize they are officers only in name, but the men always know it and take advantage of it. The situation can go on for a long time, but sooner or later there is almost sure to be a blow-up, and the Commanding Officer will direct the lame duck to bring charges against the man. The resulting exposure of the supposed state of discipline in that unit is bad for everyone concerned. The publicists seize on it as a true picture of the condition of the army as a whole, and the usual crop of general conclusions are drawn from the particular instance. For the men and officers of the unit concerned it is a humiliating experience; but for the sake of discipline it has to be gone through with. The enlisted personnel would lose confidence in their officers if the challenge were not taken up promptly and vigorously.

As it is, there is a good deal of breathless interest in what the "old man" is going to do about it, and considerable private betting as to just exactly what was said to the officer who precipitated the mess. Even the culprit in the Guard House is probably grinning secretly at the remembrance of his crime, and cheerfully hoping that the Commanding Officer has temporarily lost some of his pristine carnivorousness of which the regiment brags so much to less favored units with ordinary human beings for Colonels. These family affairs are hushed up and settled in the regiment whenever possible—and usually followed by the transfer of the officer with the weak chin to a staff position where he will not come in contact with the men; but if the offense is serious it will have to be referred to a General Court, and no Commanding Officer worthy of the name would hesitate to call for a General Court merely to save his organization the attendant publicity.

The recourse to the General Court, which means a court with power to give more than six months imprisonment or

loss of pay, is really very rare in a well-disciplined regiment. In the two years I was in service I remember only two men from my regiment who were tried by a General Court, and both of them had criminal records in civil life. What is known as "company punishment" is usually quite sufficient for dealing with ordinary lapses from grace. This usually consists in requiring the man to do certain fatigue work beyond what would ordinarily fall to his share, and does not involve a trial or the entering of any notation on the service record of the man. In wise hands it is an instrument of the greatest efficacy, and is supported by the public opinion of the soldiers as a whole.

It must not be forgotten that when a man enlists in the army he gives his life for the time being to his country. The nation can not accept men with reservations or on part time. He becomes a soldier all the twenty-four hours each day, and in this respect he differs radically from the factory worker, for instance, who is merely selling the product of his hands for certain hours, and may quit any time he pleases. The factory worker also retains a great deal of responsibility for himself. His health is his own business, and he takes care of it or not as he pleases. The soldier, on the other hand, is not entirely responsible for his health. He is not trusted very far with it. He is examined every little while to satisfy some surgeon that he is still fit. Accordingly, he takes no more interest in his health than does a small child. A man in uniform will do silly things that the same man in civilian clothes would never think of doing. It is also the experience of centuries, reinforced by observations in this last war, that men in uniform fight better than men in mufti; that men shaven, neat, and clean fight much better than dirty men; that men with a pride in their organization and confidence in their officers can fight all round men lacking these advantages.

Without making an exhaustive study of morale, it is evident that the little details of private daily life become of great importance if the army is to be kept at a high degree of efficiency, and that such a thing as being dirty or unkempt becomes an offense which must be noticed by those responsible for the fighting capacity of the unit. Hence the constant inspections and punishments for failure to conform to the standards, of which there is so much complaint by the closet theorists. But the court martial is not all the time hanging over the head of the soldier, nor is it recognized by officers as an ordinary aid to discipline. The trial of a man is practically an admission by the officer in charge of him that the man for the time being has got out of control, and

that is, of course, always an unwilling admission.

The outstanding feature of courts martial is that they accomplish their purpose remarkably well. To introduce a jury of enlisted men, as has been suggested, would add about five hundred per cent. to the amount of time a trial would consume, and would not increase the confidence of the accused in the fairness of the trial one iota. I have been tried as an enlisted man, and I have had charges preferred against me as an officer, so I really have a good idea of the feelings of a defendant. It might improve the looks of the records to have a lawyer handy to make sure that all the technical requirements had been complied with, but he would probably slow up the wheels of justice without accomplishing much. The fact remains that justice is done, and if there are mistakes they are the mistakes of amateur judges and not the calculated omissions of professional advocates.

After all, the whole question of discipline depends on the atmosphere of a regiment, and that is a thing which can not be traced to one or two concrete sources, but rests on the personality of the officers. The recipe is not found in any book, nor the result arrived at by following too closely the methods of someone else. If the officers have sufficient force of character, there will be no reasonable complaints about the conduct or sentences of the courts martial.

GEORGE W. MARTIN

Correspondence

The Principle of the Closed Shop

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The question of the "closed shop" is to-day occupying so much attention that I venture to refer to a phase of it which does not seem to me to be generally understood.

The principle which underlies it has appeared in commerce, industry, science, politics, society, and organized religion from the dawn of civilization and has, I think, invariably resulted in the moral deterioration of those who have victoriously employed it.

We call this principle by all sorts of names—monopoly, closed shop, old school, autocracy, the machine, orthodoxy, conventionality, etc.—but its objective is identical in every field of activity and it invariably means the subordination of the many to the few and the measurable demoralization of the latter.

In industry it is known as "closed shop" and its intention is the reservation to a limited number of the opportunities

of employment. It creates an artificial stability to tenure of position which begets indifference and carelessness among those who are protected in employment by it. It is enforced in the building trades in New York and has meant the arbitrary exclusion from apprenticeship of many an ambitious young American. Every spring before the war many European tradesmen came to this country equipped with International Union cards, which admitted them at once to employment, and then returned to their homes in the autumn taking with them a considerable share of the compensation that might well have gone to Americans, the exclusion of whom from trade employment made room for the aliens. Practically all the unions restrict the master workmen to a limited number of apprentices and compel those apprentices to pass five years in learning a trade which may readily be acquired in half of that time. The unions, moreover, charge an initiation fee sufficiently large to be measurably prohibitive to applicants for journeymen cards.

The "closed shop" is responsible for the long-continued opposition of the unions to trade education in this country. This opposition has only been relaxed in recent years, and even now concurrence in popular demand applies solely to such education in public schools. All private trade teaching is strenuously opposed by the unions. The examination of journeymen applicants for Civil Service positions in New York City has a peculiar significance in relation to this subject. While the qualifications of these would-be public servants are doubtless below the standard of New York tradesmanship, yet many of these are union men whose incapacity is largely protected by the "closed shop." I submit the following table of results of the examinations for the years 1914, 1916, and 1918 in the principal trades:

Year	Trade	Passed	Failed
1914	Steam Fitter	29	43
	Plumber	20	26
	Electrical Wireman	25	42
	Varnisher	14	14
	Bricklayer	16	28
	Carpenter	43	41
1916	House Painter	33	27
	Varnisher	7	16
	Electrical Wireman	6	16
	Bricklayer	12	15
	Plumber	17	32
1918	House Painter	36	10
	Bricklayer	6	18
	Electrical Wireman	8	24
	Gas Fitter	21	47
	Plumber	12	22
	Steam Fitter	7	11
	House Painter	52	29
	Plasterer	6	0

These examination tests are designedly easy—they have been adapted to the capacity of the applicants and failure to meet them reveals a low measure of proficiency. Nevertheless, the unionists among these rejected incompetents are not actually of the elect of the industrial army in New York. One must admit that the tendency to superimpose "closed shop" upon civilization springs primarily from the instinct of self-preservation, whence, however, it inevitably gravitates to pure selfishness. It is a misuse of the advantages of organized coöperation, and its vice is in the effort to transform that principle into an agency of oppression. We may well sympathize with the attitude of the older tradesman who sees in the extension of the principles of trade training to youth a menace to the permanence of his employment, and who therefore seeks by the "closed shop" expedient to protect himself by restricting the number of those permitted to practice the trade. His real defence against this danger lies in the knowledge and proficiency gained by experience and the reputation for honest and efficient work which he has earned by years of faithful toil. Society cannot permit him to shackle the justifiable aspirations of American youth.

We are forever struggling to combat the "closed shop" tendency, and our Sherman acts, open primaries, open shop, publicity, and modernism are all crude endeavors to resist its encroachments. Unscientific and even damaging as some of these expedients are, they are better than a nerveless acquiescence in the tyranny of this principle.

Nowhere, perhaps, has it done greater injury than in the church. Time and time again the rigid exclusion of the non-conformist has made it necessary for the reformer to break open the organization, but he has no sooner won the victory than he becomes himself the captive of his former antagonist. The Puritan escapes from the closed shop of the Anglican establishment, only to establish in the new world an equally rigid counterpart of that from which he has fled. The more completely does this principle succeed, the more pronounced becomes the evidence of dry-rot.

I do not think I am wrong in discerning in this principle one which inevitably makes for the moral and mental decadence of those who practice it, and I sincerely believe that for their own sake the unions should be prevented from enforcing it. It discourages proficiency, begets tyranny, fosters hatred, and swells the ranks of unskilled labor. It is not necessary to the policy of trades unionism and really misrepresents its true ideals. The unions are too valuable to be ruined by this fatal tendency, and if they can be

made to appreciate the danger of compelling industry to adopt it, they have a great future before them. Let us have "open shop" and an honest one. There are employees who interpret that term to mean "non-union," and they must be watched to see that they do not discriminate against the unionist.

R. FULTON CUTTING

New York, October 1

As it Looks in Omsk

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Perhaps your readers would be interested in some account of conditions at Omsk, where I arrived about two weeks ago. The journey from Vladivostok to Omsk is a trying one. First of all, it is most difficult to get a berth, as there are lots of people wanting to go and only two so-called "express" trains per week. Besides, most of the places are commandeered by the Government for people traveling in some military or official capacity. I managed to get a place through the Naval Department, but we were four men in a small stateroom or cabin. During the journey the heat was intense, no possibility most of the time to open the windows because of the dust and smoke, very little water for washing and a restaurant car where one could get only poor food and tepid drinks—no ice to be had—at exorbitant prices. I would like you to try and realize what one feels after nine days of journey under such conditions. I forgot to say that one is comforted on the way by the sight of railroad trucks lying by the line topsyturvy—the results of Bolshevistic activities, when the line is not sufficiently guarded.

By the time this letter reaches you, if it ever does, the situation here will have altered again. If the reverses on the front continue, as they do now, and more territory is lost to the Bolsheviki army, Omsk will have to be evacuated and nobody knows what this may signify. It is not impossible that the All-Russian Government, whose headquarters are in Omsk, will fall, as it will no longer be able to unite the people of Siberia—about 40 millions—and those parts of European Russia where fighting against Bolsheviki is taking place. It will be very sad if after over a year of existence and hard work, this Government is swept away because the Allies did not see their way to recognizing it in due time and giving it such material and economic assistance as it deserved. It will be very difficult if not impossible, for some time to come, to constitute anywhere else a new All-Russian Government, and the Russian problem will again remain open.

I believe that the Bolsheviki realize that it is not possible for them to hold out any longer in European Russia.

On the one hand, after two years Bolshevism has burnt itself out in European Russia and people have no more use for it; on the other hand, the pressure of General Denikin in the south is making things so difficult for them that the Bolsheviki seem to be trying to break through to Siberia.

They will certainly not find many elements here in sympathy with them, though Siberia does not fully realize what Bolshevism means. It is believed that they are making their way to China, where they have serious chances of succeeding in stirring up a lot of trouble for many years to come. Bolshevism in Korea and China (and maybe India) means more trouble for the whole world than one can realize at first.

Mr. Morris, U. S. Ambassador to Japan, arrived here a few days ago, and I understand that he has come here to give Washington a detailed report on the situation and the best means of assisting the Omsk Government in its struggle. All the Allied representatives are speaking about the help that is coming, but as the people here have heard about this help for a year, and practically nothing has been done, they no longer believe in it and the feeling against all the Allies is rather bitter.

Again and again it should be said that it is not military help that is wanted, but economical and financial help. By refusing to recognize the Omsk Government and forbidding abroad all transactions in rubles, the Allies have depreciated the ruble exactly 50 times. Today a friend of mine sold here \$1,000 for 100,000 rubles. Under normal conditions \$1,000 would be the equivalent of 2,000 rubles. Under conditions as they are the Government and people are unable to purchase abroad all that is so badly wanted here. As Siberia produces only raw materials, everything is necessary: clothing for those alive and fighting, hardware and machines for producing foodstuffs, medicines for the sick and wounded. The mortality is very great and the wounded have to endure terrible privations, but when the autumn and winter come no one knows what is going to happen.

How the Allies expect the Omsk Government to consolidate its position and carry on with the war against the Bolsheviki under such conditions does not seem very clear, and what is the good of the "League of Nations" if the civilized world is willing to close its eyes on this war, in comparison to which all the horrors committed by the Germans in Belgium and France are nothing but childish play!

There is a strong military party in favor of political and military alliance with Japan, which is supposed to be willing to help the Omsk Government by all

the means it has in the fight against Bolshevism, but is prevented from doing so by the other Allies. This anti-Allied feeling, if not stopped in time, may become very dangerous and can bring a new orientation of Russian foreign politics, *i.e.*, a tendency to get to an understanding with Germany and Japan. In a few years this would bring the whole world to a state of affairs similar to that of 1914, or even worse.

Like everyone else who has visited this country I am simply overcome by its possibilities of development and the wonderful resources one comes across all the time. Omsk itself is really nothing but a small provincial town, with a normal population of 150,000, which has unexpectedly grown during the last year to 500,000. Everything is overcrowded—no possibility of finding living quarters, Governmental offices located in shops and stores, and many people living in dugouts in town.

Among the different officials and members of the Cabinet I found quite a few friends. What is certainly one of the characteristics of the Omsk Government is its youth. Admiral Kolchak, the "Supreme Ruler," is about 45, the Ministers average 30, some of them being young men of 27 or 28, and if they lack experience they have a lot of determination to see the matter through.

ALEX. A. NELIDOV

Omsk, Siberia, August 8

Becky Sharp's Missile

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your slight mistake in recalling the incident of the departure of Becky Sharp from Miss Pinkerton's School weakens your comparison with the act of the present German Government providing that students leaving German schools shall be given a copy of the new Constitution.

It was not a copy of the Bible that Becky flung back into the garden, but of Johnson's Dictionary. Doubtless she might have treated the Bible no better, but in fact she was not given the chance.

Not religion, therefore, but the elements of common sense and the opportunity to learn the fundamentals of Democracy are what we may expect German students to reject with disdain. They may have reason for this in their contempt for those pretending thus to teach them; but, judging from our knowledge of German character, sufficient reason may be found in the scornful attitude of the students themselves. Germans have long since shown that they are too proud to learn from anybody. They have no more use for a constitution than Becky Sharp had for a Dictionary.

THOMAS H. LEWIS.

Westminster, Md., October 6.

Book Reviews

Alfred Noyes, James Oppenheim, and Others

- THE NEW MORNING. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.
- POEMS. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.
- POEMS. By Iris Tree. New York: John Lane Company.
- THE SOLITARY. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch.
- BANNERS. By Babette Deutsch. New York: George H. Doran Company.
- HAUNTS AND BY-PATHS. By J. Thorne Smith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.
- MERCHANTS OF THE MORNING. By Samuel McCoy. New York: George H. Doran Company.
- A WORLD OF WINDOWS. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: George H. Doran Company.
- THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A Verse Sequence in Sonnets and Quatorzains. By Russell Wilbur. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ALFRED NOYES is the possessor of two things—convictions and tunes. The natural accompaniment of convictions, in a thinker, is ideas; the natural accompaniment of tunes, in a poet, is words. Now, while it would be calumnious to assert that Mr. Noyes is defective, or even deficient, in ideas or in diction, it must be conceded that his strength in neither point is notable. The trouble with mere convictions, with mere tunes, is that you reach the end of both so speedily. That is largely the trouble with the lithe and blithe, the eager and meager, gift of Mr. Noyes. A great poet he is not, though he is an appreciably better poet than critics imagine in those untoward moments when his laxities encounter their cynicisms.

Mr. Noyes loves America. The expression of that feeling in the present volume is not markedly original; the originality lies in the feeling itself. Mr. Noyes is possibly the old-school, traditional Englishman, yet he is probably the first Englishman, unless Pitt or Burke might be excepted, whose eyes have either brightened or dimmed at the thought of America. A few of these poems, the "Avenue of the Allies," "Republic and Motherland," the "Union," have an international significance that surpasses, and replaces, mere literary value.

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that wide communion,

Too mighty for thought to scan;
Flag of the many in one and that last world-union

That kingdom of God in man;
Ours was a dream in the night of that last federation,

But yours is the glory unfurled—
The marshalled nations and hosts that shall make one nation
One singing star of the world.

There are also military and maritime ballads, legendary pieces, parables, ethical poems still happy in the assurance

That truth and beauty have a friend
At the deep heart of things.

Somewhat more distinctive is the assault on innovation in which diatribe alternates with burlesque. Mr. Noyes's feeling towards the modernists is expressible in the words of Mary Magdalen: "They have taken away the Lord . . . and we know not where they have laid him." There is much that is sound in Mr. Noyes's affection for the sanities and disciplines of the past, but I think that he hardly realizes the extent to which tactics are necessary as the ally of valor in the contest with what is irrational or subversive in the present. It is easy to say to humanity: "Turn round." But humanity will not turn round. Even if it goes back it will not turn round. General Grant, in his autobiography, illustrates his pertinacity by the fact that if, in walking, he found himself on the wrong road, he would go forward, until, by striking into a cross-route, he could reverse his direction without retracing his steps. The world is like General Grant; it will return only by a détour which will beguile it with the illusion of advance. In an age when conservatism is fashionable, the radical strategy is to make the new appear old; in an age, when radicalism is popular, the conservative strategy is to make the old appear new. Mr. Noyes is too frank about the antiquity of his gospel; he puts part of it explicitly into the mouth of a grandfather. Now the world of to-day, rightly or wrongly, can not take its truth from grandfathers. It would be better for Mr. Noyes to uphold virtue and sanity simply as virtue and sanity, and not to emphasize the single aspect of those cults which is abnormally distasteful to his contemporaries.

Mr. Theodore Maynard has ability. Whether he has ability enough to serve him in a world in which the price of fame tends to rise with that of other commodities is a perplexing question. He is religious; further, he is Catholic; further yet, he is scriptural and sacramental. With all this he is a lover and praiser of laughter. The reader who permits himself to be surprised at this combination will have his surprise lessened by the discovery that Mr. Chesterton is the author of the preface. Mr. Maynard, though pietist, is not ascetic. Half the time when he is not praising Christ he is praising drink, and we could in a sort epitomize his philosophy by quoting the refrain of a ballade: "I drain a mighty tankard to the Pope." There is in his work a mixture of the lusty and the picturesque, of the cordial and the prismatic, which should have done much for him. That it has done something, the first stanza of a

"Song of Colours" may suffice to demonstrate:

Gold for the crown of Mary,
Blue for the sea and sky,
Green for the woods and meadows
Where small white daisies lie,
And red for the colour of Christ's blood
When he came to the Cross to die.

Miss Iris Tree is the daughter of Sir Herbert Tree; the affiliation, the *filiation*, to art in such a parentage was clear, and her name was a commission to write verse. Her work is clever and individual, or, more strictly perhaps, it aspires to individuality, for the likenesses among the people whose ideal is difference rank high among the biting ironies of life. Vultures and leopards hunt alone; pigeons fly, and sheep graze, in multitudes: yet no naturalist to my knowledge has ever told us that the difference between two vultures or two leopards is wider than the difference between two specimens of either of the gregarious types. The ingredients in human nature are so few. Miss Tree is a daring phrase-maker with the occasional rewards and constant penalties of daring. She can fashion, in her own words, "delirious verses, tortured statues, spasms of paint;" or she can apostrophize London in resonant and plangent verse:

And all my hopes thy lamps that flick and glare,

And all my griefs thy beggars in the rain.
The insurgencies of her early poems are modified in her maturing verse. They were doubtless the kind of insurgencies which find their antidote in recurrent birthdays, their turbulence being that of an equinoctial storm seasonal rather than regional or climatic. There is a fatal periodicity in these things; the sower of wild oats comes finally to the point when he breakfasts on oatmeal.

Without ranking the "Solitary" as great poetry, or even as good poetry if taken in mass, I prefer it to the former work of Mr. Oppenheim. It has fewer things that chafe me, many more things that please me mildly, and one or two things or fragments of things to which my response is instantaneous and cordial. Mr. Oppenheim's weakness lies, not in the content, but in the method, of his didacticism. The vast circumference of things surveyed from an intensely individual centre through symbols which assume the connective office of radii; ideas cosmic, sincere, vaguely elevated and dimly hopeful, rarely original, never finally and sharply embodied; these constitute his point of view and his material. The ideas in the mystical "Sea" are so far from shocking or destructive that I should describe them as a sort of Christianity with psychology substituted for theology. The trouble lies in the relation of the artist to the teacher. The theorist is always getting between my feelings and Mr. Oppen-

heim; the poet gets between him and my intelligence. Reason is good, and feeling is good; but their mixture, if not masterly, is provoking. In the same fashion earth is good to walk on, and water is good to swim in; but there is a mixture of earth and water known as marsh in which neither walker nor swimmer can make progress. What Mr. Oppenheim's philosophy needs is drainage—clearing, drying, solidifying; what it gets is irrigation.

Mr. Oppenheim writes before the process of composition is complete. The work is full of arrests and starts, parentheses, italics, dots, interruptions, repetitions, subjects without verbs. Poetry may be as continuous and steady as prose for the same reason that flight may be as unbroken and regular as walking; the one thing needed is sufficient wing-power. Mr. Oppenheim's wing-power is inadequate; he can not be consistent or progressive; he must veer, plunge, diverge, lest his inspiration flag. The defect of imagination betrays itself in the mutability of his figures. In three lines on page 38, the sky is successively a gulf, a pocket, a dome, and a cobweb—proof not that the sky has been all these things to Mr. Oppenheim, but that it has been none of them.

There are better moments when the imagination is not restless, but active. A phrase like "music in which lost armies sang requiems" shames its context for pages forward and back; as Browning said in his "Memorabilia," "a hand's-breadth of it shines alone mid the blank miles roundabout." Sometimes the inspiration is not cupped in a phrase. "Europa" begins nobly (I quote with unmarked omissions):

Europa

The dark years, the dreadful years are upon me . . .

The Voice of Egypt

Whither goest thou, Europa, whither goest thou, dusty and grown aged and withering at the breasts?

Thou hast not crouched in the desert, mounting the sand-storm, Remembering the Ptolemies.

Europa

But the dark years, and the days of bleak old age are upon me . . .

Once my rosy nipples were lipped by nations and a great people drank of them . . .

The Voice of Persia

What hag is this, that against the black rifts of the storm, and blown by the tempest

Stalks crazily mumbling? Is it thou, Europa?

Thou hast not seen great Babylon fallen, gone down with Marduk,

Thou art not merely an Asian breath from beyond the desert and the ancient rivers

Strange with Assyrian song and Arabian rumor . . .

Europa

I wither in a great noise.

That is the real thing, to be honored in Mr. James Oppenheim as generously as

in any classic. Let him multiply such titles to homage.

Miss Deutsch's "Banners" is an interesting book. Unlike Mr. Oppenheim, Miss Deutsch is primarily an artist; she designs; she composes; she selects. She is an exact artist; she counts and weighs her strokes. It must not be inferred that Miss Deutsch is an exact thinker; on the contrary her present disability seems to lie in the fact that the thinker is not sufficiently ripe to serve as companion and abettor to the artist. For the time being her wares are images and sentiments, harbingers possibly of the thoughts and feelings which might make the fortune of some later volume. Even in "Banners" they meet us here and there, as in the sombre conclusion to the strong sonnet on "Solitude."

Single is all up-rising and down-lying;
Struggle or fear or silence none may share;
Each is alone in bearing and in dying;
Conquest is unaccompanied as despair.
But I have known no loneliness like this,
Locked in your arms and bent beneath your kiss.

At the other extreme of Miss Deutsch's work is the delectable artifice of the following:

You also, laughing one,
Tosser of balls in the sun,
Shall pillow your bright head
With the incurious dead.

That "incurious" is masterly.

The merit of the poems is naturally variable. "Banners" has an unwieldy—I might almost say, an *unwielded*—force. The "New Dionysiac" is spray-like with the vibrancy and the fleetingness of spray. "Beauty" is richly done, but is somewhat too manifestly a *fabric*. It is memorable for the lovely phrase (applied to Beauty):

And in the moving wind invisibly
Unstable stirs.

The dreamy and the incisive succeed each other in Miss Deutsch's work. At times you merely feel her breath upon your cheek; at other times she drives her nail with a Jael-like determination straight into your temple. She is a person about whom prophecy is unsafe. In quick minds the ardor of youth is a strong reënforcement to inborn faculty; it is hard to estimate the faculty until the reënforcement is withdrawn.

Mr. J. Thorne Smith, Jr., is a young man of alert fancy and sympathetic rhythms. The bigness and lustiness of the sea are happily caught in the four lines which follow:

I love its lonely smoke-hung trails,
Its battered hulks and singing sails,
Its lifting, surging hills and dales
With fleecy, form-plumed crests.

There is a mellow gravity in certain strains of Mr. McCoy's "Merchants of the Morning" which conveys a perceptible, if fading and uncertain, spell. I see no reason why the people who have enjoyed Mr. Charles Hanson Towne in

the past should not enjoy his "World of Windows." *Their* world should be rich in joys.

As poetry or literature, Mr. Wilbur's "Theodore Roosevelt" has absolutely no standing; its only protection is its defenselessness. Nevertheless the book is not destitute of value. Mr. Wilbur has painted each feature of the many-featured Roosevelt as individually as if it had not been a feature but a face; the method is destructive of unity, but it favors that comprehensiveness which the pursuit of unity more or less excludes. Mr. Wilbur's Roosevelt is an unbound Roosevelt, a Roosevelt in loose sheets; for that very reason it includes a range of matter which a binder would reject as incompatible.

O. W. FIRKINS

Two "First Novels"

PETER MIDDLETON. By Henry K. Marks.
Boston: Richard G. Badger.

IRON CITY. By M. H. Hedges. New York: Boni and Liveright.

A NEW YORK *Sun* reviewer asserts of "Peter Middleton" that "Theodore Dreiser would like it—Robert W. Chambers would read it through at one sitting." This is moderately doubtful; but it is easy to see how these two names might have been suggested by the story. To them might be added that of Upton Sinclair, who has written a novel on venereal disease. "Peter Middleton" is a serious piece of work. That is, the storyteller is not simply trying to amuse us, but desires to be of use as an interpreter. We may accept the current demand on criticism, that it shall consider what the artist is trying for, and how nearly he gets it. Unluckily, we begin and end in considerable uncertainty as to the present writer's objective. He wants to record things as they are—but how are they? He wants to paint a portrait—but is the fellow worth painting? He wants to point (or embody) a moral. And he wants to tell a tale. . . . These are among his impulses, if not his conscious desires; and they fail to pull together. The thing as it is, the physical thing, he presents with extreme fidelity: "The blinds drawn as then, the sparse, stiff furniture, rigidly arranged, covered with brown linen slip covers, the two massive crystal chandeliers and the oil paintings in their heavy gilt frames stretched with cheese cloth, the antique Empire urns that balanced the marble mantel—yes, the very smells, faint but insistent, the self-righteous smells of floor wax and brass polish, that somehow he always associated with his mother—all crowded in upon him and oppressed him." As for the portrait, it is a good portrait—of a weakling. And, of course,

the world is full of weaklings. But alas, why entangle this worthy "Dreiserian realism" with the cog-worn machinery of the novel, romantic or purposeful?

As a story, the book is spoilt by the absurdity of the pivotal incident. Let the hero sacrifice himself, if you must, according to the deathless if tiresome habit of heroes; but make us believe in the necessity and the means of sacrifice. Peter Middleton, finding his wife unfaithful, agrees to give her cause for divorce. He goes to a dingy hotel with a street woman, telephoning his whereabouts to his waiting wife. Very good; but why, in the name of common sense, represent Peter the chivalrous and the clean as actually "staying" with the drab, and so incurring the disease which is to destroy him and his later on? Plainly the author has made up his mind to show a decent man ruined by that special enemy; and what we have in the end is a tract with many of the materials that might have been moulded into a novel of creative power. For the rest, disease or no disease, Peter remains a weakling, a fumbling "temperamental" egotist, who is looking to life for a hugged-up happiness that always slips beyond his grasp. At the end only self-destruction remains:

It was as if it had been granted him to see himself with forbidden eyes. So he saw himself: so he contemplated himself with a kind of triumphant despair. Death for creatures like himself! Oh! he knew now. He knew why Nina had loathed him—and Bromley. They had sensed it. And von Prahl. And Anita Demling. Even Elisabeth Lissinger with her great understanding, her exquisite generosity, even Elisabeth Lissinger. Only Melanie! It was for Melanie he would do it. . . . He rarely thought of the disease now. That was something accidental—accessory. Disease or no disease, the deeper thing, the permanent, ineradicable thing, the disease at his heart was what impelled him. . . . To get away from it. . . . To annihilate himself completely.

Petrovitch Middletonskey?

"Iron City" is also a story of personal quest. But the person chiefly concerned pursues something more than either his own happiness or (in whatever meaning of the word) success. He has the modern sense of solidarity with, and responsibility for, his fellow-men. He is wistful for the world's good. And by fellow-men and the world he means, also in the modern fashion, the masses, the proletariat, all those whom fate (or "capital") has wronged by giving them advantages and opportunities less than his own. He himself has won them single-handed, to be sure. John Cosmus, "student of society," has made his own way through college, before coming to Iron City to begin his cherished career. Iron City is that thriving midland town, some three generations from its pioneer days, which is the scene of so much of our later fiction. Founded by New England Puri-

tans, it has gone through the later phases of industrial and social expansion. It has learned to play, and to boost. Thirty alien races have arrived to test its quality as melting-pot. Its dominant personality is now crude, pushing, Philistine. Yet, oddly enough, one of its points of pride remains the college which was founded in the Puritan days, and still clings to the ancient ideals of education. To Crandon Hill College comes young John Cosmus, fresh from Harvard, as an instructor in sociology. He has willingly given up the lure of money-making: "He imagined that the American college was the focal point for the mother-brains, the creative minds of the race; he wanted to be a creative mind, and he wanted to shape minds with a gift for creation." But he very soon finds that Crandon Hill College is anything but a dwelling or a nursery of creative minds. Its faculty are infinitely serious about the mighty past and the trivialities of academic routine, and blandly indifferent to the great forces of modern life. President Hugh Crandon embodies the genial yet narrow conservatism of this privileged institution. John Cosmus soon finds his zeal slackening. His pupils do not wish to think, his colleagues do not wish them to think—least of all about the social and industrial problems of to-day. To tell the truth, Cosmus himself does not so much think about these matters as muse over them, puzzle himself about them, worry about them. At all events, he is not long running foul of the let-alone policy of the College. He protests against the closing of the college grounds to the aliens who are crossing them as the shortest way to and from work in the great factories which are making Iron City rich. He protests against the educational theory which spends thousands on conventional "scholarship" and offers nothing to the enlightenment of the community. Finally, when a great strike breaks out in one of the huge concerns whose head is a trustee and pillar of church and college, Cosmus outrages the authorities by standing up for the industrial rebels with both voice and pen. He is dismissed, and the strike fails, and Cosmus is none too sure, in the end, of what it has represented. To him also comes his moment of despair, his thought of self-destruction:

His mind worked in and out of problems, experiences, memories and impressions. He thought of the day now nearly ten years before, when he had climbed the telephone post, tapped the transcontinental wire, and had got his inspiration to go to college. He thought of college, graduate school, his hopes for education . . . and then the factory—whose faint clangor he could still detect in the night; and the war. How different, how vastly different the world was now from the world as it then seemed to be!

In some moment of this thinking he be-

came aware of the vast night stretching around him, the earth so wide and patient, the stars, infinite and tender, the expansive stillness of the world. The valley yonder, the heavy speech of the running water, the city lights behind—they, too, were part of the peace of the wider upper universe. Behold, the night was paternal and enfolding.

Suddenly as he sat there all fatigue was gone. It slipped from him mysteriously. He was strong, capable. Even the war—that inexplicable orgy—seemed potential with good. Somewhere in his thinking, some idea, some raveling of feeling, had brushed his soul clean of fear, anguish and hatred. He had let go and slipped into Life. . . . At length he remembered: that cleansing thought was the thought of God.

So with God and the human love that has crowned his hour of despair, Cosmus goes forth, with uncertain step but not without courage, into a turbulent world. . . . So the problem is set forth, our own problem, the world's problem. The author has no humanitarian or industrial panacea to offer for its solution, but at best glimpses an omen of good in the nature of things: "For them there were just two facts: the perennial wrongness of cruelty and greed, and the eternal rightness of love." For such a book, beginning and ending on a note of sane if impassioned inquiry, we may well be grateful in an hour when, if you sow the word "liberal," a crop of cocksure "ideas" and cure-alls at once presents itself for reaping.

H. W. BOYNTON.

The Run of the Shelves

WHEN "Stars and Stripes" called Sergeant Alexander Woolcott from his platoon to an editor's desk, they probably broke his heart, but they also did well. And when the High Command set him footloose to see and hear what he could on the fighting front, they cast literary bread upon the waters. It has returned after not too many days in the volume "The Command is Forward" (Century Co.). Mr. Woolcott has made the best use of an extraordinary opportunity. There is a moment of relaxation after peril when men will tell about themselves and their fellows with simplicity. The moment passes, and the facts get reworked into anecdote and legend. Mr. Woolcott in twenty instances caught the right moment and fixed it by a masterly act of reporting. One grasps the unity of the fighting effort, in the fifteen-year-old doughboy "dying on his gun," in the brigadier-general who established headquarters, most heterodoxically, before the firing line, in the flying camera men itching for an illicit fight, in the sweating cooks defying the elements and traffic regulations to keep up with their units. All this is made vivid without pretentiousness or overemphasis. As pure reporting, the war has produced nothing better.

Mr. Dooley's new volume "On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils" (Charles Scribner's Sons) in its skirmishings with food in war, with old age, with baseball, with golf, with cards, with history, with Irish movements, has its instants of fortune and felicity.

"Freedom is like dhrink, Hinmissy. If ye take anny at all ye might as well take enough to make ye happy f'r awhile."

"Dock O'Leary," said Mr. Hennessy, "tells me a rival is takin' away a lot iv his practice be puttin' ivrybody on a dite. He didn't say who it was."

"He told me," said Mr. Dooley, "it's th' high cost iv livin'."

"Th' two gr-eat American spoorts are a good deal alike—pollyticks an' baseball. They're both played be pro-fessionals, th' teams ar-re r-run be fellows that cudden't throw a base-ball or stuff a ballot-box to save their lives and ar-re on'y intherested in countin' up th' gate receipts, an' here ar-re we settin' out in th' sun on th' bleachin' boards, payin' our good money f'r th' spoort, hot an' uncomfortable but happy, injyin' ivry good play, hootin' ivry bad wan, knowin' nawthin' about th' inside play an' not carin', but all jinin' in th' cry iv 'Kill th' empire.' They're both grand games."

These are enjoyable things. Many of the laughs in the volume, however, will be of the sort in which the good nature of the laughter acknowledges the good intentions of the humorist. That the reader should go half-way to meet Mr. Dooley is only fair, since Mr. Dooley has often gone half-way or more than half-way to meet his joke. We feel sometimes that Mr. Dooley is not so much conquering as harassing his subject. The difficulties of an avowedly humorous book are very great. Literary success consists largely in the establishment of a balance between expectation and fulfillment. Reduced expectation, increased fulfillment—these are the instruments of victory. The trouble with a book that avows its intention to be humorous is that it arouses continuous expectation in relation to a point in which fulfillment must be intermittent and occasional. In the straits in which he finds himself Mr. Dooley becomes rather unscrupulous. Morally, indeed, nothing can be urged against him. He deserves honor for the decency and humanity of his behavior in that curious craft of humor which, with all its virtues and benefits, so often tempts the humane man to be cruel and the decent man to be foul. Mr. Dooley's aberrations are merely literary. An example may be drawn from his paper on oratory. It is undoubtedly funny to represent after-dinner speakers as dying with eagerness to speak. It is equally funny perhaps to represent them as dying of terror lest they should be

called upon to speak. But when a man makes use of both these forms of humor in one short paper, it is clear that his liveliness is the outgrowth of his ingenuity, that it expresses no permanent relation of his mind to the thing. Untidiness of this sort is very usual in the volume. Mr. Hennessy, the listener, is perhaps really more humorous than Mr. Dooley. This gentleman emerges from long silences into brief remarks that are perfectly serious, absolutely banal, and plump and rotund in their placid self-complacency. He illustrates that great envelope of dullness in which, as in a fleece or fur, the stolid world is cosily and warmly wrapped. He is the ideal contrast and counterpoise to Mr. Dooley.

What's Hoover Going to Do?

FEW men carry with them from the great war such a record of achievement as Herbert Hoover, a record of which all Americans are justly proud. It is natural that the interest which the whole world feels in him should not cease with his retirement from the major tasks which have occupied him during the past five years and with which the welfare of so many millions of people has been bound up.

In response to an inquiry from a San Francisco paper as to his future plans, Mr. Hoover makes a characteristic reply, which shows that in him resides something of the spirit of a Cincinnatus.

(1) I plan to adhere to the following rules for one month:

(a) I will reply to no telephone calls, and my secretary has directions to explain in the most amiable manner that as I am spending a month with two vigorous small boys I cannot be tied to the end of a telephone all day, and that I will devote my energies evenings to replying to the best of my ability to any telegraphic or written communications.

(b) That I do not myself read any communication which exceeds more than one page and I must depend upon my secretary to inform me of the contents if it exceeds this limit. These rules are solely for my own good.

(c) That I must decline the honor of speaking at a large part of sixty-four public meetings to which I have received invitations. I do this because I am not a spellbinder and I am satisfied that the American people will be gratified to find a citizen who has retired from office who wants to keep still. Any public statements from me will have to be written before this appears. This rule is for the public good.

(2) My family is building a "palace" containing seven rooms and a basement, a kitchen and a garage, all on the university campus. The old cottage is good enough but we all think we can build a better house than anybody ever built before and every American family is entitled to this experience once in a lifetime.

I have noted that the skilled labor on this job is receiving \$8 to \$9 per day. As trustee of this university I also note that some 150

instructors and assistant professors receive from \$3 to \$6 per diem and that they have families to support. I therefore plan to co-operate with my fellow trustees who are already endeavoring to find means to help the above group of unorganized workers.

(3) After one month I plan to proceed to New York to pass upon the final settlement of the expenditures arising from the operations of the Supreme Economic Council and of the Belgian Relief Commission. Altogether these accounts involve about \$2,000,000,000 of inter-accounting chiefly between eighteen European governments and different concerns, as to which I am the final arbiter.

Some thousands of earnest men have—some of them—for years given their services free for the economical administration that these sums should save every atom of human life possible. We are not afraid of this settlement; no one can collect these sums from us. If there were six less ciphers on these figures I might be worried.

I also plan to prepare a report for Congress showing the exact detail of the expenditure of the \$100,000,000 appropriated for relief purposes, and to hand over to the United States treasury between \$85,000,000 and \$90,000,000 of this sum in obligations of foreign governments, together with an accounting for an expenditure of the balance within the act. I hope this will be an agreeable surprise. Most of Congress thought the money was gone forever, but voted for it anyway.

Also I plan to edit a report now in preparation on the economic measures taken under my direction since the armistice in Europe. Also I plan to co-operate with my colleagues in settling some details of an endowment for education of children of Belgian people of limited means, which endowment has been created out of the residue of funds remaining in the relief after the completion of its work. This residue did not come out of the American public; it came from profits on sales of food to the better-to-do Belgians since the armistice and proved greater than the needs of the destitute.

(4) I shall co-operate with the other members of the committee of the European children's fund, which is now, with the assistance of various governments and private charity, carrying on the special feeding of 4,000,000 children in Eastern Europe diseased from under-nourishment. I have also agreed to complete the selection, free of charge, of some American advisers to various countries in Europe. These are as badly needed as the food for children.

(5) I plan to return to California a month or two later if I can advance the above matters satisfactorily. I shall then continue to attend to my duties as

(a) Head of a family;

(b) Trustee of Stanford University;

(c) A member of the committee of the European children's fund;

(d) The head of the Belgian foundation above;

(e) The completion of the "palace" above referred to; and,

(f) To support the activities under "a" and "e" from my occupation as a consulting engineer and income from remaining pre-war savings.

All subject to the reservation that nothing more turns up to irritate my conscience or peace of mind.

I offer this intimate disclosure of private affairs in order that no further inquiry on this subject will be needed and so that it may be seen that I contemplate no mischief against this Commonwealth, neither actual nor even in the purviews of the Federal Trade Commission.

Impecunious Idealism

THE air of England is simply vibrating with scattered impulses of theatrical idealism, all of which are thwarted (like the good fairies in a Christmas pantomime) by the Demon Impecuniosity. Every week brings the announcement of a new Society Guild, or League for the advancement either of the Arts as a whole, including drama, or of drama in particular, or of some form of drama, or of the arts subsidiary to drama. Here, for instance, is "The Arts League of Service," the aim of which is "to bring the arts into everyday life." This object it proposes to further in many ways, but largely "through performances of Drama, Dance, and Music in London and in towns and villages." On its Council, too, are most of our leading Young Men of the Theatre—Mr. Bridges Adams, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. St. John Ervine, Mr. Norman Macdermott, Mr. Miles Malle-son. Some of these names have probably not yet crossed the Atlantic, but I fancy you will hear of them all in time. Associated with them are many intellectual and social notabilities, such as Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. H. W. Massingham, the Hon. Neville Lytton, the Countess of De La Warr, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Lady Emily Luytens, etc., etc. What the League has yet done I do not know. I think it gave some performances in the Parks on the day of the victory celebrations—but this may have been some other society.

A more active body is the Drama League, which has borrowed its name, but not its aims, from America. It consists very largely of the same people: for the Army of Idealism is not really so large as the number of its various enterprises would suggest. The Drama League does not propose to produce plays itself, but to provide a sort of bureau of advice and assistance for all the other idealistic enterprises, great and small. The fact that Mr. Granville Barker is the Chairman of its Council leads one to hope that it may do useful work. He made an excellent speech at a conference of the League, which took place during the latter half of August at Stratford-on-Avon. At this conference, too, Mr. Martin Harvey spoke very much to the point when he urged the concentration, the focusing, of idealistic effort upon the one thing needful—namely, the establishment of a great national theatre in London, and of repertory theatres in all the great centres of population, suburban and provincial. This focusing, however, is not likely to take place for the present. In the first place, these are bitter bad days for raising money. In the second place, the running of small societies offers an

attractive field of activity to numerous men and women of culture and leisure, who feel no great disappointment if their activities end mainly in "drawing-meetings," or, in other words, in talk. Thirdly, the really energetic young artists who leaven the mass of vague aspiration are bent upon small experiments in the direction of "advanced" drama and decoration, rather than on securing for the theatre its proper place in the spiritual life of the nation. These young men have been much excited and stimulated by reports of the "Little Theatre" movement in America. They tend to be quite as much interested in decoration as in the strictly dramatic side of the theatre. One of them has been heard to say, "Of course Barker and Masefield were giants in their day, but their generation is passing."

Perhaps the most interesting figure of this group, or I should rather say of this stratum in theatrical society, is Mr. Norman Macdermott, the projector of a little theatre to be built (D.V.) at Hampstead. Mr. Macdermott is neither an actor nor, I believe, a playwright, but an architect and designer of scenes. He arranged a very attractive little exhibition of costume designs and models of scenery for the benefit of the Drama League Conference at Stratford-on-Avon; and the most notable exhibit was a model, by Mr. Macdermott himself, of his proposed "Everyman Theatre." It is to seat some 600 people, and can be erected, complete with an initial stock of scenery, for £17,500. But where is such a sum to come from? Of course there are many men who could write a cheque for it to-morrow and scarcely notice the difference in their bank account; but it seems impossible to get any of these men to take an intelligent interest in the theatre. Some of them are not without a tinge of idealism. There is, for instance, Lord Howard de Walden, a man of great wealth, who has frittered away large sums in well-meant enterprises which have led to nothing. At the present moment he is understood to be backing a "side-show" named the Art Theatre, which has given two more or less eccentric performances at the Haymarket, one at least of which must have cost far more money than its artistic achievement justified. I have not the slightest inside knowledge of the finance of Lord Howard de Walden's undertakings, from the Herbert Trench "Repertory Theatre" onwards; but I am very much mistaken if he has not spent, with practically no abiding result, sums which, intelligently administered, might have made the name of Howard de Walden a landmark in the history of the British theatre.

In the midst of all the theatres in the air, however, one playhouse on the solid

earth has been the scene of some excellent work, which may have far-reaching consequences. I refer to the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. The history of the so-called Shakespeare National Theatre scheme is too long and intricate to be even outlined here. Suffice it to say that there has existed for years a committee for promoting such a scheme, and that it has in its hands a considerable fund, though very far from the whole amount required. Holding itself justified in applying the accumulated interest on this fund to training actors for the eventual Shakespeare Theatre, and to establishing a sound tradition in Shakespearean acting, the committee joined hands with the Governors of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, in guaranteeing a "Shakespeare Festival" for the present year, to last through the month of August. We must not look too closely into the somewhat pretentious term "Festival." It is applied by established habit to all performances at Stratford; and no doubt the assemblage of visitors attracted by such performances does give the little town something of a festal air. From time immemorial, one may almost say, the direction of these festivals has been in the hands of Sir Frank Benson; but Sir Frank's company has been broken up by the war, and the Governors were, moreover, not disinclined to something of a new departure in methods of acting and presentation. Sir Frank Benson has done invaluable service to the British stage in keeping the Shakespearean repertory alive in the provinces, and in giving young actors an opportunity to learn their business by constantly playing a wide round of Shakespearean parts. Many of the leaders of the profession to-day, from Henry Ainley downwards, have passed through the Bensonian school. But, except in a few parts, such as Richard II, it was impossible to say that Sir Frank's own performances were particularly satisfying; and in the course of his gallant struggle with difficult circumstances, he had fallen into very slovenly habits of presentment. One peculiarity which it was hard to forgive was his practice of "fluffing" through his parts—seldom speaking three consecutive lines with perfect accuracy. It is, of course, too much to demand that an actor should carry all the leading parts of Shakespeare constantly in his head, and be able to turn them on at a moment's notice; but then no actor is compelled to play all the leading parts. In short, it was felt that an infusion of new blood into the Festival performances would be far from undesirable.

The season was placed under the direction of a young producer named W. Bridges Adams. Mr. Adams was something of a "dark horse," for,

though good reports had been received of his management of the Liverpool and Bristol Repertory Theatres, he had done very little work in London. He has brilliantly justified the faith that was placed in him. With very limited resources at his disposal, and with most inadequate time for rehearsal, he has given, not merely adequate, but very distinguished performances of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Winter's Tale," "Julius Cæsar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest." The company contained a valuable leaven of "old Bensonians," so that the tradition of many years was not entirely broken. But it was thoroughly renewed and revitalized. Mr. Adams has the art of infusing zest and enthusiasm into his actors, and getting thoroughly good "team work" out of them. One has seen better individual performances of almost all the parts than those of the Stratford company, but seldom or never has one seen more enjoyable presentations of the plays as a whole. In the matter of mounting, though the strictest economy was necessary, Mr. Adams was enabled, by the fact that he is himself a designer, to produce admirable effects. I doubt whether the very difficult shipwreck scene of "The Tempest" has ever been better staged; and the "Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" were presented with remarkable originality and refinement. The local success has been decisive, in the face of a good deal of initial hostility. Never, certainly, has truer honor been done to Shakespeare on his native heath than by this little company of young, enthusiastic, and well-trained artists.

The performance has given rise to a very unnecessary, but not quite uninteresting, controversy. It happened that Mr. Bernard Shaw was a member of the committee which guaranteed the Festival; and Mr. Shaw attempted to introduce into the manager's contract a clause rendering him liable to instant dismissal if he cut a single line of Shakespeare's text (or rather of the text commonly attributed to Shakespeare) except on the ground of quite impossible indecency. He did not succeed in making this a condition of the contract; but he did succeed in terrorizing Mr. Bridges Adams into retaining a good many lines which would much better have been eliminated—notably some of the grossest indecencies in "Romeo and Juliet."

Meanwhile a discussion of the principles involved found its way into the magazines and newspapers. All parties are agreed that the spectacular managers of the past generation—Sir Henry Irving, Sir Herbert Tree, and, most of all perhaps, Mr. Augustin Daly—ruthlessly maltreated the poet's text, in

order to make room for the extraneous ornamentation on which they principally relied. The widespread reaction against this postponement of Shakespeare to spectacle is entirely justified. But Mr. Shaw and his partisans now maintain that there is no middle course between wantonly mutilating Shakespeare and repeating every line that is attributed to him in the First Folio. The party of common sense, on the other hand—I call it so because I happen to belong to it—lays down the following principles:

(1) It is wrong to make any excisions either in the interests of spectacle, or because we do not think such-and-such a speech or passage "worthy of Shakespeare." Therefore his shorter plays, which come easily within the limits of an evening's entertainment, ought to be presented to all intents and purposes intact.

(2) But there are many lines and passages which, owing to the lapse of time, or to corruption of the text, have lost all meaning, and can be understood, if at all, only by the help of footnotes. These it is not only justifiable, but highly desirable, to omit. They are dead tissue, useless and even hurtful to the living organism. A more difficult question arises in the case of the passages, common in the poet's later plays, which are so condensed as to be highly obscure, yet are probably not corrupt. It may be argued that these ought to be retained at all costs; but the better opinion would seem to be that no good purpose is served by reciting lines which the actor probably does not understand, and which certainly convey no meaning to the vast majority even of an intelligent audience.

(3) Some of Shakespeare's plays, even if very rapidly acted and with no encumbrance from scenery, are far too long to be brought within the three hours of a modern theatrical evening. It is overwhelmingly probable that the poet never intended the full text to be presented on the stage. At all events we are justified in so far reducing such plays as to bring them within a reasonable time-limit—the more so as their dramatic effect is invariably found to gain by such condensation. And in making these time-cuts, as they may be called, we must naturally try to discriminate between the essential and the inessential, the vital and the obsolete.

Mr. Shaw and his adherents maintain that no distinction must be drawn between the living humor of Falstaff and verbal quibbles which have entirely lost what little humor they may ever have had, and which are not improbably mere "gags" incrusting the text. They pretend to understand clearly passages which six generations of commentators have striven in vain to elucidate. And Mr. Shaw himself declares (in this slightly differing from his disciples) that the public must be trained to approach Shakespeare in the Bayreuth spirit, and to sit reverently through a performance of five or six hours, if the poet so decrees. When we remember that Mr. Shaw began his career as a professed enemy to Shakespeare, we can not help wondering whether there is

not a touch of perfidy in this apparently frantic partisanship.

Yet, in the main, even Mr. Shaw is doubtless sincere. His principal ally in this controversy is Mr. John Drinkwater; and it is understood that Mr. Granville Barker leans to the same opinion. Now it is to be noted that these three gentlemen are all playwrights, and all inclined to prolixity. Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," for example, would gain incalculably by the omission of the lyrical interludes between the acts. There can be little doubt, I think, that they are moved by a professional fellow-feeling for Shakespeare, and include him in a sort of Authors' Trades-Union to protest against the unhallowed audacity of criticism in hinting that a dramatist can ever write too much. One can understand their sensitiveness; but they can make up their minds to this—that if posterity does not "cut" their works, it will only be because it ignores them. Time is a mighty winnow.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, England, September 2

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little farther into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available, without much trouble, through publisher, book-seller, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help to make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Foreign Visitors

WE no longer ask each visitor how he likes America; nor does he write such unpleasant books about us as "Martin Chuzzlewit," Capt. Basil Hall's "Travels in North America in 1827-28," or Mrs. Trollope's volume. Indeed, Mrs. Trollope, painfully truthful in great part, as she may have been, contrived to be irritating even in her title. "Domestic Manners of the Americans" suggests a scientist's investigations of the interior economy of the woodchuck's burrow, or observations on the life of the gopher.

Not all of them are flattering, even in more recent times. Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent" (Cassell, 1889) was friendly indeed, but frisky; Kipling's "American Notes" is caustic; G. W. Stevens, who reported the Presidential

campaign of 1896 in "The Land of the Dollar" (Dodd, 1898), was "smart," and always on the lookout for bad manners; while Sir Philip Burne-Jones, in "Dollars and Democracy" (Appleton, 1904) was both superficial and supercilious. Wu Ting-Fang's "America, through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat" (Stokes, 1914), is worth reading. Very courteous books are by two Frenchmen and an Irishman: Abbé Klein's "In the Land of the Strenuous Life" (McClurg, 1905), Charles Wagner's "My Impressions of America" (McClure, Phillips, 1906), and George A. Birmingham's "From Dublin to Chicago" (Doran, 1914).

After looking at some scores of these books, and reading a dozen or two of them, there remain in my mind, as honest and readable: "The Land of Contrasts" (Lamson, Wolff, 1898), by J. F. Muirhead, of Baedeker's guide book fame; H. G. Wells's "The Future in America" (Harpers, 1906); Henry C. Shelley's "America of the Americans" (Scribner, 1915), and William Archer's "America To-day" (Scribner, 1899). Every real reader of the greatest of them all, Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" (Macmillan), knows that the author never employs soft-soap to win our affections. Baron D'Estournelles de Constant's "America and Her Problems" (Macmillan, 1915) is as painstaking and thorough as Münsterberg's "The Americans," and has the advantage of being French. Arnold Bennett's "Your United States" (Harpers, 1912) is another of the better sort, and so is Frederick de Sumichrast's "America and the Britons" (Appleton, 1914). It is worth while to read "America and the Americans from a French Point of View" (Scribner, 1897) to guess which American wrote it. Price Collier is the man.

If you have only time for one, it should be that intelligent commentary on the whole subject, sensible and charming—"As Others See Us" (Macmillan, 1908), by John Graham Brooks.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

POETRY

Piper, E. F. Barbed Wire and Other Poems. Iowa: The Midland Press.
 Wilkinson, Marguerite. New Voices. Macmillan. \$2.
 Wilson, A. F. The Township Line. Harper. \$1.35 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Gibbons, H. A. The New Map of Asia. Century.
 Goodnow, F. J., and Bates, F. G. Municipal Government. Century.
 McLaren, A. D. Germanism from Within. Dutton. \$5.
 Sloane, W. M. The Powers and Aims of Western Democracy. Scribner. \$3.50 net.

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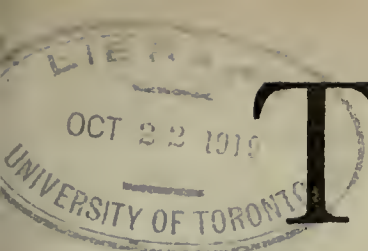
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(My commission expires March 30, 1921)

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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with either the employees or the managers of the industry affected. The country is looking to this Conference not for immediate relief from the troubles of the moment, but for a platform of workable principles which will lead to the removal of all just grievances of laborers as rapidly as may be possible and at the same time relieve a long-suffering people from the personal inconveniences, material losses, and moral disorders of continual strikes.

IN his address at Columbia University on "The Real Labor Problem," President Butler deals briefly and incisively with the deeper issues of which the immediate troubles of the day may be regarded as mere symptoms. In the weapon of the strike as it has now come so frequently to be employed in this country as well as in England and Italy, he sees a mortal challenge to the supremacy of government; he justly associates this menace with the spreading of the doctrine that "man's political organization, the state, is not any more fundamental than several other forms of human association." Those who have thoughtlessly slipped into acceptance, or even toleration, of this doctrine, could not do better than read the two or three pages in which Dr. Butler exposes its falseness and its danger. As to the relations between labor and capital, he goes too far in asserting their absolute identity of interest, and consequently makes the problem of their relations appear simpler than it really is. But what he says about the essentially coöperative character of their association, and what he urges as to the duty of their harmonious participation in the discussion and settlement of disputes, can not fail to be helpful. He looks for rescue from our troubles chiefly to the recognition by the three parties—"those who work with their hands; those who work with their brains, and those who work with their savings"—of their common interest in the product, and to the corollary from this, the "giving to representatives of each of these elements a direct share in the conduct and control of the industry and its policies." He expects no instantaneous solution of the problem, in any event; but he hopes that "the habit of reasonableness will more or less speedily supplant the habit of

force"—a happy phrase which may well stick in men's minds.

WHILE labor clamors for shorter hours and at least one of our journals "of opinion" opines that increased output promises no immediate decrease in prices, German labor, according to the dispatches, is getting back to a ten-hour day. Great as was the curse of militarism, it probably bred into the average German a docility which makes him face a difficult situation with doggedness. Perhaps, also, the diagrams which his commander has hung up before him have made him understand the latest economic diagram, namely this: When a man's house burns down and there is no insurance to cover the loss, it behooves him, if he wishes to get back where he was, to work quite as hard and quite as long as he did before. Some of our own labor unions are apparently going on the principle that, owing to their patriotism during the war, they are entitled to special privileges now. By the same token every citizen who did his duty by his country in the great crisis might expect to be better off than he was before the nation dug so deeply into its resources. This variety deserves the name of dollar patriotism.

WHAT constitutes demobilization? This is a question on which the Administration should throw some light at once. If war-time prohibition should be further continued on the ground that the conditions of the bill which made it operative on July 1 still exist, an authoritative statement to that effect would be welcome at this time. Some days ago Representative Rainey said that the War Department regarded demobilization as completed. If this is true, or even if the public thinks that it is true, and if the Administration is lending itself to the expediency of keeping the country dry until Constitutional prohibition shall take effect, it is helping to promote a spirit of lawlessness at a time when that spirit is causing much concern in various spheres of activity.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ has revealed the secret, according to his own view, of the opposition to submarine *Schrecklichkeit* which developed in Ger-

THE Labor Conference in Washington was called to consider fundamental principles essential to right relations between labor, capital, and the general public, not to take up specific instances of existing friction and attempt to remove them. Mr. Gompers could hardly have realized the result which would inevitably follow the adoption by the Conference of his request that it take up at once the arbitration of the existing strike in the steel industry. The latch-string once out, other strikes would have been crowding for entrance immediately, and perhaps all the more readily because the Conference has no power whatever to give an authoritative decision. To take up any individual strike at all would be to go wholly aside from the purpose for which the Conference exists. To take up this particular strike would be to assume at the outset the point of view of one side in a question on which there is now the sharpest possible difference of opinion, whether arbitration can rightly be demanded in case of a strike organized and called by men not immediately connected

many itself. It was simply the English "skill in making their own point of view plausible even to their opponent." The "English version that the submarine war was something immoral" gained support, he thinks, from Germany's display of a bad conscience in yielding for a time to America, still speaking from the standpoint of a neutral. An American might be disposed to feel slighted by the disposition of the Admiral to put the English stamp so exclusively upon the view that the submarine war was essentially immoral, but he at least gives us credit as apt pupils of the English moralists in this matter when he assigns to the submarine correspondence a large share of the responsibility for "the astonishing vehemence with which the American nation plunged into a war so foreign to its own interests." England and America are coupled side by side, however, in an unqualified tribute he pays to the energy and success of the Allied measures, which, he says, exceeded all the German fears, and increased at a rate far greater than that at which Germany was able to build U-boats. These measures, he calculates, had in the end reduced the destructive power of the individual U-boat to one-fifth of its earlier efficacy.

THE latest semi-official Japanese defence of the Shantung decision comes from Baron Shimpei Goto, a member of the Japanese Diplomatic Advisory Council. It is a curious blend of naiveté and guile. The Baron believes "that everybody is entitled to an honest opinion" and he is "glad that Japan has not attempted in any way to influence the opinion of the Senate." He has no desire to criticize the appearance of "various gentlemen" before the Senate committee on behalf of China. He is confident that the "leading publicists" understand the "real facts." President Wilson threw a "bright light" on these facts when he pointed out that Japan had promised to return everything—"except a few economic privileges." And the Baron adds, as if to show the magnanimity of Japan, she is going to "take China into partnership in the enjoyment of these privileges." She cannot say how soon this will be, because she "intends to settle the matter so promptly that it is impracticable to set a date." She will, after she has ratified the treaty, "ask Germany to hand over all documents concerning Shantung" and will then "submit to China a definite and liberal proposal." This train of thought is hard to follow. Why must Japan wait to see how much of a hold Germany had on Shantung before formulating her "liberal proposal," unless it be to see how much she herself can retain and yet give the semblance of

liberality to her actions? Moreover, it never seems to penetrate the Japanese consciousness that the iniquity of her contention is due to the fact that the German claims are flatly stolen goods.

M. BRATIANO'S resignation following immediately after his refusal to sign the Peace Treaty with Austria was believed to be a diplomatic victory of the Supreme Council and a test case of its growing prestige. But subsequent events have put a different light on the matter. M. Bratiano is still at the head of the Government, and the Rumanian troops have not yet left Budapest. Their withdrawal is said to be made conditional on the acceptance by Hungary of a separate peace with Rumania, which will give the latter better satisfaction than the peace terms she has refused to sign. These did not give her the complete national unity to which she aspires, and contained some clauses relating to the rights of minorities and the right of transit which are felt by the Rumanians to be an infringement of their national dignity. Insistent rumors that reach us from the Balkans strengthen the suspicion that this defiant attitude of the Rumanian Government has its clue in the secret support of Italian diplomacy. It is even said that a secret treaty has been concluded between Rome and Bucharest, under which the Rumanians promise to hold the Jugoslavs in check in case of a clash between Italians and Serbs over the Adriatic issue. "However, the Supreme Council is confident of its ability to put at naught any agreement that might exist between the Rumanians and Hungarians," says a Paris correspondent in a special cable to the *Times*. It is some comfort to learn that the growing frequency of cases of open rebellion against the decisions of the Supreme Council has not been able to shake the Olympian confidence of that august body.

THE one big idea is making way in the world—Norway has adopted prohibition. But prohibition of a sort and in a way that will hardly commend itself to the professional promoters of that amiable doctrine in this country. Norway, which, like the other Scandinavian countries, had already made several highly intelligent efforts to deal with the problem of strong drink, first decides to make it literally a question of strong drink—wine and beer are definitely excluded from the operation of the law—and then proceeds to submit the whole matter to popular vote. Presumably, if it doesn't work, the law can by the same ready means be modified in either direction. It is said that the example of the United States exerted a good deal of in-

fluence upon Norway's decision. If so, it must have been chiefly as an illustration of how not to do it. It is quite true that the Fathers of American independence, when they established a representative government, did not contemplate the machinery of popular referendum. But neither did they contemplate such a monstrosity as the imbedding of prohibition in the Constitution of the United States.

THE *Nation*, reprinting Mr. Bynner's verses:

If this was our battle, if these were our ends,
Which were our enemies, which were our friends?

seems to be in search of information. If it speaks with editorial plurality, why quite obviously it has no enemies. The Bolsheviki of all tints, for whom, of course, it holds no brief, can not be counted among its enemies. The Presidents, Premiers, legislators, Governors, and Mayors who are trying to manage the affairs of the world under law are not enemies—they are merely wrong-headed individuals who must eventually yield control to others whom the *Nation* would more enthusiastically hail as friends. Who these friends are, the *Nation* should be in a better position to know than the public to which it appeals for enlightenment. If, again, by "our" the *Nation* means that nation from which in other days it took its name, it may be wondered whether the two have not now drifted so far apart as to destroy any identity of "ends" and thus to deprive the terms "friends" and "enemies" of any meaning. If, finally, by "our" the *Nation* means the One Big Nation, that is a concept that has not yet sufficiently defined itself to have attained the dignity of either "friends" or "enemies"—or "ends." The public might be imagined as responding metrically somewhat in this vein:

Our friends and our enemies? The answer depends
On whether you reckon our enemies friends.

AIR flights across the continent are not so spectacular as the single hop from shore to shore of the Atlantic, but they are in some respects more valuable. They are tests of the reliability of machines, of the ability of a large number of pilots to do an effective day's work in the clouds. It is not that one or two men display superhuman endurance; it is that something better than a dozen machines successfully make the journey. It is not the speed with which it is done; it is the amazement, if we were left with the capacity for amazement, that this thing is done at all. With so many starters there were bound to be some regrettable acci-

dents. Flying is not yet a safe business; one has, among other things, to be born lucky to succeed at it. But the men who fall in an enterprise of this kind, unlike those who crush out their lives in automobile races, are sacrificing themselves in the forwarding of important work. The possibilities of aviation of the everyday, commercial sort are limited, no doubt, but still very great. When they are realized, as they are sure to be, the world will not be forgetful of the intrepid spirits whose collective efforts endowed it with wings.

THE war uncovered a multitude of charities, most of them well-intentioned, a few dishonest, and rather more than a few inefficient. And by no means all of these cease with the termination of hostilities on the Western front. One is still importuned through the mails to contribute to the housing of ex-soldiers and similar enterprises, and it is not always easy to decide whether or not such enterprises have a just claim on the public purse. Considerations of this sort justify the continuance of the National Information Bureau, whose first annual report has recently been issued. Organized during the war to protect the community war chests in the distribution of their funds, it has done good work in investigating and exposing such social and philanthropic agencies as did not deserve support, and in helping others that were astray in their object or their methods to take up a useful field and occupy it effectively. If the Bureau continues its work in the same spirit as in the past, it will deserve well of the generously-minded public.

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EDITORS

FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

The Danger of Deadlock

THE danger to which from the beginning the adoption of the Treaty has been exposed has centered in the fact that modifications, whether in the shape of reservations or amendments, are passed upon by a majority vote of the Senate, while the final act of ratification requires a two-thirds vote. Throughout the intermediate stage of the discussion there is in consequence of this circumstance no sharp concentration of responsibility for the final outcome. And yet by action taken in this intermediate stage the final outcome may be irretrievably determined. At this moment the danger of a fatal misstep remains as acute as it has been at any time in the whole course of the controversy. It is, therefore, to the avoidance of such a misstep that the efforts of all who realize the immense importance of getting the Treaty adopted must be insistently directed. A subversive amendment, or a reservation of such character as to have the effect of a subversive amendment, once adopted by a majority vote, the prospect of a favorable outcome will be almost desperate.

It is for this reason that we have so earnestly urged upon Senator Hitchcock the gravity of the responsibility which now rests upon him above all other men. It is idle to discuss the various possibilities which are exercising so many minds as regards the character of the President's illness. Hopes and fears concerning its seriousness are alike irrelevant to the practical situation which confronts the Senate. However unexpectedly rapid the President's progress in health may prove to be, it is a certainty that he cannot for many weeks be in a condition to exert that commanding influence upon the conduct of crucial affairs to which the country and the Senate had grown accustomed. If mischief is in the air, the task of meeting it rests upon the Senators themselves; and if the mischief is done it will be upon their conscience that the guilt will fall.

The immediate problem before the friends of the treaty is to secure the defeat of amendments which would throw it back for renewed consideration by the Conference of the Nations at Versailles. To take chances on the defeat of each individual amendment, when the margin is acknowledged by both sides to be exceedingly narrow, is to play a game of extreme hazard in a matter of transcendent concern to the safety and welfare of our country and of the whole world. The way to avoid this hazard is clear. It can be effected in no other way than by the Administration leaders coming to an understanding with those Republican Sena-

tors who are sincerely anxious for the prompt adoption of the Treaty, and who demand only, as a condition of their support, the adoption of carefully framed reservations which will safeguard the future of our own country, which involve no violation of the spirit of the Covenant, and which may be counted on to arouse no serious objection on the part of other nations. During the last two or three weeks such eminent Republicans as ex-President Taft and President Lowell of Harvard University have been exerting themselves to bring about such an understanding. The Massachusetts Republican Convention at its recent meeting adopted a resolution pointing emphatically in the same direction. That there should be in the Republican party at large, and within the ranks of the Republicans in the Senate itself, so strong an element favorable to this rational and feasible settlement is a circumstance extraordinarily fortunate for the Democrats. To fail to make the most of the opportunity thus presented to them would be to manifest a most deplorable inability for sound statesmanship.

We do not presume to prescribe the exact procedure by which such an understanding should be arrived at and made effective, nor even the exact terms of the understanding itself. Fundamentally it must coincide pretty closely with the position declared by the original group of "mild reservationists," or that declared by Senator McCumber immediately after the presentation of the majority and minority reports of the Foreign Relations Committee. In the time that has since passed there has been apparently some drifting of the McCumber group toward a portion of Senator Lodge's position, especially as regards the wording of the reservation relating to Article X of the Covenant. But obviously the situation is still plastic, and surely it cannot be impossible for the earnest desire of the moderate reservationists and the urgent need of the Administration Senators to be made to conspire together toward the adoption of a basis satisfactory to both. With this accomplished, and the safety of the treaty seen plainly to be dependent upon faithful coöperation between these two elements, there could no longer be any doubt of the defeat of any proposals, whether in the shape of amendments or reservations, which would endanger the final result. The majority stage of the controversy being thus safely passed, the country's attention would be fixed as it never yet has been upon the simple question of acceptance or rejection of the

treaty; and upon this question there can be no doubt that public sentiment would be manifested in such overwhelming fashion as to remove all doubt—if any should then exist—of the obtaining of the requisite two-thirds vote for the approval of the Treaty.

So plain are the requirements of this situation that we should feel no doubt as to the actual course of events, were it not for the possibility that action may be paralyzed by consideration of the President's part in the matter. Under ordinary circumstances, loyalty to such understanding as Mr. Hitchcock may have had with the President would properly serve as a bar to the taking up of any course of action concerning which his approval might be doubtful. But no one has insisted more ardently than the President himself upon the fatal danger involved in delay. To wait for his complete recovery is out of the question; to halt in paralyzing hesitation on the chance of some stray word from him when at best he can give to the momentous question but feeble and fragmentary consideration, would be equally repugnant to the plain dictates of common sense. It is now, and not months or even weeks hence, that the decision must be made. Let us hope that the courage and patriotism necessary to the making of it will not be found wanting.

The Conference Under Way

WITH the position of the three groups of the Labor Conference in Washington presented in the form of general proposals, it is natural to endeavor to take stock of the prospect of a fruitful outcome of the meeting. In favor of such a prospect must undoubtedly be placed the evidence, to be seen in the proposals themselves as well as in the general atmosphere, of a sincere desire for coöperation and good understanding. Nothing provocative—not to speak of anything pugnacious or incendiary—is to be seen either in the substance or the language of the statements of either the labor group or the employers' group. And the best of it is that there is no surprise in all this; on the contrary, we have grown so accustomed to the idea that mutual good-will is the indispensable requisite of the welfare of all concerned that it seems almost superfluous to mention it. The suggestion formally made by Mr. Frederick P. Fish, of the employers' group, that all the delegates should think in terms of the general good, and not of the good of any group, was not a mere bit of pious language, but reflected a genuine and active purpose which, though

not absolutely, yet within wide limits, animates a large proportion of the membership of the Conference.

Next in order among the favorable elements of the situation is the acceptance by the employers' group of the idea of adequate participation by labor in the discussion and settlement of disputed questions arising in any industrial establishment. This acceptance is, indeed, cautiously worded, and is accompanied by the statement that "there should be no improper limitation or impairment of the exercise by management of its essential function of judgment and direction"; but for a starting-point in the discussion of ways and means to achieve the purpose it does very well. The rapidity with which this idea has spread throughout the country is not only gratifying in itself, but is full of encouragement as showing the reasonable spirit with which, in these days, any practicable proposal having genuine merit can count upon being met. And it is upon this spirit, rather than upon the magic efficiency of any one particular device, that we must reckon for that progress toward industrial peace and harmony which has become one of the most urgent immediate needs of the world.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the central difficulties whose existence has been the occasion for the calling of the Conference will be found other than formidable. The specific points upon which the employers' group and the labor group are seen to be in agreement are not those upon which the portentous struggles in the industrial world have turned. Anything that improves the daily relations between employers and employed will tend to avert such struggles, and in the long run progressive improvement of this kind may eliminate them altogether. But for the present, and for a long time to come, we must be prepared for the menace of such clashes, and the most crucial problem of the day is how to deal with them when they arise. On this great question it must be confessed that the employers' group and the labor group are very wide apart.

And the reason of their difference is deep-seated. The spirit of trade-unionism, as it has thus far been developed, is bent upon the closed shop as its goal and upon the maintenance of the formidable power of national organizations as its instrument; and on both these points the employers stand in sharp opposition to the unions. The unions, it is true, do not demand the closed shop as an explicit part of their programme, and the employers' group in the Conference expressly assent to the closed shop whenever it may be the result of voluntary agreement between an employer and his

workers. But this does not do away with the underlying facts. The problem of how to settle a difference which turns not on questions of wages, or hours, or shop conditions, but on the principle of the closed shop, or on the principle of the right of national labor organizations to interpose in the affairs of an establishment whose management prefers not to be subject to their control, remains for the present just where it was. How to meet this difficulty is the toughest job with which the Conference has to deal.

There is a strong temptation to deny the existence of any inherent conflict of interest between the three parties to the work of production—those who supply the capital, those who supply the management and intellectual direction, and those who supply the manual labor. It is perfectly true, and it needs constantly to be re-asserted and re-emphasized, that all three of the parties, as well as the public at large, have a common interest in the increase of productivity. The income of all, the welfare of all, depends on the magnitude of the aggregate product. Whatever diminishes that product cuts down the possibilities of wages just as it cuts down the possibilities of interest on investment, of profit on enterprise, of reward for the contributions of managing ability, of invention, and of intellectual endeavor generally. No error has been more unfortunate, and none has been more persistent, than that which has so largely possessed the minds of workmen, and has so constantly influenced the policy of organized labor, that the condition of the working people can be improved by "making work"—that is, by diminishing the output of the productive effort of the world. To extirpate that error is one of the most necessary of the tasks before the educators of public opinion. Until it is recognized as a fundamental truth that labor and capital and enterprise have an absolutely common interest in the increase of the joint output, every effort for true and whole-hearted coöperation will labor under a terrible handicap. But while this is the truth, it is not the whole truth.

While labor and capital are alike helped by every increase of productivity and hurt by every restriction upon it, the interests of each are also affected by the terms upon which the joint product is divided between them. To deny this is to shut one's eyes to facts, and to interpose a barrier to the possibilities of that real understanding which can come only from a frank acknowledgment of facts. What is true in spite of this conflict of interests is that there are very sharp limits within which any adjustment must be confined, if it is to work out in practice. Arbitrary determinations of rates of

wages or hours or methods of work break down in the face of the underlying conditions for successful business. And except in cases where an undue control of conditions, an essentially monopolistic control, is lodged in either side, those conditions will of themselves, though doubtless with some delay, come very near to bringing about as good an adjustment as can be made by outside decree. In the main, what can be accomplished by the interposition of the machinery of arbitration and conciliation, or by the decisions of any governmental authority, is the prevention of temporary injustice.

But though these ameliorative agencies cannot accomplish results of fundamental or transcendent importance, the degree of importance that they do have is such that workingmen cannot be expected to be indifferent to their benefit. Neither can they be expected to forgo their desire to gain what can be gained, and to resort to strikes for the purpose, if no better means are available. But strikes are an agency too terribly wasteful, and so productive of consequences even more evil than waste, that every possible endeavor must be made to reduce their occurrence to an absolute minimum. No one can rightly say that there is nothing to fight about; but it can be said with perfect truth that the objects to be obtained by strikes are usually magnified in the workers' minds to a point amounting to delusion. To bring them to see these things in their true proportion is one of the great desiderata of the time. To have them viewed by employers in a like reasonable spirit is another. And to provide agencies by which those difficulties that persist in spite of this reasonableness—or in the absence of it—may be got over rationally and peacefully is the third. Let us hope that the Conference will bring about a great advance in regard to all three.

Guarding the Trans-Siberian

A NEW development in the Siberian situation places squarely before the American Government the necessity of making a decision of incalculable importance. It is not too much to say that upon this decision rests the future position of the United States in the Pacific, and it may easily determine whether America shall be permitted to develop her international relations in accordance with the hopes of a new world order eloquently voiced at Paris, or whether we shall be forced into a programme of unprecedented competitive armament. The crisis is not the less epochal because it is not spectacular. Its deep seriousness,

perhaps, lies in that very fact, since our people are not only unconscious of the danger, but popular opinion seems inclined to obstruct any action to meet it.

The new situation has arisen out of the decision to repatriate the Czechoslovakian soldiers. These valiant troops, by a series of heroic exploits scarcely equalled in the war, enabled the Russians of Siberia to throw off the Bolshevik yoke. At the time, they were on their way to Vladivostok, en route to the Western front in France. At the request of the Allies, and in the belief that they were thereby aiding their own country to achieve its independence, they turned back and took up again the struggle against the Germans and Bolsheviks in the Ural and on the Volga. Soon after the signing of the armistice, they were withdrawn from the front and since last December have taken no part in the fighting. More recently, their services have been utilized in the guarding of a considerable section of the Trans-Siberian Railroad west of Irkutsk. Out of their withdrawal from this section has arisen the serious problem that confronts us.

On March 19, the Allies and the United States entered into an agreement concerning the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and in connection therewith took on themselves the obligation of protecting the line and keeping it open. The Omsk Government must now meet the situation. It can not, in justice to the Russian people, withdraw troops from the front to replace the Czechoslovaks on the section held by them. In fact, they feel that they ought to take Russian troops who are now guarding the railway and send them to the front in order to complete, if possible, the overthrow of the Bolshevik régime before winter. They have called to the attention of the Allies and America the obligation in regard to the railroad above referred to, and note that, of the countries concerned, the task must devolve upon America or Japan. If America is unwilling, or unable, to supply the troops to protect the line as agreed, then Japan is ready to do so, for a consideration.

The outcome of this arrangement can be clearly foreseen. Hitherto, Japan has not sent troops west of Irkutsk, and has contented herself with acquiring a predominant position in Eastern Siberia. From the standpoint of American interests this is sufficiently serious, although the presence of a small number of American troops guarding the line east of Irkutsk keeps alive the agreement entered into with Japan, by the terms of which the interests of the Russians were safeguarded. If Japan were to undertake the task of guarding the railroad west of Irkutsk, the whole of Siberia would be

put at her disposal, and the withdrawal of our troops would at the same time terminate our agreement. The immediate effect would be to establish the closed door in Siberia. This is serious enough for American economic interests, but there are other consequences of more vital importance to be anticipated. First and foremost, it would mean the triumph of the military party in Japan, and by success justify the pretensions of their imperialistic policy. Any hope that we may have cherished of resuscitating China and maintaining her political and economic independence would vanish. Shantung would become a mere incident in a vast programme. The penetration of European Russia by Germans, resulting naturally in a German orientation of Russian policy, would inevitably bring together Germany and Japan.

This is not written in a spirit unfriendly to Japan herself. We realize the struggle that is going on there, and we hope for the triumph of that progressive element which will work in harmony with our own ideals of a new world order. We deprecate the success of that element which would pattern its policy after the aggressive militaristic plans of Prussia, and for which the aims of Germany were an ideal. It is therefore in a spirit of what we believe to be true friendship, and a desire to serve the best interests of the Japanese people, that we point out the menace of the Japanese occupation of Siberia. Our public is utterly unaware of the grave questions involved. They are inclined to regard Siberia as a distant land, whose problems concern us but little. There is an insistent demand in some circles for a recall of American troops from Siberia, and these circles seem to think that by the presence of these troops we are taking an unwarranted part in a domestic conflict and fighting for one Russian party as against another. But it cannot be long before the true significance of the struggle will be apparent. The Pacific is sometimes spoken of as the ocean of the future. Certainly America's interests in the Pacific and in the open door in the Orient are of the highest importance. The question of whether we shall have imposed upon us the necessity of competition in armament, and an eventual conflict of gigantic dimensions, may well rest upon a wise decision in regard to our Russian policy at the present moment. In this connection it should not be overlooked that the restored independent national Russian state, in control not only of European Russia but also of Siberia, and well disposed toward ourselves, can alone make possible the maintenance of peace in the Far East, with all that that means for the future of the world.

The Baltic Menace to Peace

THE situation in the Baltic illustrates pointedly the futility of attempting to deal with the realities of international relations on the basis of general formulas. The doctrine of self-determination sounds well in the abstract, but its application to the Baltic provinces of Russia at once exposes its absurdity as a cast-iron rule in practice. Racial groups must have attained a certain degree of nationality before they can determine themselves, and they must furthermore stand in certain satisfactory economic and political relationships with regard to their neighbors if there is to be predicated for them the possibility of independent existence. The idea that there could be set up in eastern Europe a series of new nations that would serve as buffer states was a chimera unworthy of experienced statesmen. They should have recognized from the start the fact that such states could not stand alone, but must be maintained by outside power; that they must ultimately lean upon either Germany or Russia, and while theoretically independent, they must be the object of intrigue from both sides.

It may well be that Allied policy in the Baltic, which now faces a disastrous crisis, was based upon this fatuous theory of self-determination instead of on the realities of the actual situation. At the time that the armistice was signed, the Bolshevik armies were powerful and it was justly feared that if the Baltic provinces were evacuated by the Germans, they would be immediately occupied by the Reds. Consequently, a supplementary clause provided that the German troops should remain there until directed by the Allied Council to withdraw. The supposition was that the Allies would furnish their own troops to replace the Germans and thus stabilize conditions and avert the danger of a further spread of the Bolshevik power. They took no steps to do this, however, and the German forces have remained.

These German forces were undoubtedly themselves considerably demoralized, following the armistice, but General von der Goltz has brought order out of chaos and has constituted an effective and well-equipped fighting force. Five years of warfare by a militaristic nation have produced large numbers of professional soldiers, who, on the conclusion of peace, were without occupation, and who needed little encouragement to join von der Goltz, who could offer them the inducement of pay and the prospect of acquiring land. It is evident that the German Government connived at this, if it did

not indeed actively aid it. It is clear, from the communications that have passed between Paris and Berlin, that the German Government has been paying these soldiers, and it has probably also furnished them with munitions.

The army of von der Goltz in the Baltic occupies a strong strategic position for the carrying out of three well-defined aims. In the first place, it stands ready to support a restoration to power of the former ruling class of Germany. The Moderate Socialist Government is at best an experiment, and is not likely under present conditions to function with a degree of efficiency that can satisfy the demands made upon it. The German people, unlike Americans, do not consider voting and holding office as the great desiderata of national existence. Their purposes have not changed and they recall with regret the disappearance of an administration under which they enjoyed order and prosperity. The leaders of Germany know this and, biding their time, count on the army of von der Goltz as the power that will, sooner or later, restore them to authority.

The second obvious aim is to espouse the cause of the Balts, or German landholding aristocracy, in the Baltic provinces as against the Estonian and Lettish peasants. There is not space here to enter into a discussion of the agrarian question in the Baltic provinces and the interplay of local political factions. It is sufficient to note that the forces of von der Goltz have found themselves strong enough to attack Riga and, in a considerable region, to put an end to the aspirations of the agrarian population. There is evident the intention to restore the old conditions of German landlordism and perhaps also to colonize Baltic lands with German soldiers.

It is the third aim, however, which most gravely concerns the world at large. This is the German design upon Russia. The German troops were, of course, an obstacle to the extension of Bolshevik power, even while they were oppressing the local inhabitants. It is not to be assumed that von der Goltz is to-day any less hostile to Bolshevik theory and practice. But conditions in Soviet Russia have greatly changed, and the position of von der Goltz and the strong army under his command is such as to give him the possibility of playing a dominant rôle in the Russian situation, as it is likely to develop in the near future.

Every German, regardless of political affiliation, realizes clearly that the great hope of restoring Germany to its former prosperity and power lies in the exploitation of the rich resources of Russia. There is no repentance in Germany, no inclination to accept new formulas for

a better world order. The Germans recognize that they have, for the time being, failed to achieve that for which they set out in the war; but they see further in the blunders of Allied policy toward Russia the possibility of renewing the struggle at a later date, with far better prospects of success. They were willing to use the Bolsheviks as their tools for disintegrating the Russian armies and reducing Russia to impotence. They played with the Soviet leaders as long as it suited their interests to do so. They knew that the Soviet power could not last, and that eventually a government must be set up out of the sane elements. A year ago, they negotiated with the anti-Bolshevik leaders in Russia and proposed, under certain conditions, to break with the Bolsheviks and back their opponents in setting up a new government. Their position to-day is clear. They expect Trotsky and Zinoviev to fall, and they see before them a chaotic Russia, needing restoration of order by a firm hand, and reorganization of administration and industry. For these tasks they expect to be called, not only because they have scores of thousands of men fitted by Russian experience for this work, but also because feeling in Russia has set strongly against the Allies, thanks to their failure to save Russia from the horrors of Bolshevik rule.

The army of von der Goltz stands ready and expectant to answer the demand for the restoration of order. The only thing that can stand in their way is the triumph of Kolchak and Denikin and the restoration of the national Russian state. But even this may be turned to their advantage. The failure of the Allies to give timely aid to these forces may force them to come to terms with the Germans. The insidious propaganda of the latter has, on the one hand, made it extremely difficult for the Allies to secure support at home for the policy of liberal aid to Kolchak, and on the other hand has caused many of his followers to advocate a rapprochement with the Germans because of the failure of the Allies to furnish any effective aid.

What are the Allies doing to meet the situation? The Council at Paris has demanded that Berlin recall the German troops from the Baltic, and Berlin temporizes. It is problematical if the German Government could exercise sufficient authority over the army of von der Goltz to withdraw it, even if it honestly desired to do so. A partial blockade in the Baltic has been ordered, but there is no reason to expect that this will be entirely effective as far as von der Goltz is concerned, and it may even lead to the seizure of Danzig. It is suggested that Great Britain may supply the Letts and Es-

thionians with munitions, to enable them to press back the Germans, but this will meet with great opposition at home. Not one of the Allies is in a position to-day to send a military force to oust the German army. Berlin now reports that von der Goltz has relinquished his command to General Eberhardt and is returning to Berlin. This may mean a backing down from the position above outlined, or it may be playing for time, awaiting the Bolshevik collapse. On the other hand it would appear that fresh recruits are making their way eastward and ostensibly joining the Russian forces.

It need not be pointed out that the situation is fraught with danger to the future peace of Europe. The very example of an independent army operating at will in eastern Europe and laughing to scorn the fulminations of the Council at Paris deals a terrible blow at its prestige. If the situation is allowed to continue, the present peace can only be regarded as a truce, and we must expect Germany's struggle for domination to be resumed when the resources and manpower of Russia shall have been marshaled under German control. It is still possible that a sane policy of energetic support to the constructive forces of Russia under the Omsk Government may save the situation, but the present moves in that direction offer no basis for optimism.

What Has Become of the Debtor Class?

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the free-silver agitation was at its height, and "the crime of 1873" was the rallying-cry of the friends of the people, it was in the name of the outraged "debtor class" that the cry was most passionately raised. The masters of the financial world, the great money magnates, we were told, had decreed that the purchasing power of the dollar should be doubled—in other words that prices, and especially the price of wheat, should be cut in two—and had thus deliberately and heartlessly condemned every man who was in debt to pay twice what he had borrowed. The farmers, above all, were being crushed by this doubling of the weight of their mortgages; and in a vague and undefined way the poor in general were represented as being compelled to pay this unrighteous tribute to the rich. Few went to the trouble of thinking out the question whether—apart from the case of the farmer, whose grievance undoubtedly was a real one—there was any considerable "debtor class" among the poor. There was a natural association of ideas between the words

rich man and creditor on the one hand and poor man and debtor on the other; and this sufficed the popular orator and the man in the street. The world was supposed to be full of poor men whose load of debt had been grievously increased by the rise in the value of the dollar.

During the last eight or ten years the dollar has been falling in value far more rapidly than it ever rose in the period following the demonetization of silver, "the crime of 1873"; and during the last two or three years the fall of the dollar's value has been going on with a rapidity which throws altogether into the shade anything that was experienced during the period of its rise. The air is filled with complaints of high prices, in comparison with which the outcries about low prices in the '80s and '90s were as a summer breeze in comparison with a winter storm. But who has heard a word of joy over the deliverance that has come to the debtor class? For any mention that has been made of it in public discussion, it might as well be non-existent. What has become of it? Are there no debtors? Is nobody being made happy by his obligations being cut in two? If all the flood of talking and writing about the hardships of high prices, we do not recall having seen a single allusion to the compensation which the poor man is finding in the lightening of the burden of his debt. Yet every agriculturist who has a mortgage on his farm, and every workingman who has a mortgage on his home, has his burden of debt lessened to-day in precisely the same way (and in a much greater degree) as he had it increased twenty-five or thirty years ago. The farmer who is getting double prices for his crops, the workingman whose wage has been doubled, will pay off any debts he may have contracted by turning over the number of dollars named in the contract and no more; and those dollars mean only half as many bushels of wheat, or only half the number of days' labor, that they did. But never a word do we hear of the matter.

Doubtless one reason for this silence is that mankind are much more prone to be vociferous over grievances than over benefits. It is not only in the matter of debts that we hear little about the multitudes that are gainers by the régime of high prices. We do, of course, hear in ample volume about the rich who have profited, the men who have made fortunes through the rise of prices; but this is by way of complaint and accusation, not of rejoicing. From the millions of farmers who are getting unheard-of prices for wheat and cotton—prices vastly more than compensating all increase in their expenses—we fail to

discover any loud voices of thanksgiving. Among the wage-earning classes, though on the whole they have probably not received a rise of pay sufficient to match the increased money-cost of living, there are great numbers—probably millions in all—whose wages have risen far more than prices have; yet one has to listen pretty carefully to catch any note of satisfaction rising above the general chorus of discontent. Those who are hurt cry out; those who are better off than ever either keep silent or clamor for more. This is merely human nature, no doubt, and it would be idle to find fault with it; yet it is well to take note of it as a fact.

But in this matter of the debtor class and the fall in the value of the dollar, there is, over and above this general consideration, something special, something peculiar to the case. The fall in the value of the dollar has been, certainly in large measure and probably in an altogether predominant degree, brought about by the increase in the volume of the monetary medium—of actual circulating currency and of credit which serves equally with currency to swell the medium of payments. This enormous expansion of the monetary medium has come about, indeed, under the stress of war; but the great financial magnates, the same class who were held guilty of the alleged "crime of 1873," have been quite as acquiescent in the process, quite as much principals or accessories in the crime—if crime there was—as they were in the demonetization of silver. They professed innocence in the earlier case; they denied that in favoring the gold-standard policy, it had been part of their intention to increase the burdens of debtors, to press upon the brow of labor a crown of thorns, to crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. There was, indeed, an obvious and deplorable hardship in the case; but it had come about as an incident in a natural development and not as the result of a sinister conspiracy. In the minds of the Bryanite "friends of the people," however, nothing was more certain than that the fall of the dollar was the result of a dark plot entered into by the great magnates of the creditor class for the purpose of swelling their riches by doubling the debts of the poor. This it was that gave to the "debtor class" cry all its shrillness and intensity. But what are the friends of the people to do when precisely the opposite thing happens—when the financial policy of the world has been such as to make the dollar cheaper instead of dearer, to make the burden of debt lighter instead of heavier? Manifestly, the only thing to do is to say nothing at all about it—and that is what they have done.

The Syrian Question

THE armies of the Allied and Associated Powers, having set out to vanquish the monster of Prussian militarism, have met with adventures more strange and incredible than we read of in the mediæval romances of knight-errantry. In order to kill the terrible beast in the centre of Europe, they had first to cut off its gigantic tentacles with which it had tried to get hold of remote lands in the east and south. One it had stretched across the Bosphorus towards Bagdad and the Persian Gulf; another, across Syria, towards Jerusalem and Egypt. Allenby, like a modern Gawain, severed them from the dragon's body, and rescued the lands from their convulsive grip. They had been fertile plains in days of yore, until the Turks came and turned them by misrule into a desert. To reclaim the wilderness and restore it to its former fertility is one of the great tasks which the Allied and Associated Powers have set themselves, an ambitious and overwhelming task, to which M. R. Pinon devotes an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of September 1. For here from utter ruin a new life must be recreated reminiscent of the prosperous days when Cicero was a Governor in Cilicia and Rome made her power a safeguard for the welfare of the various races under her sway.

That safeguard the Sublime Porte has never given to the *raias*, the vanquished whom the Ottomans had enslaved. The centralized administration of the Porte had slight regard for the needs and wishes of its non-Turkish subjects. And under Young-Turkish rule, which was established in 1908 in the name of democracy and while the Marseillaise was sung in the streets of Constantinople, those alien races fared even worse than before. As worthy pupils and tools of their German instructors, the Young Turks aimed at a systematic Ottomanization of the country, either by the planting of Turkish colonies among the foreign populations or by the wholesale extermination of the obnoxious race. The presence of these non-Turkish elements—thus they excused their inhuman policy—was an ever-ready pretext for European Powers to interfere in the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire. So Talaat and Djemal Pasha led in a new policy of denationalizing alien minorities—a term and a method invented by their Prussian masters, whose pan-German aspirations suggested to the Young-Turkish statesmen their pan-Turkish policy. Fortunately, it resulted in the very opposite of what they had expected: far from tightening the unity of the

Empire, it led to its disintegration. The Arabs, exasperated by the wholesale hanging, at Djemal Pasha's command, of Moslem notables in Syria, rose up in arms under Hussein, the Sherif of Mecca, who in June, 1916, proclaimed himself independent King of the Hedjaz, and joined the Allies in hostilities against the Turks.

Great Britain realized the importance of this new assistant and made her appreciation manifest by recognizing him in his self-assumed dignity. England saw in his Arab state, or in a confederation of Arab states under his rule, a counterpoise to the power of a Germanized Constantinople. But the interests of France were also involved in the effects of Hussein's revolt: it opened for her a chance of re-establishing her former position in the Levant. These common interests induced the two Allied Powers to conclude the Convention of May, 1916, signed by M. Cambon and Sir Edward Grey, by which a line of demarcation was drawn between the French and the British spheres of influence in those parts. To France were assigned Syria, Cilicia, and a broad strip of territory extending eastward as far as the Persian frontier; to England Mesopotamia and Palestine, which latter country was deemed by British strategists to be indispensable to her for the protection of Egypt. The wishes of the population were apparently not consulted by the signatories. According to Mr. Ameen Rihani, a Syrian by birth, who some time ago contributed an article to the *Review* on "The American Commission in Syria," the people, though otherwise at odds on various questions, are of one accord as to the principle "that Syria and Palestine shall remain one and undivided."

The course of events following the conclusion of the Convention in May, 1916, seemed propitious to the realization of that principle. For while France devoted all her concentrated energy on the struggle along the western front, Great Britain, in order to counter a Turkish-German move against Egypt and to recover her prestige from the shame of Kut-el-Amara, entered upon a great military expedition conducted by General Allenby. Both aims were attained in a surprisingly short period. Palestine, assigned to England's sphere of influence by the Convention of 1916, was conquered from the Turks, and on November 2, 1917, Mr. Balfour conveyed to Lord Rothschild, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, the famous declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist

aspirations which lent a moral justification to England's claim of a mandate over Palestine. The brilliant success of Allenby's campaign, however, stimulated the minds of British colonial officers to a new conception: the formation, under British auspices, of a great Arab Empire encompassing all the territories between the Mediterranean and the Persian frontier. Prince Faisal, the son of King Hussein and his father's representative at the Conference in Paris, was believed to be the British candidate for the pan-Arab throne, a rumor which gained support from the fact that, after the definitive victory of Allenby's armies, he was allowed to enter with his Arabs the city of Damascus, where he tried to establish his rule over Aleppo and the whole of Syria.

This development threatened to disturb the friendship between the two Allied Powers. The French press was loud in declaiming against England's ambiguous colonial policy. "What position does Great Britain pretend to take in that part of Asia?" asked *l'Europe Nouvelle* two months ago, "that of Allenby and his colonial troops or that which the House of Commons appears to have adopted by ratifying, almost without discussion, the alliance with France against any attack by Germany? The British Premier must declare whether or not the Empire conducts two different policies, one for continental and the other for colonial use, the former all friendship and cordiality towards France, the latter secret, false, and selfish." The publication of the secret Anglo-Persian treaty supplied this anti-British agitation with a welcome pretext for redoubled fulmination against the perfidy of Great Britain's colonial policy. The Government in London realized the danger of a rupture with France over the Syrian issue, and, satisfied with its diplomatic success in Persia, assured the French ally, by public utterances of such leading men as Lord Curzon and Lord Allenby, of Great Britain's honest intention to recognize France as the mandatory for Syria. An agreement between the two countries regulating the conditions for the evacuation of Syria by the British gave effect to these promises, and was praised by the *Temps* as an exemplary solution of the problem.

Another motive, besides the wish to keep the friendly relations with France unimpaired, may have caused the British Government to steer clear of a Syrian policy initiated on the spot by over-zealous pioneers of the Empire. Recent developments in Egypt and India, where jealousy of the favor shown to Prince Faisal and his aspirations towards a Pan-Arab realm had aroused a seditious

agitation for autonomy among the politically immature masses, must have revealed to the British statesmen at home the dangers involved in this pan-Arab scheme. The greed and the passions bred by all this pan-tribal propaganda, whether it be called pan-Germanism, pan-Slavism, or pan-Arabism, are bound to lead to disaster. Inordinate desires

on the one side and suspicion and jealousy on the other must, in the end, come to a clash in which the works of civilization are threatened with ruin. Europe has paid too dearly for this lesson not to be on her guard against a renewal of such a conflict among the untutored races of Asia.

A. J. BARNOUW

Obstacle Races

THERE is a new drink. I heard of it only yesterday; I have never tasted it myself, and indeed the report I got of it was only second-hand. My informant had never tasted it, either. There is nothing in it that it is not perfectly legitimate to buy. Each constituent element is as innocent as a white ribbon; but the mingled sum thereof, I am told, will obliterate regrets for the cocktail. No; I am not—for every reason—going to name those constituent elements. In the first place, I cannot prove the beverage to be all that is claimed for it, and I should not like, therefore, to sponsor it; in the second, if it is a really good thing, I am not going to help to get any one of those innocent elements prohibited by the Anti-Saloon League. I have too many strictly temperate and highly moral friends who are hard hit by the Prohibition Amendment, as it is.

The note of civilized comment on present-day conditions is, as one would expect, a note of lamentation. Not merely "prohibition," of course: that is unimportant in itself, though as a "case," it is infinitely instructive. Also, it may as well be admitted that in the present state of the world's affairs, we must develop a new kind of optimism—one that even professional pessimists might consent to adopt; an optimism that confesses most things to be for the worst, and proceeds happily to beat the devil round the bush. Nothing but love of adventure, love of an obstacle, and sense of humor will create this kind of optimism. It is not of the chaste *Candide* type: the optimist of the immediate future will have to combine the resourcefulness of a *Gil Blas* with the opportunism of a *Mrs. Wiggs*. He will have to take the world as stark fun, and also as a tremendous incentive to ingenuity. Some of our dignity will go by the board. I fancy that we shall have to be more like *Gil Blas* than like *Mrs. Wiggs*, in the end. Every sort of difficulty is put in our way, and it is up to us to find means to jump over the rolling barrel and circumambulate the vagrant cow in our path. We shall not be stately, doing it; but in order to get the barrel and the cow officially removed, we

shall have to show that they are of no avail to stop us. When I say "we," I mean the bulk of our citizens. The critics, of course, are going to sit back and—criticize.

We are faced with this situation: a desperate attempt on the part of those in power in all civilized countries to make it hard for people to do as they choose—whether they choose to make war, or get rich, or drink a highball. The people at large will not like it particularly, and they are going to develop an ingenuity they have never hitherto needed, in order that those obstacles shall be no let or hindrance to the accomplishment of their desires. Sometimes the difficulties will be met in the spirit of Edison, sometimes in the spirit of Raffles. But meanwhile the legislators—even the demagogues, perhaps—will learn a great deal about human nature. In that sense, the not very beautiful evaders of the law will have served a moral purpose. Therein will the new optimists find their account.

It is a commonplace of political criticism that the Anglo-Saxon communities have been a good deal given to writing laws that could not be enforced. The statutes were a concession to the moralists, the lax enforcement a concession to human nature. If prohibition is a good instance, an illuminating case, to cite, that is because it illustrates so well the complexity of the administrative problem. It does not really outrage any one very much that a temperate man should have a glass of wine with his dinner. The only intellectually respectable "prohibitionist" is the man who thinks that the temperate man should give up his glass of wine as a means to an end—the end being the suppression of drunkenness throughout the land. That may be the true duty of the temperate man. But you cannot forever carry out legislation in this spirit. You cannot legislate, that is, so that crime shall be made impossible. All that you can do is to make the way of the criminal exceedingly uncomfortable. You can make a murder a very perilous pastime for the murderer; but in order to make murder impossible, you would have to deprive the butcher of his

cleaver, the whaler of his harpoon, the trained nurse of her disinfectants, the mining engineer of his dynamite, perhaps the milliner of her hatpins. Almost anything is a deadly weapon if you choose to examine all its possibilities. Must we therefore go meatless, corsetless, coalless, and bonnetless? Because the colored race has a fondness for the razor as a lethal weapon should we pass a Federal amendment prohibiting the manufacture of any but safety razors—with which, I am told, it is practically impossible to wound any one but oneself?

No, we cannot make all undesirable behavior impossible by law. Laws, in that case, would be more absurd than they are. The reformers ought to realize that they have got hold of the wrong principle. There is no use, however, in endeavoring to impress the reformers; for they persist in taking the darkest view of human nature, and the rosiest view of the perfectibility of human nature by statute. They are incredibly illogical. And, as practical politicians, they leave much to be desired. Individualism is very strong in the race, and as strong, certainly, in the Anglo-Saxon branch as anywhere else. Also, in Americans, at least, the imp of the perverse and the sporting spirit are unconquerable. We rather like to hit our enemies, and even more we love to circumvent fools—especially when fools pull a long face. On the other hand, we are essentially a law-abiding people, thanks to the tradition we inherit from our British forebears. Also, we are immensely good-natured, and we do not spend our time in looking for trouble. But our sense of humor is perhaps over-developed. We will often, for sheer fun, go beyond a point where, strictly speaking, fun stops. Mark Twain is a very typical exponent of American humor; and to realize that it is general Anglo-Saxon humor as well, we need only recall that Oxford gave an honorary degree to the creator of *Tom Sawyer*. Imagine the average Frenchman, the average Italian, or any Spaniard, face to face with *Tom and Huck*! As for a Russian thus confronted, he would probably commit suicide. That the type of *Tom and Huck* is dear to the American heart is evidenced also by the popularity of *Penrod* and his peers.

Now we all remember what *Tom Sawyer* did when he was told to whitewash the fence. Most readers have spent their admiration on the fact that he got the other boys to do the work. Equally important is the fact that *Tom* did not whitewash the fence himself. The law said that he was to do it. But he did not. He evaded the law in so far as it concerned him, although he affected a proper

respect for it by getting the fence done. Tom really did not care whether the fence was painted or not, as long as he did not have to paint it. He got, therefore, what he wanted; but, characteristically, by circumvention, not by defiance. That was very American of Tom. We are respectful of the law—we treat it as politely as though it were an aunt—but if we do not like it, we will get round it, as far as we ourselves are concerned. No, we will not break it: we will merely circumvent it. So far, so good: for of course when legislators leave a way out, they must expect that way to be taken if human ingenuity can discover it. Unfortunately some of us are apt to go a little farther. If a law is so palpably unreasonable that circumvention is a positive virtue, and at some moment the means of circumvention are not there, we will—ever so gently—fracture it. But there is no doubt that, as a people, we prefer to “get round” it. For we are law-abiding. And the honest fact is that we take a peculiar pleasure in evading a law that is popularly considered absurd. We like to show up its hypocrisy and its essential weakness. It is rather a point of humorous honor with us to find its weak spots. There is something side-splitting about a statute that can be broken in the spirit while the letter is kept. The nation of the comic supplement could not be expected to treat such an one respectfully. And just because we have such real respect for the foundations of law, we have very little respect for legislation which is mere travesty. We go beyond the statute-books to the reason that lies behind the statute, and if it seems to be a good reason, no one keeps the statute better than the typical American. But meanwhile legislation is apt to get cannily humorous treatment from the unconvinced.

Now the prohibitionists—to take our famous contemporary case—have made a good deal of bad blood. In the first place, they have outraged the political sense of serious people by getting something into the Constitution which the Constitution was never meant to hold: a sumptuary law. They have turned that highly respectable document, which we were all brought up to revere, into a Beatrice Fairfax column. The daily papers are full of suggestions from correspondents as to possible subjects of Federal amendments, such as short-skirted and low-necked dresses, gum-chewing, and the playing of gramophones in apartment houses. Whether they are sincere or sarcastic, they are perfectly logical. There is no reason why objectors to chewing gum should not work for an amendment, if objectors to alcohol have got their amendment, and objectors to tobacco are

seriously endeavoring to get theirs. As the *Review* pointed out in a recent editorial, there is no reason why not an anti-tobacco amendment, if the people are willing—as apparently they are—to change our whole political tradition.

But the people at large, though they may vaguely feel something wrong here, are not so preoccupied with constitutional niceties that they instinctively lay their finger on that flaw. Besides, they are being told every day by the Republican Senators of far more sacrilegious threats to the palladium of our liberties. Prohibition may set a match to the fabric of our institutions; but the Treaty, they say, is a whole carload of T N T. Naturally no one worries about the match in those conditions. What has outraged the average man, who has perhaps no keen constitutional sense but does like fair play—as Americans do—is the way in which prohibition has been “put over” on the people. He does not like the corrupt politics, or the mendacious propaganda, of the prohibitionists; and he has a strong sense that it is as unpatriotic to take advantage of the tension of war to slip a minority measure through Congress, as it is to make big fortunes on the side. He considers the Anti-Saloon League a moral profiteer. Nor does the prohibitionist type of propaganda appeal to the average citizen. It is too full of lies, juggled statistics, and palpably false pathology. They seem to have learned the principles—though not the art—of advertizing from the late P. T. Barnum. Their picture-posters are awful.

For all these reasons the prohibitionists have disgusted the average citizen. As a nation we hate to be fooled; and we particularly dislike to be nationally “worked” in sectarian interests. Nor do we like our nobler instincts traded on. We are used to being sentimentally stampeded, for we are in the main an innocent folk; but we are growing more wary. In the end we loathe, like any great people, bad logic in practical affairs. And above all there is in most Americans the Tom Sawyer-ish instinct of “see if you can stop me.”

So we have had the spectacle of certain large cities positively enjoying (so I am told) the anomaly of war-time prohibition and a looming amendment, without the machinery of enforcement. The people who resent prohibition for personal reasons are inclined, I think, to regret the good-humored orgies: the “wide-openness” of the big towns. They do not like temperate folk to put themselves even technically in the wrong. They are afraid of giving a handle, I suppose, to the Anti-Saloon League. But those of us who take a less personal and a more

theoretical attitude toward the matter cannot help chuckling—and becoming a shade more optimistic. That there is grave danger of rioting, of perilous substitutes for liquor, of lawlessness bred of thirst, we all know. How much better to show the practical absurdity of a law than to prove its practical danger! And I fancy that the people who frequent those wide-open saloons, rubbing shoulders at the bar with dignified policemen, are satisfying their sense of humor almost more effectually than their thirst. They like the consciousness of putting it over in broad daylight on the people who put it over on them. Nothing is more odious, socially, than a law which every one knows cannot be enforced, because that brings law into disrepute. But no one would expect the public not to take advantage of the fact that the prohibitionists tripped over themselves in their haste. No one supposes for a moment that the Congressmen who have amused themselves by making the clauses of the amendment ever more drastic, intend to suffer from their own drastic clauses. Even the Anti-Saloon League does not expect a dry-voting House to be dry itself—not, at least, at present. It merely holds over them a political club; and probably is willing that Representatives should “stock up,” as long as the citizens they represent cannot. But the cynicism of the Anti-Saloon League ought really not to be emulated; and it would be a pity for the whole public to develop a State-of-Maine complacency. It is all very well to make faces for a few short months at temporarily helpless prohibitionists, because they have rubbed the public the wrong way; but the grimace ought not to become fixed. It was a tactical mistake for the prohibitionists to put the public back up; for it is an American back and a stiff one. By the time the Senate has conceded cider to the farmers, and whiskey to invalids, and the privilege of fermenting fruit juices to every private person, we shall not be what you would call bone-dry, after all. Prohibition will prohibit only for flat-dwellers and lazy folk. Everyone who has a cellar in one sense can have a “cellar” in the other.

It will be well for all legislators to take into account the tendency, very prevalent in America at least, to be encouraged rather than discouraged by obstacles. Not long ago a strike tied up transportation in New York City. There is every reason why we should take strikes seriously. When you think of the millions of hard-working people who are inconvenienced by strikers, you wonder, indeed, what is going to be done. All I would point out is the frank joy of the New York press in the devices contrived to

meet the shortage of subway and elevated trains. I remember, many years ago, in France, living through several days of a postal strike. It meant that you were cut off from the world. You could send or receive no letters, no telegrams: you could not even telephone. For all those facilities were part of the Government postal system; and when the Government has a monopoly, and a whole Government department goes on strike, there are no competitors to come in and save the day. No one in France loved Government ownership very much at that moment. And there was no joy in finding ways and means of getting on normally in spite of the strike. We merely sat and suffered until the strike was over. But in America something, I believe, would have been done; and the more we were inconvenienced, the more desperately we should have polished our wits to find ways of being comfortable. We are not so fatalistic about the practical business of life. We do not let an inch of sleety snow empty the streets of all traffic, as they do in France. If cabs and motors refused to sally forth, we should all make skis—and use them. And if horses and motors continued to object to an inch of snow, we should invent super-skis. I do not mean that Americans are necessarily more ingenious than other people; but I believe they have less objection than most to being handicapped, because they get more fun out of it. It is perfectly moral for the public to take to jitneys when the subway men go on strike. It is not perfectly moral to evade State or local prohibition by hollowing out part of the logs in a big log-drive, and tucking bottles away inside, or by running a pipe-line from a distant distillery into a department store in a "dry" city. But you may be perfectly sure that the fun counts as much as the "booze," and that a great many people who would not buy liquor from the pipe-line are excessively amused by the device. Juries have a way of proving our sympathy with any ingenuity that is not purely devilish. As even clergymen chuckle over Tom Sawyer. And out of inconvenience comes the greater convenience. See Kipling's "The Benefactors":

It is not learning, grace nor gear,
Nor easy mean and drink,
But bitter pinch of pain and fear
That makes Creation think.

The more laws tie us up, the more agile we shall become, and the more we shall learn about the elasticity of Nature. This is food for the new optimism.

The League—to come to planetary matters—will probably, in the end, prevail, even though the Republican Senators are out-Sawyer Tom in perver-

sity. As I said before, there is a point where, strictly speaking, fun stops, though we Americans are a little prone to pass that point by force of our initial impetus. The Senators are chivying the President, probably, in much the same spirit as that in which New Yorkers are chivying the Anti-Saloon League. But just as the New York saloons must eventually close, the League must eventually be accepted, one fancies. I know this may sound over-optimistic in view of what is at present going on; but I believe it. Meanwhile, let Officer Lodge and Officer Borah lean upon the genial bar and imbibe their intoxicating reservations. For the world is apparently ready to put itself into the strait-jacket of the League. Real ingenuity comes afterwards. We have all seen acrobats hang by their heels and get rid of the strait-jacket.

If it is not my intention to be partisan on the subject of prohibition, it is even less my intention to take a political pose on the subject of the Treaty. If members of the United States Senate are obviously not competent to judge the matter, what should a non-voting female who only reads the newspapers know about it? But any human being of mature years can watch the drift of things with keen interest. It can escape no one that the League is the most tremendous attempt ever made (not excepting that of the Roman Church) to put obstacles in the path of passionate humanity. Congress has passed many acts far more restrictive of personal privilege, and we are growing accustomed to being Federally balked of our desires. Congress, to be sure, likes to do the oppressing itself, and does not like to have that oppression concurred in by European parliaments and chambers. It may swallow the domestic camel, but it must, for a little, strain at the international gnat. The people, however, schooled by experience, does not see very much difference. We are so used to having our personal liberty curtailed by law that the League does not particularly worry us. "Give it a chance," we say amiably; "it may work. And if we don't like it, we'll find a way out. We've had worse obstacles to deal with before this."

I am not taking into account just here those idealists who believe that the League is a cure for all international ills. Those are the old optimists—not the new ones. They are the folk who thought that the Adamson law settled the railroad difficulties, who hoped that Henry Ford would get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas, who fancied that the women's vote would purify Chicago politics, and that the German people would be all right if you got rid of

the Kaiser. Nor do I take into account the obverse of Candide, who thinks that because a League is created, it must necessarily fail. It is of the new optimist that I speak—him whom I cited in the beginning, who can chant wholeheartedly:

I do not look for holy saints to guide me on
my way,
Or male and female devilkins to lead my
feet astray.
If these are added, I rejoice—if not, I shall
not mind,
So long as I have leave and choice to meet
my fellow-kind.
For as we come and as we go (and deadly
soon go we!)
The people, Lord, thy people, are good enough
for me!

That man is not going to be shocked by Shantung and surprised by the Rumanians, on the one hand; nor is he, on the other, going to canonize Lenin, and shed tears over Bela Kun. He is going to realize that beyond a certain point you cannot coerce human nature; and that man, if he cannot climb the mountain in his path, will eventually tunnel through it. To the way of the eagle in the air, the way of the serpent on a rock, the way of a man with a maid, he will add the way of the world with the League. He will not expect our Balkan brothers to turn gentle or our oppressed friends and charges, the Armenians, to turn honest, overnight. He will not be surprised that the experienced European chancelleries are not partial to statecraft of the Bryan type, and he will honor President Wilson for having done his best to work with facts instead of pretending that theories were conditions. He will watch the League loyally, supporting it to his utmost; but he will not be shocked into insensibility if somebody starts fighting, and the Council cannot all at once put a stop to it.

The only sphere, perhaps, in which pragmatism is justifiable, is politics. If a law will work, it is good. A bad law will not work—not in the long run. It has often been said that a people has the government it deserves. That is not always true; but it is true that water seeks its own level and that you cannot on the whole make a better government for mankind than mankind is up to carrying out. The real optimist is ready to try almost anything that has a shadow of reason in it: because if it turns out to be ridiculous, he is sure that human nature will show it up for what it is. He does not even demand that you shall make laws which immediately work: he demands only that if you find a law does not work, you shall not preserve it on the statute-books because it makes pretty reading. He prefers to abide by possibility. He will even

rather welcome the trying-out of Utopian legislation, because the race, thus tested, will clarify issues much faster than otherwise it would have done. The race will find out how much it can stand, and in process of learning that, it will learn an infinite number of other valuable things. The pessimist says "prohibition" will lead us to unguessed-of horrors; the old optimist says that in ten years no one will miss alcohol at all. The new optimist says that it is all very interesting and that we shall perhaps really solve a question that the experts are still disagreeing about: namely, whether the craving for alcoholic stimulus is so nearly universal that it must be considered normal and therefore deserving of reasonable satisfaction; or whether it is a mere human whim, and people maintain equilibrium, happiness, and efficiency equally well without it. If the race at large craves alcohol and keeps on craving it, it will have to have it. Some reformers, working for the suppression of irregular sex-relations, yet faced with the fact that marriage and the decent rearing of children are becoming almost economic impossibilities, have endeavored to state that the sex-impulse is something which can safely and easily be ignored. But of such statements the race is impatient. The race knows that Nature has made better provision than that for its continuance, and that you cannot totally abolish both prostitution and marriage. Some people see in the League the promise of universal and permanent peace. Some people, on the other hand, see in it a mere crippling of nations who are surely going to have to fight. The new optimist—the man who has made up his mind that obstacle-races tend to bring out all the latent ingenuity, and to reveal all the fundamental desires, of human nature—will see in it a very interesting, and a highly valuable, test of how far certain inhibitions will hold: of just how vital a need of dissatisfied humans it is to have it out, as you might say, with their fists. If it works, so much the better; if not, then at least the utmost that is presently possible has been done, and you may take to yourself the consolation of knowing that the race is not ready for the prohibition of war; that you actually cannot, with every chance given you, make war impossible. Human nature will not, except for fun, leap over obstacles that do not worry it. Even the fun does not last very long. If the obstacles really worry it, they must be removed, because eternal circumvention of law is a bad thing for law. If they do not really worry it, they cease in the end to be seen as obstacles at all: they are only pleasing variations in the landscape. Nothing is stronger than habit—except instinct.

Civilization is not simply a matter of improving our habits; it is a matter of improving our instincts. Which takes time.

All legislation is experimental. One's own life is only one's experiment with conditions. But you do not expect any one but the trained scientist to get much out of the laboratory. Therefore we need all the knowledge we can get, and we are sometimes a little annoyed when the ignorant are set to rule our lives. We hate to have a Mann and a Kitchin messing about among explosives. But even from a Mann and a Kitchin we can learn. We learn, for example, that there are enough Manns and Kitchins to return one Mann and one Kitchin to Congress. Their real significance lies in their constituents.

We wish that Wisconsin did not persist in loving La Follette. But the fact that it does teaches us much about Wisconsin that cannot be explained away. We—the new optimists—are not going to sit down and weep over these gentlemen, any more than we are going to pretend that they are all right. We are firm in our belief that eventually Manns, Kitchins and La Follettes will not "go down." Even the pessimist cannot say that they are a new portent. We have always had such in our legislative branch, and in the end they do not prevail. Bryan has been adored, but he has never been President. We regret exceedingly that Bolshevism has had so long and hideous a run in Russia. But is there not the chance that Bolshevism, by showing itself for what it is, will disgust in time other countries that might have been tempted in that direction? It is possible, sometimes, to go further and fare better. I admit that this reasoning is Mrs. Wiggs-ish. But I said in the beginning that Mrs. Wiggs would have to come. She is not to be confounded with Pollyanna, remember. And she is going to be tempered by Gil Blas.

I am far from prophesying that the wisest minority will get its way. Seldom, if ever, is that true. If you look at the politics of any given decade, of any given generation, even, there is excuse for pessimism. I admit that, to hold the new optimism, keeping your eyes open, you must take a wide view. But we must have done with the melancholy state of things wherein all wise-aces are pessimists and all optimists were fools. There is as much to sadden as to delight, in history; yet we have learned quite as much from what was deplorable as from what was happy. Certainly we must trust human nature: trust it, not to be as wise as the wisest, but not to be as dull as the dullest; trust it, above all, to know eventually what makes for life and what makes for death. If the aristocratic republic must still be

a dream, let us not therefore say there is no prophet but Jeremiah. We may take comfort in certain facts: the fact, for example, that the world at large, though it is not wise enough to prefer the aristocratic republic, is too wise to stand long for Bolshevism; that though you cannot have heaven upon earth, nevertheless we are a long way from wishing to go back to chaos and old night. Optimism, I grant, is possible only to the man who has a real intellectual interest in mankind, and who does not consider his own preferences and prejudices—his own traditions, even—sacro-sanct. But he must not see only the flaws. He must steer well between Diogenes and Jean-Jacques Rousseau—not so much as scraping either one.

As a matter of practical policy, he will want the best legislation the world will put up with. If the race as a whole will put up with a certain type of legislation, then—away with it, however ideally delightful. You may wish the race were capable of higher things immediately. Very well: get out and educate it. But the optimist will not weep because it does not consist of plaster saints. He will, rather, paraphrase the doughboy and say, "It's a hell of a race, but it's the only one we've got." The new optimist will watch with a cheerful heart its "passionate, almost bloodthirsty clinging to life." In the end, it will decide. And because human nature is on the whole the most important thing on the planet, he will cheer it on. It will do dreadful things—it has recently perpetrated the Great War and the Russian Revolution—but it will not do them all over the place at once. For men want, curiously enough, to be happy; and though they may at times choose fatal ways of providing for that hypothetical happiness, though now and then a particular class wants so much to be happy that it does not care whether any other class is, human nature is too various to put up with the myopia or insanity or piggishness of any one sect. Even organized labor is not the whole of the human race; even Russia is not the world. We may take, concerning optimism, the course of reasoning that Bacon took with regard to religion: "It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion: for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

It is a good analogy, at least.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Poetry

A Knight-Errant a la Mode

IN days when all the world fell out,
Then talked about it and about;
When all creation went to war,
Then argued what they'd fought it for;
When some whose highest expectations
Were centred in a League of Nations
Locked horns with those whose apprehension

Saw in it quite the worst invention
That Satan yet had plagued mankind
with;

When others still inflamed their mind
with

Ecstatic dreams of wars to come
In which they should win martyrdom,
Not for their country but their shop,
That underdog might get on top;

Then did the maddest of all wags,
Theophilus Alexis Spraggs,
Like any valiant knight of old,
Sir Hudibras or Quixote bold,
(The reader here will kindly note he
Must not pronounce it Don Quixote)
Set out to put a wrong world right.

You'd scarce mistake him for a knight,
For arms to him were quite abhorrent.
It grieved him when the shout of war
rent

The quiet of his meditation
Upon the labor situation:

How he could bring the Golden Age
By setting up a minimum wage.
He'd proved that virtue was a matter
Of coin in purse and meat on platter;
That of air so many cubic feet
Per unit 'ld keep the whole world sweet;
In short, the sum of all his wishings he
Found in the single word Efficiency.
And so he'd got it almost fixed up
When came a slip 'twixt lip and 'twixt
cup.

Theophilus himself, I hope,
Would scorn so bibulous a trope.
Like Thopas or like Percyvelle,
His drink was only of the well—
Of sentiment, fortified with this stick:
A dash of well-shaken statistic;
The whole a brew with such a kicker
He felt no need of other liquor.
And what he had himself no mind to
Must be withheld from all mankind, too.
Per contra, he'd schemes so good that
any o' 'em

Would bring us shouting to millennium.

Theophilus was of the kind
That glories in the open mind.
His own was open at both ends
And through the middle there descends
A sort of open running sewer;
But to the pure all things are pure.
He said he liked to keep it open,
And some had not given over hoping
That those who'd filched away his brain
Would maybe put it back again.

Theophilus was quite contented;
To him the others seemed demented.
Himself had been reserved by fate
Boldly to set all crooked straight.

Thus on a day he sallied forth,
And glancing west, south, east, and
north

To see if aught he might espy
That seemed to him to go awry,
At length he saw a gaping crew
Assembled round a speaker who
With gestures of a windmill scope
Addressed them. Plain it was that soap
(His ears peeped forth from unkempt
locks)

He valued chiefly for the box.

"To Hell with this! To Hell with
that!"

The speaker said, then paused and spat.
Theophilus could not but feel
That this was something very real.
"Though neither chastely couched nor
choice,

This, this is sure the people's voice."

"Down, down with governments and
war!"

The speaker cried, and more and more
Theophilus waxed sympathetic.

"He speaks," said he, "with voice pro-
phetic.

Such penetrating criticism!
Government's an anachronism,
And, peacefully, of course, I trust,
Its end will come; but come it must."

The speaker shouted, "Class 'gainst
class—

Capital's tyranny shall pass!
The hosts of toil are marching, march-
ing!"

And Spraggs, who, born to one fat
fortune,

Had got another one by marrying,
Felt exquisitely proletarian.

"I see the dawn," the speaker cried,
"The lamb and lion side by side,
The golden dawn that in shall usher
The sort of thing they have in Russia."
Now Spraggs, who'd several bits of fur,
A borzoi and a samovar,
Also Turgeniev, done in calf,
Considered he was more than half
A Russian now. Just then the crowd
Began to voice itself aloud.

"It is beginning!" Spraggs exclaimed.

Not where he thought was violence
aimed.

Instead of rushing through the town
Pulling the social fabric down,
Establishing a government
With one sole purpose and intent
To love the people and to foster 'em,
They hurled the speaker from his ros-
trum.

They dragged him in the muddy street
And stamped upon him with their feet.
At least they would have, had not he
(O, whither, whither shall he flee?)
Sought refuge from impending harm
Behind the law's blue-coated arm.

"Save, O, save me!" "Sure I will.

Move on there now! and you keep still!"
Theophilus' personal equation
Was slow to solve a situation.
"Arrest this man?" ('Twas what he
saw)

"Thou minion of tyrannic law!
This sort of wanton interference
Is just the thing that makes adherents
To the very cause you would destroy.
What rights are these that we enjoy?
Free speech? Why, bah! I say, and
pooh!

Arrest this man? Arrest me too!"
Theophilus surely lacked not heart or
Will to die right there a martyr:
If for his country, he would balk,
But gladly, for the right—to talk.

* * * * *
Yet death of all fates was remotest,
Save death through want of being
noticed.

HARRY AYRES

Correspondence

The Open Letter to Senator
Hitchcock

[We print below some of the letters and
telegrams evoked by the "Open Letter to
Senator Hitchcock", published in last
week's *Review*.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your Open Letter to Senator Hitch-
cock surely expresses the opinions of a
vast number of conscientious and exas-
perated spectators of the Senate's pro-
tracted discussion of the Peace Treaty.
They want an immediate peace and a
League of Nations, and they want them
insistently. However it may disappoint
our expectations, the League of Nations
is to-day the best hope of civilization; it
transfigures the prosaic diction of the
compact. The patience of the public is
sorely tried by the long delay and your
rational proposition encourages us to an-
ticipate prompt action. Senators Hitch-
cock and McCumber control the situation
and the latter's intelligent and reason-
able modification of the Treaty's text
could not imperil its ratification and
should not meet with the former's oppo-
sition.

R. FULTON CUTTING

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I think that the Treaty should be rati-
fied without further delay.

Having studied the Treaty closely I
am in favor of its ratification as it
stands. At the same time, if interpreta-
tive reservations are deemed necessary
to secure ratification, I am in favor of
any such reservations to the extent that

they do not require submission to the other Powers for their approval. I do not favor reservations that would require such submission and approval, as they would place the Treaty in jeopardy so far as this country is concerned, and, in any event, cause injurious delay in the final establishment of peace all around.

JOHN G. MILBURN

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The Open Letter to Senator Hitchcock points the practical way to progress, and its counsel is wholly in the public interest. The mind of the country is definitely made up that the Treaty as submitted shall not be ratified unless accompanied with specific reservations of the points so frequently recorded. On the other hand, the overwhelming sentiment of the country is that no action should be taken, particularly no action with a view to purely partisan advantage, that would send the Treaty back to Paris and reopen international negotiations as to its terms. Senator Hitchcock and Senator Williams, both of whom are patriotic men of large public experience, must understand these facts. I cannot believe that they will stubbornly stand in the way of quick action of the kind indicated.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Considering conditions here and abroad I favor immediate ratification of the Treaty with rational reservations consistent with our Constitution and national policies and protective of the ideals and sense of honor and humanity that made us a partner in the war for worldwide Liberty founded on law and order.

SAMUEL REA

Philadelphia, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Ever since President Wilson last winter brought back from Paris the covenant of the League of Nations I have in public speeches and writing endorsed it, though insisting on modifications protecting American interest. Accordingly, I now emphatically endorse your open letter to Senator Hitchcock dated October 11.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN

Ithaca, N. Y., October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I believe the people of the United States desire the Treaty to be ratified as speedily as possible. Discussion has been so long and thorough that no new points are likely to be raised. Each side

is standing stubbornly firm. Some compromise must evidently be made. Certain reservations have been suggested by a group of Senators which are conservative and are offered with the intention of making clearer the position of the United States. I can see no objections to such reservations, and I strongly hope that the Democratic Senators will at once earnestly consider coming to an agreement with these conservative Republicans. The Treaty must be ratified.

ALFRED E. MARLING

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I fully approve proposed letter to Senator Hitchcock. Personally, I am strong for explicit reservations, but believe reasonable compromise imperative and prompt action desperately needed.

E. H. OUTERBRIDGE

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I do not approve letter to Hitchcock. I think Treaty should be ratified with no reservations. In my judgment important reservations are equivalent to amendments and unimportant reservations are unnecessary.

MOORFIELD STOREY

Boston, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have read with very much interest your proposed open letter to Senator Hitchcock. While I think your position is sound, I do not see my way clear to formally endorse it. I have been among those who hoped that the Treaty might be ratified without amendment and without reservations which are in effect amendments. That being the case, it would hardly be consistent for me to join your appeal to Senator Hitchcock, although I quite agree that it is now apparent that a majority of the Senate will insist upon reservations substantially along the lines of those supported by Senator Lodge, and for that reason Senator Hitchcock and his adherents should fall into line.

PAUL D. CRAVATH

New York, October 10

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am in favor of such reservations as will accomplish the purpose the majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs had in mind when they submitted their recommendations to the Senate. I believe if a clear majority adopt such reservations as will be protective to this country that Senator Hitchcock and his associates should accept same promptly.

T. DEWITT CUYLER

Philadelphia, October 10

Book Reviews

Bolshevism Unadorned

BOLSHEVISM : MR. KEELING'S FIVE YEARS IN RUSSIA. By H. V. Keeling. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

BOLSHEVIK AIMS AND IDEALS. Reprinted from *The Round Table*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

UNDER THE BOLSHEVIK REIGN OF TERROR. By Rhoda Power. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

QUANTITATIVE analysis of the literature of Bolshevism up to the present time would show a preponderance of books and articles of a polemic character. This is unfortunate, for the impression is created that, after all, the issue is one of argument as to the merits and demerits of a theory and programme of social revolution for the reconstitution of society on a new basis and the institution of communism. The Soviet system of government, the Soviet Constitution, the elaborate scheme of elections and representation, have been discussed seriously as actualities, as plans that had been put into execution and tried out in practice.

Some day a serious study will be made of the movement engineered in this country to confuse the public mind in regard to the Bolshevik régime in Russia. The investigation will show that a carefully planned campaign was carried on, the object of which was to persuade people that the whole Lenin-Trotsky plot was a high-minded experiment undertaken to bring about a better state of society, and that it enjoyed the approval and support of the Russian masses; that to interfere with it in any way would be improper meddling with domestic concerns and a denial of the right of democratic self-determination. Oceans of propaganda have been poured forth in support of this thesis, and many ignorant but well-intentioned people have been deceived thereby. Most pernicious of all has been the propaganda industriously circulated among workingmen to make them believe that the Soviet régime was building a workers' paradise and that any attacks on it were lying slanders instigated by capitalists in the endeavor to prevent their own overthrow by the new dispensation. The object was clear: to reduce Russia to helpless chaos and then to prevent any interference on the part of the Allies and America, while Germany undertook the work of reconstruction and exploitation. To a considerable extent the object has been attained.

The best corrective of such disingenuous theorizing is first-hand, eye-witness testimony. Of this there has been

an abundance from Russian refugees, but it has not carried due weight, because it has been offset by the tales of other Russians—Bolshevik sympathizers and agents—and by the suspicion that the witnesses were simply disgruntled émigrés. Now, however, we have the evidence of foreign observers of diverse experience and without private interests to serve.

Mr. H. V. Keeling is an Englishman, a lithographer by trade and a staunch labor union man. In February, 1914, he was sent to Petrograd to instal a patent photo-lithographic process that his employers had sold to a Russian company. Presently the war came and he decided to remain. He had picked up enough Russian to get on with and found plenty of work to do. After the Bolshevik revolution, he was employed for a time as a photographer under Lunacharsky in the Commissariat of Education at a salary of 1,500 rubles per month, the highest paid to an expert workman, but found that on it he was unable to keep himself from slow starvation. So he left the city and wandered over the country as a mechanic and tinker, picking up jobs here and there, and incidentally obtaining unique information as to the true state of affairs throughout Russia.

He does not like the idea of writing a book—he would rather be at the bench—but he feels it his bounden duty. As he puts it:

I have left a country where the conditions are so terrible and where I have so many friends—all workmen and peasants—that I should indeed be a coward, and wanting in the first elements of simple gratitude, if I were quietly and meekly to settle down to my own work without at least making an attempt to place the facts before those who I know are being deceived by the irresponsible talk of those who have never personally experienced the actual results of Bolshevism in action. It is very easy for those who have obtained their knowledge of Bolshevism through reading of the Decrees, or whilst living as the guests of the Higher Soviet, to relate wonderful fairy tales of magnificent ideals, but what I have to relate are the actual facts and results personally witnessed and experienced by one who was regarded and treated in every way as a workman of the first category.

It is a graphic picture that Mr. Keeling paints in his vivid narrative, nearly every paragraph being replete with material throwing light on the operations of the Soviet Government or on the conditions and opinion of the people. When the Soviets took over the factories, the managers and specialists were driven out and replaced by committees of workmen who had, of course, no experience in the problems of management. Production dropped and the cost of materials rose. To meet this a vicious circle was entered into of raising both wages and prices. As each factory ceased to show a profit, the Government stepped

in with a subsidy paid in paper money printed off at a furious rate. The purchasing value of the ruble went to practically nothing.

A little later, many of the young and able-bodied workmen were conscripted into the Red Army, which was needed to keep down the rebellious elements that had begun quite early to express their dissatisfaction and disgust. Many joined the army to get food. Thus, the number of good workmen was further reduced and underfeeding greatly lessened the efficiency of those that remained. Towards the end of last year, Mr. Keeling visited a number of workshops in company with two Bolshevik commissars. It was painful to see these places, which were once flourishing concerns giving employment to hundreds of workmen, lying idle, with the machinery rusting and covered with dust. He asked what was going to be done with them, and was told that great central workshops were to be opened to replace them.

The author was shocked to get back to England and find that in some labor circles the Soviet was regarded as a workingmen's government. He relates from his experience that if a trade union did not please the Soviet, it was fined and suppressed and a new union formed in its place by the Bolsheviks themselves. Entry to this new union was open only to members of the old union who signed a form declaring themselves entirely in agreement with, and prepared completely to support in every detail, the policy of the Soviet Government. Refusal to join on these terms meant the loss of work and pay, together with exclusion from the first and second categories as regards food. The workingmen, therefore, were coerced, and were not allowed to have any voice at all.

Every incentive was held out to the poorer people to spy and report on the others, and special rewards were given to anyone who gave information that any member of a union was opposed in any way. In fact, there was built up a frightful system of espionage that not only corrupted the whole community, but bore with especial severity upon the laborers. His own union, the printers', was suppressed and a new one ordered. When the cards were circulated for the workingmen to sign, he found that in the several factories, numbering over 500 employees each, there were never more than six real Bolsheviks, and in one case the only Bolshevik was the Commissar. Yet they did not dare to refuse to sign the forms. Elections to the Soviet were an absolute farce. The men to be voted for were all selected in advance and no one but a Bolshevik was allowed to be elected to any post. The Bolsheviks were

able to keep in power by maintaining a state of terrorism by means of the mercenary Red Army, which had special privileges in the way of food and pay, as well as unlimited license. In the army was an all-pervasive system of espionage, and the parents of the soldiers lived in constant fear of their lives, as they were considered as hostages for the conduct of their sons.

Most interesting were Keeling's experiences as he wandered through the country districts as a mechanic. He was always welcome in the peasant villages and he grew very fond of these simple folk and their kindly hospitality. The only danger he ran was that of being mistaken for a Bolshevik spy, for the Bolsheviks were everywhere feared and detested. From Mr. Keeling's testimony it is evident that the estimate recently made that the Bolsheviks numbered two per cent. of the population is a gross exaggeration. In some of the villages the conditions were not utterly bad. The villagers would somehow or other elect the men they wanted to the local Soviet and for a time would be free from oppression. But when the Commissar of the district heard of it, he would send the Red Guard to break it up and hold new elections, personally directed. The main object of the peasants was to conceal enough food from the requisitioning soldiers to provide for their own needs.

Last January, Keeling escaped by way of Finland. It was an exciting and dangerous exploit and it gives one a thrill to read a description of it. Once out of the clutches of the Bolshevik power, he returned to England, breathing a sigh of relief but depressed by the sufferings of the people left behind and longing to make his countrymen understand and give assistance. His is a simple and a moving narrative that impresses one with its absolute sincerity. It will take rank in the future among the valuable primary materials for the study of Russia under the Soviet tyranny.

"Bolshevik Aims and Ideals" is reprinted from the *Round Table*. It bears no author's name, though some have suspected that it came from the able pen of Dr. Harold Williams, who stands second to none as an authority on Russia. Although it is a small volume, it is not too much to say that it is altogether the most complete and authoritative analysis of the Bolshevik movement in Russia and of the movements counter to it that has yet appeared. In less than a hundred pages the author has given a résumé of the successive phases of the Bolshevik revolution and of its theory and practice that may well serve as a manual for anyone desiring to obtain a well-balanced, dispassionate account of one of the most

remarkable episodes in all history. No educated and intelligent person should fail to read it.

Although of much less importance as first-hand testimony than Mr. Keeling's narrative, "Under the Bolshevik Terror" contains much that is complementary to it. The author, Miss Rhoda Power, was a governess in a Russian bourgeois family from a time early in the war until after the Bolshevik revolution. She writes in a simple, unaffected way of her daily life in this *milieu*, and while she has had no background of Russian experience, her tale is perhaps the better for this, for she does not attempt to generalize or interpret her impressions. And the reader likewise should take the narrative for what it is, personal impressions, and himself refrain from generalizing.

The family in which she lived and the life she describes are, however, typical of a certain class in Russia, and the vivid picture does not induce admiration or tend to give confidence in the future of Russia if it is to rest in the hands of such selfish, irresponsible people. The daughter of the household, for whom she is the companion, is an example of shallowness, aimlessness, and indulgence only too often to be found in rich middle-class families. Soon after the Bolshevik revolution the family finds its position difficult. They are living in the south of Russia, where the effects of the revolution are somewhat delayed, but where presently the power comes into the hands of the ignorant and criminal classes, and a reign of terror and an orgy of license and crime ensue. Adventures come fast and furious and the young English girl is a witness of the realities of Bolshevik rule far from the centre of government. Here her straightforward narrative of what she saw and passed through is a valuable contribution to our knowledge, for it is possible from it to catch the atmosphere of this phase of the revolution.

And this atmosphere is very red. Only a phlegmatic English girl could write of what she passed through in such a matter of fact way. While at Novochoerkassk she was in the midst of the bloody fighting in which the Bolsheviks overcame the Cossacks. The house in which she sojourned was invaded by the drunken brutes, demanding money and threatening the inmates with death.

During this scene we received a telephone message that our train would leave the station within an hour. It caused us infinite pain to abandon this unfortunate family, but we could follow no other course. "Tovarish," I said to one of the soldiers, "I must go out and get a cab." He had his head almost on my shoulder, and was trying to make love to me. "You can do what you like, little pigeon," he replied affectionately, and I ran to the door. When once outside, however, it was not so easy for me to do as I liked. There were soldiers on the pavement and they

surrounded me. "What do you mean by coming out of the house? We shall kill you. Show your papers." They advanced upon me with their bayonets. "Now look here, little doves," I said as boldly as I could, "you can't go killing British subjects like that. It's not done." They looked quite unconvinced. "I am rather important," I said loftily. "There will be a row with the British Government if I do not arrive home safely." They seemed impressed. "Let the barishnia go," said one, and so I escaped to find my cab. After a vain search I returned to the house, where a number of soldiers were standing round the door refusing to allow anyone to proceed to the station. Argument was useless, and if it had not been for a Danish doctor, one of our fellow-travellers, who knew Russian sufficiently well to bluff, we should never have reached the train in safety. Most of the soldiers were drunk and their tempers had begun to get nasty.

The station was filled with members of the Red Guard, and there were traces of blood in the sand. . . . Here the men who had remained on guard told us that the scene had been appalling. The Red Guards and their camp followers, dancing among the dead bodies of the Cossacks, had sung and drunk the whole night, and in the morning they had shot the Ataman.

Miss Power was allowed to leave Russia via Moscow and Murmansk, for this was early in the revolution, before foreigners were proscribed. Not the least interesting of her graphic pictures is that of Murmansk, with its horde of hapless refugees, where she spent an uncomfortable six weeks in a wooden shed on the bleak shores of the Arctic. While Miss Power's volume covers only a small phase of the revolution in a limited field, it is full of interest and charm, and corroborates from another angle the general estimate of the preceding books as to the utter incompetence, confusion, and brutality of the movement which has, by euphemism, been termed the workmen's and peasants' revolution.

A History of American Prisons

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION. By Frederick H. Wines. Revised by Winthrop D. Lane. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company.

THIS is an historical summary of crime and punishment written up to 1910 by Dr. Wines, brought down to date by Mr. Lane. Very likely the former would cry out against the mutilation of his book could he be heard (he died in 1912), and any who knew Fred. Wines can imagine his remarks, for he had a "nimble wit and ready tongue." But the "mutability of literature" is greater if possible to-day than when Irving wrote of it, and the exigencies of the publishing business perhaps make the excuses for the deed in this case.

The reviser, in his preface, like the prisoner crying "guilty" in a loud voice, hoping thereby to mollify the court, frankly states that he has used the first eleven chapters of the original book, but

cut out the remainder to make room for the developments of the last few years. Dr. Wines was eminently fitted to write a history of crime. His father, Edwin C. Wines, as Secretary of the New York Prison Association in the sixties, was perhaps more than any other individual responsible for the founding of the American Prison Association, the concrete result of the convention of 1871 at Cincinnati. The good accomplished and the progress made in the prisons of this country in the past fifty years may be said to date from that now famous convention. The younger Wines was steeped in prison affairs, and his employment for many years in the Department of Charities of Illinois gave him rare insight into the efforts at reform in the various States. His book presents an admirable account of the treatment of the wrongdoer from the earliest times. Until very lately punishment was the fundamental thought, not simply to punish for its own sake, but to prevent others from evil doing, but still chiefly to punish. Now we have progressed to the idea that it is worth while to try to reform the guilty man; he will be punished enough in the process.

The second part of the book tells specifically of present methods of treating convicts in the United States, and faithfully records many experiments and theories, some of them extreme in character, which have recently been tried or proposed. There is little said of the practicability of any of them; perhaps the true reformer should not dwell on such questions but look only to the goal of his desire. Much consideration is given to the self-government plans of the George Junior Republic as applied to a reformatory for boys in California, and to adult prisoners at Sing Sing by Mr. Osborne. The latter might have had much success if he had been content to go a little more slowly, but his vision of perfection overreached itself; and because those in power differed with him in some respects he withdrew, and the self-government plan had a setback from which it may be long in recovering.

Psychologic, psychopathic, psychiatric are recurrent terms in discussion. Translated into everyday speech they stand for patient study of the individual and earnest endeavor to treat him while in prison that he may be fit and able to stay out when release comes to him. There is no doubt that great improvement is bound to come from such studies. The deductions of Glueck from an examination of 608 consecutively admitted inmates at Sing Sing, quoted at length by the author, are most illuminating. Feeble-mindedness and its astonishing frequency in prisons is given intelligent treatment by reference to many recent studies. It is a tremendous problem.

No account is given of the wretched political use frequently made of the prisons in this country, nor is anything said of the situation in the South, where most of the States exploit the labor of the prisoner and, it is not too much to say, plan by their laws to hold him as long as possible for what can be made out of him. No intensive study there of the how and wherefore of crime; all the thought is on how husky and fit to dig coal or raise cotton the prisoner is and how long he can be kept. Perhaps that is another story, for the Criminal Law Reform people to tell, but it "smells to heaven" and ought to be talked about in season and out.

Feminine Humor

A WOMAN NAMED SMITH. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company.

BARBARA OF BALTIMORE. By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BLUE-GRASS AND BROADWAY. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company.

BELIEVE YOU ME! By Nina Wilcox Putnam. New York: George H. Doran Company.

HOLDING firmly to the faith that woman as well as man is equipped with a soul and therefore a sense of humor, we may yet observe that neither soul nor sense is altogether sexless. There is the big playground of major comedy where men and women may be or seem equally at home, but near-by plaisances offer more easeful entertainment for moments of relaxation. Here you may take off your coat and roar, or let down your hair and giggle, without fear of being eyed askance by unsympathetic parties, unfitted by nature for the giggle or the roar. It is not your sister's fault if she thinks W. W. Jacobs merely silly, or yours if the cuteness of Bertha Ruck happens to make you sick. Let us glance without current superciliousness at some current books of purely feminine comedy.

The Southern maiden keeps her place as heroine of this kind of story. Why is plain enough if you notice how natural the phrase "Southern maiden" still sounds, while "Northern maiden" has a slightly facetious ring. The old-fashioned girl is good enough for sweet, pretty stories, and even the aggressively young females of a later fashion must keep something of her in reserve to qualify. The more independent and dashing she may be in the index, the more thrilling her surrender in the final scene. Here, for an example, is the

"Woman Named Smith." To begin with, she is a Northerner, a city woman, a business woman in her middle thirties, plain and efficient. Ally her with the Hynds of Hyndsville, North Carolina, give her a Hynds House as a legacy, lift her into the middle of a family romance and mystery with its roots well in the South and the past, and you very quickly make another female of her. In the presence of Hynds House and the godlike Jelnik whose destiny is so "strangely" linked with hers, she becomes all tremors and blushes and maiden stupidity, and even quite expert at fainting on occasion. It is a tale of priceless heirlooms and lost jewels and secret rooms and ghostly scents and sounds, with everybody dutifully tying themselves up in a tangle of misunderstandings and cross-purposes and childish mystifications, quite according to the recipe of this kind of romance. That expert literary artisan, Miss Carolyn Wells, has just done a story out of almost precisely the same materials, ancient manor house, lost jewels, spooks, ingénue and all; though she has waived the Southern flavor and contented herself with Dobbs Ferry. Her publisher so clearly recognizes this as a staple product that he advertises "Doris of Dobbs Ferry" as belonging to a "Mystery-History Series." A later number of this series, "Barbara of Baltimore," is extremely girly and "cunning" in its dialogue, and contains pretty much all the aforementioned elements of plot and situation: old historic dwelling, secret passages, ghosts in the attic, stolen treasures, and the beautiful young man who this time happens to be a wealthy Briton, shell-ravaged and sent to America to be cured: we have met him frequently in fiction since the war began. There is a good deal in the book also about "ladies' wear," of various degrees of intimacy—a theme which appears to have endless humor for the clientèle this sort of fiction appeals to. It is proper also to italicize specially cute and bright turns of phrase, so that the reader's eyes may spot them in advance without effort and be prepared to twinkle.

There is no mystery involved in "Blue-grass and Broadway." Here the glamour (Southern heroine apart) is not of the past, but of stage-land; and in the contrast of the ingénue making her mark there at the first attempt. The mortgage on the old estate of Rosemeade in Kentucky is in peril of foreclosure. Poor grandfather mustn't be disturbed in his last days. Therefore pretty granddaughter will write a play and make a lot of money. She does! But the manner of her doing it entails a situation of real comedy. She is not a genius. does not take Broadway by storm. Her

purple-ribboned manuscript simply happens to catch a manager's eye at a moment when he desires to discipline a spoiled star. . . . "She needs one good failure to tone her up. What's the name of the effusion in ribbons?" . . . "The Renunciation of Rosalind," murmured Mr. Meyer. . . . "We could call it 'The Purple Slipper.' . . ." Not unnaturally it is the gentleman-manager himself who falls in love with the ingénue authoress, and to the tune of much stage music the affair runs merrily and even wittily to its rightful close. There is broader but not less genuine fun in "Believe You Me!" Under that sprightly title are assembled five monologues by Mlle. Marie La Tour, who was born Mary Gilligan and is a famous parlor dancer, when the war breaks out. Her speech is that free and easy "American" which, as Mr. H. L. Mencken has pointed out in his recent book, "The American Language," is by no means without its own principles of grammar and syntax. Only two or three story-writers have had the courage to reproduce this speech in all its glorious emancipation from the vehicle still labeled "English." Miss La Tour varies her flow of language with an occasional stock phrase of journalese, which evidently to her mind presents the saving evidence of literary breeding. Beneath her flashy exterior and vulgar soul she is a good girl and a sensible, like so many of those who prance and smirk for the public's amusement. Her adventures as a war-worker are worth hearing of; and she has a pretty turn for aphorism: "A person certainly does need their strength to enjoy an American health resort."

H. W. BOYNTON.

The Run of the Shelves

"FANTASTICS" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is the name given by Lafcadio Hearn to a series of short papers contributed to the New Orleans *Daily Item*, 1879-1881, and, in reduced quantity, to the *Times-Democrat* of the same city, 1882-1884. Hearn is quoted as saying: "They are my impressions of the strange life of New Orleans. They are dreams of a tropical city. There is one twin-idea running through them all—Love and Death." Colonel Fairfax, sometime owner of the *Item*, testifies: "Hearn was really quite lazy about his regular work. We had to prod him up all the time—stick pins in him, so to speak. But when he would write one of his own little fanciful things, out of his own head—dreams—he was always dreaming—why, then he would work like mad. And people always noticed those

little things of his, somehow, for they were truly lovely, wonderful."

Without disrespect to Colonel Fairfax, to whom destiny vouchsafed the honor of discovering Hearn in New Orleans, it may be said that these fantastics are the kind of sketches which seem lovely and wonderful to the class of people for whom "lovely" and "wonderful" are eligible adjectives. Their merit is rather evident than high. They are above journalism; they are beneath literature: more specifically, they vacillate between journalism and literature. They contain many phrases which would fit without discord into Poe's "Ligeia" or "Morella" or "House of Usher," the style and temper of which they sometimes rather vividly recall. But other phrases occur, in equal or greater plenty, which exhibit the eternal journalistic compromise between the conscience and the clock. Not that there is any hesitation or stammering in the utterance of the author of these sketches; they are, indeed, almost too supple and voluble, proclaim with too little reserve, in the excess of their plasticity, their affinity with clouds and dreams. The mood immerses the fact, the description overbears the narrative; and the voluptuous melancholy in which Love and Death consort will have its brief magic for that mood of youth which delights in the neighborhood of flame and shadow.

The publication of early works of this kind is supported by an approved and general practice. Of that practice the present volume is not an extreme or venturesome example. It is therefore no special reflection on the work before us to inquire if publications of this kind are a boon to the public or a help to the author. These sketches have their merits: they are pleasing; they are promising. But their value as pleasure is diminished by the temptations they offer to the neglect of higher joys, and their value as promise is abolished by the fulfilment. Of what avail in September—or in December—are the April estimates of the September crop? These beginnings are not literature, but biography; they show what Hearn was in 1879, in 1881; they should appear in the record of the life, in extract or specimen, in such bulk as the scale of that record authorizes or suggests. Why should the burial of noted authors be the signal for the disinterment of their crudities, or at least their insufficiencies? If twelve works by Shakespeare of the type and merit of "Titus Andronicus" were discovered tomorrow, they would have to be published. But their publication would clearly be an injury to Shakespeare and a misfortune to the world. Who would care to have his present reverence for Shake-

spere defiled, or even merely diluted, by adulteration with the sorrow or revolt induced by the perusal of twelve melodramas of that grade? Every inferior publication lessens the average merit of a man's output, and the test by averages, though unfair, is natural. If everybody read the entire product, the case would still have its inconvenience. But many persons read only one work of an author, and choose that work perhaps at random. An author's only protection against this source of injustice is the exclusion from the market of works by which he cannot be equitably judged.

Even the enemies of Greek admit that it has some value. The man of science, anyone, indeed, who uses the English language at all, finds it helpful to know the meaning of the many Greek words which the very scientists themselves have been active in grafting on to the English stock. This sort of knowledge is a hardly avoidable by-product of even a very little Greek study, but it can easily be made an end in itself, and even the possessor of a Shakespearean modicum of Greek may be glad to have scattered materials conveniently drawn together in a way to stimulate and guide further study. Such a purpose seems admirably realized by Prof. Horace A. Hoffman's "Everyday Greek" (University of Chicago Press). The little book brings with it no excess baggage; only such Greek words are discussed as have some survival in English, and nothing like an historical treatment is attempted even of these. The principles of compounding are succinctly set forth, and related words are grouped in a way that sheds many interesting cross lights. There is an adequate vocabulary.

Mr. George D. Herron, in his small but pregnant book, the "Greater War" (New York: Mitchell Kennerley), views the present world-situation in a vividness of contrast and sharpness of alternative which is rarely to be found outside of the novel or the theatre. We are faced with ruin on two sides, ruin from a restored Germany, redoubtable in defeat, employing as its instrument an international socialism which it has fashioned in its image and wrought to its will, and ruin from Bolshevism which he calls "freedom's most mendacious yet alluring enemy . . . the eventual harnessing of the proletaire to the triumphal chariot of the financier." Salvation, however, is open to us, though the opening is narrow and may close irreparably at any moment. Our savior is democracy, not, however, the democratic state as history knows it, which is as far from true democracy as organized Christianity is from Christ. What is this true de-

mocracy? Mr. Herron, who as critic is exceedingly lucid, gets no nearer to lucidity on this constructive point than the following rather baffling sentence: "The way into democracy is through the voluntary and administrative co-operation of industrial and commercial capital with associated labor." Mr. Herron's want of space has cramped his explanations. The proposed League of Nations is a sham, but its ratification is imperative as a step toward its replacement by a reality. The book, which, in the swiftness of its passage from vituperation to exaltation, reminds us of Shelley, is charged with an intensity of conviction and a passionate idealism which it is impossible not to respect.

Drama

Somerset Maugham and
Zoe Akins

MR. Somerset Maugham, in "Too Many Husbands" (Booth Theatre, October 8th) treats of a British major reported dead who reappears after the armistice to find that another major has appropriated his wife. The theme is old, themes and husbands appear to be very much alike in their capacity for resuscitation. Mr. Maugham, however, is skilful in the refurbishing of a timeworn theme. In the usual handling of this plot, the two men are antagonists, and the lady is desirable; in Mr. Maugham's play, the men are comrades, and the lady is undesirable. While the men compete for the happiness of relinquishing their happiness, the lady, whose impartiality is boundless, dispels their embarrassment by relinquishing both. A third person is on hand, a sort of courier merging into *cicisbeo*, like the famous lover of the Queen of George the Fourth, to whom, after divorcing the two majors, she proposes to transfer her affections.

Out of this material Mr. Maugham evolves two acts of what may be called, with very little reservation, capital farce. The third act is largely horse-play and by-play. The drama is really over, and, like a soldier between armistice and discharge, beguiles the tedious interval at the pantomime and dog-show. The writing of plays is surely very hard when a man so adroit as Mr. Maugham cannot compel or persuade a farce even to *keep up its own gait* to the end of a prosperous evening.

The parts were well taken, with exaggeration sometimes, it is true, but with bounded and provident exaggeration. Miss Estelle Winwood's Victoria, excellent in points, scarcely justified itself as

a whole. The sentimentality merely spotted the cynicism, which, in turn, merely spotted the languor, and the coldness of the part was a little benumbing to a play to which warmth of some sort—warmth of a buffet, if not a warmth of a handshake—was indispensable. Mr. Kenneth Douglas as Major Cardew was effective till the third act caught him in its impish toils. Mr. Lawrence Grossmith as Major Lowndes gave, in the first act at least, a really charming impersonation of the Englishman who, soldier and gentleman as he is, is pushed about by his instincts as helplessly and unthinkingly as a child in a perambulator.

Miss Zoe Akins's "Déclassée," at the Empire Theatre, is a play over which criticism need not linger. The first act indeed has merit; hectic undoubtedly, it is nevertheless a drama in itself, rounded, compact, and precise. In the second act the English earl's daughter and baronet's wife, whom her husband has groundlessly divorced, finds herself in New York, where she and the drama begin to drift in a fashion that means loss of caste to plays and women alike. This second act is a mere corridor, with the rustling and peeping appropriate to corridors. In the third act Miss Akins, hesitant between various issues, adopts that capital resource in emergencies—she summons a taxicab. Its wheels pass over the heroine, and she expires on a sofa in a finale in which the sugar of Dumas' dying Marguerite is mingled with the bromo-seltzer of Sudermann's dying Beata. If Miss Akins had any meaning in the play, her powers of concealment are extraordinary. There are strivings for psychology and there are memories of literature.

The surprise and pleasure of the performance lay in the acting of Miss Ethel Barrymore. In my former not very large experience of this actress I had found in her no trace of power. I had seen her in plays that called for power, and I had ungallantly told myself that power fled at her approach. It has ceased to flee. I do not know whether her acting caught fire from her flame-colored gown, or whether her imagination was stirred by the mixture in her heroine of the *beau monde* and the *demi-monde*, the two great delectations of that solid middle-class which serves as floor to the one and as ceiling to the other. At any rate she took the part of Lady Helen Haden with genuine if febrile vigor, and was effective in the rendering of a haughtiness which contrived to be reckless without forfeiting its reserves. The high gale of the first act became rather zephyr-like in the second, but the interest did not fail, and the drops—the vertical drops—from the dithyrambic to the tranquilly incisive

were particularly happy in this play. Of course it is not a great part in any historic estimate of drama; a great part must be first of all a great whole, and Miss Akins's Lady Helen is not a whole at all. Harry Charteris in Act III tells Lady Helen with entire truth that her character is in pieces, and generously offers to put them together. The sensible Lady Helen was herself too generous to burden him with a task which had proved insurmountable to Miss Barrymore and Miss Akins.

The support was barely adequate. The intelligence of Mr. Harry Plimmer as Sir Bruce Haden bestowed largeness on a small part and fineness on a coarse one. Claude King's manliness found neither space nor ease in the straitjacket of the ignoble part of Rudolph Solomon.

O. W. FIRKINS

Among the Old Book Stalls

IN Paris the venders of second-hand books cling to the quais on the left bank. They spread out their wares in rows of weather-beaten boxes set on top of the river wall. Who can ever forget a morning ramble in May along the Seine, or the variety of things he found for sale between the Pont Royal and the Pont Saint Michel! The vender's stock ranges all the way from vellum choir books to butterflies, old coins, and seashells, with a yellow patch of fiction to attract the casual eye. Some of these portable junk shops held treasures worth digging for. I remember that an art student a few years ago found in a portfolio a bundle of drawings by the Old Masters which he recently sold at auction for a hundred times the price he paid. These stall keepers are as familiar as the row of plane trees along the quais, and their fascinating history by Octave Usanne is a handbook for all true lovers of book-hunting. In London the haunts are more scattered. However, the "grubber" knows those dingy stalls under St. Paul's, and certain shops in Charing Cross or Wardour Street where semi-precious gems are still brought to light occasionally.

New York has no neighborhood with bookish traditions like Paternoster Row, so that the second-hand dealers have clung to the main cross streets: Fifty-ninth, Forty-second, and Twenty-third, whose busy sidewalks are thronged all day long. Here they burrow into the basements of old high-stoop houses, and overflow the wide areaways. A dozen shops further down in lower Fourth Avenue are the nearest things we have to a Bookseller's Row. They are the

first line of defense above the No Man's Land of commerce which stretches to the Battery. Away downtown, below the City Hall, there are a few shops hidden among the office buildings, but the trade for the most part has moved north beyond the circle of banks and brokers.

All these dealers have regular customers and most of them issue catalogues, those precious "text-books of literature" which the old-book lover devours with as fine a relish as the gourmet does his wine list. Some collectors even prefer to do their buying at home beside the fire, marking a catalogue like a man selecting flower-seeds or plumbing fixtures. But the sportsman takes the trail for a likely scent. As soon as a library has been sold or an auction completed, the book hunter mounts his hobby for a round of the shops. He does not pause outside at the five and ten-cent tables, filled with rows of faded fiction left to bleach their bones in the rain and weather. He steps inside to rummage. The true lover will not be fastidious about dirt, or fear to soil his gloves, for half the joy of the hunt is getting delightfully grubby.

If it is Americana or Old New York you seek, you may find odd copies of Valentine's Manual, filled with color plates of streets and houses long vanished in this day of skyscrapers; a bound volume of "The Mirror" to which Poe contributed tales and criticisms; early editions of Whitman, Hawthorne, and Washington Irving. But to make the game supremely worth the candle, you must be in quest of some long-sought volume. In six months I collected a complete first edition of Thackeray, in the old Smith Elder green cloth binding. This was in the face of quite brutal discouragement from all the dealers. One shop in Ann Street had a battered set, which they would not break, repeating that I was mad to try for another, as a similar set had brought an unbelievable figure at Southby's the year before. Undaunted my search went on; down into cellars and up into garrets, through dingy back rooms where the candle flame caught the glint of another prize high on the shelves, until one by one, all the treasure was unearthed.

There are books which merely by their titles can make vivid a past generation. To look through a row of old Annuals, or Keepsakes, or a stray volume of Godey's Ladies Book, with their mezzotint landscapes and languishing ladies, the fashion plates of the '50's or the flowery verse of N. P. Willis and Fanny Fern, is like overhearing an old lady talk of her youth. These all find a place on the stalls. Their day is still too recent for them to be of value, and now they wait in the dust while their gold-stamped wreaths and urns grow dull,

pathetic tokens of our grandmother's time, for another generation to garner. They are not old enough to be rare, simply out of fashion.

You will often find copies of a series of gift books published in London over fifty years ago that are worth having for the pictures. The cover designs are horrible, the poetry quite as bad, but the full-page woodcuts, designed by the men of the '60's, are often masterpieces of drawing. They belong to that golden decade of English art when Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Fred Walker, Charles Keene, DuMaurier, even Whistler, were among the list of artists who illustrated these "Picture Posies," "Legendary Ballads," and "Home Affections by the Poets." Some of the plates are superb examples of wood engraving that we can not match to-day.

The second-hand shops are open all day and sometimes at night, for the busy collector who likes to spend an hour over a box of old playbills or autograph letters. High noon is usually the busiest time, outside, at any rate. In Fourth Avenue there are half a dozen shops in one block where a group of idlers will gather during the lunch hour, to haul over the old magazines, to finger dusty engravings, or become absorbed in some technical book on the tables; but rarely to buy.

Charles Lamb always found so much that was appealing in these "street readers," that a mention of them loses half its flavor without his account of "the poor gentry, who, not having the wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly from page to page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they 'snatch a fearful joy.' Martin B., in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of Clarissa, when the stall keeper damped his laudable ambition by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the book. M. declares, that under no circumstances in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches."

You may accuse me of impiety for talking so long about old books before calling on Lamb, the Patron Saint of Book-Hunters. He is sure to pop up sooner or later, like King Charles' head when Mr. Dick had his say. But the days for spying out ragged duodecimos on the stalls has gone by. Lamb would find no more folios outside on his walks from the East India House. In these days of catalogues, like the rest of us, he would have to be content with smaller

game. The bookseller's catalogues have brought about a surprising uniformity of price, so that the sooner the young book-hunter forgets about the old days of fabulous bargains and lucky finds, the better it will be for his morals and his collection. It takes time and patience, and then courage to the sticking point to buy on the strength of your own knowledge. Of course, there is a heaven-born instinct for finding books as there is for lighting on four-leaf clovers, but this belongs to the elect alone. Eugene Field had it to the despair of his family; so did T. B. Aldrich and Laurence Hutton.

The most genial bookseller I have ever known was old Tom Foley, or "Old Folio" as he was called, who, till a few years ago, kept a shop in a cellar on lower Fourth Avenue, behind Grace Church. Hundreds of books lined the low room and stood in piles about the floor. He usually kept the gas burning, to light up his dusky haunt, as well as for the small heat it gave him in winter. He had a room close by in St. Mark's Place, but got most of his meals on a tiny gas stove at the back of the shop. Tom was so crippled with rheumatism that he sat all day in an armchair reading his favorite author, "Sweet Master Walton," and occasionally pointing out his wares with a cane, when a customer stepped down to look around. He had been a mighty fisher in his day, and was never tired of telling of his great catches, or quoting from "The Compleat Angler," which with its quaint engravings had become his testament for solace and adventure.

It was here they formed the Second-hand Book Club. Of course only dealers were admitted to the meetings, when they came together once a month, to smoke for an evening and discuss the trade. Most of them were more prosperous than Tom, who looked, in his old coat, quite one of his frayed first editions. They were gatherings which Lamb would have loved, and I fancy his shade must have slipped in sometimes to chuckle with them, over their pipes and grog. At odd times the club met for dinner, at a cheap table d'hôte; but an evening at Tom's was always more easy, after they had joined together to buy him a Franklin stove. When a walking trip was proposed for a Sunday on Staten Island, they found it would be too hard for Tom. His chief objection was that there would be no chance for fishing. A compromise was finally agreed upon—a day along the Bronx River where he spent the time in vainly whipping the stream till dusk, after which they all gathered to dine under an arbor of a little French restaurant beside the water.

Poor Tom is gone now, and the Club has probably moved into finer quarters or

dispersed. The old cellar is still a shop, with here and there a volume left from his day, like bits of ivy on a ruin, to greet you in memory of those brave times. When the wreck came, his copy of Walton was lost, I know not how completely. Some day my search may be rewarded; until then the quest is to the dauntless rummager.

LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little further into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available, without much trouble through publisher, book-shop, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help to make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

American Government

THE temporary disability of the President, and the constitutional questions arising therefrom, the conflict of the President with the Senate, amendments to the Constitution, enacted or proposed, the attitude of the Federal Government to the industrial situation—all these matters of daily importance lead one to the books which describe the actual working of our Government. The importance and reputation of Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" (Macmillan) may cause a reader to neglect a number of books by American writers who have combined accuracy with an attractive style. One of the most recent, a substantial volume of over 600 pages, is William Bennett Munro's "The Government of the United States, National, State, and Local" (Macmillan, 1919). John A. Fairlie, in his "National Administration of the United States of America" (Macmillan, 1905), describes the various departments of the Government. Similar are James A. Woodburn's "The American Republic and Its Government" (Putnam, 1916), with eight long chapters on such subjects as the Presidency, the Senate, etc., and Frederick J. Haskin's "The American Government" (Lippincott, 1912). More extensive studies, buttressed with many references, are "American Government and Politics" (Macmillan, 1914), by Charles A. Beard,

(Continued on page 506)



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(Continued from page 504)

and "The New American Government and Its Work" (Macmillan, 1915), by James T. Young, which not only tells of the powers of the Government, but aims to describe their results, and includes chapters on topics like "Public Opinion." John Fiske, in "Civil Government in the United States" (Houghton, 1904), achieved a text-book with a popular and readable style. It begins with the township and works up through the county and State to the national government.

Two good text-books, for reference, are A. B. Hart's "Actual Government as Applied Under American Conditions" (Longmans, 1918) and R. L. Ashley's "The American Federal State" (Macmillan, 1911). A sort of popular text-book, with interesting illustrations, is "The Citizen and the Republic" (Longmans, 1918), by J. A. Woodburn and T. F. Moran, while Charles A. and Mary R. Beard's "American Citizenship" (Macmillan, 1915) is brief, aims to interest, and considers many new questions of progressive politics. Jeremiah W. Jenks, in "Principles of Politics" (Columbia Univ. Press, 1909), deals with such general subjects as legislation and the suffrage. The origins and development of our political system is the topic of Henry J. Ford's "Rise and Growth of American Politics" (Macmillan, 1898). Rather a reference book than a volume to read through is Frank J. Goodnow's "The Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States" (Putnam, 1905).

A reader who wishes to investigate the opinions of Presidents may enjoy Woodrow Wilson's "Constitutional Government in the United States" (Columbia Univ. Press, 1911), William H. Taft's "The Presidency" (Scribner, 1916), Theodore Roosevelt's "American Ideals," Benjamin Harrison's "This Country of Ours" (Scribner, 1897), and Grover Cleveland's "The Independence of the Executive" (Princeton Univ. Press, 1913).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Achorn, E. O., and Teall, E. W. The Unknown Quality. Marshall Jones. \$1.50 net.

Bleackley, Horace. Anymoon. Lane.

Foot, M. H. The Ground Swell. Houghton Mifflin.

MacManus, Seumas. Lo, and Behold Ye! Stokes. \$1.60 net.

Malet, Lucas. Deadham Hard. Dodd, Mead. \$1.90.

Sinclair, B. W. Burned Bridges. Little, Brown. \$1.60 net.

Thurston, E. T. The World of Wonderful Reality. Appleton. \$1.75 net.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Brooks, C. S. Chimney-Pot Papers. Yale Univ. Press. \$2.00.

Ellsworth, W. W. A Golden Age of Authors. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

Hearn, Lafcadio. Fantastics and other Fancies. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.65.

Jenkins, MacGregor. Literature with a Large L. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.

McGrane, R. C. The Correspondence of Nicholas Biddle. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.00.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Bill Sewall's Story of T. R. Harper. \$1.25 net.

Dinsmore, C. A. Life of Dante. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

McLennan, J. S. Louisbourg From Its Foundation To Its Fall. 1713-1758. Macmillan.

Newbolt, Sir Henry. Submarine and Anti-Submarine. Longmans. \$2.25 net.

Seitz, Don. Artemus Ward. (Charles Farrar Browne): A Biography. Harper. \$2.00.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Weale, B. L. P. The Truth About China and Japan. Dodd Mead. \$2.00.

Willoughby, W. F. Government Organizations in War Time and After. Appleton. \$2.50 net.

DRAMA AND POETRY

A Book of Princeton Verse, II, 1919. Edited by Henry Van Dyke and Others. Princeton Univ. Press. \$1.50 net.

Belasco, David. The Theatre Through Its Stage Door. Harper. \$2.50 net.

Lowell, Amy. Pictures of the Floating World. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Matthews, Brander. The Principles of Playmaking. Scribner. \$1.60 net.

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke. Lane. \$1.25 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Chas, J. S. California Desert Trials. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00 net.

Collins, Joseph. My Italian Year. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

O'Brien, Frederick. White Shadows in the South Seas. Century. \$4.

SCIENCE

Bond, A. R. Inventions of the Great War. Century. \$1.75.

McFee, I. N. The Tree Book. Stokes. \$1.75 net.

JUVENILE

DuBois, M. C. Comrade Rosalie. Century. \$1.50.

Saunders, Marshall. Golden Dicky. Stokes. \$1.50 net.

Scoville, Samuel J. Boy Scouts in the Wilderness. Century. \$1.50.

Walsh, G. E. The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium. Century. \$1.50.

THE ARTS

Robinson, A. G. Old New England Doorways. Scribner. \$3 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Fox, D. R. The Decline of Aristocracy in the Politics of New York. Longmans, Green.

Hoffman, H. A. Everyday Greek. University of Chicago Press. \$1.25 net.

Hutchinson, E. J. Women's Wages. Longmans, Green.

Thwing, C. F. The College Gateway. Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Fields of Victory. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion



Vol. 1, No. 24

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a bad leadership is on the eve of accomplishment; let them not falter in the hour of victory.

THE speech of Senator Lodge in the Senate and the meetings addressed by Senators Johnson, Borah and Reed will cause the thoughtful to reflect on a serious aspect of the anti-Covenant fight. For many years America was isolated by choice. It was the isolation of self-development, of the absence of interests over seas. Our hermit days are over, but we are faced with the danger of an isolation of a different sort, the isolation of suspicion and dislike. Thus England wishes nothing more earnestly than to be friends with us, for she sees in Anglo-Saxon solidarity the one sure foundation for durable peace, but it sometimes looks as though we were striving to make this impossible. And toward Russia, land of untold suffering and unmeasured sacrifice in the common cause, we have maintained a policy—or lack of policy—such that, unless prompt measures are taken, it will postpone indefinitely the resumption of our traditional friendship, based upon mutual advantage and the absence of conflicting interests.

In their speech-making tours over the country Senators Johnson and Borah have addressed large and enthusiastic audiences and have received great acclaim—from whom? From the anti-English, pro-German, and radical elements. They have driven to the support of President Wilson large numbers of self-respecting citizens who were outraged by an alignment against the League of a clientèle that is redolent of Hearst and his propaganda. The Republican party does not desire the adhesion of this element and could not obtain it if it did. Senator Lodge has secured at a deplorable cost the few senatorial votes that it represents.

It is time to take stock of our position in the world. No matter what our strength or self-sufficiency, we cannot afford to be without friends among the nations or to invite the possibility of a hostile coalition. We must cease to play upon the national or racial sympathies and prejudices of our citizens of alien origin in our domestic politics, jeopardizing thereby our good relations with other lands. We may well strive to cultivate a

little of the urbanity and national good manners that play so important a part in the improvement of international relations.

“YOU can not pacify hungry men with high-sounding platitudes, or feed under-nourished children with academic philosophy,” says Acting President Lewis of the United Mine Workers. But he fails to explain how the nourishment of the children is to be improved by their fathers working six hours a day instead of eight, or five days a week instead of six. Of platitudes it can at least be said that they don't directly cut down the food supply.

IT is hard for us in the East to understand the periodical flare-ups in California over the Japanese question. It is hard to determine how much of this excitement is artificially stimulated by the politicians for the purpose of scaring the American workmen and capturing their votes, and how much is due to genuine apprehension on the part of sober-minded and thoughtful citizens over the menace of an alien and unassimilable population, accustomed to standards of living far below the American level. The number of Japanese in California is certainly not formidable in comparison with the numbers of aliens found in other parts of America. They do not seem to have kept wages down; they are industrious and law-abiding; they have no sinister designs for the overthrow of our government. This does not mean that we want the bars let down for the admission of the yellow races. Far from it. We cannot afford to have another race problem on our hands. And if the Japanese, as is asserted, are not keeping their part of the “gentlemen's agreement” (which, as everyone knows, is merely “exclusion” strewn with flowers to save the feelings of Japan), the State Department should attend to the matter.

But it is most regrettable that Senator Phelan has seen fit to agitate in the Senate for more drastic anti-Japanese legislation at this time, when there are so many causes of friction and misunderstanding between the two countries that cannot be avoided—causes that go back to the early days of the Peace Conference, when Japan was prevented from

THE prospect of a settlement of the Treaty question, both prompt and satisfactory, was never so bright as it is at this moment. Amendments destructive or dangerous to the Treaty have been voted down by decisive majorities; and on the other hand, the strength of the sentiment in favor of proper safeguards in the shape of reservations has been equally manifest. Danger is not yet past, however. The final outcome still depends upon the firmness and courage of the moderate reservationists in the Republican half of the Senate. They are evidently in a position to command the assent of the Administration Senators to their requirements, and there is no doubt that on this side they will stand firm. The real test will come in their dealings with their own side of the Senate. It is vital to the attainment of the end they have had in view all along that they shall not yield to the insistence of Mr. Lodge or anybody else in behalf either of mischief-making wording of the old reservations, or the addition of objectionable new ones. The great object for which they have asserted their independence of

getting into the League Covenant a recognition of what she called the principle of the equality of races, and that culminated in the recent discussions in the Senate. Moreover, Senator Phelan's strange and ignoble defense of the Shantung provision of the Treaty hardly predisposes one to take seriously what else he may have to put forth on Japanese matters. If Japan "must expand," he says, "then her expansion in Shantung" ("by agreement with China," he adds,—"surely with his tongue in his cheek") "is more acceptable to us than her expansion in America, both North and South. If we exclude Japan from America, as a wise national policy, we should not be unduly alarmed about Shantung." In other words, we should condone the wrong in China because we thereby save ourselves. The fatuity of the Senator's reasoning does not lessen the ignominy of his stand.

THE Secretary of the Navy has added this gem to the collection of fantastic warnings of the fate that awaits us if we fail to enter the League. We shall then, he declares, have to build a navy that will "more than match" the combined naval strength of all the nations that do enter the League. Now the *Review* is, and always has been, in favor of our entering the League of Nations, but only because it is convinced that doing so means taking upon ourselves the responsibilities of membership in a family of friendly and justice-seeking Powers, a new order of international comity not simply the effect of the League but rather the ground of its possibility. Mr. Daniels is evidently of a different mind. In fact even we ourselves cannot be trusted outside of the League. That at least would seem to be the implication of the alternative that he presents to us, in these valiant terms: "If we stand aloof and self-reliant, prepared to meet the world in arms, moving majestically along our own path toward our aims, crushing or prepared to crush beneath our feet those who oppose us—if this is to be our course, then we of the navy must build, build, build, while the rest of the country must pay, pay, pay." Oh, Honorable Josephus Bombastes, are we really like that—a nation of swashbucklers under the skin! And there is Mr. Chadbourne telling us that our industrial structure is "rotten and tottering." We wonder that any of us can sleep o' nights!

"TRUSTING you will be successful in your nobler work that you are now engaged in, lifting humanity into a higher sphere of culture and enlightenment." Such are the closing words of a letter found in the files of the closed Scandi-

navian-American Bank, of Fargo, North Dakota. The letter was written by the President of the Bank, and directed to Mr. A. C. Townley, who has figured somewhat notoriously as head of the Non-Partisan League. In the sentence preceding the words above quoted, the writer had said, "I trust you will devote a part of your valuable time now to bridge over this dangerous period, that we may not fear embarrassment and disgrace." The trouble was simply that the bank had been drawing heavily from its funds to finance Mr. Townley's Non-Partisan League and two or three subsidiary organizations. The correspondence shows that Townley had promised to secure deposits for the bank, principally of funds of the State. He had apparently done a good deal in that way, but a stream of new deposits can never avert the final catastrophe of unsound banking. Townley's "noble work of lifting humanity into a higher sphere of culture and enlightenment" on the funds of the Scandinavian-American Bank was not producing the necessary cash dividends, and the inevitable crash finally came, with all the disgrace which President Hagan had sought to stave off by begging the ennobler to secure the flinging of still more and more deposits into the ever widening chasm. And so it must be with all schemes of reform and enlightenment which are not willing to build upon the basic principles of morality and mathematics.

FOR the returned soldier the best is none too good—the public is clear in its mind about that. He deserves a job and a good one. If he is disabled he is entitled to be restored, at the Government's expense, to the highest degree of effectiveness he is still capable of. These are honorable obligations, to be discharged with the full measure that is born of a deep gratitude on the one side and accepted as a just return for services faithfully rendered on the other. But the American soldier is a gentleman, and a gentleman does not expect to be tipped. Still less does an association of the earth's best gentlemen—the American Legion—desire to destroy at the outset its great power for good by committing itself to a policy of obtaining tips for its members. Already the evil omen of a "bonus" appears here and there. Unscrupulous politicians and unscrupulous newspapers will compete for the cheap glory of helping it along. And the soldier, if he is not careful, may be caught off his guard. In the army a soldier quite properly takes everything he can get and asks no questions save where he can get more. Our soldiers—the vast majority

of them—are now citizens. And as citizens they will readily perceive that they can heedlessly be made to part with something that is beyond price in return for a very dirty handful of silver. It is to be hoped that the view expressed by Major S. M. Stratton in Tuesday's *Times* is a general one among the members of the American Legion, and that it will in the end clearly prevail.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE expressed a wish, the other day, that people might treat ministers as they treat horses. "Please slacken reins in going up hill" is the usual appeal to drivers, to be read on notice-boards along country roads. The British Premier has a bold and summary way of dealing with adverse criticism. The campaign for economy of the Northcliffe press, to which the simile was a reply, calls up a different image of the minister—pulling the nation's wagon, with national revenues of £2,000,000 a day and daily expenditures of double that amount, down a steep hill to its ruin.

FROM the contradictory German and Polish reports concerning the situation in Upper Silesia two facts appear to stand out with sufficient clearness: (1) that the German *Schutztruppen* and *Grenzschtütze* have committed atrocities reminiscent of the worst exploits of Prussian frightfulness in Belgium; (2) that the Poles themselves are partly to blame for their sufferings by giving the Germans good cause for red-handed intervention. The *Polska Organizacja Woikowska* has been carrying on a busy propaganda in Upper Silesia, and the Germans, in their turn, are accused of having provoked the Polish rising of August 15 and 16 prematurely, in order to quell the impending revolt more effectively and at less cost. But this very accusation brought against them from the Polish side implies an admission of the German charge that a revolution was brewing. The racial struggle is crossed by an economic conflict between German capital and Polish labor, and the German authorities have made the most of this twofold aspect of the situation by laying stress on the dangers of Bolshevism which threaten to disturb the work of reconstruction in those parts. It would suit German interests exceedingly well if the world at large could be brought to believe in the contention that the anti-German agitation among the Polish miners is identical with Bolshevik propaganda. That is what the Germans have been trying to do, so as to justify the temporary closing of mines and the expulsion of Polish laborers, whose places have been filled by the immigration of

German substitutes. In this way the Germans have done all they could to secure a favorable issue of the plebiscite. If this mutation of inhabitants has been carried to the extent alleged by the Poles, the Allied troops will have little else to do than to see that the stable-doors are closed in perfect order after the horse has been stolen.

THE abnormal trade relations between America and Europe were again emphasized in the address delivered Monday evening by James S. Alexander, President of the National Bank of Commerce, before the International Trade Conference in session at Atlantic City. For ten months preceding the armistice, our exports exceeded our imports by about \$248,000,000 per month. During the first eight months of 1919, this excess reached an average of about \$400,000,000. The excess has been wholly in our trade with Europe, the balance with the rest of the world standing about even. Abnormal in its relation to imports, our export trade with Europe has also been abnormal in its character. Crude foodstuffs and raw materials have given way to foodstuffs partly or wholly prepared for use and finished manufactures, which means that we are sending goods for immediate consumption rather than the things which could be used in setting Europe's own industries again in motion. Thus the flow of return trade is not started, and the demoralization of exchange rates becomes worse and worse. The time has passed for the artificial bolstering up of trade relations by Government credits as war measures, and private enterprise and initiative must again come into play. It is hoped that the International Trade Conference will give a great impetus to the promotion of this object.

SENSIBLE advice was given to the Financial Advertisers Association, assembled in New Orleans the other day, by Mr. James I. Clarke, manager of the Service Department of the National Bank of Commerce. Mr. Clarke would draw the line straight and plain between legitimate "publicity" and mere advertising under the guise of news. In a self-respecting financial institution, the "publicity man" and the advertising manager will not wear the same hat. Advertising is all right, but should wear no disguise, and should be purchased and paid for at regular space rates, with no bonus in the shape of a "write-up" in the news columns. The test of legitimate publicity matter must be absolutely its news value, and if a financial institution has no matter to give out that will stand that test, independently of any question of adver-

tising, it has no occasion for a publicity department. The advertising value of legitimate publicity matter must be only a by-product, never the underlying motive. If the order be reversed, editors are disgusted, readers are bored, and the end clandestinely sought is not attained after all.

A CRY for assistance goes up on behalf of Russia's artists, her men of letters and of science. It was bad enough in the days of the Tsars, but in spite of autocracy, in some part because of the very difficulties it threw in the way, intellectual life maintained a vividly and variously effective course. Under the present régime intellectual life is strangled. Those who are fitted to lead it are on the point of perishing. Sympathy for their plight will naturally arise in any mind not warped by the peculiarly dogmatic twist that is today destroying Russia itself. Russia's troubles spring in great measure from a failure on the part of those now in control to resist the false appeal of a dogmatism unrelated to the facts to which it is applied. If those of her sons and daughters who are capable of thinking straight are to meet with speedy destruction, the working out of her salvation is indefinitely put off. Yet it is precisely these people whom the present order is bent on hampering. With a view to aiding in the protection of copyright, the finding of employment for distressed authors and artists, the publication of their works in America, and in general to give them whatever aid may be possible, a society has been formed of which S. M. Ingerman, 219 Second Avenue, New York, is the Treasurer. Information concerning aims and methods may be obtained by writing to the society at that address.

WITHOUT a dissenting voice the New York Board of Aldermen has re-enacted daylight saving for next year. This is the first step in a very interesting experiment on the part of a clear majority of the people to get what it wants. The next step will consist of similar action by neighboring towns and an appropriate adjustment of railroad schedules. Obviously, the commuter who has to start an hour earlier for his office will not be compensated by the extra hour in the afternoon if there are no trains, at the hours he wants them, to carry him to his destination. All this will either work effectively or work to some considerable confusion. But in either case Congress will be in the way to see a great light—a light that is not generated by any of the lighting companies.

GREEK and Latin seem unconscious, after all, that they were among the slain in the great war. Some of the prominent high schools of the country, such as Scott High School, of Toledo, and the Germantown High School, of Philadelphia, report a heavy increase in the enrollment for Latin. The Board of Education in Cincinnati has established a six-year Classical High School, in Walnut Hills, with provision for nearly a thousand students, in which the curriculum will be based on what innovators may regard as a hopelessly archaic combination—classics, mathematics, history, and the sciences. Thoroughness in fundamentals is the ideal, and the scheme seems to have been well thought out by Superintendent Condon. There is no sound reason why any city of several hundred thousand inhabitants should not have one high school of this type. It will be noticed that no exclusion of scientific study is involved. Along with his Latin and Greek and Mathematics, the student may get his initiation into the basic sciences, and we shall be surprised if the Walnut Hills Classical High School does not send some of the very best material into scientific departments of the colleges. Montclair, New Jersey, has restored Greek in its high school, another example which few cities of any size might not follow with profit. If our large city high schools, whenever a given number of pupils applied, would offer to furnish instruction in Greek, scores of classes would soon be organized.

PERHAPS the sorely harassed professor has been kept a little too much in the foreground in the push for increased college endowments. If the colleges are to maintain standards satisfactory to their constituencies, they must be able to secure and retain men of suitable preparation and ability. But such men are not reduced to the alternative of continuing in poorly paid college positions or starving. Most of them could go into much more lucrative work with little difficulty, and many of them are now finding themselves forced to do so by the present cost of living. The college is in a worse predicament than the professor. He can turn to other fields of work, it cannot. It must either have very largely increased endowments, or find its credit injured by the continual loss of good men from all its departments of instruction. The "poor professor" has been long-suffering rather than give up certain non-financial emoluments of his calling; but now that the increasing cost of living has made the situation in so many cases impossible, he is finding it only too easy to take care of himself elsewhere. It is the college that is in danger.

A New Chapter Opening in Russia

THE doom of Bolshevik rule in Russia seems at last to be actually impending. Long since, the blood-stained ruffians at Moscow saw the hand-writing on the wall and realized that only Red revolution in other lands would avail to save them from their fate. They continued to cling to power in desperation, in the midst of a people that hated them unutterably, only because of the fatalistic inertia of the starved and terrorized masses. Latterly they have made feverish but futile overtures of peace to the neighboring peoples that they had earlier ruthlessly attacked, and now they see no hint of pity in the malignant glances of the unhappy beings whom they have tortured with the most cruel social experiment of all history. They know the end that awaits them.

From the outset they had everything in their favor. Theirs was the inside position; theirs were the railroads, the arms, the vast amounts of munitions and supplies left over from the great war. At their command were a hundred million simple peasants, ready to believe in them and easily satisfied if only they were given the opportunity to gain a modest livelihood and be accorded justice, and freedom from extortion and oppression. Their opponents were penniless refugees, and so thoroughly had they spread abroad their cunning propaganda of falsehood that these opponents found little genuine support where they had the right to expect it. But the fatal weakness of Bolshevism lay in its moral bankruptcy and in its utter lack of constructive ability. Its programme was altered from day to day with cynical effrontery, to meet the demands of shifting political or economic expediency, though a few of its leaders continued to affect the pose of fanatical adherents of its dogmatic theories and talk the trite patter of communism and class-warfare.

The anti-Bolshevik forces gathered strength slowly. The difficulties were enormous and disheartening. They were without money, arms, and supplies; they lacked unity and were scattered on a dozen fronts. Numberless risings within Soviet Russia were put down with ruthless brutality, and the cowering population could not raise a hand to help its would-be rescuers from without. Finally Siberia was liberated, and from its sparse population the liberal and patriotic Kolchak organized an army for the redemption of his country. But vicious Bolshevik propaganda saw to it that he was denounced as a tyrant and reactionary, bent on the restoration of Tsarism, and

recognition was withheld from him, when recognition would have meant the saving of millions of lives and years of chaos. The indomitable Denikin, the successor of the brave Alexeiev, held out with a little band of devoted Cossacks in the North Caucasus, for many months cut off entirely from the outside world. The story of the heroic exploits of his Volunteer Army is perhaps the most romantic of the whole war. Step by step they fought their way to the sea and learned that Germany had been defeated. Then came British aid, and with a mighty sweep they reclaimed South Russia with its 40,000,000 people and great industrial resources. To-day they are almost at the gates of Moscow and their victorious campaign has sounded the death-knell of Bolshevik rule. But it should not be forgotten that it was the work of Kolchak that made this possible and that his retreat last summer, disastrous as it was, proved the undoing of the Soviet armies. In the northwest, Yudenich, gathering together a pitifully small force from many groups, and suffering from the interplay of local intrigues and conflicting nationalist interests, is bringing rescue to the starving remnants of Petrograd. Hemmed in on twelve fronts by advancing armies, the Bolsheviks are at bay, threatened from without and crumbling from corruption and revolt within.

When at last the curtain is rung down upon this tragedy of unparalleled bloodshed and suffering, will it be rung up at once on a fresh drama of civil strife? Who is to be the ruler of the new Russia, whose the power that is to undertake the task of restoring order and reconstructing civil life? Will the rival ambitions of victorious leaders start the conflict anew, and will the partisan dissensions to which the Russians are singularly addicted prolong the chaos? If so, the burden of responsibility must fall heavily on the Allies and America. The prompt recognition of the All-Russian Government at Omsk, a recognition that would have been accorded long ago had it not been for the senseless flirting with the Bolsheviks, would do much to stabilize the forces in Russia that are working for order. That Government has achieved a practical unity among all the Russian groups, and the maintenance of its legal continuity in the present crisis is all-important.

Some of our childish theorists affect to believe that all that needs to be done is to hold an election and summon a Constituent Assembly. One has but to picture to oneself the utter demoralization of civil life, the destruction of all institutions of government, the break-down of communications, the ignorance of the masses, and the menace of an intervening

period of uncertainty, to realize the futility of such theories. Denikin and Kolchak are high-minded and self-sacrificing patriots. Kolchak is the acknowledged head of the Russian Government, but he is far from Moscow, has a weak cabinet, and may at any time, thanks to Allied policy, find himself entirely dependent on the Japanese and subservient to their demands. Denikin, who has pledged allegiance to Kolchak, will be first in Moscow. He has about him a group of able councilors, far stronger than the cabinet at Omsk. If the Government at Omsk is recognized at once, Kolchak may find it expedient in the emergency to hand over authority to Denikin, in the assurance that the legal continuity of the Government would not be interrupted. The supporters of Yudenich include many powerful financial and industrial leaders, who in the nature of things are less unselfish in their patriotism and think chiefly of regaining their property. They may prove a disturbing factor if strong support is not promptly given to the present Russian Government.

In the background looms another danger, the measure of which it is not easy to take at the present moment. Like a panther ready to spring but biding his time, stands the well-trained professional army of von der Goltz. Civil strife would furnish the longed-for opportunity. It would be welcomed as were Rurik and his Varangians at Novgorod. A civilian army of German engineers and industrial organizers would follow in its train. Order and prosperity at German hands would mock the Allies and America, who failed the Russians in their hour of need. Such a dénouement would mark the débâcle of a statesmanship that won the war only to lose it.

The Hitch at the Conference

BY the time this issue of the *Review* reaches its readers, the question whether the Labor Conference at Washington is to accomplish anything or not may have been virtually settled. If the Conference fails, it will be in spite of the fact that a real desire to be effectively useful has animated nearly all the delegates. If it succeeds, it will be in spite of the fact that the procedure adopted was such as to precipitate a struggle upon the most vital and the most difficult of all controversial issues before anything had been achieved toward bringing the assembly together, either through the development of helpful programmes upon less crucially disputed matters or through the stimulation of a general good understanding.

There are many desires which all men of good will at the Conference have in common, irrespective of their industrial status or connections; there is just one subject upon which a division of the sharpest and most deep-seated kind exists. That one is the degree of power which the great national labor organizations are to have over the industrial activities of the country. And it happens that that division is at this particular moment accentuated in an unusual degree by a strike of almost unparalleled dimensions, in which it is the one controlling issue. Any principle announced by the Washington Conference which would be, or would be regarded as being, a decision of the question upon which the steel strike is being fought out, would inevitably throw a tremendous weight into the scale in favor of the side whose stand it justified. Even if such were not the situation, the pronouncement would be watched with intense jealousy on both sides. As has been pointed out at the Conference, there are thousands of small establishments—concerns employing less than 250 workers each, but in the aggregate representing a large percentage of the whole industrial force of the country—in which the owners and managers look upon freedom from dictation by the national labor organizations as vital to their welfare, or perhaps to their existence. But with the colossal steel strike in the very throes of decision, every element of difficulty inherent in the abstract question is intensified by its immediate and crucial bearing on this concrete case.

Nor is the difficulty diminished by that concealment of its real character in which—doubtless with the best of intentions in many cases—refuge has so generally been taken. On the surface, all that labor asks is that the employees in any establishment shall, in the case of any difficulty, have the right to be “represented by representatives of their own choosing”—a proposal the justice of which would, if we knew nothing about actual facts and conditions, be pronounced absolutely self-evident. But it is in the light of those facts and conditions, and not in the abstract, that the proposal must be viewed. In the mind of the labor group, the adoption of the proposal without qualification would have a perfectly definite practical consequence. In every serious labor controversy, the great national organization of the industry concerned puts forward its claim to be reckoned with as the representative—through its officers or delegates—of the employees; and hereafter, whenever that claim was denied, the decision of the Washington Conference would be pointed to as settling the moral right of that claim. Accordingly, a long step would

have been taken toward abolishing all individual arrangements between employers and employees which did not acknowledge the supremacy of the great labor organizations. And of course, with this achieved, the universal substitution of the closed shop for the open shop—a constant, though often unavowed, aim of the labor organizations—would become a mere question of time.

Nothing could be more misleading, therefore, than to say that the question at issue is that of the right of collective bargaining. The time has been, indeed, when that principle was disputed, and unquestionably the employing class was in former days not only unreasonable and unintelligent, but unfeeling, in its denial of the right. But that time is long past; the days when employers refused to deal with their employees otherwise than individually are gone, never to return. A sounder argument in favor of the proposal that employees shall have the right to be “represented by representatives of their own choosing” is that, in the nature of things, it is often impossible for them to find, among their own number, persons who can urge their case with the necessary ability, and also that representatives who are in the service of the employer are subject to intimidation in the prosecution of their cases, and to reprisal in the event of success. This is a real difficulty; but in order to meet it, it is certainly not necessary to lay down a principle which will in practice be understood as an acknowledgment of the right of the great unions to universal control of the labor situation.

There is no reason why the Conference should undertake to settle, by a single sweeping dictum, a question of such vital and comprehensive importance. Its dictum would, of course, in any event, have no compelling authority. The representation of the country at the Conference is largely haphazard. The President has, indeed, in his choice of the group standing for the public—upon which group rests the responsibility for the introduction of the disputed resolution—evidently sought to include men of all shades of opinion. Outright socialism and the most orthodox conservatism are represented in its membership. But no one can say that the group as a whole carries the weight of extraordinary authority; and still less can it be said that the resolution it has offered is the product of prolonged and thorough consideration. Now that it has been offered, it has got to be dealt with; for it seems plain that to shelve it altogether would be to abandon all hope of anything being accomplished at all—the Conference would either break up or be reduced to futility. Accordingly, as we write, the best that

is to be hoped is such modification of the resolution as would grant its large and general purpose, but would prevent its having the specific effect which the labor group desire to accomplish through it. Even so, it might justly be welcomed by that group as a gain for labor. If the labor men spurn any gain short of that which they had had in view, they will be guilty of just such unreasonableness as, in past times, they have charged the employers with exhibiting. For it is surely unreasonable for them to demand that they shall attain, by the snap judgment of a hastily assembled Conference, an absolute verdict upon an issue which has been for years, and still is, the centre of most acute controversy, and upon which the country at large is far from having come to the conclusion which the labor group desires to have recorded. Upon that issue, as upon many others, we must, in the future, as in the past, work with patience; the best that we can hope for from the Conference is an increase of good will and of understanding in dealing with it.

The Americanism of Roosevelt

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WEEK is well timed. The better part of a year has elapsed since the Colonel's death, and in that period has been going on a steady confirmation in the public mind of an impression which many hoped might remain full and strong. Death and time add dignity to real greatness, and the fact that the trivial has already fallen away from the man is the best evidence of his quality. He always commanded affection, yet something more than affection is attested by the almost continuous stream of visitors to the grave. In his case, it is as though that historical perspective for which biographers are constantly straining had set in much sooner than usual, and had let his contemporaries glimpse him with the eyes of future generations.

Roosevelt was fortunate in his end. He died in big times, when the question of Americanism had already become paramount and consequently when what was probably his most dominant characteristic—love of country—had occasion to show its depth and intensity. What would have been his judgment concerning the immediate issue which confronts the Senate it is needless to inquire. His judgment was not infallible, even on questions of broad policy, and no further words from him could now add much to the influence which his memory is accomplishing. In all the dispute over what constitutes genuine Americanism, there

has never been anyone so rash as to doubt that, whatever it is, it was possessed in full measure by Roosevelt. His life until shortly before his death furnished glowing pictures of the sort of hardy activity which made this country what it is. Yet he was not provincial. An interested student of the history of all ages and a traveler in many lands, he believed that a strong national feeling was an indispensable bulwark of civilization. He had looked forward to some kind of league of nations as a desirable instrument with which to fight the war spirit, but to the One Big Nation which the new-worlders pictured as the solution of all international problems he was opposed on the ground of common sense. He favored America's playing a large part in the business of the world, yet even at a time when he was honored by the personal attention of European monarchs there was never any thought that he would come back with a new international programme. A cosmopolite, he was an American through and through.

This is the aspect of Roosevelt upon which attention might well be focused during Memorial Week. For it bears strongly on great issues upon which the country to-day is endeavoring to reach right decisions. It should be clear that any arrangement with other nations which would make impossible henceforth such love of country as Roosevelt had, or which would remove the possibility of producing future men on his lines, would be too costly a sacrifice. However noble the impulse to cast in our lot with others, it must be frowned upon unless it safeguards to ourselves the rich opportunities which were his. That, though a difficult test to employ, is one which appeals to our deepest and most trustworthy instincts. Here is the irreducible minimum beyond which we ought to be unwilling to go. Fortunately, leadership of this sort is not entirely absent from the discussion in the Senate, though party politics have frequently frustrated it. There is a sturdy group of men who, while rightly jealous of the American spirit and determined that it shall still be free to develop in directions long ago marked out for it, have every desire to see this country assume heavy responsibilities for the good of the world. The problem is one which demands the exercise of as deep-seated and generous an Americanism as Roosevelt at his best was capable of.

The question of the melting-pot is also one which in the near future will tax the best thought and the best instincts of this country. Already the sentimental cry is heard, and in quarters where it is likely to do the greatest mischief—in certain college faculties—that the newspapers are engaged in a conspiracy to put

the foreign-born element in a difficult position. The charge is foolish and naive but it will be hard to silence it unless we can draw upon the example of such men as Roosevelt. He liked to emphasize the mixture of foreign blood in him and was forever claiming kinship, however jocosely, with the most obscure races represented by new arrivals in this country. But by any attempt on the part of foreigners to cast suspicion on our institutions he was outraged. We shall have need of this sympathy and this righteous anger in all the readjustments of industrial and social conditions which are contemplated. In a letter just recently published the Colonel informed his old Maine guide, Bill Sewall, for whom he had obtained a ranch in the West, that if he was willing to work without sparing himself the first year, and to work hard for many years, he could count upon a respectable living. This is a different spirit from that which is fostered by sentimentalists, and which at least implies that this country owes a comfortable existence to all immigrants, while of the reciprocal responsibility there is scant mention.

If in stressing the sterling Americanism of Roosevelt and his great qualities, we have said nothing about his faults, it is because his faults, of which he had his share, furnish no lesson comparable in value at this time with that to be got from his virtues. The memorial planned for him includes several features, but in all the intention is, we believe, to emphasize the man in relation to the country he loved so well. A symbol will thus be created which he who had known and understood many peoples would most have liked.

Armenia's Danger

"IN Anatolia the soul and heart and vigor of the Turkish state has always lain," says Sir W. M. Ramsay in an article on "The Conditions in Asia Minor" in a recent issue of *The New Europe*. That is why the leaders of the Nationalist or Young Turkish party have seized on that part of the Ottoman Empire to initiate a patriotic revolt against the Entente. Mustapha Kemal Pasha a month ago usurped command of Turkish forces in Asia Minor acting, probably, as an agent of Selim Effendi, an ambitious heir to the Sultanate. The Government at Constantinople made a feeble show of disavowing the movement by charging Abdullah Pasha to go and summon Kemal to resign his self-assumed command. But instead of Kemal it was the Government that had to resign as a result of the Young Turkish rising, and a friend of its leader, Djemal Pasha, was appointed Minister of War in the new Cabinet.

This bodes little good for the future of Anatolia, which, since the armistice, had thought to see the dawn of a new life. For Kemal represents the Young Turkish policy of centralization, which has been the curse of Anatolia in the past. "The cure for the evils of western Asia lies in the wise restoration of local self-government," says Sir W. M. Ramsay. A successful issue of Kemal's adventure would preclude the application of that cure. Much will depend on the prestige of the Entente and its power to enforce its will on the Young Turkish schemers. Unanimity among the great Powers and a definite line of conduct are needed to command that prestige. But both are, unfortunately, in abeyance. A sensational editorial in the *Temps* of October 9 advocated a policy toward the new situation in Asia Minor which is diametrically opposed to that of Great Britain. The paper favors absolute abstention from interference with this revival of Young Turkish rule, and the re-establishment of an independent Turkey not very different from the pre-war Empire, although shorn of Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria and Palestine. A crusade against the Young Turks, the *Temps* argued, would give them a pretext for fresh massacres of Greeks and Armenians. We fear, on the contrary, that the policy of abstention advocated by the Paris journal is the very way to expose those races to the atrocities it professes to be anxious to save them from. The extirpation of the Armenians forms part of the Young Turkish programme of Ottomanization, and their political conduct in the past makes it difficult to attach any weight to Kemal's favor-begging declaration that he deploras the massacres of Armenians and has issued orders to respect their lives and properties in the future. If he means what he says, no interference of the Entente would endanger the Armenians; and if he does not, the great Powers need not hesitate to furnish him a pretext, where any stick will do to beat the poor dogs.

But we have better authority to go by than these doubtful promises of Mustapha Kemal. Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who has recently returned from a six months' sojourn in Armenia, has told in the *Christian Science Monitor* what the remnant of the Armenian people has to expect from the Turks if these are left in absolute control. The Young Turks, he says, are everywhere arming themselves with guns and munitions supplied by the Germans during the war, and their forces are joined by regiments demobilized under the terms of the armistice. Enver Pasha, in Dr. Barton's opinion, is at the back

of this movement. There is every reason to believe that this statement is correct. Enver Pasha is a nephew of Mustapha Kemal, and one of the leaders of the Young Turkish régime during the war who were responsible for the Armenian massacres. His uncle has, of course, contradicted the rumors concerning a secret understanding between Enver Pasha and himself. But it is more than likely that the Turkish revolt in the Persian province of Azerbaijan, which is said to be the work of Enver Pasha, is part of a concerted action of the two. The nephew's record is such as to make one fear the worst from his return to power. The Armenians know what their lot would be. "Although food is very difficult to obtain, they did not ask for bread," says Dr. Barton. "What they wanted was safety. If we can have safety, we can get bread somehow."

That safety the *Temps* would deny them under pretence of wishing to spare them a renewal of the massacres. Jealousy of England, and a secret fear of her Arabian policy, which the Syrian agreement has only partly dispelled, seem to be responsible for this stoical abandonment of the Armenian people. The wish to counterbalance that policy by means of a restored Turkey is stronger with the editors of the journal than the feeling that Armenia has a claim on the protection of the civilized world. This attitude is the real ground of Great Britain's insistence that the United States should accept a mandate for Armenia. Not the absence of undeveloped oil fields, as Senator Borah sarcastically hinted, makes such a mandate for England undesirable, but the knowledge that her acceptance of it would pour Armenian oil, which according to Senator King of Utah actually exists, on the smouldering fire of French jealousy and distrust.

The Astor Fortune and Single Tax

THE death of William Waldorf Astor has naturally been made the occasion of a great deal of comment upon his personal career, a career quite singular in the circumstances and character of his expatriation. It is well worth while, however, to utilize the opportunity which public interest in his affairs presents for dwelling upon the part which the Astor fortune has played in relation to the single-tax movement. During the better part of a century, the vast increase of value in the real-estate holdings of the Astor family has furnished the one shining example of the enormities of the unearned increment. The case of the single-taxers has rested in the general mind

less upon the inherent merits of the abstract argument than upon the effect on the imagination of a few dramatic examples. But it is a remarkable fact that in all this time the Astor fortune has remained the only one that is of sufficient prominence to be familiarly referred to.

If people were in the habit of stopping to think quantitatively in such matters, this circumstance would be enough, of itself, to give rise to serious questionings. If land-holding or land speculation were the royal road to wealth which it has been represented, how does it come that, in all these decades in which American riches have been piling up by leaps and bounds, the Astor fortune remains, as it was in the day of small things fifty or sixty years ago, the only accumulation of wealth obtained through the rise of land values which has been great enough to attract national attention? Millionaires and multi-millionaires have been made by the score, some of them in the space of but a few years; which of them has got his wealth by means of the unearned increment? Henry Ford is making annual profits which in the course of four or five years pile up to an amount equal to the whole value of the real estate possessed by William Waldorf Astor as the ultimate result of generations of the most successful investment in the most rapidly rising real estate in the country. Mr. Woolworth, beginning as a poor boy, built up, by the simple process of selling miscellaneous articles at five and ten cents apiece, a fortune quite comparable to that of Mr. Astor. And a thousand examples could be mentioned of more or less similar success attending undertakings which, like his, were in no way helped by special privilege of any kind. But where are the instances of like success in the business of land speculation—a business which, be it remembered, has for its field of opportunity nothing less than the entire land area of this country with its marvelous expansion in industry and wealth?

Nor does the consideration of the matter stop with the question of the building up of extraordinary fortunes by speculation or investment in land. How does it stand in regard to the ordinary investments made by shrewd judges of business opportunity? Of such judges the American business world is full. What does one find in the inventories of the estates of our rich men when they die? Very rarely does real estate form any considerable part of the fortunes which they leave. All their lives they have scrutinized the merits of every important opening for the investment of their accumulations, and of these openings that presented by land is never absent. Why do they not seize upon it, if

it is the Golconda that single-tax orators represent it to be? Above all, why does so very little of their investment take the shape of the purchase of vacant land and of that "holding it out of use" which is supposed to be so tempting?

There is but one possible answer to these questions. Particular instances there are, and not a few, in which the holding of land with a view to profit from its increase of value proves a brilliantly successful venture. It is these instances which strike the imagination and remain fixed in memory. But to one such instance there are twenty in which the profit is no more than normal, and hundreds in which there is not profit but loss. And the shrewd investor knows that, so far from land speculation being an "open-and-shut" game, it is a business for the successful prosecution of which the utmost sagacity and judgment are required. Taxes and interest go on unrelentingly, year after year; the big advances come only at long intervals and only in specially favorable situations. It is more than doubtful whether, taken as a whole, investors in land get as much as an average return on their money, not to speak of the fabulous gains that they are supposed to enjoy. Whatever may be true of a limited number of individuals, there is no such thing in this country as a class fattening upon the unearned increment of land values. And, though the fact is not perhaps clearly apprehended, it is probably owing to a more or less conscious perception of it that the single-tax crusade has made so little headway. To confiscate gains while making no compensation for losses does not appeal to the American instinct for fair play.

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Political Justice, 1793 and 1919

THE right of private property, the right, that is, to control any part of the flow of the products of labor, is a mere social patent secured and maintained by physical force and giving rise to all social evil. In a world of reason and good will the products of labor would automatically go to those that had most need of them, remaining in the possession of the producers only until such need were known. In such a world, so fertile is the earth and so infinite the capabilities of man, there would be only peace and plenty for all. This is not the case at present because, from time untold, the few among whom reason and good will, for inexplicable causes, do not prevail have chosen to seize control of property by violence, violence which prevents truth from being known and good will from acting. Ostentation and luxury, the traditional code of manners and morals, concealing the evil men do and suffer in a mantle of social graces and an odor of sanctity, these things are violence, and violence none the less effective for not being overt, the flourishing of the bludgeon sufficient without the blow. Hence come poverty, ignorance, fear, vice, crime, war, and all unrighteousness. Change to a better world, however, can not in general be brought about by more violence, since war and revolution change only masters in rivetting chains, but by rational persuasion. At the same time, it must be admitted, reasonable and kindly men, convinced that a better world lies just beyond their grasp, need not stop at a few blows to seize it and bring it in, justified for one more war that they may end war forever.

The truth having been conveyed to all by argument and no more force than is necessary, the incubus of old governments and all the evil they cause will drop from humanity's shoulders. There will then arise in each individual the conviction that he only serves his own interest who forgets it. The only form of social organization needed will be some simple instrument for keeping truth alive and for circulating such special information as may be needed for it to function. This will be no more than a series of local councils with power to inform us concerning the wants of men and the means of supplying them in order that we may spontaneously produce and convey to each other whatever we require, and these councils will be held together by nothing more than a central Amphictyonic assembly with like powers. By some such process and instrument, and by no others, can man's inhumanity to man be finally done away.

Such is the central thesis of the book called "Political Justice," which William Godwin was permitted by Pitt to publish in 1793 at the price of a guinea a copy on the ground that it was calculated to do mischief only among such persons as possessed not a shilling. That it contains much that we all may desire without believing that we are likely to get it immediately, few will deny. It was not ostensibly an apologia for any particular scheme of radical reform, but it is in effect the complete apologia of all such schemes. The world has long rung with the antiphony of voices crying, "Do you believe in murder?" over against those who cry, "Do you not believe in the brotherhood of man?" It is hard to vote against the millennium, and the last refuge of the radical has always been the counsel of perfection. Godwin, for instance, supposes that a number of persons incarcerated in a madhouse have persuaded themselves through the chinks of their cells that they are being treated in an unreasonable and unkindly manner. What need they do to gain justice? Nothing, save quietly to refuse obedience to all commands and, having calmly persuaded their keepers that men are brothers, to walk out of their prison.

Godwin had an extraordinary genius for being absurd, but if we substitute for madmen industrial workers and for their bedlam modern industrial society, we have the essential elements of the theory offered in defense of all movements now called, more conveniently than clearly perhaps, Bolshevist. If the theory is sound, is it not illogical of us to try to put the madmen into strait-jackets before they walk abroad, or to object if, instead of quietly laying down their tools before beginning to argue, they throw them into the machinery or at our heads? It is, however, more strikingly noteworthy that the Russian equivalent for Godwin's local council is soviet, for his amphictyony the all-Russian Congress of Soviets, and that the constitutions and decrees of those bodies, so diligently published in this country, might easily have been a modern redaction of "Political Justice." To be sure, the soviets have felt constrained to use machine guns to facilitate the communication of truth and the spontaneous flow of commodities from those who had them to those who had not, but even that policy is confirmed by the neat theory according to which Godwin lets in at the back door that devil of physical force he had shut out at the front.

These are obvious parallels, but we have had of late another fully as com-

plete in quite a different quarter. It is worth noting that the personal origins of Mr. Wilson appear to have been, like Godwin's, among English Calvinistic dissenters. Now Calvinism, when inverted into politics by the eighteenth century, took the form of a mystic faith in an absolute good dwelling in man as a mass of morally undifferentiated individuals and in an absolute evil dwelling in particular persons and institutions. Theological Calvinism asserted that, though men might be saved, man was wicked; the political Calvinism of such persons as Godwin and Mr. Wilson asserts that men are wicked but that man is good, capable in some miraculous way of apprehending truth and communicating it, if not to the persons to whom he entrusts his affairs, at any rate to the philosopher who holds this particular doctrine. Godwin fails to explain how it was that the primeval Pitts and Cannings were ever permitted to fall away from the pristine reason and good will of their natures, but his faith in man as the indubitable *vox dei* is not therefore shaken. That voice speaks intelligibly to William Godwin, and however men and systems seek to stifle it, he hears the truth that it would utter. So Mr. Wilson appeals with a religious fervor from the wickedness of governments and rulers to the righteousness of peoples. The German Government and certain Germans might wrong the world, but the German people never. The truth might not be in the chancelleries of Europe, in this Senator or that Representative or in the whole Congress of the United States, but it was in the people and by them transmitted, however the elections went, to Mr. Wilson himself.

When, in the light of these considerations, we examine the arguments for the new solemn league and covenant of which Mr. Wilson is the sponsor, it is easier to understand one reason why they have in many quarters been received with no warmth of zeal even if without hostility. The chief advocate of the league asks us to believe that the League of Nations can function, not as an authoritative government, but through such a council for investigation and advice as Godwin proposed as the ideal form of social organization. We are asked to expect its success because of the immediate practical validity of the principle that in this present imperfect world truth can with relative ease be ascertained, can be communicated, and can furnish sufficient motives to action without further compulsion. A central committee is to discover the facts as to the needs of men and the means of satisfying them. Though the committee is to have no power to compel obedience, no one is expected to seek his

The Standard of Living of Steel Workers

own interest in hindering its investigations. No one is expected in any way to prevent it from reporting its findings, and all peoples are expected spontaneously to act, through governments formerly suspect, in accordance with them, sinking immediate self-interest in universal benevolence.

It would be idle to insist that nothing has ever happened in the world to give color of reason to such expectations. The great inter-allied commissions of the war, as the American member of one of the most important of them has pointed out, though mere "fact-finding" and advisory bodies without power, did somehow cause momentous and beneficent acts to occur. Action in such cases, however, was strictly consistent with the rule laid down by Burke that men's sense of political right inheres in some tangible interest and that they act from adequate motives relative thereto. In other words, it did not rise from anyone's excited consciousness of the truth residing in altruistic principles, but from the character of particular men under the stress of compelling circumstance. That the public defence of the League has not convinced many thoughtful persons of the tangible interests it may serve, that it has not inspired confidence in the men who are to direct this greatest of fact-finding commissions, is profoundly to be regretted. Mr. Wilson's argument has been too much in the strain of fervid affirmation of his own mystic political faith in the principles of universal benevolence and individual wickedness. We may well believe that men must ultimately be ruled in their acts by intelligent good will or perish, but whether they are now so ruled, we may be permitted to doubt. The League of Nations will to some end function, but we have no sure conviction as to what that end will be. If Mr. Wilson's faith is justified, if mankind does indeed stand upon the threshold of political justice, the future will have reason to revere him as such a seer as we have not often honored. Meanwhile, without failing in our devotion to the idea of justice, but remembering what things are even now being done in its name, we may have courage still to question. We are asking whether the difficulties in the way of his covenant's success are not so great as to demand some special grace from heaven unless our latter state is to be worse than our former. He on his part is asking the old question, whether we do not believe in the brotherhood of man. We do, but we may not therefore be prepared to accept even in these terms the much disputed doctrine of salvation by faith alone.

WILLIAM HALLER

THE "Workshop of the World" at the headwaters of the Ohio is credited with producing a full fourth of our munition material during the war. The coming census will, no doubt, return a population for Greater Pittsburgh, or Allegheny County, of 1,250,000; perhaps more than 350,000 are male wage earners, in about 3,500 establishments. The great majority of these workers are engaged in basic industry; more than a third in steel work alone. Fully two-thirds of the steel workers are unskilled laborers. In most of the big plants about two-thirds of the workers are foreign-born, usually non-English speaking. To this class belongs almost all the unskilled force, save a small number of negro workers, five to ten per cent. of the total, who were introduced from the South with the ceasing of immigration from Europe. The speeding-up and over-exertion of the war, only more intense than in the period preceding, has been followed by a reaction in the direction of great restlessness and mobility; for no new hordes are pressing into our valleys to bid for the jobs and create a surplus of labor. An unwonted independence is seen among the foreign workers. What, then, is their lot that they should be dissatisfied with it?

The wage of this great unskilled labor force is uniform and standardized. It was but 17½ or 18 cents an hour before the war; now it has been raised by repeated steps throughout the war to 42 cents; and a late war-bonus measure, announced first in September, 1918, provides time and a half payment beyond the first eight hours of toil, or an average of over 48 cents an hour for common labor for most of the workers, who work the long day.

Tubal Cain is relentless; steel is of necessity a continuous industry, run on a two-shift basis. At a conservative estimate, about half of the employees in the steel industry worked during the war a day turn of ten and one-half hours and a night turn of thirteen and a half hours, in alternate weekly shifts. The mode wage for the groups is, then, for twelve hours' average work, totalling, with the bonus payment, \$5.88 a day. During the war, too, the industry was on the seven-day basis, except in the finishing mills. This involved always for blast-furnace crews and in large measure for the open-hearth and rolling-mill force seven days' work a week with 24 hours' continuous labor at "the turn," or

change of day and night shift, every other Sunday. With the addition of clean-up and repair work, done always on Sunday, perhaps as many as a fourth of the steel workers have the seven-day week, although it should be made clear that some of the Sunday workers have another day of the week off. In many processes work is not incessant, and there is opportunity for rest from the heat. The effects of the long day upon family and civic life are the most costly.

There is some public misunderstanding concerning the extent and privilege of eight-hour work. Judge Gary testified before the Senate investigating committee that in the United States Steel Corporation some 69,284 employees were working the twelve-hour day; 199,896, ten hours, and 88,904 "averaged an eight-hour day." But in this last figure must have been included office force, locomotive engineers and firemen on corporation lines, and skilled men like brick-layers, carpenters, and machinists employed around the plant; or perhaps it took into account part-week work. So far as the large steel mills are concerned, only the workers in some of the plate and tin mills and the small crews of the two or three Bessemer converters, still operated in the Pittsburgh district, work the eight-hour shift. A recent statement of classified hours by the superintendent of a large Corporation mill showed only two score men working eight hours in a force of nearly seven thousand.

The ten-hour working force, in addition to some of the wire and tin mill operators, includes a considerable section of the unskilled laborers doing shovelling work. The ten-hour common-labor wage, seemingly about as prevalent as the longer shift, is now \$4.62. In some plants these yard and general workers constitute a majority of the force. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming report of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics on wages and hours of labor in the iron and steel industry, 1913, 1915, 1917, and 1919, now in press, will provide classified figures as to particular jobs by hours, that authentic generalizations may be made concerning prevailing hour and wage groups. It might be mentioned here that a considerable amount of steel mill labor is paid on the "tonnage" rather than the hour-rate basis.

The great problem of the steel industry is obviously not the inadequacy of wages under these conditions of the

prevalent long-day and high-war rates, where semi-skilled work of many kinds brings a wage ranging from seven dollars a day up to thirty dollars a day in the very small skilled group of rollers and leaders. Certainly, at the most liberal estimate, the cost of living since 1914 has only doubled, while the average wage-increase of the unskilled labor force has been as much as 150 per cent. Of course, food costs are high in the Pittsburgh district. The Monthly Labor Review of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for August, 1919, pp. 4-5, gives the latest available figures summarized from the cost of living survey of the bureau of 1918-1919, undoubtedly the most intensive and complete budgetary study yet attempted in the United States. The annual expenditure for food for white families with annual incomes of from \$1,200 to \$1,500 was \$535 on the average, Pittsburgh standing twentieth on the list of the ninety-one cities of the nation in height of food cost. And of forty-three cities where families of the same size (equivalent to 3.35 adult males and to \$1,300 total annual expenditure) were selected, Pittsburgh stood ninth on the list, with \$559 as the average annual expenditure for food. The company store is still a factor in the steel mills, particularly in the smaller towns of the district; and it is perhaps true that unlimited credit encourages extravagant expenditure. But as a force counteracting the rapidly rising cost of living and preventing depression of the standard of life, it must be remembered that unemployment and seasonal employment so long inherent in steel production was almost entirely eliminated by the incessant capacity production of the war period. As Andrew Carnegie phrased it long ago, steel is either prince or pauper; in the war steel has been prince. Not only have investors profited; but many of the steel laborers, more particularly the foreign workers, now have a surplus in Liberty Bonds and other savings.

Nevertheless the speeding, excessive work, over-exertion, and fatigue serve in a measure to explain the disquiet among the floating single-man labor force—how large we do not know—and the increasing discontent among the family group. And this is true in spite of the fact that every effort has been made by the Corporation to bring about physical improvement in working conditions by providing lockers, shower baths, drinking fountains, and the like. It should be stated also that the safety system of the steel industry has been for some time of first rank in the country. More fundamental, even, is the post-war policy of the Corporation in eliminating seven-day work as rapidly as possible. The big

Carnegie mills and furnaces of the Pittsburgh district were, before the strike, already practically back to six-day work. Only shortage of labor deterred the full operation of this policy.

When all has been said, however, the hard problem of the steel workers is that of living conditions almost as much as that of working hours and methods. To put the issue concretely, land is no longer cheap. Nature, bounteous in her gifts of billions of tons of coal, has made the hillsides of our river valleys difficult and costly places for the building of homes for people. And there has not been the incentive for organization and creation in housing and education that existed in the provision of machinery for increasing production and profit. Land in coal-deposit districts is fabulously high, and speculation has enhanced its rent. The physical configuration of Pittsburgh, crowded between rivers and hills, is a basic consideration. The mills command the river-valley sites and still further raise land values. Housing, the problem of all the industrial sections of the nation, is in a peculiar sense the problem of Pittsburgh. Perhaps only a population of raw peasants from Austria-Hungary and the Balkans would be content with the ugly shacks scattered over the hillsides or find livelihood in the four and five-room shanties or frame tenement flats that rent for eighteen to twenty dollars a month. The visitor wonders often how some of the ancient places manage to hold together and to cling to the sloping hillsides. When the single-man boarding houses, well-nigh universal in the foreign groups, are remembered, some conception may be formed of the widespread congestion and decline of the standard of living. Estimates of the shortage of houses vary from 20,000 to 80,000, according to the standard taken: for instance, if the sanitary code applicable to cities were enforced, a considerable percentage of the dwellings in which the foreign and negro workers live would have to be condemned.

The war overtook us "just as we were beginning to put our house in order," said one of the Corporation officials the other day. In fairness it must be said that large housing projects were planned; Judge Gary referred in his testimony to a housing expenditure of \$39,000,000; at Homestead, it is understood, land was leased and ambitious plans drawn up; yet plates of some of our battleships were made in Homestead under the shadow of old hovels inhabited now by negroes, who but lately replaced Slovaks and Poles; the latter in turn had followed the Irish of the nineties into the same squalid quarters. Man, wife

and child, and eight to twelve boarders are not unusual in one home. Three and four-room quarters are the rule; and modern sanitation has not yet conquered the hillsides, or even penetrated all of the valleys. Bad housing contributes largely, along with ignorance, to the heavy toll of life that the community pays. Infant mortality is an exceptionally good measure of community solvency; the average in the city of Pittsburgh is 122.5 as contrasted with New York's 91.7 and New Zealand's 50. And, as the study of the Federal Children's Bureau showed so graphically for Johnstown, it is likely that among the families of immigrant steel workers one child in every four dies in the first year of life. In the Pittsburgh district only at the Clairton plant of the Carnegie Steel Company and at the Woodlawn operation of Jones and Laughlin Company have company houses yet been provided on any extensive system.

The members of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education investigating the strike in Pittsburgh on October 11, 12, and 13, after two days of testimony, emphasized the issue of Americanization as the phase of the question of most immediate concern to the country at large. The members of the Committee were seemingly amazed at the surprisingly small percentage of naturalized foreign-born workers in the steel mills and were perturbed by the prevailing lack of a knowledge of the English tongue.

The strike was found to be almost entirely a movement among the unskilled workers in the steel mills; when it is clearly understood, as stated before, that in most of the big mills of the Pittsburgh district the foreign-born employees make up sixty per cent. of all the workers, and that the number rises to ninety-five per cent. of the unskilled working force of these mills, the intimation that the issue is one between Americans and the foreign born is easily comprehended. In some of the mill towns outside of the Pittsburgh district the percentage of foreign-born workers is even higher; yet there have been almost no opportunities or incentives for gaining citizenship and becoming adjusted to the American standard of life. For instance, Captain William B. Hunter, Deputy Burgess of Monessen and head of the Citizens Protective League, testified that in a population of 23,000 in that industrial town there were only between 2,000 and 3,000 native-born Americans; that in a school population of 4,500 there were more Italians alone than American children; and that no effort had been made to secure teaching in English at private Slavic schools, or to organize adult English education.

The long day emerged once more, at the hearing, as the basic issue of the controversy; about a score of witnesses testified in reply to incessant questioning of the Senators concerning their failure to become citizens, that they had had no time for education or naturalization during their years of residence here. In reply to specific questions, August Mann, Superintendent of the Donora plant, American Steel and Wire Company, testifying for the company, admitted that two-thirds of a force of 4,300 were foreign and non-English speaking. O'Reilly, a roll setter at the same mill, stated the day before that of the men in the plant only 582 spoke English. He called attention to the fact that the census showed only 15 per cent. native Americans in the town of Donora. Superintendent Mann said the company itself had tried to provide schooling; last year a canvass of the mill for a class after working hours had met response from but eighteen of "the boys." He admitted in reply to Senator McKellar that it would increase the efficiency of the plant if the foreign-speaking workers could be induced to learn English. A Sunday meeting for that purpose "got nowhere." This is the almost universal experience where efforts at providing facilities for learning English and citizenship have been made.

Senators Kenyon and Walsh, and their more conservative colleagues of the Committee, were seemingly convinced, after their visit to Pittsburgh, of the need of compulsory education for the foreign-born, as a deterrent of industrial unrest and the growth of Socialism. Congressman Clyde Kelly, who comes from Brad-dock and knows the steel workers, has already introduced a House bill providing for "declaration of intention" at entry or within one year, and for compulsory citizenship five years thereafter, with deportation as the penalty. Perhaps a more discriminating plan of restricting immigration is that advanced by the National Committee for Constructive Immigration Legislation, which proposes limitation of entry on a percentage basis, admission to be determined by the number of immigrants from any country who have already become citizens here.

The objection to this and similar coercive legislation is the difficulty of enforcement and the possibility of grave injustice—to say nothing of the arbitrary restriction upon increase of the labor force at a time when continued industrial expansion is essential. Any measure will indeed be shortsighted which denies satisfaction to the true demand for labor. And it must be borne in mind that the transition to the three-shift

system in the steel industry would require a forty per cent. increase in the labor force. The real problem is the definition and enforcement of this true demand for labor in terms of standard of living. Some economists go so far as to advise the consideration of a new contract-labor provision, which shall bond the manufacturer heavily, and furnish administrative control for the enforcement of minimum standards.

The frequently suggested Federal legislation for an eight-hour day, or for the minimum wage, is out of the question by virtue of Constitutional limitation—instanced by the recent adverse decision of the Supreme Court in the Child Labor law. Both the subterfuge of the interstate commerce clause and the weak "general welfare" provision are ineffective. Professor J. R. Commons, of Wisconsin, about a decade ago advanced the more constructive, if almost as radical, proposal that the taxing power should be used to obtain shorter hours and improved living conditions. His suggestion was that a discriminating excise or internal revenue tax, to be administered through the Tariff Commission, should be operative in protected industries. The plan would ensure the passing on of the promised advantages of the tariff to labor by securing fair and reasonable standards for the workers. The employer might be compensated for increased costs involved by remission of the excise, or by revision of the tariff schedules upward.

There is real need now for further study and deliberation on the problem. During the war, the War Labor Board made a considerable contribution towards fixing minimum standards by Government supervision. Such methods, though they may seem to be innovations in American life, will more than justify themselves if they serve to obtain uninterrupted production and avoid struggles over distribution which defeat their ends by the bitter animosities they create. These conflicts are particularly dangerous for the stability of American life when antagonisms are transferred, as seems to be the case in the steel industry, from the economic to the racial field. Yet it is most desirable that needed changes should be brought in through voluntary effort; the eight-hour shift, for instance, would have to be introduced slowly to be fully successful. Certainly there can be little hope from a panacea or legislative short cut that tends to make us minimize the crucial and difficult local questions of civic leadership, coöperation, and effective community organization for housing, recreation, and education.

FRANCIS TYSON

Gabriele d'Annunzio

WHATEVER d'Annunzio was before the war makes very little difference in estimating his service to Italy and to civilization during the world conflict. If he was corrupted he cleansed himself and found regeneration in the intense, pure, and sacrificing love which he showed for his country and for the holy cause of the Allies. Very few men have contributed more freely and more effectively to the achievement of our common victory than Gabriele d'Annunzio. His self-imposed mission was to open the eyes of the Italians in order to make them see what their duty was; to kindle enthusiasm in them; to encourage them to brave and noble actions; to strengthen them morally at hours of trial; to pray with them, to suffer, fight and die, if necessary, at their side. The call for a fearless, spiritual leader he answered with the fervor and enthusiasm that must have animated the ancient crusaders. On May 4, 1915, upon his arrival in Genoa for the dedication of the monument erected at Quarto in honor of Garibaldi and his thousand volunteers, he delivered his first war message to the Italian people:

Here I am in your midst. I returned to Italy to pray with you first and then fight at your side. But why do you acclaim me in this manner? If I came to announce a great victory you could not welcome me with greater enthusiasm. Well, I am the harbinger of victory. . . . We have no choice but war and war will give us victory.

On May 12 the poet arrived in Rome, where he was acclaimed by the people as their prophet. His first public address, on the same day, had an indescribable effect. The pent-up emotions of the inhabitants were let loose and it became immediately evident that there was no power in Italy to resist the will of the people. The Government under Salandra was still undecided as to the step Italy should take. The anti-war party under Giolitti, the friend of von Bülow, was still very active. But d'Annunzio had with him the people of Rome as well as of all Italy. On the following day, May 13, he told the thousands that had gathered around him that it was no longer time to talk but to act.

"If it is a crime," he cried out, "to incite the people to violence, I willingly commit that crime. We are being betrayed. The honor and safety of the Patria is at stake. Go, act. Spare no one who opposes your sacred rights."

For several days he continued to fan the patriotic fire which was increasing in volume throughout the land. The climax came on May 17, when he addressed a monster meeting at the Campidoglio. At the conclusion of that address he brought

forth the sword that had been used by Nino Bixio, Garibaldi's sturdy companion in the expedition of the Thousand, kissed it reverently and exclaimed: "The hour has come. Ring your bells!"

In a few minutes the crowds invaded hundreds of belfries and began to ring the bells. Hundreds of thousands of voices were crying: "War, war!"

The people of Italy had declared war on Austria. Giolitti, who had tried to overthrow the Salandra Cabinet and resume the control of Italy, had to abandon Rome clandestinely in order to save his life. Von Bülow, head of the German propaganda, hastened to invoke the protection of several cordons of Italian troops around his palace. On the 20th, Parliament convened in plenary session to take the necessary measures for the formal declaration of war. On that same day d'Annunzio made the following sober and inspiring declaration to the people of Italy:

"Victory belongs to those who have faith in Victory and swear by Victory. We believe in Victory and swear by it. We swear that we shall win."

This phase of his work in the great war being finished, the poet prepared himself for active participation in the struggle. On June 20 he enlisted as a volunteer in the Italian army with the rank of lieutenant.

In order to appreciate fully his work as a soldier, we must bear in mind that he was, at that time, fifty-two years of age, and that his health was anything but flourishing. For forty years he had been pouring out his life over his books. During those years he had not only produced a score of volumes, but each one of them represented what would have taken a less genial mortal years of preparation. "Blessed are those who are twenty years of age," he had said at Quarto, evidently regretting that he was so much beyond the days of youth.

D'Annunzio did not choose an easy task for himself, as his age, position, and the fact that he was a volunteer would have entitled him to do. After fighting for a short time with the land forces he perceived that he could render a greater service in the air, and he learned to fly. One of the considerations that made the poet join the air forces, I believe, was his desire to travel rapidly and carry out his work of inspiring the Italians troops more effectively. He went from one place to another along the several hundred miles of the front in Italy. He went repeatedly to the Albanian front and also to France after Italy sent the quarter of a million troops to aid the Allies in the West. Whenever there was a ceremony or an occasion for

him to address the soldiers, with a view to raising their morale and making them better fighters, d'Annunzio was present. His eloquence and implicit faith in ultimate victory were especially efficacious in times of trial. During the Italian reverses in the fall of 1917 he worked like a Trojan night and day. On October 20 of that year he spoke the memorable words "Rather than give up Venice to the enemy let us raze it to the ground!" which electrified the whole world, but had a miraculous effect on the Italian troops, who suddenly realized the magnitude of the defeat that stared them in the face. On the following day we find him on the line of the Piave infusing confidence and determination to resist into worn-out troops who were gathering on that frontier of freedom. "Here they shall not pass," he was crying out at the top of his voice, up and down the line, and the tens of thousands who heard him repeated in unmistakable tone: "Here they shall not pass!" A friend of mine spoke of d'Annunzio's plane in those days as an "angel of victory hovering over our shaken but not broken ranks."

So far as I have been able to find out, d'Annunzio was not only by far the oldest aviator in any army, but also one of the most active, for he knew no rest as long as the war lasted. He took part in hundreds of bombing expeditions, as well as in numerous expeditions of propaganda. Flying over Vienna on August 10, 1918, he dropped thousands of loose sheets from his plane which read:

The fortunes of war have turned; they have turned to our favor irrevocably. Your hour has passed. The hour of Germany which dragged you to abject humiliation has passed forever. As our faith was the strongest so our will predominated.

Viennese, do you want to continue the war? It is your suicide. The whole world is against you. One million and two hundred thousand Americans are fighting in France today. By September there will be two million of them! America is building twice the number of ships the German submarines are still able to sink.

Learn to know your enemies. We fly over Vienna. We could drop bombs by the ton, but we only drop a tricolor greeting, the symbol of liberty. We Italians do not make war on children, women and old men. We make war only on your blind, cruel, tyrannic government which gives you neither peace nor bread, but feeds you with hate and false hopes.

The Allies will never make peace with your present government or the government of Kaiser William. On the other hand they are willing to make peace with the peoples of Austria-Hungary and Germany, a peace based on liberty and mutual respect. The Allies are ready to furnish you with food and all you need immediately after the declaration of peace.

This undertaking was the most spectacular in the poet's life as a soldier. But he took part in hundreds of other enterprises which were just as daring

and dangerous as that one. The raid of the port of Buccari, on February 10, 1918, was, in fact, more dangerous than the flight over Vienna. He describes this remarkable feat in his booklet "The Bef-fa (Jest) of Buccari." Thirty men in all, and he one of them, having made their wills, set out, in three small vessels, on an expedition of defiance to the enemy. For almost three years the Italians had been challenging the Austrian fleet to come out and accept battle in the open sea. The Austrians never stirred. Finally, d'Annunzio conceived the idea of taking personally a written challenge to the enemy. He put three copies of it each in a floating bottle which was thrown into the water right under the noses of the hundred guns which were pouring a stream of fire upon the intruders.

"To spite the very cautious Austrian fleet," the note read in part, "which is still glorying over the tiny victory of Lissa, we, the sailors of Italy, who laugh at all dangers and difficulties and who are always ready to dare the undarable, have come here in your very commodious haven to defy you and laugh at you."

After his flight over Vienna all Italy was anxious to do him honor. A committee composed of some of the most illustrious names of the country was formed for the purpose of conferring upon him the greatest honor any Italian could hope to receive, that of being crowned poet of Italy on the historical Campidoglio, repeating the ceremony of the year 1341 when Petrarch was crowned with laurel. But upon receiving on August 17, 1918, the formal invitation to go down to Rome for that purpose, d'Annunzio answered that the war was still on and that he could not spare the time.

"A few tons of bombs dropped on the enemy," he told the committee, "is worth more for the present than all the honors and eloquence in the world. I shall come to Rome only after we win a complete victory."

D'Annunzio remained at his post of duty as a soldier until the last day. His military work was summed up in an official bulletin issued by the Supreme Command on February 5 of this year in connection with the conferring upon him of the gold medal for military valor, which is the highest an Italian soldier can receive.

Poet and soldier of Italy . . . apostle of faith, creator of energy, preacher of duty and sacrifice. We are proud of having had him with us, and while we celebrate him as a stout-hearted soldier, we do not forget his tenderness at the sight of his companions who fell in battle.

Signed: Major General Bongiovanni, Commander General of Aeronautics.

D'Annunzio may be forgotten as a poet, but as long as men remember the great war he will always be spoken of as the prophet and hero of one of the Powers which helped to save civilization from the aggression of the Teutons.

VINCENZO DE SANTO

Poetry

Fairies

Underneath the beech trees,
Lights and shadows glancing,
Surely there are fairies
In the sun-spots dancing!

Underneath the beech trees,
Underneath and in them,
Wait a host of fairies,
Wait for you to win them.

Fairies they are quick folk;
Never may you bind them;
But underneath the beech trees
You can always find them.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

Correspondence

The Personal Equation in the League of Nations

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Trickling through the percolator of the world news, information is accumulating as to the genesis of the "covenant" of the League written into the peace treaty, or, as Mr. Wilson prefers to intimate, "inextricably intertwined" in its provisions. It is immaterial whether one be anti-Wilson or pro-Wilson; for in either case his determination to have his own way is obvious to friend or foe. His recent threat to tear up the treaty rather than communicate aught but an unconditional ratification to the Paris Foreign Office is symptomatic either of that determination or of his then approaching nervous breakdown.

Whatever the action of the Senate may be, that action must be certified to Paris by the State Department in the discharge of a merely ministerial duty under the express words of Article 440 of the Treaty. The work of the American negotiators (if any object to the use of the plural, let it go as a use of the plural of excellence!) is over. They (or He) are (or is) *functus*. The Senate is now discharging its constitutional duty and prerogative—and with the first gleam of real interest in the distinctive rights of this country since the Versailles conference opened. Hence it is not inopportune to note that the working of the

League is going to depend very largely on the personnel of the Council, and the individual motives of and influences behind each member.

Friends of the treaty assume that that personnel is a known quantity. Assume it is for a year or so. Is that an argument *pro* or *con*? How is the pressure of their joint or several influence so far being effectively exercised? *In re* Bulgaria and Thrace? *In re* Rumanian aggression? *In re* Turkey and Armenia? *In re* Fiume? Are they in fact acting jointly or is it true, as charged, that, for example, in the case of Fiume, one member alone has assumed to communicate a threat *in terrorem* unless his will be done?

Their successors, however, are to be elected by the Assembly. Bourgeois, France's first choice, is not sure of a long lease of life. Mr. Lloyd George might have a political fall. Italy's representative is likely to prove protean. We might have none, after Europe's experience of our representative omniscience. Anyhow, the personnel may change, and the governmental policy represented by each new member may change. National sovereignty remains. New treaties and new alignments of interest may emerge. Can we expect of new Russia, new Germany and Japan a vow of treaty-celibacy? Is the recent cordial treatment of Germans in Japan without significance? Should they unite, a League with no international force but economic pressure could meet their demands only by a new Alliance and instant mobilization. A League without real teeth and the power to bite, and controlled by motives of high humanitarianism must be at a disadvantage if confronted by the sudden aggression of one or more powerful nations—not so controlled.

Membership in the Council means no more than service as an arbitrator named by one party to a dispute. Each acts for his nominator and the third arbitrator acts as arbiter. Each will hold a brief for his own nation and its affiliated interests. The requirement of unanimity in acting detracts from efficiency in an emergency.

The United States has isolated itself by the mode of activities of its Peace Commissioners. Yet, assuming to be the apostle of freedom and of unselfishness, it hesitates to assume a mandate for Armenia, the first duty expected of it under such a League. Whether such hesitation or refusal be justified or not, the fact remains that we, of all the proposed members of the League, are still likely to act with an eye single to our interests. In any event I doubt the power of the Senate or of the Executive to coerce the action of Congress in advance, in this

particular or in any other as to which the Constitution vests power in that body.

The working of the League is accordingly dependent for success on the personnel of its Council—and that is to be indicated by x^5 as an unknown quantity. If our present representative is to remain the American member, *what guarantee have we*, as Mr. Cleveland once observed at a Princeton trustee meeting, that American rights will be asserted and protected?

HENRY W. JESSUP

New York, October 20

Safeguarding the Country Against Bolshevism

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

If any reliance can be placed upon dispatches concerning the military and political situation in Russia and Siberia which are appearing daily in the newspapers, the overthrow of the Bolshevik régime in Russia by the Polish and loyal Russian forces seems to be nearing accomplishment. Granted, if only for the sake of argument, that this is so, the necessity of seriously considering the effects of Lenin's downfall on other countries as a protection to their interests should be recognized before it is too late.

That Lenin and his lieutenants will be forced to seek asylums in other lands than that which they have succeeded in destroying, unless they prefer to surrender themselves to the mercy of their conquerors, unless they are captured before escaping, seems to me to be highly probable. The many statements attributed to the Red premier to the effect that he intends to spread Bolshevism to other countries, such as England and the United States, appears to support this theory. Therefore, his expulsion from Russia would afford him an opportunity to put his threats into practice. The escape of only a part of his gang would be necessary for such an attempt, or attempts, as several nations would no doubt be selected as offering free scope for activity.

Unless stringent measures are now taken by the Federal immigration authorities, the possibility of the return of a former resident of the Bronx accompanied by a few "friends" appears to me to be exceedingly likely. The freedom which has been accorded here to others of his class to foment sedition would indeed appeal to him.

May I, therefore, urge upon your readers the importance of rendering our liberty safe from this new and very threatening menace? It is high time that some definite policy be formulated effectively to combat this danger.

E. H. CAMPBELL

New York, October 1

Book Reviews

The Manifold Problems of Asia

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Boni and Liveright.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC. B. C. B. Fletcher. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE ORIENTAL POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Henry Chung. New York: Fleming H. Revell and Company.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

THE present Administration has been criticised for sending half of the American fighting vessels into the Pacific and thereby violating the fundamental principles of naval strategy that a fighting fleet should never be divided. It might be retorted that in any event each division is strong enough to protect its end of the Panama Canal until it can be joined through that waterway by the other half. Whether or not this be an adequate answer, the permanent stationing of so many of our war vessels in the Pacific is a definite recognition of the fact that the United States has political and commercial interests upon that ocean that are of very great importance. As to a possible enemy, nothing is gained by concealing the fact that Japan appears destined for that rôle. There is no reason in the nature of things why war should ever occur between the United States and that country, but there is every reason why it should be recognized by the peoples of both countries that at the present time their respective national aims with regard to eastern Asia are in absolute conflict. America desires the open door; Japan seeks special interests, and, in certain regions, paramountcy of control.

The four books listed above are all of very recent appearance and are exclusively political in their scope and purpose. Of the three the least important is perhaps that of Mr. Chung, because it covers ground that has previously been covered by other writers. The work is, however, well done, and the volume is additionally interesting because from the pen of a native Korean. The title is not accurately descriptive, for fully as much space is devoted to tracing the development of Japanese ambitions and governmental methods as to outlining the course of American Far-Eastern diplomacy. Mr. Chung is convinced that "consolidation of Asia under Japanese domination, is the vision of the Japanese

statesmen; and toward the attainment of this national goal there is unity of purpose among Japanese leaders." The tone of the volume is, however, by no means acrimonious, and the facts are stated in clear and logical order, and in good English. In an appendix occupying nearly one-half of the volume are given the documents in the case.

The "Problem of the Pacific," by Mr. Fletcher, is also a title which is not fully justified. It is made up of more or less detached comments upon political conditions in the various countries that are within or border upon the Pacific Ocean. The reader is not, however, greatly assisted in solving any "problem" by illuminating and reasoned generalizations; indeed, it is nowhere clearly stated what is the problem of the Pacific. The statement is made in the preface, written by Sir William MacGregor, that its kernel is: "Shall any of the possessions held by Germany in the Pacific be restored to that Power?" This is certainly a far from helpful statement. Throughout the British islands of the south Pacific, including Australia, in Mr. Fletcher's opinion, the central economic need is to secure an adequate supply of labor. But he does not look to Japanese or Chinese immigration to satisfy it. The mother country, he says, must give her assistance, and, in Australia, the control of the central Government over lands and railways must be increased in order that effective means may be devised for attracting thither desirable settlers. Provided radical alterations are made in the terms and the details of their service, he is willing that Indian laborers should be allowed to enter to replace the natives who are dying out. "The white man will not be able to do the manual work required in the coming days, and the Indian or some one else must be given a chance." On grounds of financial economy, also, Mr. Fletcher urges in Australia a greater centralization of constitutional power in the Commonwealth. "One has to admit," he says, "the growing feeling in Australia that unification must come, because the States will not economize. In this war they have been competing more or less with the Commonwealth for loans in the London and local markets. Especially has New South Wales been a sinner in this respect; and public opinion has grown that Australia in self-defense must get rid of a great deal of States' top-hammer."

Mr. Hyndman makes the statement that his book, "The Awakening of Asia," was held up by the British censor for more than two years, and the reason for this is evident in the frankness with which political conditions in India are discussed. Mr. Hyndman is well known

by his earlier writings upon Indian affairs, and the chapters which deal with that country constitute the most interesting portion of his volume. What he has to say regarding China and Japan does not add greatly to the information which other writers have furnished. It is interesting, however, to find Mr. Hyndman expressing an opinion which is but repeating the judgment of many other writers familiar with conditions in Far Eastern countries, that the introduction of western civilization into Asia has been by no means an advantage to the people whose modes of life and thought have been affected. But Mr. Hyndman certainly has no warrant for saying, as he does, that European administration, religious propagation, and trade have been almost wholly harmful. Here he is led to an extreme statement by reason of his decided views as to the evils which have attended British control in India.

As regards the imperialistic character of Japan's ambitions, Mr. Hyndman has the same conviction that practically all other students of political conditions in the Far East have reached. But it would be interesting to know the grounds upon which he finds some of his assertions. For example, he says: "Japan had (by 1915) made all necessary preparations to meet any difficulties that might arise. She had established several thousand Japanese laborers within striking distance of the Panama Canal, she had made careful surveys of convenient landing places in Mexico, notably at Tobolobampo, she had entered into relations with the Mexican leaders, she had drafted preliminary agreements with Ecuador touching a naval station in the Galapagos Islands, and she had so placed herself in regard to the Philippines that the United States would find it impossible to keep control of those islands against her, permeated as they were with Japanese agents." Or what shall we say of this statement? "Americans themselves freely admit that the still rising Power of Asia has ample grounds for serious ill-feeling against the Great Republic. Breaches of international law and national pledges have been committed by the United States Government time after time. The 150,000 Japanese—mostly trained soldiers, by the way—who have taken the place of the Chinese on the Pacific Slope are regarded with the same hostility as their forerunners from the mainland of Asia. A massacre of the Japanese immigrants, before they could organize and defend themselves, was not long ago considered possible." A writer who will make such assertions as these has no ground for complaint if no great value is attached to his views

with regard to Indian affairs, although as to them he has a better claim to speak with authority. He declares that Great Britain continues to draw to herself great amounts of Indian wealth for which no adequate return is made; that color and race prejudice is becoming stronger every year; that general dissatisfaction on the part of the natives is increasing; that only one penny per head is spent on education by the Government and only 1.9 per cent. of the population goes to school; that native Indian arts are disappearing; that famines are increasing in number; that the agricultural population, already "the most poverty-stricken mass of human beings in the whole world" and constituting four-fifths of the whole of the inhabitants of Hindustan, are becoming even poorer.

As for imperial British rule, the author has the following to say: "India with its 315,000,000 of inhabitants has for just sixty years been under the management of the most extraordinary and fortuitous system of foreign domination known in the history of man. The rulers come in succession from without, educated, until their appointment at the age of more than twenty-one, in accordance with methods as remote from, and as irreconcilable with, Asiatic ideas as it is possible for them to be. Alike in their work and in their pleasures, they keep so far aloof from the people they govern as is possible. Very rarely do they marry Indians: still more rarely do they settle permanently in the country. The head of the Government, who himself is brought out fresh from Europe, and is entirely ignorant of India, does not remain in office more than five years. His subordinates return 'home' frequently for their holidays and go back to England permanently to live on a considerable pension after their term of office is completed."

Without admitting the blackness of the picture which Mr. Hyndman has drawn, practically all English statesmen admit that radical changes in the manner of governing India are needed. These changes, as are foreshadowed in several important Parliamentary reports that have been made, will give to the Indians control of their own affairs considerably greater than that which they have previously had. Whether in this the relaxing of the legal imperial bonds will result, as was the case in the other self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, in a tightening of the psychological ties of union, is a question which no one is able to answer. Yet the experiment must be tried.

Since Mr. Gibbons a few years ago published his "New Map of Europe," vol-

umes from his pen in explanation of current international relations have followed one another in such quick succession as to make one apprehensive of their scholarship. In fact, however, though not buttressed with footnotes and references, they have been scholarly works, exhibiting a wide range of geographical and political knowledge, and a power of lucid analysis and exposition, but possibly a too censorious mind. He seems to disapprove especially of British policies. If, however, all the facts and their values are such as he sees them, he is, perhaps, justified in his strictures. Of one thing Mr. Gibbons is convinced, and that is of the futility of the Treaty of Versailles, either as an instrument of justice or as providing a settlement of national claims that will tend to promote peace, or a plan of compelling peace if need arises.

In this, his latest book, Mr. Gibbons is concerned with the results reached at the Paris Conference only in the sense that it makes no attempt to solve the many problems relating to the Asiatic interests of the Powers concerned. The only matters in the Far East which it attempted to determine are those relating to the German interests in China and the Pacific, and the disposition of these, as arranged for in the Treaty with Germany, is such as to provoke rather than to prevent, future trouble.

Mr. Gibbons' volume deals comprehensively with all the European possessions or spheres of influence or control in Asia and Australasia, but the most interesting of his chapters are undoubtedly those which are concerned with India, with the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire, and with Zionism. In view of the recent Anglo-Persian Treaty, what Mr. Gibbons has to say regarding Persia is of interest, although, at the time he wrote, that treaty had not been made public. The chapters dealing with China are the least satisfactory. It does not appear that Mr. Gibbons has ever been in that country and no one can pass intelligent judgment upon the results effected or to be expected from the establishment of the Republic who has not studied the situation at first hand.

As regards India, Mr. Gibbons points out in a striking manner the way in which Great Britain has been urged on to a continual expansion of this Empire by a conviction of the necessity of preserving control over all the routes, by sea or land, from which India can be approached or attacked. As regards the government which Great Britain has given to that country, Mr. Gibbons expresses highly condemnatory views. "The title of no people to rule over another," he says, "is more questionable in its or-

igin and in its development than that of the British to rule over the Indians." "No Britisher tolerates assumption of social equality on the part of a native, even though ruler of a large State." "Economically, famines are more and more frequent, and the British authority seems to be less able to cope with them than formerly. Trade returns show that England is taking a hundred and fifty million dollars every year out of India with no commercial or material return. This has been going on so long that India has become the most impoverished country in the world." When dealing with a question of India, even the intelligent and highminded Englishman is declared by Mr. Gibbons to have a "perverted or rather unawakened moral sense." These statements are strikingly similar to those voiced by Mr. Hyndman. Indeed, Mr. Hyndman, who has been for more than forty years a student and writer of Indian affairs, is cited as an authority.

Mr. Gibbons' discussion of the fate of the Ottoman Empire and the future of the Ottoman races is exceedingly interesting and valuable. But the question is too complicated to give even a summary of Mr. Gibbons' analysis of it. It may be said that here as in other regions Mr. Gibbons discerns none but purely selfish and nationalistic motives actuating the greater Powers at Paris. The project of establishing a Zionist State in Palestine comes in for his condemnation as a device whereby English influence is to be dominant there; as in violation of the rights of the Palestinian Arabs, Christian as well as Moslem; as likely to provoke French opposition and thus to endanger Franco-British friendship; as tending to revive anti-Semitism in France, and, indeed, in other countries, especially in the Moslem world. The Arabs, he says, are far more Mohammedan than the Turks, and, religiously speaking, have more hatred of the Jews than of the Christians. It is pointed out that the Turks are religiously a tolerant people, and have seldom resorted to persecutions of non-Moslem peoples except when they have aspired to political control or political equality. Mr. Gibbons says that he has known personally most of the Young Turk leaders and that not one of them was a religious fanatic. And speaking of the "Young Turks," it may be observed that Mr. Gibbons gives a very excellent explanation of their failure to regenerate the Turkish state. The chief cause of their failure, aside from their political inexperience, was their belief that they could create a popular consciousness of Ottoman nationality by a process of "Turkicization" of the various races within the Empire.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

Masculine Comedy

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. And Other Stories. By Leonard Merrick. With an introduction by William J. Locke. Limited Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton Company.

AFTER THIRTY. By Julian Street. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

JURGEN: A Comedy of Justice. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

IF masculine and feminine comedy really differ, it may be in their attitudes towards youth. The imaginative woman of middle age, you may say, regrets and worships youth while the imaginative man of middle age regrets and laughs at it, or laughs at himself for regretting it. This is Leonard Merrick's dominating note, though sometimes his laughter is pretty plaintive. He himself has been, or was, for some time a "Conrad in quest of his youth." The theme echoes in several of the tales now collected in the new limited edition, under the title "The Man Who Understood Women." You hear it in the old actor's lament for his lost romance, with its mocking title, "A Very Good Thing For the Girl," in "The Woman Who Wished to Die," with its pair snatching belatedly at the joy of youth; in "The Child in the Garden," with its demure Victorian title and its impish flouting of the virtuous middle age. Queerly enough, in the last story of the lot (chronologically an early story perhaps?) Mr. Merrick lets himself handle precisely the "Conrad" material with something very much like Victorian sentiment. Here we have a gay, dreaming youth bending to the treadmill and becoming a man of acknowledged "success." At the moment when he has won general recognition as a great lawyer and a "dry stick," a relic of his youth turns up to mock him. Long ago in his stage-loving days he has written a farce—accepted by a manager but never produced and almost forgotten. Now it is to be "put on" in the provinces, and the author, under his old pen-name, is invited to rehearsals. The upshot is a re-birth of the "Bob Lawless" whose shoes have been filled by that dry stick, Robert Blackstone, prominent member of the bar; and a "heart interest" which does not (as so often with this writer) crumble to dust in our hands. Of course he does not even here lapse into the grosser errors of the sentimental method. He does not try to make us believe the farce a masterpiece: "No Flies on Flossie" tottered for six nights, died and was buried" sums up that work. Nor does he force Robert Blackstone, K. C., to throw up his job in order to make way

for the cheerful "Bob." But his smile, as he tells his story, lacks the bitter (not embittered) quirk which may as much as anything have protected him from the embraces of a huge public.

"After Thirty" is the humorous study of a period which has had relatively small attention from Anglo-American story-tellers. It is neither hay nor grass, youth nor age. The humor and pathos of a later decade have been much played on since the day of that "Princess and the Butterfly," which Bernard Shaw reviewed under the heading "Mr. Pinero on Turning Forty." But the perilous thirties are only now being opened up (with us) as a field for literary comedy. And as a rule it has been the woman of that age who made her appeal to the story-teller. Mr. Street's amiable philanderer, Shelley Wickett, is an amusing and by no means far-fetched type. His amours remain within those bounds of racial continence which seem so quaint or so downright incredible from the European point of view. Shelley is never physically "unfaithful" to his mate; and however he may rove, his heart is true to Poll. As for Poll, or Molly, she understands within reason. Her own eye and ear have ranged, once or twice; and she has learned the secret that "husbands and wives become a little tired, now and then, of always knowing, in advance, exactly what the other is going to do and think and say." Therefore she is patient with the erring one until a certain coarsening of his taste touches her pride too roughly: "A wife has to have something to take pride in," she cries, turning upon the bewildered Shelley. "And if she has to put up with a philandering husband, about all she has left is to take pride in the kind of woman he philanders with." In the end Shelley has to be jolted awake by rude means; but there is a fair outlook for him and his Molly when the curtain falls.

In "Jurgen" Mr. Cabell treats the same theme (among divers themes) in an infinitely larger and more imaginative fashion. His fable of the henpecked pawnbroker who was once poet and lover; who gets back a year of his youth at his old wife's expense, adventures after happiness in wild places, and returns enlightened and content to his shop and scolding mate: there could be no better vehicle for this writer's wit and fancy. He has often done the brilliant and unexpected thing, with an air which one would call indifferent if it did not betray a certain defiance. To a recent volume of essays he appended a series of the most unfavorable reviews of his books that the press could be made to yield. On the other hand, he glosses the present volume with a number of pre-

fixed "quotations" from alleged comments on the Jurgen story. "Too urbane to advocate delusion, too hale for the bitterness of irony, this fable of Jurgen is, as the world, a book wherein each man will find what his nature enables him to see; which gives us back each his own image; and which teaches us each the lesson that each of us desires to learn." Whether the book is really big or merely a colossal "stunt" one cannot be sure; but it is worth the re-reading which will sooner or later answer that question. Here are eloquence and a nimble fancy, a darting eye and a musing brain behind it, playfulness, malice, tenderness—indecent. For it is a book of male humor in the good and less good senses—frank—"Rabelaisian," as we say, ignoring the fact that there is a Rabelais wherever men smoke and dine untrammelled. It frolics in print and somewhat excessively. In his learned "Foreword" Mr. Cabell mocks at the critic who shall play prude with his innocent tale, this "folk-tale of Poictesme," which he now conveys for the tale's sake to English readers: "And this tale of old years is one which, by rare fortune, can be given to English readers almost unabridged, in view of the singular delicacy and pure-mindedness of the Jurgen mythos: in all, not more than a half-dozen deletions have seemed expedient (and have been duly indicated) in order to remove such sparse and unimportant outcroppings of mediaeval frankness as might conceivably offend the squeamish." This is disingenuous to the point of impudence; for even the unsqueamish male draws the line somewhere. Our jester's erotic symbolism is over-insistent, and so mars a fantasy which contains much beauty, in substance as well as in form.

H. W. BOYNTON

Dante

LIFE OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

FULL as the world is of books on Dante—concerning whose abundance it may be said, as of the multitude of angels, that "determinato numero si cela"—it is still possible for a lucky Dantist to produce a work that shall interest other Dantists. The thing is being done every year. A new nest of facts, a novel but plausible theory, a fresh line of interpretation will command attention from the most jaded of specialists. But to publish something that shall catch the eye of the unattached literary browser and hold him until he really shall have breathed the atmosphere of Dante—that is a performance rare

indeed, so difficult are the first steps of introduction between parties that seem at first sight to have nothing in common. Unless all signs fail, however, this baffling social feat has been accomplished by Mr. Dinsmore, whose new book will be, into the bargain, a delight to the tired Dante man. So cunningly does our author stalk his subject, so deftly does he attack it, so unremittingly does he keep up the interest, that one could scarcely conceive a browser walking the earth today "si duro che non fosse punto." Mr. Dinsmore is no novice at the art. Already two works by him have commended him to Dantists, and Dante to the public. His "Teachings of Dante," many years ago, struck at once a sympathetic chord. His "Aids to the Study of Dante" has bountifully lived up to the promise of its title. Now, thrice steeped in the spirit of the master, full of knowledge and enthusiasm, he leads the way sure-footed over the stream and through the seven gates into the Noble Castle.

To begin with, he furnishes a background. In fifty-odd pages he gives us a picture, first of the great 13th century as a whole with its ideals and its politics, then of old Florence, her history, her disposition, her families and feuds. "Divisions and struggles have their compensations. If not too exhausting, they quicken the mental and moral qualities of a people to great activity. They save from self-indulgent sloth, they train the citizens to self-sacrifice, devotion, steadfast loyalty to a common cause. The glory of Florence was synchronous with her militant and fevered life. All her immortal works were done during those periods when the tide of battle flowed frequently through her streets. Her world-famous citizens, from Dante to Savonarola, were born and trained during her periods of storm and stress. When quietness and order settled upon the city after the expulsion of the Medici, then the people had peace, but it was the peace of spiritual and intellectual death." This Part closes with a thoughtful comparison of Babylon and Jerusalem, Rome and Athens, Venice and Florence, in each case a contrast between stability and brilliancy, between solidarity and individualism.

Against this background is projected, during the 160 pages of Part II, the career of the hero, as far as it is known or can be inferred, both his inner and his social life, both his political and his literary activities. Considering how scanty are the data that have come down to us, the fulness of this narrative—a fulness attained without padding or prolixity—bears witness to the author's resourcefulness. All that can be ascertained is so treated as to bring out its

complete significance and its effect on the poet's temperament. Insoluble problems, such as that of the personality of Beatrice, are discussed with discretion. Interesting comparisons are made between the slowly developing youthful Dante and other young poets, particularly Milton.

The career of each was divided into three distinct periods of nearly equal length. Each enjoyed a studious and leisurely youth, rich in opportunities for gathering poetic material and for refining his genius, each early won generous fame for lyrics and sonnets of unusual beauty, each at about the same age dedicated himself to a lifelong task by which he hoped to gain terrestrial immortality. . . . Then for each there followed approximately two decades of severest discipline. The contemplative singers, dreaming of immortality, were snatched from their gentle, iridescent worlds of ideals and cast violently upon the rocks of actual evil conditions. Each was made fit to write a world poem by experiencing the world's fiercest passions and its elemental struggles. . . . The nineteen muscularizing years of the English poet were prolonged for the Italian to twenty-three. Thus for two decades at the same period of their lives these two poets held their supreme ambitions in the background while absorbed with concerns of more immediate moment. Each knew instinctively that he could not write an epic until he had lived heroically; that the characters from which issue immortal poems are not fashioned by the splendor of dreams drifting through the mind, but by toil, sorrow, and spiritual victory. . . . In despondency, disillusionment, and faith the one proposed to justify the ways of God to men, the other to reveal to men the true path to God. Milton was engaged for some six years on his "Paradise Lost," beginning in 1658 and finishing in 1665. Dante was absorbed in the "Divina Commedia" for an equal period—from 1314 until his death in 1321.

The third and most important Part treats of Dante's character and genius. Here we learn the true meaning of the "Divine Comedy" to its author and to us, its political and religious message, and we are made to feel its stimulating, uplifting effect on the reader. Here are shown to us the intellectual mysticism, the imagination, the refined sensitiveness, the consistency and reserve, the craving for love and truth and the hatred of evil, the fondness for order and horror of discord, the energy of will, the faith which, in Mr. Dinsmore's phrase, constitute "the Secret of Dante." A highly suggestive, original little chapter sets forth the maturing influence which the conception and the working out of the "Commedia" exercised on Dante's own nature and talent. Seven pages suffice for a survey of his "Defects of Character." A consideration of his artistry in its varied phases leads to a brief "Conclusion."

Mr. Dinsmore's own artistry merits all praise. His choice native vocabulary makes so easily and richly with Dantesque snatches that the novice will find himself happily reading Dante be-

fore he knows it. The volume is attractive, too, in outward form. In addition to a map of the 13th century Florence, it contains seven handsome illustrations, among them portraits of Dante, Farinata, Boniface VIII, and Guido Cavalcanti.

C. H. GRANDGENT

The Run of the Shelves

THE making of many books is a custom which our race has derided and deplored. The need of *making* the books, however, was a check upon their increase. That check is no longer operative. A book like Mr. Don C. Seitz's "Artemus Ward" (Harpers) is a demonstration that in our day books can be written, printed, published, bought, and read without being in any effectual sense *made*. Mr. Seitz has provided lodging for so many facts. A book more destitute of *fashion*, of *feature*, of any of the things expressible by derivatives of the Latin *facio*, it would be difficult to imagine. It is not a bad book exactly; it lives in a sort of Nietzschean twilight, "Beyond Good and Evil." Its facts will give pleasure to people who like anecdote and laugh easily.

Charles Farrar Browne, who added an "e" to a name whose homeliness had satisfied his parents, and who replaced it by the pseudonym "Artemus Ward" in his commerce with the public, was overtaken by consumption in England in 1867, dying at thirty-three in the ripeness of his talent and the blossom of his fame. He had beyond question that "genius to be loved" which Mrs. Browning, thinking of quite another person, declared should obtain for a man the "justice to be honored in his grave." Mr. Seitz might have honored Charles Farrar Browne better if he had loved him less. He has come upon many new or half-new sayings and writings of the funmaker, and his insertions are comprehensive and indiscriminate. There is a dangerous *post-mortem* phase in the career of writers when a reputation becomes a preservative of the very things that threaten its own endurance. The following "mournful rejoinder," as Mr. Seitz very fittingly terms it, was made by Artemus to a friend who told him on a certain retributive morning that he didn't look like a humorist: "No. I am a headachist." Bright men do certainly say things of this kind, and the memories of friends are relentless.

Much is made by the critics whom Mr. Seitz quotes (Mr. Seitz himself in the matter of criticism keeps strictly to the side-lines) of the relief which Browne's platform humor derived from the "accidental pathos," the "hesitating, per-

plexed candor," of his delivery. It was that "lively work upon a sad and solemn ground" which Bacon found so agreeable in his essay on "Adversity." Now, in Browne this contrast was temperamental, and writing was his specialty; it is accordingly very surprising to find that a leading trait and the prime defect of his written humor is the entire absence of this species of relief. Everything is not only funny but facetious, not only humorous but jocose. Far more diverting than nine-tenths of the pleasantries ascribed to Browne himself is John Bright's naive criticism of the celebrated Mormon lecture: "Its information was meager, and presented in a desultory, disconnected manner."

In 1917, under the somewhat pompous title of "Aristodemocracy," Sir Charles Waldstein, now Anglicized into Sir Charles Walston, published a voluminous treatise on ethics, in which he sought to bring the world "from the Great War back to Moses, Christ, and Plato." His aim was to re-state the old moral truths of human experience in terms suitable to modern civilization. Now, as a supplement to that work, he adds a smaller volume, which he calls "Truth: An Essay in Moral Reconstruction" (Putnam). In a series of brief chapters he unfolds the functions and need of truthfulness in various departments of private and public life. What he has to say in regard to the essential place of this much neglected virtue in international diplomacy, in the conduct of certain officials, such as tax collectors, in the management of newspapers, and the like, is sound and timely. No doubt his conclusions are for the most part familiar enough; but occasionally, as in his analysis of the relation of truth to efficiency, he presents certain facts of human nature in rather a new light and in a manner likely to arrest attention. No one can get harm from reading the book, and some may derive benefit; but it is a pity that the moralist manifests so deep a relish of his own wisdom, and quotes from his own earlier publications so complacently. Truth cries for a more disinterested lover. We might recommend the reader of the present work to peruse, or re-peruse, "The Religion of Nature"—"that fine soliloquy of Wollaston's," as Gray called it—which made something of a sensation in the early years of the eighteenth century. It is in fact a masterly disquisition on truth as the essential prerequisite of all virtue. Benjamin Franklin was employed upon this work as a compositor in Palmer's printing office, and was probably a good deal influenced by it in forming his own religious opinions.

The Larger Education

IN 1862, after years of warfare, without and within Italy, Carlo Cattaneo declared: "In to-day's struggle, schools are of more value than armies. For the latter conquer, but schools convince, and thus triumph permanently."

The argument has been raised that militarism and education are not inconsistent. Philosophically, we must be prepared with an answer to the question whether education is to be subsumed under militarism, or whether warfare itself (when it breaks out) is a part of the great human educational process. Educationists maintain that priority of education over militarism is proved for every practical purpose by the consideration that education is universally essential in the development of the child into the man; at most, warfare is only an occasional necessity. Hobbes insisted irresistibly—and the ordinary man hardly needs persuasion—that a perpetual state of universal warfare would be intolerable. A perpetual state of universal opportunity for education is, on the other hand, becoming the only thinkable condition of future human progress.

Nor do we accept as successful the attempt which is made, consciously and unconsciously, to unite the two forces of militarism and education, bridging over their contradictions in aims by the intense inculcation of "patriotism" in the school. The idea of a narrow "nationalism" has been read into education by politicians without due regard to possible consequences. The glorification of military deeds of the past, concentration on national military successes, and on forceful men as national heroes have invested the "patriotic" with a glamour which renders it difficult of analysis from a distinctively educational point of view. The excellent educational (as well as political) side of the insistence on patriotism is so attractive that it is forgotten that it is all the more likely to suffer from the excess of its own good qualities. Self-centredness in the individual human being is readily recognized by impartial spectators as unpleasing, and as a hindrance to his highest development. But in a group or a nation, even in a small one, and, *a fortiori*, in a large one, it is often curiously regarded as a positive virtue. We have witnessed the effect of patriotic obsession in the case of a Treitschke, a Delbrück, and others. How striking is the warning of Mommsen: "Have a care, gentlemen, lest in this state, which has been at once a power in arms and a power in intelligence, the intelligence should vanish, and nothing but the pure military state should remain!" Patriotism, then, in the sound state, has its

necessary educational limitations. The overwhelming answer to undiluted patriotism is that self-centredness in the nation is as detrimental to the highest educational progress as is self-centredness in the individual. On the other hand, it is the *sine qua non* of pure militarism.

The "new" educationists, having thrown over the ballast of Greek and Latin, and having espoused subjects relatively easy to explain to the ordinary man, feel secure in the plea of modernity. Mathematics, the natural sciences, the vernacular language, literature, and history, a little music, a little manual work, a little civics, and perhaps occasional patriotic lessons; surely such a curriculum, founded on modernity, saves the school from militarism and from all forms of obscurantism. Yet, in avoiding the dogs and wolves of Scylla, the "new" school runs grave risk of falling into the whirlpool of Charybdis. In Great Britain there has never been any fear of education falling a prey to military exploitation, but schools have come within the reach of another grip—that of industry and commerce. Parents are only too eager to encourage the turning of modern studies into some practical, "useful" direction; more definitely, into vocational education. It is urged that the vocational training solves not only the parents' problem, but also the educational demand of the nation.

Yet, judged by the standard of self-centredness, vocational education occupies merely an intermediate position between individual and national self-centredness. From the social and human standpoint, it combines, or may combine, the disadvantages as well as the advantages of both. It shares the dangers of the local and the national forms of self-centredness in so far as it is sectional rather than human. It tends to narrowness, to limitation. Yet the highest aim of education is to help the mind to direct itself at will away from its immediate environment of locality and occupation, or, as it has been said, to "estrangle itself from itself," so that it may enter by sympathetic imagination into the "best" of what has been thought and done in the past, or of what in the present is being done at a distance. The "new" or "modern" education in as far as it is confined to the "practical," the "useful," the "local," the "national," in short, the present and near at hand, suffers from the defect pointed out by Shakespeare:

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

We must never forget that education is a form of mental travel. Its aim might be described as that of sending the youth *en voyage*, intelligently. Hence the inadequacy of regarding the local as the staying-place, rather than

the starting-point of education. We know the breadth of view ordinarily characteristic of the "traveled" man. We should seek in our schools and colleges to afford the educands (who are as yet, and possibly likely long to remain, untraveled) opportunities of trained soundness of judgment and width of perspective, in its measure of possibilities, like the traveler's. The fewer the opportunities of the pupils for personal physical observations of things at a distance (whether in time or space) the more earnestly should the school endeavor, by sound methods, to fill up gaps of knowledge, and to round out the limited scope of the pupils' knowledge.

Moreover, with the World War there has come to us all a great encircling, cosmopolitan environment, involving enormous scales and standards, historically, geographically, and morally, for which the merely local and occupational are absurdly inadequate measurements. Not since the time of the sixteenth century Renaissance, or even the more distant Crusades, has there been such a unity of aim amongst the best spirits the world over. It is this new post-war humanism which seeks to be brought into relation to education. The "new" education, to-day, should be something newer (and paradoxical as it may seem, at the same time older) than the "new" education of the pre-war decade. The Allies, at any rate, have borne testimony to the need of enthusiasm for a common humanism, instead of a lonely absorption in their own individual national concerns. And so, the new educational outlook must reflect the new human aspirations towards common ideals. The nation which will save its educational soul must lose it in something larger than any solely environmental interests. Education for locality and for vocation only justifies itself in so far as it points pupils towards the higher intellectual, moral, human interests, which transcend, in their educational implications, the personal, the local, the vocational, and even the national aspects. The latter type of knowledge—the earliest and the nearest to the child—supplies the earliest concrete subject-matter of instruction. But the human implications must shine through the whole of the fields of instruction, whatever the starting-point, whether subjects be called "new," or whether they be "old;" be they local, or be they national.

Whether the humanism necessary as a readjustment to new world-wide ideals implies a change in the school and academic curriculum is another question. To some extent, the subjects, and certainly their method of treatment, I think, should be reconsidered. But humanism itself is not so much a problem of the subjects taught as of the

quality of the spirit brought into the teaching. The spiritual *rapprochement* of all the Allied nations has come with a swiftness unparalleled in the history of the world. It is unique in that it has permeated at the same time both the teacher and the pupils of the present generation. The marvelous resources for almost immediate information—the wireless, the telephone, the telegraph, the newspaper, the letter-post—make distant environments almost as impressive to our mental vision as our local surroundings. Multitudes of boys and girls, as well as adults, visualize scenes abroad in the mind's eye more vividly than the school-ground itself. This is the opportunity for education to unite the local and the ultra-local into a sense of the human. Whilst the flood of information has thus so indescribably both quickened and widened "wits" at the same time, the restraint of knowledge has disciplined the will. Multitudes of our people, teachers and taught, have readily acquiesced in censorship on knowledge, and waited patiently for news on which hung their deepest happiness, at the moment, and for the whole of their future. Both in receptivity of knowledge, and in the harder task of self-control and foregoing of information, for the good of a cause common to many countries—a new educational spirit of humanism is now in existence. Self-centredness has been suspended. The *entente cordiale* is not simply an Anglo-French understanding; it has become a human sentiment. The problem is to include this as the spirit of educational endeavor, and to secure the continuity of the humanist spirit for the future as well as for the present generation. In Great Britain there are great educational possibilities. Already, that country is committed to the project of compulsory education up to 18 years of age, and if the new Continuation Schools can rise to their high opportunity the cause of humanist education has a great future before it.

In England we can look back to a striking example of the effect of war on educational thought, none the less significant because so well known. In the great struggle against the spirit of despotism by which the country was threatened from within in the Great Civil War of 1642-49, in the very midst of that war, John Milton issued his tractate "Of Education," June 5, 1644. Amid the grim expenditure of blood which threatened the extinction of the best of his fellow-countrymen, Cavalier and Puritan, Milton was brimful with the eagerness of his high spirit, and yet saw no solace except in the thought of the future influence of culture and education. He longed for youth to become "renowned and matchless men."

This confident Miltonic spirit in edu-

cation is wanted more than ever to-day throughout the nations, in primary, secondary, and university grades. It will not be produced, of course, by grandiose curricula, though Milton gave curricula the benefit of the doubt by suggesting his truly Titanic programme. Milton wished to give the best to the select spirits of his time; we, for the future, may contemplate it as the heritage open to all. For we have learned that the masses of the people also are entitled to their share in the "best." The quickened stimulus which England has received towards the great world outside, once realized, can not be allowed to dwindle, without losing a noble educational opportunity. Educationally this wider outlook provides the remedy against self-centredness of groups and sections, as it does against militarism. "Armies conquer; schools convince"—and convince permanently. We shall not seek to follow Milton's curricula, but we shall inevitably lose educationally if we do not seek to imbibe his spirit. "To govern well is to train up a nation in true wisdom and virtue, and that which springs from it, magnanimity. Take heed of that."

FOSTER WATSON

Orpington, Kent.

Drama

"Hedda Gabler" at The Neighborhood Playhouse

I BEGIN by the proffer of praise and homage to the Neighborhood Playhouse for its courage and bounty in bringing the English players to act "Hedda Gabler" in New York. Ibsen after Broadway is as great a relief as Hedda after Tesman. I shall leave Broadway to extract what solace it can from the reflection that Tesman, conversely, might be a relief after Hedda.

I followed Miss Octavia Kenmore's Hedda with interest, if also with tranquillity. Miss Kenmore is a woman whom the eye willingly follows, and even where her acting was bloodless I did not find it insipid. At times, especially in the first act, she evaded the ear and the mind, she was gliding and fugitive, she drooped and swayed, her speech became a succession of asides. Hedda is frivolous without being fragile; the originality of her, the terror, lies largely in the opposition between the massiveness of her temperament and the flimsiness of her character. Regina in "Ghosts" is appalling in the same way. There is iron in Hedda; there is no iron in Miss Kenmore. Hedda is truculent and insolent, where Miss Kenmore is, or comes close to

being, pouting and saucy. The actress parted from Hedda again and again; I think she was glad to part from Hedda. In her relation to the stronger woman she was almost like Mrs. Elvsted—at once clinging to Hedda as a resource and shrinking from her as a menace.

I did not feel that Miss Kenmore always forsook nature in forsaking Hedda. She became natural in another fashion. The last act was well done in a way, though not in Ibsen's or in Hedda's way. The attitude in death was original and superb, but within half a minute of the shot, the audience was laughing at a mannerism of Tesman's, and Miss Kenmore cheerfully acquiesced in the theory that it was all a joke by the promptness of her smiling resurrection. Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer, writing to Miss Kenmore, is quoted thus: "By sheer intelligence and art you almost bridged over the abyss between the *two* women whom the author has named Hedda." Mr. Meltzer is, of course, quite right about the author's two Heddas, but he seems to think that almost bridging a chasm is almost as good as quite bridging it—a notion which, in the Alps or Andes, he might be tempted to reconsider. To my mind Miss Kenmore finds one Hedda and fumbles for the other.

Mr. Leigh Lovel's Judge Brack is primarily a lawyer, a Dickens lawyer, of the sapless Tulkingshorn or phlegmatic Grewgious type, who draws the net around Hedda with the effect of foreclosing a mortgage, and utters the convulsive final words: "People don't do such things" with the air of announcing: "The court is adjourned." He has address of a kind, but no pungency. His Judge Brack is resignedly elderly, while Ibsen's is combatively young. An amour in middle age, like a picnic in October, is conceivable, but one fails to imagine a picnic in November or an amour in Mr. Lovel's Judge Brack.

Mr. Albert Bruning's *Tesman* is a success; it is even more remarkable than successful. The play is crowded with *Tesman*; *Tesman* dominates and overrides the play, the little *Tesman*, who in Ibsen's version was the fly upon the pane, buzzing indeed, but petty in its obtrusiveness. Mr. Bruning's *Tesman* is large-limbed (Ibsen's seems almost frisking), with movements ponderous even in flexibility, and every detail in the acting is capitalized. Much of this, though confounding, is really good, and the part would have been memorable if Mr. Bruning had been able to inform and enrich its entire substance with the shadings and undertones of its supernal moments. No fool is pure fool; *Tesman* is a not unlikable, perhaps a not unlovable, fellow. The blending of the farcical and

the human in certain parts of Mr. Bruning's work was admirable; latterly the farce gained upon the human nature.

Nothing else calls for particular mention except the unfinished yet appealingly human portrayals of Miss *Tesman* by Miss Augusta Haviland and of Berta by Miss Ruby Hallier.

I thought the severe but tasteful auditorium congruous with Ibsen, but the meagre stage seemed encumbered by its own properties, and the action was left to pick its way through the lanes in the furniture. The performance was at times too rapid for the full grasp of the more delicate particulars. Ibsen can be properly acted only by those who share both the fineness of his insight and the courage of his leisure. For actor and auditor alike Ibsen is a man whose "nectar crowns the lips of patience"; even spectatorship should be perusal in a sense, though of course it should be far more than perusal. For the chisel of Ibsen, which works slowly, because it works firmly, I felt that the actors now and then substituted the hastiness and smudginess of the brush. I wanted to cry: "Give me time"; and I felt that Ibsen, if present, might have joined in the cry.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News Prohibition

THE frequent rumors that war-time prohibition is about to end, that it is not to end, that it is really going to be enforced, that restaurants will continue to sell light wines, that this is not violation of the law, that it certainly is violation, that whiskey called sherry and sherry called ginger ale may still be obtained,—all these items in the news show that the enactment of the prohibitory amendment did not lay the subject forever on the shelf. Even in the face of the amendment, a reader may care to study the subject.

He is offered a choice of books which may cause him to smile. "A Text Book of True Temperance," by M. Monahan, sounds as fair, upon the face of it, as "The Cyclopedia of Temperance," edited by Deets Pickett. And so, perhaps, it is. But as Mr. Monahan's book was published by the United States Brewers' Association, and Mr. Pickett's by the Methodist Book Concern, readers will naturally expect to hear the Text-Book appeal to St. Paul in behalf of wine, and the Cyclopedia call upon the Proverbs to show that wine is a mocker. Those who have time to spend upon this kind of controversial book may enjoy L. A. Banks' "Ammunition for the Final Drive on Booze" (Funk, 1917) with its

selections in prose and rhyme on the order of the sentimental ballad, "The Bar-Keeper's Wife"; Wilbur F. Craft's "Why Dry?" (International Reform Bur. 1918); Charles Stelzle's "Why Prohibition?" (Doran, 1918), a book of smashing argument, rather than sentimental appeal; and Richmond P. Hobson's "Alcohol and the Human Race" (Revell, 1919), which even an unsympathetic critic admits is calm and unimpassioned, though its arguments are time-worn and likely to appeal only to those already convinced.

Two books for reference, from their nature necessarily more impartial, are Wayne B. Wheeler's "Federal and State Laws Relating to Intoxicating Liquor" (American Issue Pub. Co., 1918) and Lamar T. Beman's compilation, "Selected Articles on Prohibition . . ." (Wilson, 1917). The latter, a "Debater's Handbook," consists of excerpts from articles on both sides.

Alcoholism is studied in George B. Cutten's "The Psychology of Alcoholism" (Scribner, 1907), T. N. Kelynack's "The Drink Problem of To-day" (Methuen, 1916), by various British medical men, and J. Starke's "Alcohol, the Sanction for its Use" (Putnam, 1910). The recent work by George Elliot Flint, "The Whole Truth about Alcohol" (Macmillan, 1919), is a readable and vigorous onslaught against the prohibitionists, upon the text "alcohol is an evil, but . . . not all evil." Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who introduced the book, called it a "protest against the outrages of pessimistic prohibitionists," and the *New York Times* characterizes it as "a fair statement." A prohibitionist would undoubtedly condemn it as unfair and untrue.

On the prohibitionist side one looks in vain for any such effort for truth as in the books issued by the Committee of Fifty. These volumes, their authors and promoters, have been attacked, sometimes violently, by prohibitionists. But probably in preference to any other books named in this article, an honest investigator should read: F. H. Wines' and John Koren's "The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects" (Houghton, 1897), "The Liquor Problem; a Summary of Investigation Conducted by the Committee of Fifty" (Houghton, 1905), John Koren's "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem" (Houghton, 1899), and Raymond Calkins' "Substitutes for the Saloon" (Houghton, 1901). Another book, not issued by the Committee, but written by one of its investigators, is John Koren's "Alcohol and Society" (Holt, 1916). It is praised by non-partisans, but is repugnant to the temperance societies.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

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THE President's condemnation of the coal strike, and his appeal to the strike leaders that they assent to his plan of settlement of the dispute by investigation and arbitration, has the unquestioned support of public opinion. In Congress there appears to be a remarkable approach to unanimity on the subject, in spite of the almost uniform disposition of that body to cater to the "labor vote." It is fair to assume that this tone of feeling in the present instance is due both to the conviction of the members that the strike is, as the President declares it to be, a terrible blow aimed at the national welfare in a time of extraordinary trial, and to realization of the fact that, however formidable the labor element may be, a defiant offence against the public good in such an exigency as the present will arouse resentment infinitely more formidable.

The President is ready "to appoint at once a tribunal to investigate all the facts with a view to aiding in the earliest possible orderly settlement of the questions at issue between the coal operators and the coal miners, to the end that the just

rights, not only of those interests but also of the general public, may be fully protected." Rejection of this proposal—in- sistance, in the face of it, upon a strike which means, if it is to succeed, "the shutting down of countless industries and the throwing out of employment of a large part of the workers of the country"—could be justified, if justified at all, only by desperate conditions among the workers. Such conditions cannot be alleged. Conflicting statements are made about the facts in regard to wages; but from the statement of Acting President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, it may be inferred that the average earnings of the miners are not much less than \$1,200 a year, although the mines are operated, on an average, only three or four days in the week. They may be justified in demanding better arrangements and better pay; but there is nothing in the situation to warrant refusal to await the result of an orderly investigation. If they persist in their defiance of the rights of the public, they will find the nation overwhelmingly arrayed against them. And the President has made it plain that the full strength of the Government will be put forward to protect the public interests.

WE should be glad to be able to speak as whole-heartedly on the issue of violation of contract by the miners as on their violation of general principles of right conduct, and their offence against the public welfare. It may be that, as a matter of law, their agreement as to wages, which was to run, as the President says, "during the continuance of the war, but not beyond April 1, 1920," binds them to its observance until the Treaty of Peace is ratified by the Senate and the end of the war is formally proclaimed by the President. But it can hardly be expected that the miners themselves should regard this interpretation of the intent of the agreement as more than a legal technicality. If the limit of April 1, 1920, had not been set—if the agreement had set no other limit than that of "the continuance of the war"—would any reasonable person insist that the contract must continue in full force indefinitely, for years perhaps after the troops were disbanded, simply because the Senate and the President were un-

able to get together on the terms of a formal treaty? The President himself, in his veto message on the Prohibition bill, has furnished the miners with an argument which, to their minds, must seem unanswerable. He asks Congress to repeal war-time prohibition on the ground that it was "an act which was passed by reason of the emergencies of the war and whose objects have been satisfied by the demobilization of the army"—in other words, the act was a war act, and the war is practically, though not technically, over. Does not the same consideration apply to the miners' agreement? A contract is a contract, to be sure, and cannot be repealed by act of Congress. The miners may, therefore, have no case at law; but it looks as though, so far as this point is concerned, they had a pretty good case in equity.

AGITATORS who imagine that a "one big union" of all who work with their hands could be used as a unit to terrify the country into the concession, of revolutionary demands should learn a lesson from recent history. People high in authority in Germany had persuaded themselves that in case of war with the United States, they would have the immediate and decisive aid of "one big union" of German-American citizens. But their first tangible evidence of this union of their imagination was when they met a large share of its possible membership in American uniforms on the western battle front. And most of the remainder were at work in making or transporting munitions, while the actively pro-German part, numerically insignificant, were taking a rest within stockades, under cover of American rifles. The "one big union" field here is already pre-empted by the union generally known as the United States of America. It comprises in its membership the vast majority of the workers of whom Bolshevistic agitators dream as the supporters of the "one big union" which is to revolutionize this country. Let them once succeed in bringing the matter squarely to the test, and they will find that most American workingmen themselves will carry guns, if necessary, in order to vindicate the right of this greater union to live, and to enforce its authority over any and all opposition.

American manhood will fight Bolshevik dissolution as readily as it fought Prussian militarism.

CONSIDERABLE mystery surrounds the release from custody of Robert Minor, the American Bolshevik who was arrested and held by the American military authorities at Coblenz, charged with circulating seditious literature among the American soldiers, in the interest of the Russian Bolsheviks and the German Spartacists. This release was made the subject of inquiry in the Senate, and on October 23 Secretary Baker made a statement in regard to it which does not entirely clear up the matter. It would appear that the evidence upon which the case against Minor rested was the testimony of an agent of the Military Intelligence, who had ingratiated himself with Minor and the Spartacist conspirators, and this evidence alone, without corroboration by other witnesses, was regarded by the Judge Advocate-General as insufficient to convict Minor of the serious charge, although he was personally convinced of Minor's guilt.

Secretary Baker's explanation gives rise to several conjectures. It now appears that immediately following the release of Minor additional important evidence became available. Nevertheless, Minor was allowed to depart, and making his way to America, to take up again his work of Bolshevik agitation with brazen effrontery. The question insistently presents itself as to why, in view of the known facts, he was not detained pending further investigation, and what was the source and inspiration of the telegram sent from Paris to suspend action against Minor. Furthermore, it seems strange indeed, in view of Secretary Baker's statement that on the day after Minor's release the War Department obtained corroboration of the charges against him, that no action has been taken to place him again under arrest and bring him to trial.

THE surprise defeat of the British Cabinet is a symptom of the general revulsion, noticeable all over Europe, from that unquestioning submission to Ministerial dictatorship which the necessity of war had forced on the people's representatives. From a controlling body, jealous of its sovereign rights, Parliament had been degraded to an obedient flock of followers, and the War Cabinet, Lloyd George's Government within the Government, ruled supreme. The coupon election was an attempt to create a permanency out of war's makeshift, and the people, still under the spell of the glorious victory, were fooled into renewing the payment of those sovereign

rights with which that glory had been bought. Several bye-elections which went against the Government were the first indications of the people returning to a normal state of mind. The adverse vote over a clause in the Alien bill is even more significant, coming as it does so soon after Lloyd George's success in settling the railway strike, which gave fresh vigor to his popularity. The breach struck in the Cabinet's position has, indeed, been patched up, but the weak spot will be exposed to fresh attacks. The old struggle of parliaments against autocracy has to be fought anew in another form in this democratic age.

THE part played by the labor members in this passage at arms between the Cabinet and Parliament deserves to be put on record. The question at issue was an amendment, proposed by the Government, and intended to alter the drastic clause withholding pilotage certificates from all aliens in favor of a number of French pilots for whom special provision had been made in the existing Pilotage act. The opposition against it was led by the Unionist wing of the Coalition party, and when the Labor members became aware of the advantage they could score by supporting that revolt within the Coalition, they voted with the anti-aliens against the amendment, thus sacrificing to an immediate party gain the principle of international brotherhood. We wonder what impression this will make on the comrades across the Channel who pilot the ship of Labor through the cross-currents of French politics. The French pilots have, indeed, got their privilege granted, after all. But they do not owe this satisfaction to the support of British Labor but to a compromise between the Cabinet and Parliament, the latter having consented to reconsider the decision in exchange for a return to Cabinet responsibility and a promise of more regular attendance of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons.

ICH bin ein Pilger, der sein Zeil nicht kennt,
Der Feuer sieht und weiss nicht wo es
brennt,
Ich bin ein Träumer, den ein Lichtschein narret,
Der in dem Sonnenstrahl nach Golde scharret.
These lines are from a poem by Erich Mühsam, one of the Spartacist leaders, who is atoning with long years of incarceration for his share in the mad communistic experiment at Munich. Mühsam has fallen a martyr to his strained idealism. The tragedy of his fatal self-deception is strikingly expressed in these verses. They are significant not only of the poet's errantry, but of the aimless wandering of all his fellow-believers in

latter-day communism. Pilgrims to a shrine they do not know, led astray by the glowworms of Utopia into the bog of national self-destruction, they are blind leaders of the blind, pitiable for their deficiency, but criminal for presuming in their blindness to guide their fellow-sufferers.

THE German ex-Crown Prince has expressed a desire to bring back the old simplicity of court life, says the *Times* correspondent in Holland. The wish is father to the thought in foolish people. In the wise it is a child of necessity. Caricaturists have discovered in Willy of Wieringen's features a likeness to wily Reynard the Fox. It now appears to be more than a superficial resemblance. There is vulpine wisdom in the pretense that grapes, which do not grow in the inclement air of Wieringen, are a sour and offensive kind of fruit.

"BELLA gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube." Let others make war—thou, happy Austria, make marriages. By marriage, not by conquest, so ran the boast of the Hapsburgs, had the Austrian dynasty extended the realm. Henceforth this imperialistic abuse of one of the sacraments will be impossible. By passing an act abolishing the name of "German Austria" and substituting the title "Republic of Austria," the National Assembly has precluded all possibility of expansion by matrimonial connections. The vow before the altar of two crowned individuals has ceased to have a binding force for the union of nations. By their free will only can that union be consummated. But the freedom to unite is not granted to peoples unconditionally. It is limited by being made subject to the consent of the comity of nations. This right of control was, although under protest, recognized by Germany when she cancelled the clause in the new Constitution providing for the incorporation of Austria with the Empire. And the National Assembly at Vienna, in its turn, has, under compulsion of the Supreme Council, eliminated from the recently adopted Constitution the provision declaring Austria to be a composite part of Germany. *Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube.* Austria has, none the less, waged her war, and bitterly atones for it by this compulsory vow of celibacy.

WHAT one would like to do to a man who was actively disloyal to his country in time of war, and what one can do in all fairness and with due regard to processes of law, are two quite distinct things. But it is reassuring to observe that there is at least one place where such a man is not made welcome—

the Congress of the United States. Of course, those whose disloyalty merely suffered an eclipse, went as it were into dignified retirement for the duration of the war, are under no particular disability. In fact, the forces of law and order were recently put at the disposal of those who wished to indulge a long-suppressed taste for German opera.

WHAT constitutes demobilization? This is a question on which the Administration should throw some light at once. If war-time prohibition should be further continued on the ground that the conditions of the bill which made it operative on July 1 still exist, an authoritative statement to that effect would be welcome at this time. Some days ago Representative Rainey said that the War Department regarded demobilization as completed. If this is true, or even if the public thinks that it is true, and if the Administration is lending itself to the expediency of keeping the country dry until Constitutional prohibition shall take effect, it is helping to promote a spirit of lawlessness at a time when that spirit is causing much concern in various spheres of activity.—*The Review*, Oct. 18.

If the War Department now considers demobilization complete, why, asks the droughty *Review*, should not the ban on liquor be lifted at once? It expresses the fear that the Administration may be "lending itself to the expediency of keeping the country dry until Constitutional prohibition shall take effect." This the *Review* condemns as "helping to promote a spirit of lawlessness." But it is not lawless to take the trouble to read the law, as the *Review* appears not to have done. War-time prohibition is to end, not merely with the completion of demobilization, but with the proclamation of peace by the President; and the Attorney-General has held that this can not be until after the Treaty is ratified. We supposed that everybody knew this. Certainly, the liquor-sellers know it.—*The New York Evening Post*, Oct. 22.

The law—which was quoted verbatim in an earlier number of the *Review*—says nothing about "the proclamation of peace by the President." The President's view of it was stated as follows in a cable message to Secretary Tumulty printed in the newspapers of June 29:

I am convinced that the Attorney-General is right in advising me that I have no legal power at this time in the matter of the ban on liquor.

The act provides that after June 30, 1919, until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President, it shall be unlawful, etc.

This law does not specify that the ban shall be lifted with the signing of peace, but with the termination of the demobilization of the troops, and I cannot say that that has been accomplished.

When demobilization is terminated, my power to act without Congressional action will be exercised.

It will be noticed that the President's refusal was expressly based on the fact

that he could not say that demobilization had been accomplished. The reader will observe, too, that the *Review* was making no demand that "the ban on liquor be lifted at once," but only that the Government make its position clear to the public.

THE crime, however, of being "droughty" is one which—to use the language of a famous speech once familiar to every schoolboy—we shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny. We have repeatedly declared our conviction that Constitutional prohibition is a monstrosity. War-time prohibition is a matter of merely passing interest, but Constitutional prohibition is of abiding importance as related to the principles of government in general, to the spirit of our own historic union of self-governing States, to the ideals of individual liberty, and to the character of personal and social life. In every one of these respects except the last, we look upon Constitutional prohibition as a great and unalloyed evil. As regards the last, every man of sense must admit that rigidly enforced prohibition will do a great deal of good; but that the good will be purchased at a tremendously great sacrifice, personal and social, is our profound conviction. To think of drinking as merely the satisfaction of a morbid or half-morbid physical craving is to ignore what it has done to cheer and solace and refresh millions in all ages, to make a genial social atmosphere such as nothing else has been able to produce, to furnish that occasional escape from strain and dullness which so many of the finest spirits that the world has ever known have found of inestimable help and value to them. We do not believe that the sacrifice ought to be made, and we are in some measure doubtful whether even the gain which we admit it will effect, and which we admit is very great, will prove in the long run to be a real one.

In any case, the settling of this question in such a way as to place it permanently beyond the control of the people by any process of statutory legislation is both juristically and practically a monstrosity. The *Review* would have been glad to have the opportunity of doing what little it could to oppose its consummation, had the *Review* been in existence before the thing was done. As for the *Evening Post*, so far as we can remember, it confined its expression of judgment to solemnly informing its readers, from time to time, that if the moral sense of the people demanded the amendment the amendment would be passed. The conclusion to which the *Evening Post* was itself impelled, either by its moral or its intellectual sense, was a se-

cret which it kept carefully locked in its bosom.

THE hearty approval of good citizens goes out to Governor Smith in the vigorous rejoinder he has made to the abuse long heaped upon him by Hearst's newspapers. One reason why New York has suffered so often from unfit officials has been the supposed necessity of nominating candidates able and willing to keep the peace with Hearst. His support during a campaign need not necessarily condemn a candidate, as it may be merely a baited hook for the future, not compensation in advance for compliance already guaranteed. But the well-known record of years past makes his continued support, after election, a warrantable ground for suspicion. The spectacle of a public official under the domination of such an influence is abhorrent. When the Governor asserts that he could have had Hearst's support by paying the price, the statement may be accepted at once as entirely consistent with all that is known of Hearst methods. Unfortunately, the necessity of defeating Tammany makes it difficult for voters to express at the polls their approval of the Governor as against Hearst.

IT should interest any son of Harvard, during the present movement for increase of endowment, to read over the address of James Russell Lowell delivered thirty-three years ago, during the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Admitting that Harvard teachers had not won much distinction by pushing forward the boundaries of knowledge, he laid the blame largely to the fact that the energy which might have been ample for this higher service had been consumed on labor which should not have been exacted from them. "They have been underpaid, and the balance made good to them by being overworked." But the one thing from Lowell's address of thirty-three years ago which the Harvard of to-day can best adopt and endeavor to realize is its clean-cut and lofty definition of what he held up as the appropriate Harvard ideal. "Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul." As the finished product to be desired, without raising questions of content of curriculum or method of instruction, at what point would even the most modern educational theorist be willing to attack this definition?

Now for a Genuine Conference on Labor

SECRETARY LANE has a happy faculty of hitting the nail on the head. He has never been more successful in doing so than in his simple statement of the cause of the breakdown of the Conference at Washington. "The Industrial Conference," he says, "never really got started. It died at its birth, because questions arose which it was not prepared to meet then." That is the truth, and, so far as the mere fact of failure is concerned, it comes very near to being the whole truth. It is easy enough to contend that if the employers' group had been more conciliatory, some form of resolution about collective bargaining might have been adopted. It is easy enough to contend that if the labor group had remained in the Conference, instead of incontinently bolting when it failed to have its way, all the groups might eventually have been brought into some kind of agreement. But the difficulty lay, at bottom, neither in the votes, nor the speeches, nor the personal bearing, of the delegates; it lay in the fact that there is really a big issue which has neither been fought out nor thought out, and which it was chimerical for a hastily gathered assembly of miscellaneous persons to expect to settle by the adoption of a mere form of words, however cleverly put together.

The resolution upon which the Conference suffered shipwreck may or may not have meant what the employers' group—*i. e.*, a majority of that group—regarded it as meaning. But here is the dilemma: it either did mean to make a vital change in the relations at present existing between the labor unions on the one hand and employers and non-union workmen on the other, or it did not. If it did, the employers' group were not prepared to yield to the demand; if it did not, there is no reason why the labor group should have made its acceptance the indispensable condition of their willingness to do anything whatever to improve existing conditions. The fact that the labor group broke up the Conference when they failed to get the resolution adopted—though they displayed a readiness to accept what on the surface looked like important qualifications to the resolution—seems to show that they looked upon it as meaning a fundamental gain in their campaign for universal unionization. This does not prove that it was wrong; it does prove that the matter was not one to be disposed of without infinitely more careful consideration of its real purport, and its probable practical effect, than the Conference gave to it.

The President's Cabinet has done wisely not to accept this failure as final. Its present plan, of calling together a new Conference, "representing the body of the public and not divided into groups," and consisting of "approximately fifteen of the most prominent Americans," opens up the possibility of accomplishing results which the recent Conference, even if it had held together, was hardly fitted to achieve. Everything will depend, to be sure, first upon the choice of the men, and secondly upon the method they will adopt. Assuming that the membership is of the right calibre, the Conference, if it is to attain any valuable result, will have to realize that this can be got only at the cost of a lot of hard thinking about both the facts and the opinions which underlie the whole situation. And it will have to be willing to lay down the outcome of that thinking in such a form that the actual practical effect of the recommendations will be patent to all men.

In regard to a great many questions—questions with which the recent Conference, too, might have dealt helpfully, had it not been run on the rocks—this last requirement will present no special difficulty. On such subjects as working conditions, profit-sharing, regular contact and understanding between workers and management in a given establishment, automatic adjustment of wages by reference to an index-number of prices—on these and many other things, whatever conclusions the Conference may arrive at, there will be no special difficulty in making them plain. These are not the subject of bitter controversy, and they involve no principle vitally affecting the structure of industrial and general life. It is the questions of the rights and powers of organized labor that will put both the wisdom and the courage of the Conference to the test.

The new Conference may arrive at no definitive result on these questions, and yet be far from having been a failure. For it may, without solving the problems, throw such light on them as will enormously help the public to take a just view of specific controversies when they arise. The indispensable condition of such helpfulness is that what is said shall have a real and substantial meaning. A mystic formula, which may be interpreted in any specific instance as meaning whatever the interpreter chooses, is worse than nothing. We want to know what those fifteen eminent Americans really think about the closed shop—the province of its legitimate application, the dangers of its universal prevalence. We want a clear and firm recognition of certain rights of organized labor; but we want also an unmistakable assertion of the duties corresponding to these rights,

and of the absolute supremacy of law. We want to have an authoritative statement of the limitations to which, in the opinion of the Conference, the right to strike ought to be subject, especially in the case of occupations in which a strike means paralysis of the essential activities of the community. We want a statement of the principles which determine when refusal to arbitrate a dispute is to be regarded as an offense against the public good and against public morals.

However well this work may be done, it is idle to expect that it will bring to a sudden end the age-long controversy over the "rights of labor." But it is not too much to hope that it may bring about real progress, and tend greatly to diminish the frequency and the duration of industrial conflicts. To quote Secretary Lane again, we "want to see a new conference of leading minds that will think in practical terms, a real council of national defence against the kind of civil war which some seem to think another irrepressible conflict." So far as the crucial questions of controversy are concerned, to think in practical terms means, above all, to think in such a way that the practical intent and working of your conclusions shall be fairly evident; the trouble about the resolution offered in the recent Conference was that it was an attempt to cover by a few smooth words a difficulty that all men know to be too deep-seated for such treatment. As understood by many, perhaps most, of the delegates, it would make almost no change in existing relations; but in the opinion of one of the leading members of the employers' group its real purpose was "to force, if possible, the hundreds of thousands of employers in industries throughout the country to recognize the labor unions whether they will or will not." In the findings of the new conference, there must be no possibility of such confusion of counsel. If it thinks "in practical terms," it will not only promote many particular schemes of amelioration, but will do at least something to clarify thought, and promote good understanding, even on the most critical of controversial issues.

But the men chosen for this task must frankly face the fact that its difficulties are real, and not due merely to wanton perversity. To ascribe the trouble wholly to the failure of men to look at things in the right spirit is an error as fatal as the opposite error of regarding the trouble as being immovably rooted in the everlasting nature of things. If the idea that nothing is possible leads to paralysis, the idea that everything is possible leads to futility.

When the Public Strikes

WE are beginning to hear from the Third Estate—the public. Its gigantic outlines are beginning to define themselves, the giant's strength is tugging at its hamperings, it gives forth mutterings indicating that it will shortly be broad awake. Enceladus is getting ready to arise. Only now and then in the history of the world has the usually good-natured giant cast off his chains. The rest of the time he is a good deal of a butt, gladly suffering plausible fools to an extent that incurs the contempt of some high-minded people who forget to praise him for his ultimate wisdom in refusing to be led to his own destruction. He has been fooled so often that he has developed a kind of skeptical caution that makes him slow to correct abuses, in the hope that they will somehow correct themselves, and equally slow to embark upon hopeful experiment lest the last state prove worse than the first. It is only in the long run that the public is either wise or strong.

But the longest run comes some time to an end. At such rare times in the past, the public has become effectively conscious of itself. It has realized that it exists by virtue of no mere mythological or philosophical license of speech. It has seen clearly that it is no mere huge residuum, helpless and unorganized, the result of an elimination of all small, well-defined classes that know exactly what they want and propose to get it. The public is no such No Man's Land over which opposing forces contend. It is not defined by negation—it comprises all those people who are able and willing to live a life of their own with a decent regard for the rights of others to do the same. It has its enemies, and now and then it feels bound to take notice of them, to destroy them, usually by somewhat drastically educating them—and itself.

The public has long recognized its criminally-minded enemies, and it is gradually learning how to deal with them. It once found its enemies in kings, and it spent a good deal of effort toward limiting the harm that kings could do, even if in the process it has not yet wholly learned to govern itself. It again recognized its enemy in ecclesiastical oppression and it proceeded to put the church, if not where it belonged, at least out of the places where it did not belong. It recognized an enemy in human slavery and it destroyed it. The public does not often strike, but when it does it strikes hard and at the big and obvious thing.

With one of these rare crises the public is faced to-day. In the struggle between "capital" and "labor" it is giving signs that it is no longer minded to play the disastrous rôle of innocent bystander. It has a stake in the game and it proposes to see fair play and some observance of the rules. In such a contest it is natural that the public should find itself in sympathy with much on both sides. It is itself composed almost entirely of people who labor—all such naturally wish to see so much general improvement of the conditions of life as may be possible. At the same time, it realizes that a civilization which may be broadly defined as "capitalistic" is the only one that can supply it with a life that a human being would find tolerable, furnish it with food and shelter and the joys of the chase that reside in the pursuit of happiness. It values a constitution which guarantees the right to play the game, but it would gravely distrust a constitution which pretended to assure each individual that he would win it. Realizing all this, it has for some time set itself the task of educating "capital." It has made a good deal of progress, setting metes and bounds in various directions, and finally inducing in the mind of "capital" a willingness, an eagerness almost, to clear away the many remediable faults that remain. Capital has grown aware of the existence of a public and begins to defer to it. But there has been as yet no sign that "labor" recognizes the existence of a public. Quite evidently the public has now in its hands the task of educating "labor."

Just as the public is very far from feeling hostility to "capital" as an institution, finding indeed its sole hope in it and its objection only to certain practices and men who take advantage of these practices to the public's detriment, so it cannot possibly regard "labor" as in itself an enemy, since most of the public themselves labor. But in certain practices of "labor" and in certain men who turn these practices to public disadvantage it now clearly recognizes its enemies. Its mind is growing clear on several points. The Boston police strike defined in its mind one point beyond which the right to strike does not extend. The steel strike convinced it that it could not afford to tolerate on the part of a few revolutionary minded leaders an assertion of power which they did not possess but hoped out of the resulting turmoil to obtain. It put up with a transportation strike in New York for one day, but to trust to that tolerance another time would be rash. Toward the threats of the future it is beginning to set a very determined face. How is the game to go on if one little group after

another picks up its toys and goes home? The public proposes to see that the game goes on. It is not in the least inclined to listen to the few who want to get up a brand-new game.

But how is the public to teach these very elementary and obvious things to "labor," or rather how is it going to maintain an existence while "labor" is learning them for itself? At first glance the modern public does not appear very self-reliant; a too nearly complete specialization of functions has left it ill able to take care of itself. The British public, however, trained by the rigors of four years of war, gave a very good account of itself in the recent railway strike. The public at a pinch stepped in and did its own transporting. Our own problem is harder, distributed as we are over distances that are continental and with less of war's hardening discipline than has fallen to the lot of the European peoples. But the American people may as well make up their minds now to prepare for an emergency. It must learn to shift for itself in a pinch. It must be ready to mine its own coal, to transport its own materials, and above all to get along without those things which the stress of an emergency will render impossible of supply. It will be an arduous and costly business, but it offers the only means of persuading those who do not yet know of the existence of a public, or who under bad leadership have defied it, to resume with full consciousness their place in it. The issues are not less than those of life and death, and life is worth having at the cost of a little sharp discipline endured with perfect confidence of ultimate success. When the public stands ready to strike it strikes once and strikes no more—at least for a very long time. All its members—and that means almost everybody in the country—earnestly hope it will not have to strike at all.

The Treaty Still in Danger

THE Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate has brought in a mass of reservations bristling with all manner of difficulties, many of them breathing a spirit of hostility to the proposed League of Nations, and some of them calculated to rob it of all efficacy. It is of course impossible to claim for these reservations what had all along been claimed for those offered by Republican Senators who had declared their anxious desire to have the treaty ratified without subversive change, and who had shown how this could be effected while safeguarding our country against danger or injury. With these reservations adopted by a majority of

the Senate, the alleged purpose of either the Republican leaders or the Administration forces to defeat the Treaty by preventing a two-thirds vote in its favor might well be regarded as an empty threat. Neither Mr. Lodge and his coadjutors on the Republican side, nor Mr. Hitchcock with the President behind him, could afford to go before the country as having wrecked the Treaty when so fair an opportunity had been presented of saving it.

Should anything like the Committee's fourteen reservations be adopted, the situation will be wholly different. If the Treaty should then fail for want of a two-thirds vote, the Democratic Senators who voted against it would be fully justified in placing the blame for failure upon the Republican marplots who had wantonly piled up needless and fatal obstacles to its adoption. And even if the two-thirds vote were obtained, the President could not be blamed for rejecting a result the acceptance of which would be an absolute stultification of his own repeated declarations.

In the event of such an outcome of the struggle in the Senate, the group of Republican Senators known as "mild reservationists" will be placed in a pitiful position. They will have failed to carry out the high purpose which they had avowed, to fulfil the great responsibility which clearly rested upon them. The programme of the Foreign Relations Committee, even with the amendments eliminated, flies in the face of all that Senators like McCumber and Kellogg and several others have stood for; and the programme can not be carried out if that group of Senators stand firm for what they believe to be right. But if they mean to stand firm, now is the time for them to make their intention unmistakably known, and thus forefend all sorts of possibilities of confusion and mischief.

The blame for failure, if failure there is to be, will not rest primarily, however, upon the moderate reservationists. It will rest upon them only in as much as it has been in their power to compel success in the face of woefully bad policy both on the Administration and on the anti-Administration side. Mr. Lodge has managed to unite in his leadership what might be thought the almost incompatible faults of indecision and truculence; he has combined a maximum of offensiveness with a minimum of definite purpose. And the Administration side has shown an utter failure to realize the necessity of obtaining by a reasonable spirit of compromise and coöperation the aid of those without whose help it has been plain from the beginning that success was impossible.

Nor should another unfortunate factor in the case be left out of account. Among the thick-and-thin supporters of Mr. Wilson, opposition to the Covenant has been represented as inspired solely by partisan or personal malice, and has been contemptuously dismissed as sure to prove a mere bluff in the end. This has been as mischievous in its practical effect as it has been at variance with the truth. Throughout the country there are many men as high-minded, as sincere, and as competent as any advocate of the Covenant, who are profoundly convinced that it involves dangers that outweigh the evils which even outright rejection of the Treaty would involve. To brand all its opponents in the Senate as partisan or malignant is as gross a libel as it would be to place a like brand upon its supporters. These tactics have accomplished nothing whatever in the way of breaking down criticism, but have unquestionably served to intensify resentment and to stiffen opposition. The time is not yet, however, for casting up accounts; what is wanted at the moment is action, irrespective of who is to blame for the difficulties and perplexities of the situation.

When the Dew is on the Corn

THE Daylight-Saving law, a happy by-product of the war, was repealed by the votes of Congressmen who explained their action as due to pressure from the farmer. Farm workers of to-day, we are told, will not be dragged into the fields while wheat and corn are still dripping with the dew. How old-time farmers, lured into city life during the past twenty or thirty years, must rub their eyes and look again as they read all this in the morning paper! The farmer, shivering at the thought of the dew, unwilling to set his foot on the grass until sure that his shoes will not be dampened! What a contrast with the time when, as a boy, you hiked over the pasture-field looking among clumps of pawpaw bushes for old Selim, long before rosy-fingered Aurora shot the hill-tops with her shafts of gold. If his erratic grazing drew you under the honey-locusts in the still imperfect light, you might even have to sit down in the dew and extract a thorn from your foot, like the boy who has come down to us in bronze from some thorny field of the old Mediterranean world, though minus his sculptural dignity and plus a more comprehensive outfit of clothes. And after you had caught your horse and curried him, eaten your breakfast and reached the field with the double-shovel cultivator of that day, there was

still dew enough on the corn to soak through your shirt and trickle down your sides as you went back and forth between the rows. If you had not appeared until the dew was gone, your neighbors would have thought something wrong.

In time of hay harvest, in those days, the ring of whetstone on scythe, or the clatter of the mowing-machine if your field was fairly level, was often heard while the moon still had power to throw a shadow. If you used the scythe, you knew how much more easily the stems were snipped while still soft with the dew and the larger the amount down at an early hour, the more you got from the curving rays of the sun in the heat of the day. In berrying season, the big and little sisters of the household were out in the briar-lined gullies as soon as there was light enough to tell a ripe berry from a green one, and back in the kitchen with their pails full for the jam jars, long before the sun was high enough to draw the dew either from the berry bushes or from its secondary lodging in their hair and dresses. The farm clock of that earlier day could have been adjusted with little violence to such mild legislation as has just been repealed. If not a daylight saver by instinct, it was so by compulsion. It was generally well ahead of sun time, and if not so nicely geared as to run precisely twenty-four hours to the solar day, the discrepancy was not usually on the side of laziness. To its initial handicap allowance was added the fact that the regular time for the dinner horn was about the hour of eleven. And if the housewife wanted to go to town in the afternoon, it might have emergency aid in reaching that hour. The attitude of the old-time farmer and his family to the time-piece was about as irreverent as that of the old Roman, who bluntly said, "My belly is my clock. It tells me when dinner-time comes."

The question most troublesome to the farmer visiting his city relatives in the past was what to do with the seemingly interminable space between daybreak and the call to breakfast. Lying awake in bed so long was an impossibility, developed from lifelong habit. Nor was he trained to enjoy sitting in a room and looking at windows across the street, or reading the *Ladies Home Journal*, or some volume of O. Henry or H. G. Wells which he might find on the table. If he could find his way from bedroom to door without too much danger of inciting a burglar alarm, he was more likely to solve the problem by a stroll through the streets, with a stop at some all-night restaurant, where ham and eggs, or buck-wheat cakes and sausage, might prepare the way for "breakfast" two hours later. But now it is the city clamoring for early

hours, and restoring by local ordinance the daylight-saving repealed by Congress under pressure from the farm, where the toiler is unwilling to dampen his apparel with the moisture of dewy morn. Is the scene to be reversed? Will the city girl, on vacation at the farm, be seen soaking her skirts in the early dew in search of peaches or berries with which to quiet the complaints of her stomach until her country cousins announce the eight-thirty coffee and rolls? Or will she stay in her room and try to read the *National Stockman* or the *Poultry-Breeders' Gazette* until the hour when one can be seen out of bed on the farm without losing social caste?

In early Spring, or "when the frost is on the pumpkin," the dew is of course a little chilly. But the old-time farmer simply threw in a little more physical exertion, racing with his comrades, perhaps, to see who could put up the most corn-shocks, ten hills square, before the call of the dinner horn. The chill of the dew was met and routed by the steaming sweat of toil. But the Corn-cutters' Union would object to that, and it might be necessary now to keep up a fire at each end of the field, or furnish each cutter with something like the fur-and-leather outfit of the aviator, if corn must be cut in a temperature under forty degrees Fahrenheit. Otherwise the horrible sufferings of the tiller of the soil might bring some Foster from afar to the rescue with a general strike, and a demand for a four-hour farm day, beginning at ten o'clock.

We do not know the identity of the maiden to whom George Darley addressed his "Morning-song," nearly a century ago. She was in the country at the "dramatic date" of the effusion, as he bids her "behold how the early lark springs from the corn"; but no one who knows the older farm life and reads the verses through will mistake her for a genuine country girl. But now that even the hired hand refuses to wet his toes in the morning dew, the rural swain may perhaps fitly appear under the farm-house window at about 9 A. M., and sing to her who in an earlier day would have had the cows milked a good three hours past, the words of the closing stanza:

Then wake thee, my Lady-love!
Bird of my bower!
The sweetest and sleepest
Bird at this hour!

In remote spots among the hills, "Dad" may still get out and pole his lima beans before sun-up, and the boys jump from their beds by five o'clock, otherwise if not voluntarily. "In the by and large," however, with both houses of Congress afraid to ask the farmer to move up his clock in Summer, for fear of suggesting his presence in the field while yet the

dew is on the corn, who shall say that the tiller of the soil is too stolid to change? At present, in his opposition to what others regard as a notable achievement of social progress, his attitude is just a little irritating. But in abandoning his old-time early rising, due to centuries of inherited habit, he has shown his ability to change. In time, perhaps, he will come the complete circle, and get back to early hours again by the route of a culturally implanted desire to get out, if not in his corn-field, at least in his automobile, and enjoy the sensuous charms of "incense-breathing morn." By that time, however, some other class may discover a grievance in "daylight-saving," and Congress will fly the track again. After all, we may be doomed to find that nothing short of a world war can unite us all in support of the easy trick of outwitting our traditional horology by forcing the helpless hands of the clock to point to six when it is really only five.

An Artists' Haven

MR. LOUIS TIFFANY has devoted his Long Island estate, with a generous endowment, to be an artists' home. There is no intention to found a school. Only residents who already have their rudiments will be admitted. Confidence is placed in the value of congenial association, of a dignified and relatively care-free manner of life, in withdrawal from confusion, and in access to the founder's rich collections of decorative art.

As the benefaction of an accomplished artist who is also a successful man of affairs, the gift is significant. Few living artists have touched the whole field of the arts and crafts at so many points as Mr. Tiffany. An excellent painter, an inventor of iridescent glass, a master decorator, Mr. Tiffany has had in his immediate employ famous painters and sculptors, capable journeyman artisans, young students, amateurs—everybody who in any degree can make or choose a fine object. Probably few men of our time have had so vividly, concretely, and continuously before them the whole problem of the artist in the modern world. His gift has behind it the weight and the grace of experience.

One need not be a fanatical Malthusian to see that social problems thicken with the mere growth of population. We have learned sooner to think in millions than to live wisely in them. Especially has the mere bigness of the world pressed on the artist. It has put him at arm's length from his patron, has necessitated costly and cumbersome mediation by dealers, has unhappily isolated the artist or made him perform more exceptional

than it is profitable for anyone to be. It has put him at a long remove from his patron's purse, taste and comradeship. It has pretty well done away with the old citizenship of the artist, with the mental coöperation between himself and his neighbors. City life particularly has become hard for him. To live, he must charge prices that sadly limit his public, or he must live otherwise than by his art, in poverty or subsidized dilettantism. It is wholesome for the artist neither to live in eccentric Bohemias nor yet to become the financial rival of the neurologist.

Mr. Tiffany has felt that it is best that some artists should live out of the city in the companionship of their own kind, and in touch with beautiful things. He intends, we understand, not wholly to support, but to aid, his guests. He will do for a group of artists what many are beginning to do for themselves. The Macdowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire, represents an organized form of a similar endeavor, and, apart from the innumerable summer colonies of artists, the year-round settlements at Taos and New Hope express the same tendency. Mr. Tiffany's establishment will have the considerable advantage of being in the country yet near the city. There will be little temptation for the artist to burrow too exclusively within the bounds of his own idiosyncrasy. The modern artist must feel the pulse of his own time, and without being shattered by its mighty and confused throbbing. That is his dilemma. Such a haven as Mr. Tiffany is to provide should help many an artist to maintain a creative serenity without losing the sense of the tumultuous environing sea.

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The Threatened Coal Strike

THE threatened strike among the bituminous coal miners of the United States is based on an entirely new principle of economics—an unsound principle that cannot be applied to any industry, or in any country, which hopes to advance or even to hold its own. This principle was given expression in the testimony of Captain Tetlow, statistician for the United Mine Workers of America, before the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, which, under the direction of Senator Frelinghuysen as chairman, has been conducting an investigation of the coal situation. It is, in effect, that industry, and the coal-mining industry in particular, must furnish steady employment at all times for the men engaged in it. When, as is admittedly the case in the present situation, the number of men on the payrolls exceeds the number necessary to work the mines steadily for 300 days in the year, or is more than is required to produce all the coal needed for this country and for export, the number of working hours must be reduced so that each man shall be retained on the payrolls, and without any reduction in his monthly or yearly earnings.

The present demand for a six-hour day and five days a week is predicated upon the claim that because of broken time, due chiefly in the early part of the year to a lessened demand for coal, and for the last few months to a shortage of railway cars, the miners have been able to average only about that amount of working time and in that time they have produced all the coal which the market could absorb or for which the railroads would supply the cars and the motive power.

It is true that the need for and the production of bituminous coal this year are much below what they were in 1917 or 1918. The production up to October 1, this year is something more than 100,000,000 tons below what it was for the same period last year, and consequently the miner has made fewer working hours and less total earnings than he did during the period of the war; but he has not had more broken time in 1919 than in normal years preceding the war and he has had the benefit of the increased wages to offset the increased cost of living equal to those of wage earners in most other lines of employment. The miner's vocation is not seasonal in its character, like that of the carpenter, the brick-layer, or the stone-mason, and yet his average working time in 1916 was 230 days, in 1915, 208 days, in 1914, 195 days, in 1913, 232

days, and in 1912, 223 days. In a period of twenty-five years preceding the war the largest number of working days averaged by the bituminous mine workers was 234 days, made in 1899, 1900, and 1907. Under the abnormal conditions produced by the war, the average working time in the bituminous coal mines was 243 days.

Coupled with the demand for the six-hour day, five days in the week, is that for a 60 per cent. advance in wages. The reason for this demand lies, of course, in the fact that, with 60 per cent. added to a 30-hour week, the earnings would be the same as those for a 48-hour week, and a little more than for the 44-hour week, which is rather more general, for in most districts Saturday is a half holiday. It is quite evident, therefore, that it is not because of dissatisfaction with present earnings that the demands are made, but in order that the same results may be accomplished in the way of earnings with 75 per cent. of the labor put into the winning of them.

It is inconceivable that such extraordinary and unreasonable demands should be granted. They would increase the cost to the consumer certainly as much as \$2.00, and possibly as much as \$2.50 a ton, and this in turn would naturally result in decreased demand for coal. Domestic consumers would exercise greater economy in its use, while railroads and other large consumers would turn wherever possible to fuel oil, a commodity which is already making serious inroads into the markets for coal.

With the decreased consumption of coal and further broken time for the miner, Captain Tetlow's proposal carried to its logical conclusion would necessitate the establishment of, say, a 20-hour week (four hours a day for five days), and another advance of 50 per cent., and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The sinister aspect of the present situation, and the actual basis of the threatened strike, as set forth in the declaration of the miners at Cleveland, is apparently a determination to force the nationalization of the coal-mining industry. Advantage is taken of the present season of the year on the part of one party to a tripartite agreement (the other parties being the operators and the Federal Government) to abrogate that agreement without the consent of the other parties, the agreement which was made in Washington being that the existing wage scale should be effective during the continuance of the war or until March 31, 1920. The action of the United Mine Workers in thus re-

pudding their agreement at a time when they may believe they have the people and the Government by the throat, gives color to the suspicion, voiced in some circles, that they have been influenced by, and are acting in collusion with, representatives of the railroad brotherhoods in an effort to secure control of the transportation and the coal-mining industries upon the plan proposed by Glenn E. Plumb.

It is known that advocates of the Plumb plan are at the present time spreading propaganda through the coal-mining region. There is a possibility, if not a probability, in the view of many who are concerned about the present situation, that the railroad brotherhoods will join issue with the miners in any walkout that gives promise of success and thus add to the paralyzing effect, not only on the transportation facilities, but on all industries, and to untold suffering on the part of the people.

An unfortunate phase of the situation is that the Railroad Administration itself cannot escape responsibility for a part of the present difficulty, for, owing to differences between the coal companies and the Railroad Administration as to the prices the railroads should pay for their fuel, the transportation companies have not contracted for their winter supplies to be delivered in advance, but have been buying almost entirely for immediate requirements; they find themselves at this critical juncture with reserve supplies at a dangerously low level. This policy of the Railroad Administration was largely responsible for the reports of "no market" which were given as the chief reason for reduced production in the early months of the coal year and which produced in large part the broken time complained of by the miners.

The railroad companies were not the only culprits in this regard, however, for large industrial consumers followed, to a considerable extent, the same policy; they have but themselves to blame for any present shortage in their fuel supplies, and they must share the responsibility for a demand of a 6-hour day. It would seem that the experience of 1917 should have proved a lesson on the wisdom of forehandedness, but, if it was, it has been soon forgotten.

During the last few months the complaints of the bituminous coal-mine operators have been directed at the Railroad Administration for failure to provide the necessary cars with which even to keep the mines and miners steadily employed, and which might enable them to make up the deficiency caused by the procrastination of the earlier months. The hardships which the strike will produce upon industry dependent upon coal must

prove more serious than upon transportation, for, in the very nature of things at such a time, railroads become preferred customers and may in addition exercise their powers of confiscation of any or all coal for locomotive use. Suffering among the domestic consumers who have also failed to provide against the rigors of winter by laying in their supplies in advance (and this particularly affects the poorer classes) must necessarily follow. But aside from the mere heating of the homes, the supply of gas for domestic purposes, now chiefly used for cooking, is largely dependent upon a continuous supply of soft coal. The shortage of bituminous coal would naturally create an unusual demand for hard coal, and, although the anthracite miners are pledged by their agreement of September 29 to remain at work until March 31, 1920, the mines are unable to produce anything like enough coal to make good the deficiency.

The anthracite miners have been much more wisely led than have their brothers in the bituminous fields. Without any display of heroics or blare of trumpets the Anthracite Mine Workers' Organization requested that the supplemental agreement of November 15, 1918, which provided certain wage increases as war bonuses, and which was to "remain in effect until the declaration of peace or until March 31, 1920, in case peace is not declared before that date," should be extended until March 31, 1920, the date upon which the present basic wage agreement made on May 5, 1916, terminates. In response to this request the representatives of the anthracite operators and the anthracite miners met in Philadelphia on September 29, and continued the agreement. This action called forth a decided expression of approval from Senator Frelinghuysen on the floor of the Senate, in the same speech in which he condemned the leaders of the bituminous miners for their unreasonable demands and for their high-handed action in seeking to compel acceptance of their terms "without amendment," with the penalty, as an alternative, of a nation-wide coal strike with all the paralysis of transportation and industry, and of the suffering among the people that such action would entail.

It does not seem possible that John L. Lewis, acting president of the United Mine Workers, and his lieutenants will run the risk of bringing this organization under the wrath of public opinion by carrying their threat to the extreme. The principal factor in the successful conduct of a strike which materially affects the people is the sympathy of the people in the cause for which the strike is called. In the present case public sym-

pathy is far removed from the workers in the bituminous coal mines. The public knows that the demands are out of reason, and not an inconsiderable part of that public realizes that the miners' leaders are playing a hold-up game. Another part believes that the present attitude of the mine workers is one of bluff and bluster and that, brought face to face with determination on the part of the operators, backed by outraged and indignant public opinion, the miners will accept the proffered olive branch and agree to a maintenance of the *status quo* until March 31, 1920, as the workers in the anthracite region have already seen their way to do.

The writer is inclined to agree with the editor of the *American Coal Journal*, who in a recent review of the situation stated that personally he did not believe there would be a strike, although every indication pointed that way. With him, the writer is sanguine that in the end good sense will prevail; that, though the mines may be shut down for a while in order that the leaders may save their faces, a compromise will be effected before actual suffering begins, and that bituminous coal will be mined pretty steadily during the coming winter and not on a basis of six hours a day, five days in the week.

EDWARD W. PARKER

The Hungarian Tangle

FOR over a thousand years Hungary has existed as a national entity. Armies have swept across the country; the border states have changed their boundaries, but the Hungarian boundaries have remained. The reason of this is geographical. With its rivers, its plains, its mountains, Hungary was complete and self-sustaining. Socially, the composition of the state was a curious survival of feudal times, picturesque perhaps, but decidedly unpleasant for all except members of the ruling class. The great nobles dominated Hungary. They were warriors, autocrats, impervious to modern social ideas. None but members of this class had any influence in the Government. Below the nobles existed a very restricted middle class, including successful men in the commercial field, but this class never exerted any important influence on the country. The great mass of people were and are peasants, without much education and with little ambition except to own land. The only supporters of the late unlamented Bolshevik régime were parts of the laboring classes in the cities and the large towns.

Half of the inhabitants of Hungary are of alien race and this has made thoughtless people accuse the Magyars of conquering and then oppressing the inhabitants of foreign states. That aliens were oppressed is true, but they came to Hungary of their own free will and this colonization has given a queer twist to the problem of self-determination. If large numbers of Mexicans crowded into Texas, settled there, multiplied, and finally outnumbered the native Americans, exactly how long would it be before the United States would be compelled to cede Texas to Mexico on the plea of self-determination? The problem of Transylvania is precisely the same. The Rumanians settled there, multiplied, grew to outnumber the Magyars. Now Hungary

must cede that portion of its territory to Rumania. From the Hungarian point of view the same situation exists, of course, with regard to the lands ceded to Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Jugoslavia. One wonders whether the millions of Magyars in the ceded countries will be less restless than were the Rumanians and Czechs and Austrians and Slovenes in Hungarian territory. The outlook for peace is not hopeful. The Magyars point out, also, that in the distribution of their territory ethnological reasons were given as decisive, but that similar reasons did not hold in other distributions of territory. German Bohemia, for example, was given to Czechoslovakia for economic and geographical reasons, although the inhabitants of the territory were overwhelmingly German-speaking. In Transylvania equally vital geographical and economic arguments were cast into the discard because slightly more than fifty per cent. of the population were Rumanians. In the Tyrol both economic and ethnological arguments were ignored in order to give Italy a better military frontier. "A peace of violence," say the Magyars, "is no less a peace of violence because of noble-sounding explanations. Transylvania is given to Rumania because a slight majority of the people are Rumanian-speaking; Pressburg, overwhelmingly Magyar, is given to Czechoslovakia because economically that state needs the city on the Danube; West Hungary is allotted to Austria because Vienna needs it as a market garden. Not a single reason for the assignment of any particular scrap of territory seems ever to apply to Hungary."

Whether or not there is justice in this claim is a matter for history to decide. It certainly would have appeared more straightforward if the Peace Conference had said quite simply: "You Magyars have proved yourselves, during centuries,

aliens under your control. For this reason we intend so to readjust your boundaries that these groups shall have an opportunity of normal development in accord with their national characteristics." Such a frank statement could hardly have been more irritating to the Hungarians and would have saved the Peace Conference many difficult explanations. It would also have made impossible any Hungarian appeal to world sympathy, because the whole world knows what Magyar rule, at least until recent years, has meant.

What the world wants is peace, and no sentimental consideration for the newly-created nations or blind confidence in the omniscience of the hordes of technical advisers to the Peace Conference ought to prevent consideration of the problem as to whether the present "settlement" of questions in the Danube regions and present events there are likely to lead toward peace.

The outstanding fact in Hungary today is the Rumanian occupation. A concise résumé of what has occurred since the Armistice is necessary to understand this situation. Hungary signed the Armistice terms and apparently in good faith. A government under Count Karolyi was formed and continued for some months, in spite of the fact that the boundaries laid down by the Armistice were repeatedly violated by Rumanians, Czechs, and Serbs, because Karolyi was supposed to be on good terms with the Entente and to be more likely than any other to save some semblance of the ancient state. The Entente considered, promised, did nothing to restrain the rapacity of its little mid-European Allies, and in the final crisis Karolyi, discredited, turned the Government over to the Bolshevists. Bela Kun ignored the terms of the Armistice as completely as his neighbors had ignored it, proceeded to build up a Red army, and made a very successful raid in Slovakia. The Peace Conference ordered him out. He withdrew his armies and appeared to be concentrating them on the Rumanian frontier—a frontier, it may be said, that was already many miles west of the line prescribed. Exactly what happened at this point can not be determined. Bela Kun actually attacked the Rumanians on July 20, but his army was quickly repulsed. Whether he could have attacked again had he wished, is not known. His army had been recruited to save the state. After it was formed the Bolshevists stopped preaching nationalism and talked only Bolshevik principles. These interested the majority of the army not at all and, after the retreat from Slovakia, desertions occurred by the thousands. Such an army could hardly have been consid-

ered a serious menace to Rumania, but, on the ground that it was planning further attacks, the Rumanians prepared to advance. Things happened with bewildering rapidity. The Bolshevik Government fell and was succeeded by a more moderate but still radical Socialist Government. The Rumanians started toward Budapest. If, at this critical moment, Paris had shown determination and resource, the situation might have been saved, but instead the Peace Conference only warned the new Government to carry out the Armistice terms—already violated by all concerned—and defined again the frontier lines beyond which Hungarian troops might not advance. In the east this line was already imaginary, for the Rumanians had long since crossed it in their hot-foot advance on Budapest. They took the city, almost without opposition, and on August 6, by a bloodless coup d'état, the Archduke Joseph seized the reigns of government.

In any discussion of this illegal Rumanian invasion it would be unfair to Rumania not to admit, at the outset, that the Rumanian Government probably had as little confidence in the ability of the Peace Conference to restrain the Hungarians as successive Hungarian Governments had in the promises of the same Conference to restrain the land hunger of its Allies. Rumania had watched the disorders in Hungary for months and found conditions in August hardly less chaotic than in March. Rumania saw little hope of recovering the supplies carried off by Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians after the seizure of Bucharest during the war. Here was an opportunity, Hungary being prostrate, to get redress, and to atone for the ignominy of the German-Hungarian entry into Bucharest by a Rumanian entrance into Budapest. However regrettable, such considerations were so human as to be almost legitimate. But beyond the initial excuse there is nothing to be said for Rumania. The invasion was the most flagrant violation of the Armistice that had occurred; although practically unopposed, it was characterized by a brutality that recalls the German invasion of Belgium and northern France. Looting and murder were the order of the day and the people dared not retaliate, since the Rumanian Commander had stated that for any Rumanian soldier killed five Hungarians would be executed.

But if little can be said for the Rumanian invasion, no excuse whatever can be made for the occupation. The Rumanians have flouted the Allied Mission in Budapest; they have laughed at the Peace Conference in Paris, justifying all they have done with true Oriental diplo-

macy. What these things are forms the most recent chapter of human brutality. The Rumanians destroyed the railway to Vienna; they seized all the food they could find; they stripped machinery from the factories, throwing thousands out of employment; they requisitioned all livestock; they carried off all medicines and surgical dressings from the hospitals in Budapest, leaving the patients in a deplorable condition; they took all the shoes from the orphanages, so that the children will have to go barefoot during the coming winter—all these things on the ground of "military necessity" or because "they had been stolen from Rumania." They seized practically all the rolling stock of the country. It is known that up to September 18, 759 locomotives and 18,495 cars had crossed the Tisza River en route to Rumania. Since that time they have taken so many cars "for troop movements" that Hungary has left only 4,500 cars for some 60,000 kilometers of line—and it takes 4,000 cars daily to feed Budapest alone! These cars have not gone away empty. Nearly 4,000 contained railroad and war material and oil tanks; 500 more were filled with leather; 2,461 were sealed so that the character of the loot they contained could not be determined. These cars were all "stolen from Rumania, who is only taking back her own;" yet large numbers are cars belonging to the railroads of Austria, Alsace, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Jugoslavia. Of course, Rumania has promised to furnish the Peace Conference with a list of all requisitions and to abide by its decisions, but what this list will contain and how much will ever be recovered is quite another matter. Apparently, the Rumanians intend to remain in Hungary until after the harvest, since Hungarian corn would be appreciated in Bucharest. In the meantime, Hungary itself has been reduced to a state of abject misery, with no food, without materials, without money, without work, without hope.

All this is the material side of the picture. On the moral and political side it is no better. The Government of the Archduke Joseph fell almost immediately because the Allies, for once, took a firm stand. The weak Friedrich Government that succeeded seems, strangely enough, to have popular approval and confidence, but it has not been recognized for fear that it may be "reactionary," and Rumania is, therefore, able to justify its occupation on the ground that Hungary is enemy territory. Rumania offered terms to Hungary as soon as Budapest fell; terms involving extensive territorial cessions, close economic union, and military alliance. So far, the Friedrich Government has refused to accept these terms

and for that reason is hated by the Rumanians. But as Paris continues to send futile remonstrances to Rumania and as Hungary falls into darker misery, the opinion is growing that alliance with Rumania might be the wiser choice between two evils. Perhaps the Magyars who now favor this alliance understand the real Rumanian plan of forming a greater Rumania which shall replace the Hapsburg Empire and in which they will occupy the dominant position. One thing is certain, Hungary will not remain long a vassal of the nation which it despises most among all nations.

The Rumanians are not only imposing their independent terms on the Hungarian Government. They are also taking effective measures to prevent either the continuance of the present Government or the establishment of a more stable government when the time for them to retire finally comes. Anarchy will spring out of the misery in Budapest as soon as the Rumanian soldiery withdraws, unless there is an efficient Hungarian police. But the Rumanians thwart every effort to establish such a force. They agree to the principle and then make its realization impossible. This, of course, is a part of their whole plan to force acceptance of their terms on Hungary. If Bolshevism again gains control, the Rumanians expect to come into Hungary again, this time at the request of the Allies, and they are sure that a second occupation will be permanent.

Unfortunately, the Rumanians do not even confine their requisitions and their methods of coercion to those parts of Hungary which will remain Hungarian. The part of Transylvania which is to be assigned to Rumania groans under the exactions of swarms of petty officials from Bucharest; thousands who will not immediately take the oath of allegiance are being deported after all their property has been confiscated; even the Rumanian inhabitants of the district, people of higher grade than the Rumanians from Rumania proper, are crying out against the tactics of their countrymen. In Bessarabia the people are praying for relief from the Rumanian locusts which are stripping the country bare, carrying off even the relief food sent from America. If such action is indicative of Rumanian plans for the future, it is no wonder that the Government refused to sign the Austrian Peace Treaty because of its provisions for the protection of minorities.

Peace is the ideal toward which the world is straining—peace in southeastern Europe as well as in western Europe and the Americas. In Hungary, war with all its attendant horrors actually exists, and it is not a purifying war but one

which will make recrudescence of wars between Hungary and Rumania almost certain for years to come. Czechoslovakia, in the meanwhile, looks on in disgust, not for altruistic reasons but because she can have no share in the plunder. Yugoslavia may have a certain sympathy for Hungary, but if so it is because she fears for herself. The Italians support Rumania and would like nothing better than to see her dominant in Hungary as a menace on the northern border of Serbia. A few months ago Italy supported Bela Kun for the same reason. Bulgaria is sullen and is plotting revenge. All this looks like war, like a transfer of Balkan problems and animosities toward Central Europe. But these are matters for the future. The immediate issue, and one that cannot much longer be avoided, is the settlement of the intolerable situation in Hungary.

EXAMINER

Correspondence

Interpreting the Treaty

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Can we use "reservations" in our ratification of the treaty without, in logic at least, needing their acceptance by the other signatories? Isn't *interpretation* the only safe term so far proposed?

Would it not be perfectly practical to say: We interpret Article X to leave any people free to complain to the League that its territory is wrongfully held by an alien power, and to demand from the League action for its restoration?

And also, for instance: We interpret the provisions regarding Shantung to mean that Japan, in accordance with her own statements, is to receive the rights formerly wrongfully held by Germany, as an intermediary for their return to China?

At first I favored ratification without any qualification whatever, but the discussion has made me in favor of qualifying with those two *interpretations*.

HENRY HOLT

Burlington, Vermont, October 20

Constitutional Powers of the President

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

May I suggest that the letter of Mr. Jessup in your last issue loses sight of the constitutional powers of the President with regard to the Treaty now before the Senate. The work of the American negotiators may be over, but the Executive is far from being *functus officio*. The ministerial duty of the State Department to certify the action of the

Senate under Article 440 of the Treaty cannot be performed unless the Treaty is approved by the President. He it is who, under our Constitution, has the sole power to make treaties, though two-thirds of the Senate must concur in their ratification. If the Senate, whether by amendments or reservations equivalent thereto, tries to modify the Treaty, it thereby creates a new document which the President is not bound to accept or present to the Allied Powers. As Oppenheim points out (2nd Ed. Vol. I, S 517):

It follows from the nature of ratification as a necessary confirmation of a treaty already concluded that ratification must be either given or refused, no conditional or partial ratification being possible. That occasionally a State tries to modify a treaty in ratifying it cannot be denied, yet conditional ratification is no ratification at all, but equivalent to refusal of ratification. Nothing of course, prevents the other contracting party from entering into fresh negotiations in regard to such modifications; but it must be emphasized that such negotiations are negotiations for a new treaty, the old treaty having become null and void through its conditional ratification as identical with refusal of ratification, whereby the treaty falls to the ground. Thus, for instance, when the United States Senate on December 20, 1900, in consenting to the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as regards the Nicaragua Canal, added modifying amendments, Great Britain did not accept the amendments and considered the treaty fallen to the ground.

In a note on the same page, this authority on International Law sets forth clearly the Presidential function:

It is of importance to emphasize that the United States Senate, in proposing an amendment to a treaty before its ratification, does not, strictly speaking, ratify such treaty conditionally, since it is the President, and not the Senate, who possesses the power of granting or refusing ratification; see Willoughby, "The Constitutional Law of the United States" (1910), I. p. 462, note 14. The President, however, according to article 2 of the Constitution, cannot grant ratification without the consent of the Senate, and the proposal of an amendment to a treaty on the part of the Senate, therefore, comprises, indirectly, the proposal of a new treaty.

The reservations now proposed by the majority of the Senate Committee would unquestionably make of the document before them a new treaty, requiring submission to the Allied Powers for ratification. It would have to be ratified also by Germany unless the Allies summoned her again to Versailles and compelled her acquiescence in the altered instrument.

The President probably knows very well the futility of thus opening again the discussions of the Peace Conference and it may well be questioned whether the Treaty will not come to a musty end in the pigeon holes of the State Department, if two-thirds of the Senate concur in the proposed alterations.

WILLIAM D. GAILLARD

New York, October 27

"Anti-Wilson"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

THE article, "Anti-Wilson," in this week's *Review*, tempts one to elaborate the theme. Unfortunately, too many among us have the habit of using words carelessly and inaccurately. Persons who express strong disapproval and distrust are accused of hatred by those who are enamored of rhetoric and glittering generalities and who resent a comparison of words with acts, and of contradictory utterances in the past and present.

"Lest we forget!" is a phrase to be more highly cherished. The first milestone in the condition of distrust was, not in 1916, but in 1913, on the occasion of Mr. Wilson's unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of Mexico, whereby we became responsible for the state of anarchy afflicting that unhappy country for the last six years.

A good degree of modesty at the Council Table of Europe would, I feel, have been more fitting than an air, however veiled, of domination or dictation, which unquestionably has been resented privately, even if it has not been resented publicly.

If the World War was brought on by an ambitious nation desiring world dominion and was ruthlessly waged against those who were fighting for their own liberty and freedom, and to preserve civilization and common decency on the face of the earth, it should not have taken our President two and a half years to discover it and three and a half to decide really to employ "force to the limit." It might be well for him to reflect on this before reproaching the Senate for its dilatoriness in getting through with the business of ratifying the Peace Treaty.

We should have been in the war immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania. Reasonable prudence demanded that when we saw the greatness of the war we should have begun to prepare, in case we should later become involved. Instead, we entered unprepared at the eleventh hour, with no more reason than two years earlier. When we consider the millions of lives lost, the billions of money wasted, the agony and suffering of two long years which our earlier entrance into the war would have saved to Europe, with the resulting condition of poverty and anarchy, including the Bolshevism of Russia, how should we who shirked our duty so long boast of finishing the war and claim the right to dictate Peace terms because *we* were wholly altruistic and desired only to see justice prevail?

Our boast of altruism seems out of

place. Suppose Germany victorious, occupying half of France, with the Channel ports, and dominating all of Eastern Europe, with the route to the Persian Gulf! Was the prospect pleasing? What might next have happened to us? It is stupid to suppose that we had not a vital interest in the preservation in full strength of the democratic nations of Western Europe.

We have had talk of our *moral* leadership. When did that begin? Not in 1914, when, instead of a protest on the invasion of Belgium, we were told to be neutral in thought. Not when the Lusitania was sunk or while the years went by, until the Fourteen Points were developed. Are these sufficient to make us the moral leader? In my opinion they have been a potent factor in the development of the present unreasoning world agitation. These Points were never endorsed by Congress and the election of 1918 showed clearly that the nation did *not desire* to endorse every sentiment of Mr. Wilson. It showed that the nation was tired of a dictatorship and that it had no wish to impose a dictator upon the Peace Conference or for a headship of a League of Nations, as some of us last November realized was the expectation and ambition.

A Peace Treaty might have been made that would have been accepted by the Senate six months ago. A League of Nations should have been a matter of slow growth and later deliberation. Lightly bound at first and on a basis of international law, the nations might gradually come into better understanding and closer union. A league in the framing of which Secretary Lansing and John Bassett Moore as Democrats, Col. House as the President's personal representative, Elihu Root and Taft or Hughes as Republicans had had a share, and one which they recommended with unanimity would have been received by the nation with far greater confidence than a league dominated by a single individual, however idealistic and unpractical.

With the deliberate intertwining of Peace Treaty with League, careful scrutiny should not be cause for complaint, nor divergence of opinion on so grave a matter seem unwarranted. It is also unseemly that we should assume our leaders and representatives to be abler or to have more zeal for justice than those of other nations. To sit at the Peace Table as counsellors with becoming modesty was a fitting part; to harmonize, if possible, where divergence appeared, and not by dictation to create dissension, as in the case of Italy and Fiume.

ANNIE S. PECK

New York, September 27

Book Reviews

American Syndicalism

The I. W. W. A Study of American Syndicalism. By Paul Frederick Brissenden. New York: Columbia University. Longmans, Green and Co., Agents.

WHILE it may be substantially correct to designate the I. W. W. as a phase of syndicalism, it is well to point out, as Doctor Brissenden does, that it was at first essentially different from French revolutionary unionism and could justly boast American nativity, for it was the child of the Western Federation of Miners. True, certain Socialists officiated at its birth and strove for a time to direct its footsteps; but it was a headstrong infant, and presently the self-imposed guardians, and even the parent organization, left it to its own devices. It gradually drifted toward syndicalism, especially after the visits of "Bill" Haywood and William Z. Foster to Europe in 1908, 1910, and 1911, and the visit of Tom Mann to America in 1913; but it still differs from the French movement in several important respects, notably its decentralized organization and its antagonism to other labor unions.

The prime movers of the I. W. W. were representatives of a few unprosperous unions. The American Labor Union, of which the Western Federation of Miners was chief partner, met in Chicago in the fall of 1904, soon after the failure of the notorious Cripple Creek Strike, and sent a call to about thirty radical labor leaders and Socialists to meet in conference for the purpose of creating a double-barreled organization, both political and industrial, which should unite the working people of America on correct revolutionary principles and conform to the structure of the future Socialist society. At the conference in January, 1905, a Manifesto was drawn up explaining the principles and purposes of the new organization, and calling for a constitutional convention to meet in Chicago on June 27. The final draft of the Manifesto was made by A. M. Simons, editor of the *International Socialist Magazine*, and is an interesting example of the application of Marxian theory to modern industrial conditions in that it attributes the futility of craft unionism to the fact that the crafts themselves are being destroyed by the ever increasing use of machinery. Craft unionism, according to the Manifesto, represents divisions perpetuated from outgrown industrial stages; it fosters jealousy, organized scabbery, and disintegration; and it plays into the hands of the capitalists by entangling

agreements based on the mistaken idea of harmony of interests between "employing exploiter and employed slave." This attack on "old-line unionism" was, of course, directed against the American Federation of Labor, which, the I. W. W. say, is neither American nor a federation of labor, and richly deserves to be called the "Separation of Labor." In place of this, the Manifesto declared, there should be "one great industrial union embracing all industries—providing for craft autonomy locally, industrial autonomy internationally, and working-class union generally."

As A. M. Simons, a member of the Socialist party, was prominent in the January Convention, so Daniel Loeb, alias De Leon, the "Pope of the Socialist Labor Party," dominated the June Convention, by which the constitution was adopted. The preamble, which was the work of Father T. J. Hagerty, with one or more collaborators, reads in part as follows:

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor, through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

One might think from utterances such as these that the I. W. W. originated in the brain of doctrinaire Socialists, whereas it was, at bottom, a labor movement in which the intellectuals had a voice, but not much control. They were prominent for a time, by virtue of their self-confidence, their positive convictions, and their gift of oratory; but soon the more radical forces got beyond their control and had to be allowed to run their course. Among the promoters of the movement were Socialists of opposing factions, like De Leon, Bohn, Simons, Debs, Untermann, and Father Hagerty; but there was a strong contingent of bitter and determined industrial unionists like Charles H. Moyer, W. D. Haywood, and Vincent St. John, of the Western Federation of Miners, John M. O'Neil, editor of the *Miners' Magazine*, Clarence Smith, of the American Labor Union, Charles O. Sherman, of the United Metal Workers, Frank M. McCabe and W. L. Hall, of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees, W.

E. Trautman, editor of the *Brauer Zeitung*, and "Mother" Mary Jones, a firebrand of the Cripple Creek Strike—most of them socialistic, and some decidedly anarchistic in thought and action. It was a motley company of sectarians, and it is little wonder that they could not long travel the same road. Their later history reminds one of the Kirk of the Marrow so well described by Crockett, of its successive secessions and disruptions, and of the final Synod in which the Moderator and the Clerk, the sole surviving elders, solemnly excommunicated one another.

The first schism in the fellowship of the I. W. W. occurred at the second Convention, in 1906, when the "beggars, tramps, and proletarian rabble," under the leadership of Trautman, De Leon, and St. John, ousted President Sherman and abolished the office of president as savoring of aristocracy. After this purification, mere Socialists of a moderate stripe, like Simons and Debs, had no place in the I. W. W., realizing, as J. M. O'Neil said, that there was a vast difference between being class-conscious and being class-crazy.

The defection of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in 1906 was a serious loss to the I. W. W., but the desertion of the parent organization, the Western Federation of Miners, in the following year, was a staggering blow. The trial of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone was going on at this time, and, although the men were acquitted, the Western Federation was badly discredited and the extreme faction, which had supported the I. W. W., lost control. Haywood himself was dismissed by the Federation in April, 1908, after which he devoted his talents to the I. W. W. and helped to pull it through a most critical period. The Western Federation, on the other hand, grew more conservative, and in the year 1911 it was affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

By this time yet another fissure was developing in the I. W. W., between the doctrinaire Socialists, under De Leon, and the anarchistic Westerners, following St. John and Trautman. Believing with Marx that the political is but the reflection of the economic, De Leon and his friends had helped to launch the I. W. W., but when the movement was well under way they tried to direct it in accordance with their theoretical preconceptions, fearing, evidently, to trust the natural order of economic evolution. The "straight industrialists" of the West, resenting this pedantic and inconsistent domination, debarred De Leon and Ledermann from seats in the convention of September, 1908, with the result that, after much acrimonious discussion as

to the blackness of pot and kettle, the great disruption occurred. Since then there have been two I. W. W.'s—the Chicago organization, regarded by the author as the real thing, and the Detroit I. W. W., which in 1915 changed its name to the Workers' International Industrial Union. The Detroit faction is the socialistic, pro-political, industrial union I. W. W.—the I. W. W. as it started out to be. The Chicago branch, on the other hand, which claims to be the original and only root, is the direct-actionist, or anarcho-syndicalist, or anti-political, or red I. W. W.—the "Bummery" or "Wobblies of the West." It is the I. W. W. of the Lawrence strike; of the lumber jacks of Washington and Oregon; of free speech fights at Spokane, Fresno, and San Diego; of strikes at Bisbee, Seattle, and Winnipeg; of the coal-miners strikes at Newcastle, Australia; of the Waterside Workers' strike in New Zealand; of the general strike in South Africa—the I. W. W. that gathers together the discontented and desperate of the world wherever trouble is to be found or made.

The history of these successive secessions from the I. W. W., as given by Doctor Brissenden, is of great significance as showing the revolutionary temper of a group of irreconcilables who claim to represent the relatively unskilled and unorganized workers, as opposed to the aristocracy of the American Federation of Labor. While they could hardly be called syndicalists at first, they have gradually become more syndicalistic in their opposition to doctrinaire Socialism and political action, in their talk about sabotage, the general strike and other forms of direct action, and in their efforts to convert the A. F. of L. by "penetration" or "boring from within," rather than by "hammering from without." Even as far back as 1911, William Z. Foster, who now poses as a regular unionist among the steel workers, became convinced that the weakness of the I. W. W. was largely due to its obstinate "dual unionism," and advised a radical change of policy. In a letter written to the *Industrial Worker* after his visit to Europe, he said:

I am satisfied from my observations that the only way for the I. W. W. to have the workers adopt and practice the principles of revolutionary unionism is to give up its attempt to create a new labor movement, turn itself into a propaganda league, get into the organized labor movement, and revolutionize those unions even as our French syndicalist fellow-workers have so successfully done with theirs.

Doctor Brissenden's excellent book is packed with information and will long remain the standard authority on the I. W. W., yet the profusion of detail somewhat obscures the view, and per-

haps the author has too studiously avoided comment and philosophical interpretation of the manifold phenomena and the confused issues involved. His narrative is so impartial as to be almost colorless, notwithstanding the fact that he has spent most of his life in the West and could have added local color and personal touches here and there that would have made the picture more vivid, while not less true. This lack is partly supplied in the Appendix, which contains selections from the I. W. W. song book, "Wobblies," together with some of the quaint humor and pathos often shown by those rebellious spirits. One is tempted to quote at length from this choice collection, but must refer the reader to the selections.

Dreams from France

A LIFE AT STAKE. By Marcel Berger. Translated by Fitzwater Wray. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LIGHT. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Fitzwater Wray. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE HEART'S DOMAIN. By George Duhamel. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. New York: The Century Company.

"DON'T let us complain," says the good Gandolphe at the close of "A Life at Stake." "As long as the war lasts, it would be wrong to be happy." He is comforting himself for the loss of the domestic happiness which after all his sufferings has been snatched away; he is to turn his back on new-won love and return to the front. But how often that feeling has been echoed in the romantic literature of the war—such a feeling as we used to connect with the "New England conscience:" that happiness is a thing right or wrong according to circumstances, because a thing essentially selfish. Or at best a thing of chance: I have it, you have not—and the less said about it the better. Gandolphe loses his, Jean Darboise (like the hero of the same writer's "Ordeal by Fire") has the good luck to be invalidated, and therefore recovers the happiness which, like his life, has been staked on the die of battle. Jean is personally a better man for his experience—more of a man, at least. But it is Gandolphe, with his simple and noble spirit of altruism, who seems to point the higher moral of the story. It is with the Gandolphes that the hope of the future lies. He embodies his dream, as happens, in the theory of Socialism: "I could wish there were more affection and kindness in it. . . . That can be added. It is under that flag that we shall make our own new conquests. No more sectarians—the party is open to all of good-will. We shall appeal to all men who are capable of responding to the

sight of human suffering, of surrendering something of their pleasures to relieve that suffering. Liberals, Radicals, Christians,—there is room for all in our ranks." The story is less impressive than "Ordeal by Fire," very likely because that was one of the earliest powerful fictions produced by the war, a tale which made no attempt to sentimentalize the brutalities of the new fighting, yet caught glimpses of a France and a world in some ways purified by that horror. Its central figure typified the pagan and individualistic France, devoted to "L'amour" and "Le sport," but with eyes averted from the nobler visions of a France which had not outlived its high mission.

If in this narrative and its predecessors Marcel Berger lays bare something of the terror and squalor of the latest warfare, he finds there neither despair nor the clear need of grasping some new and untried way of escape. And there is always a note of human cheerfulness which defends him from hysteria. We recognize in him that grudging, or saving restraint, that instinctive avoidance of intellectual or emotional excess which we are in the habit of identifying not merely with humor but with "Anglo-Saxon" humor. And this is the quality we miss in Henri Barbusse and Georges Duhamel, the two French writers who have found a wider fame than Berger's as interpreters of the war from the point of view of the individual. "Under Fire" shocked and enchanted a France which after all is never contented with the flourish of her rhetoric. Let us die, with a noble gesture, for "la patrie," yes: but let us acknowledge it in confidence to be a dingy and dispiriting job! Barbusse uttered boldly the unhappy thoughts and experiences and feelings of the *poilu* at his day's work; and something like a sigh of relief went up from thousands when the dismal familiar facts were at last put on record by a skilful pen. France had got *that* off her chest, at all events! In like manner the "Civilization" of Georges Duhamel gave expression to the deep pessimism that the spectacle of Europe tearing at her own vitals roused in so many sensitive breasts. And again France and a larger world breathed relief that the worst had at last been admitted. We might now be free to make a new beginning, somehow, in some direction, when there should be light enough, when the heart of man should have recaptured its own.

And at once these two disillusioned chroniclers of a tormented age have turned towards such a beginning. As fiction, "Light" is the tale of another individual "life at stake," another Frenchman going to war none

too willingly and faring none too well: surviving to take up the burden of life as the war has refashioned it. What has it all meant, what does it leave him to hope for? It has freed him from sensualism and egotism and, it seems, from patriotism as well. It has revealed to him the corruption and instability of the world which has proved capable of such war, and it brings him a vision of possible good to come through the rebirth of society. And this is to come through the universal triumph of Light, or Truth, or Affection, for they are all the same thing: "Affection is the greatest of human feelings because it is made of respect, of lucidity, and light. To understand the truth and make oneself equal to it is everything; and to love is to know everything and to understand. Affection, which I call also compassion, because I see no difference between them, dominates everything by reason of its clear sight. It is a sentiment as immense as if it were mad. . . ." Is this generous mysticism, or commonplace, or sheer pretentious balderdash? Upon the reader's answer to this question is likely to hang his response to the prophet's advocacy of the extreme radical remedy for the sickness of our time. His prophecy of "the inevitable advent of the universal republic" (under which there shall be no more wrong or self-seeking wars or poverty or unhappiness) closes naturally with a cry for violence: "O you people of the world, you the unwearied vanquished of History, I appeal to your justice and I appeal to your anger. Over the vague quarrels which drench the strands with blood, over the plunderers of shipwrecks, over the jetsam and the reefs, and the palaces and monuments built upon the sand, I see the high tide coming. Truth is the only revolutionary by reason of error's disorder. Revolution is Order." With which triumphal reduction to the absurd a proletarian world which had finally thrown overboard both humor and common sense might well be content.

Neither of these "saving" qualities is present in "The Heart's Domain." The book quivers with emotion, with intellectual excitement, with prophetic zeal. It is full of eloquence, of passionate yearnings towards happiness for mankind. It never lets up for an instant, and we venture to guess that most "Anglo-Saxon" readers will be secretly or openly bored with it before, at the two-hundredth page, it arrives at the full stop. The truth is, we like even our prophets to "keep their hair on." We hate a scene, even if nobody is looking on, and we resent hysteria of the mind hardly less than of the body. As is cus-

tomary with prophecies, its subject-matter is recognizable. M. Duhamel, we gather, has discovered that mankind was born to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The old civilization is condemned: war has shown us its hollowness. To break with it we must seek individual happiness first of all. That happiness lies in simple living and honest human relations. The happiness of society hangs on our restoring moral and aesthetic culture as against scientific and industrial "progress." As for the question of authority, "there will not be lacking men of good will who will be glad to devote themselves to directing this liberty, to transforming the meaning and the demands of joy, propagating a culture which, unlike those old errors, will support education more readily than instruction—men who will more often address themselves to the heart than to the disastrous reason."

H. W. BOYNTON

An Impartial View of the Irish Difficulty

IRELAND AND ENGLAND IN THE PAST AND PRESENT. By Edward Raymond Turner. New York: The Century Co.

THIS is in several respects an excellent and timely volume. It should be read by those Irishmen abroad who still think of the land of their ancestors as it was fifty or sixty years ago, before the growth of English liberalism had softened the harshness of an earlier régime and inspired the Gladstonian gospel of reparation. It should be studied with equal interest by those Englishmen who think of Ireland as a country of ceaseless discontent, upon which generous kindness is being lavished in vain, and who—utterly unacquainted as they often are with the historical roots of persisting bitterness—need just such a picture of old horrors as the first part of this book sets before them. Professor Turner's book is a valuable corrective to both sides. Lecky once said that Irish history is something for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget. Professor Turner, though he has clearly appreciated the element of wisdom in this advice, gives one the impression that he would amend it by urging that those on the east side of the Channel should think more of the remoter past and those on the west side more of the immediate present.

Quite apart from the value of this book as casting light on the controversies of our own day, it is to be highly commended as an historical summary, such as it would be hard to find in brief compass elsewhere, of early Irish devel-

opment, of the literature, customs, systems of law, achievements of missionary enterprise which gave old Ireland a distinction largely unknown to the general reader. The second part of the book, entitled "The New Age: Atonement and Redress," presents in vigorous style those facts about the land war, the agricultural renaissance, and the nineteenth century struggle for Home Rule, with a marshalling of the arguments on both sides, which cannot fail to help those who wish to make up their minds upon a very urgent contemporary situation. The picture in the concluding part of the Irish literary revival should be considered by all who want to understand Sinn Fein. Prejudice, rhetoric, avoidance of inconvenient difficulties, have become so familiar to us in this field that we should welcome so signal a contribution in quite another spirit to a controversy still waiting—but unable to wait much longer—for its settlement.

It is in his treatment of the problem of "Ulster" that Professor Turner's book is least satisfactory. He does well, indeed, to insist that not all of the truth lies on either extreme side in that acrid dispute. He does well to compel his readers to a calm survey of the reasonableness which belongs, in some measure, to each. Like almost everyone else whose judgment is worth attending to, Professor Turner expects and desires some scheme of Irish Home Rule. But so long as one continues to wait for a scheme upon which everyone will agree, the hope of a decision is quite visionary. To speak about "No coercion for Ulster," without regard to what Ulster may choose to demand, is like speaking of "No coercion for Sinn Fein," with similar recklessness of what Sinn Fein may insist upon. It is quite unfair to convey, as Professor Turner does, that Nationalists and Carsonites should be looked upon side by side as separated by a mere honest difference of opinion. The contrast is far deeper than this, and it deserves at the present moment to have its tremendous significance pointed out.

On one side we see a constitutional agitation stretching over at least thirty years, an agitation that was patient, forbearing, ready for all compromises which did not sacrifice the great purpose, frowning upon violence, encouraging among its supporters only such hope as could base itself upon an effective and a reasoned appeal. On the other side we have had an orgy of seditious threats, seeking to terrify where it could not persuade, scouting all arrangements which did not mean complete capitulation to its own demand, setting at defiance every restraint by which British party strife is kept within whole-

some limits, and relying chiefly upon that advantage which men who will stop at nothing so often command over those who will agitate only within the bounds of public safety. The present reviewer, who lived in Ireland until 1914, can recall how Unionist meetings used to be held there without tumult or disorder in such Nationalist cities as Limerick or Cork. He can also recall seeing the automobile of a British Cabinet Minister attacked by a mob in Belfast, a mob which was no chance collection of irresponsibles, but which had been incited by Ulster leaders to use physical force in preventing an address on Home Rule from being delivered in a public hall supported from public taxes by one of the King's Secretaries of State. The true counterpart to Carsonism is not Nationalism but Sinn Fein, and to this crucial fact the great organs of Conservative opinion in England, like the *Times* and the *Observer*, have slowly but at length decisively awakened.

The chief thing that one misses in Professor Turner's book is a clear realization that settlement can never come until the acceptance by a minority of what has been constitutionally decided upon after reasoned argument is enforced with impartial rigor. If the Peace Conference at Paris had waited until minorities everywhere were cordially satisfied it would be waiting still. If the Irish difficulty is to remain unsolved until Sir Edward Carson and Mr. De Valera coincide in their views, Ireland will continue to be the open sore of British administration. No moral is just now quite so much needed as the moral of playing the game by the game's rules. No other suggestion is quite so dangerous in a world tormented with "Bolshevism" as the suggestion that if a few are prepared to resist "unto the death" the many can be alarmed into acquiescence in anything. One may feel some surprise that Professor Turner's readers should require quite so elementary a discipline as his book has given them in historical facts, in candor, in recognition that truth belongs rarely to one disputant alone. We know at the same time that on this special question such warnings and such guidance were sorely needed, and we are thankful to our author for having provided them. But his book, like every other book, has the defect of its qualities. The danger of a dispassionate treatment is that in excess of charity, and prolonged balancing, and zeal for openness of mind, we may lose the chance of a practical conclusion. Unfortunately it is a practical conclusion which, before all things, is just now urgent. We would remind Professor Turner

that in order to be fair and unbiased it is not necessary to be forever unable to "choose one's horn in the dilemma." This is perhaps the besetting sin of an academic temperament, and a reviewer who is himself of the professorial class may be forgiven if he quotes a recent admonition which that class should lay to heart. It is in the words of an Oxford don in one of Mr. H. G. Wells's novels. "We have ideas, we have imagination, that is our strength. And that is our weakness. . . . All intellectuals are flimsy and uncertain people. It's not only that they are critical and fastidious; they are weak-handed."

Professor Turner may perhaps reply that he had to do one thing at a time, and that the thing he chose to do was a presenting of facts. He has presented many at least of his facts well, and we are his debtors. But the grim fact of force struggling for the suppression of argument is one of the facts he might have profitably included.

HERBERT L. STEWART

A Poet's Life of Corneille

PIERRE CORNEILLE. Par Auguste Dorchain. Paris: Garnier Frères.

IT would seem *a priori* that Pierre Corneille of Rouen and Paris, poet, dramatist, and critic (the masterly *examens* attached to his plays certainly entitle him to the addition of the third title), should be well handled by Auguste Dorchain of Rouen and Paris, poet, dramatist, and critic. And in fact the new biography can not fail to prove a delight to all lovers of Corneille and of candid, colorful French. Not in years has a more readable biography appeared. The work is scholarly (but why is there no index?) exhaustive at most points, and except for a date or two, apparently careful and accurate. But most grateful of all, it is a throbbingly vivid and sympathetic story of a noble soul and a fine life. Dorchain is a hero-worshipper, but Corneille has been cried down undeservedly, and a vigorous eulogy was needed. Most of us, perhaps, were inclined to agree with the old playwright himself that his chief merits were those of a dramatist, but under the tuition of the eager schoolmaster Dorchain we begin to see merits in his lyric verse which escaped us before, and having sat at his feet for a few hundred pages, we have fallen into the spirit of his thesis so thoroughly that we even accept without gasping the statement that, with Ronsard and Hugo, Corneille has the fullest sense of lyric orchestration which any French poet has possessed. We had found his occasional lyrics unequal and often tame; but commented by Dorchain, they really make fair reading. It is certainly truer than most of us imagined that there is

often a flexibility, a variety, a gorgeous color-play in the Cornelian line which comes a long way towards Victor Hugo.

For Corneille as dramatist, his most recent biographer has made his point, beyond a doubt. For breadth, depth, variety, nobility, and at his best, for spontaneous beauty, Corneille has no rival in the French drama. He launched Molière in comedy, and it is not certain that the younger man ever passed "Le Menteur." Boileau refused to rank Racine at all with the trio of immortals comprising Corneille, Molière, and his own resplendent self; and whatever may be true of the comparative merit of the poet-psychologist Racine and the critic-dogmatist Boileau, there is no Racinian heroine quite equal in sheer beauty to the matchless Pauline of "Polyeucte," and no Racinian play quite so admirably built as the marvelous "Rodogune." This most original of French playwrights—for his comedy, his tragedy, his melodrama, his dramatic spectacle, were all innovations, all took with him a definite form which they had not had before and which they retained in the hands of later writers—this Lessing of the French stage, was also its Schiller, its Shakespeare, and its Sheridan.

Corneille's relatively quiet career knew two spectacular interruptions—the Academy's strictures on the "Cid," and the rivalry with Racine—both of which have been currently magnified far beyond their real significance. The Academy had no authority to criticise the work of a non-member unless it was specifically submitted for an opinion, which was never the case with the "Cid"; and the Academy's published estimate was an equal balancing of praise and blame. After his first extravagances, Corneille had already been verging towards unity of place as well as of action, so that the Academy had not much to say to him. And as to the downfall which is sometimes asserted to have come with the contrast of the two versions of "Bérénice"—Corneille's and Racine's—neither knew beforehand that the other was handling the same subject, so that there was no such conscious rivalry as it would be interesting to read into the situation. Corneille wrote three fairly successful plays afterwards, quitting the stage only a year or two before his young rival, and during the very last years of his life there was such a renewal of interest in his dramas as must have salved whatever wounds the earlier successes of the younger man, long since retired and given over to religious practices, may once have caused him.

It is true, moreover, and this is the time to notice it, that Corneille's dramas are the very essence of his nation's spirit. Corneille, whatever his exact rank in the group of the noblest French poets, is the most French of all. Of his

four sons and sons-in-law who wore the French colors three died in battle; and the Cid, Horace, Cinna, are other children of his, eager to pour out their life-blood for their country. Corneille was no courtier, no blind worshipper of the "Roi Soleil," but he was the throbbing heart of that sensitive race who love their country as no other race ever loved theirs. Corneille the Titan, and not the listless decadents of yesterday, is the real France which we came to know when we fought beside her against the Beast. And we who love France should learn to know Corneille better.

The Run of the Shelves

D ODD, MEAD have just issued, in an attractive and well-illustrated octavo, "The Story of Our Merchant Marine," by Willis J. Abbott, to whose interest in things nautical are due his "Blue Jackets of '76, of 1812, of '61 and of '98," also "American Ships and Sailors," all of which testify to his competence. His present contribution to the literature of the seas is characterized by great skill in narration and by emphasis of points interesting, educational, suggestive, thrilling, or tragic. Under separate chapters the work briefly deals with the birth, growth, and decline of our merchant navy; the slave trade; whaling; Arctic explorations; the astounding traffic on the Great Lakes; the development and decadence of navigation on the Mississippi and its tributaries; American shipbuilding during the recent war. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a more useful popular compendium of information on these topics. Its reading will stimulate a desire to delve more deeply into the history of any of his subjects. Possibly the concluding chapter will most forcibly rivet attention, since in it he discusses the pressing questions of the future of commerce under the American flag. He appears to favor subsidies, a form of assistance which, falling on the taxpayers, is likely to encounter a considerable opposition.

Arthur Symons's "Studies in the Elizabethan Drama" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) consists of papers on ten of Shakespeare's plays and three additional essays on Massinger, Day, and Middleton and Rowley, respectively. The items that make up the volume have all been published before—the earliest of them, the paper on "Titus Andronicus" (1885), now upwards of thirty years ago; the latest—the chapter on Middleton and Rowley, contributed originally to the Cambridge History of English Literature—in 1907. Much the larger part of the volume was written in the decade

which closed with 1890, but both the earlier and later studies are here reproduced with no changes, except in matters of style. It cannot be said that the Shakespearean papers open up any new critical vistas in the study of the great dramatist. The author's interpretations follow strictly orthodox lines and the note of laudation is virtually unbroken. There is no hint here, either, of the historical or comparative methods which are so strongly emphasized with us.

In general, no serious objection can be raised to this neglect, for a critic has, of course, the right to choose his own line of approach to his subject. There are times, however, when the prosaic instrument of historical research will illuminate obscurities that would baffle mere critical acumen, left to itself for an indefinite period. This is conspicuously the case with at least one of the plays, dealt with in the present volume, *viz.* "Troilus and Cressida." Symons interprets this apparently cynical play as expressing Shakespeare's philosophy of life in one period of his career—as a wilful parody on the "tale of Troy divine," determined by that philosophy. But the studies of Professors Tatlock and Lawrence have proved that Shakespeare's conception of the Trojan legend did not differ, in essentials, from that which the Elizabethans generally had inherited from the later Middle Ages—only, with his marvellous genius, he has imparted to this degraded tradition an intense dramatic life.

Two of the Shakespearean papers—namely, those on "Titus Andronicus" and "Henry VIII"—are devoted to the problems concerning Shakespeare's share in the authorship of these plays; the remainder are occupied primarily with the analysis of famous Shakespearean characters. Only one of the latter group attains the length of twenty pages, so that in elaborateness they do not compare with many recent studies of this kind. Nevertheless, the analysis, in the most favorable instances—*e. g.* Cleopatra and Juliet—if it does not sound the greatest depths, shows a fine discrimination in characterization, and this quality, together with the uniform finish of style and frequent felicities of phrase, gives these essays a certain distinction.

Of more value than the Shakespearean studies are the concluding chapters on the dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare who were named above. In fact, these chapters offer the best appreciations that we have of the writers in question. Particularly happy is the essay on Day. Through its delicate sympathy and charm of style this study is likely to rescue from oblivion a minor

dramatist who stood in need of such critical assistance.

When one takes in hand Marguerite Wilkinson's "New Voices" (Macmillan) and notes that the critical essays and cited poems of which its texture is wrought require four hundred closely printed pages for their accommodation, one wonders that so much can still be said. After inspection, one wonders that so much can say so little. Not that the book lacks truth—lacks judgment of a kind. In a sense the *location* of Mrs. Wilkinson's mind in the world of opinion is desirable. Her windows look sunnily eastward, and the view is extensive, at least over those newly plotted suburbs in the city of literature which, if we may trust their inhabitants, will shortly be the heart of the town. Modernity and good-nature—that is Mrs. Wilkinson.

The outstanding trait in the book is facility—*facile dicta, facile analysis, facile English.* We are not surprised to hear that the sale has been *facile*. The greatest intellectual difficulties cease to be difficulties, if one has the courage simply to let them be. Mrs. Wilkinson is not wanting in that courage. In the long chapter on organic rhythm the mechanism of free verse, which bristles with uncertainties and perplexities, is practically let alone, while Mrs. Wilkinson retreats to the shelter of the peaceful generalization that the rhythm of a poem should be pre-existent in the poet's soul. She never liked scansion, and the slighted anapaests and amphibrachs of her rebellious youth have their instant of revenge when she cites Mr. Frost's "Something there is that doesn't love a wall" as an example of irregularity or relaxation in blank verse. Her antipathy to the post-Victorians is intense, yet if they are what she says they are, they may be said to have provided a pattern as well as a target for her criticism. Granting freely that poetry and criticism are distinct things, it is still curious to observe that Mrs. Wilkinson's critical habits are the antithesis of her poetical tastes. She praises poetry that says things concisely, finally, concretely, and without didacticism, and she praises it in a criticism that is diffuse, self-repeating, addicted to generality, and pedagogic at every turn. The post-Victorians often uttered just thought in flawless metre. Mrs. Wilkinson often lays down sound principles in correct English. There is a delicate suggestion in the fact that Mrs. Wilkinson cannot read the post-Victorians.

Admirable instances of library coöperation between Great Britain and the United States may be seen in two works of a highly technical character, which

have recently appeared in the field of thirteenth century British history. These are "The Great Roll of the Pipe for the Twenty-sixth Year of the Reign of King Henry the Third, 1241-1242," prepared and edited by the late Henry L. Cannon, of Leland Stanford University, printed in England by the Arden Press, printers for the Pipe Roll Society, and published in America by the Yale Press in its series of historical publications (1918); and the Leadam and Baldwin "Select Cases before the King's Council, 1243-1482," printed at the Harvard University Press for the Selden Society of Great Britain and issued as volume xxxvi of the series of that society (1919). These two works, designed especially for scholars and making no appeal to the public at large, are a splendid tribute to American scholarship and to the University presses that share in their publication.

Here are two contributions to pure research, characterized by the investigator's love of learning and humility of demeanor, and completed during years of mental distraction, which serve to allay the fears, held in some quarters, that because of the war, scholarship has received a blow from which it will not easily recover. There is no doubt that present needs and problems are absorbing the time and attention of many who under more normal conditions might be concerning themselves with the history of the past, but the fact that there still remains a saving remnant, silently engaged in the unselfish task of advancing knowledge and keeping alight the torch of learning, is a happy augury for the future. That two of those concerned with the editing of the volumes here under consideration—a work self-effacing at best and bringing no compensation other than the joy of the doing—should not have lived to see the fruition of their labors, adds a pathetic interest.

There must be a very considerable number of people of the sort who find pictures of old houses and old gardens that have been adapted to modern uses quite irresistible. In these books the text is nothing, or very little, but the pictures—well, the present reviewer is willing to acknowledge that he is unable to refrain from paging through a volume like Albert G. Robinson's "Old New England Doorways" (Scribner) from cover to cover. Here the text is more than usually negligible, but it is also unusually brief, and the plates photographically represent portals through which no one could daily pass without a constant enlargement of the soul and *by* which no one could pass without a glance that would yield a permanent enrichment to the treasury of the inward eye.

Consider Ludendorff and Me

I WONDER if the world seems as queer and topsy turvy to you as it does to Ludendorff and me. Ludendorff and I are writing pieces for the papers. It's my regular job. I am used to it. It's a new game to Ludendorff, but it's his way and my way of making a living at the present juncture in the onward march of civilization. After all the turmoil and convulsion, after all the rack and ruin, as the murk clears and the dust settles down, Ludendorff and I are revealed each at the old typewriter pounding out copy. I am sure there is a great moral lesson in the spectacle if I could only formulate it and drag it to light.

The whirligig of chance and the sportive little gods that control men's destinies have never done anything more comic. When I think of what Ludendorff was! Only a year ago I was huddled in a hole wondering whether he was going to gobble me up. He was a menace to the world, breathing fire and slaughter and destruction. His word put great masses of armed men in motion, and death and devastation followed in their track. Now, in our office, his stuff goes upstairs to the composing room at night slugged "Heinie" and gets put on page 4 with the furniture ads.

Ludendorff and I never did agree about the war. We were on opposite sides. He was conspicuous and powerful. I was inconspicuous and feeble. He was a professional warrior and I wasn't even a semi-pro. I was just a Class B amateur. But, at that, I am not afraid to match my "war record" against his. I'll concede that I didn't do the Germans as much harm as Ludendorff did us and our Allies, but to offset that I didn't do our side as much harm as Ludendorff did his side. He just about ruined his own crowd. The Allied side never took any hurt from me.

Ludendorff's present occupation is a symbol, a sign, of the great change that has come over the world. It is something as yet hardly realized. It's incredible that only a year ago millions of men had their lives put in jeopardy every day by this man now writing for the newspapers and trying to justify his past foolishness. Because I remember those days so vividly I read his apology and defense with absorbing interest. He seemed then to bestride the world. All our intelligence and all our skill were devoted to trying to find out what he had in mind, what he was going to do next, in what part of the line he would try to overcome and kill us. Of course, he had his troubles, too.

Never were Ludendorff and I so out of

harmony and agreement as on August 8, last year. "August 8 was the black day of the German army in the history of this war," says Ludendorff. "By the early hours of the forenoon I had already gained a complete impression of the situation. It was a very gloomy one," he adds. It was the gloomiest day of the war to Ludendorff. It was the brightest, gayest, and happiest of all days to me. I was too inveterate a baseball fan not to know the "break" when I saw it. Long before the early forenoon of that joyous day I, too, had already gained a complete impression of the situation and it was anything but a gloomy one. I had a hunch that it was all over, and that what was to come would be merely playing out the schedule until the Hun collapsed.

I began to bet my pay in various messes that the war would be over before Christmas. The slightly phosphorescent trail that marked my happy progress in London in January after the armistice was possible because I had cashed my bets. That is when and that is how in a moment of high exaltation I bought my lilac and lavender dressing gown, which has since intrigued the fancy of so many beholders. It is not exactly the sort of thing one would buy except in a high moment. I look upon it as indirectly a gift from Ludendorff to me.

I can give you an interesting experiment you can make for yourself in the mechanics of vision. It will help you see clearly and understand the present world we live in that so bristles with odd and quaint phenomena. Take any man of the "great" and "mighty"—any of the temporarily luminous figures who stand out above their fellows and regard them long enough and steadily and you will see just a plain middle-aged man engaged in making a living or trying to justify some past foolishness. It's easy enough to do. In the dry white light of these troublous days the rose tints of glamour can't be seen. Let's try it with Ludendorff. As a sort of background to help induce the proper mental attitude it might be as well to keep in mind that a saddle-maker has succeeded the Hohenzollerns as head of the German state.

Let's go on with Ludendorff. He is a significant figure because of what he was and what he is to-day. August 8 made him a writer for the newspapers. It's a thing he never dreamed of. It never entered his Prussian military head that he would be impelled and compelled to try to justify himself to common men at home and abroad for the life he had lived and the things he had done and

tried to do. He probably needed the money, too. Consider his background. All of his life after he ceased to be a school boy was spent in the German army worshiping and training brute force. He was out of the common world of men. His idea of his fellow men was of inferior creatures who could be taught to obey blindly, to fight and to kill at a superior's bidding. He helped train millions to that end. At the end they broke down on him, because they were human beings. His present estate and plight was foreshadowed when we collared a grimy little German, badly in need of a shave, near Villers Carbonel, on that long straight road, the longest and straightest in France, I think, that runs from Amiens to Vermand. He had a letter in the breast pocket of his coat from his brother in Hamburg. I read it:

My dear Ludwig: The war is going to end now—is it not so? We have declared that we would evacuate the occupied territory so that we could enter upon an armistice and peace negotiations with the enemy. According to my opinion, we shall have an armistice this Thursday. Then, at least, the killing will cease. It is very clear, anyhow, that we must finally have peace, inasmuch as we cannot oppose such a number of enemies. I pray to God every day that the Good Lord will protect you, for if we should soon have peace, and we should lose you, it would be the finish of our lives. Therefore, I advise you again—take good care of yourself, especially in these last days. I always hope that you may be captured so that nothing can happen to you in these last moments. I am always so anxious and at the same time so happy that the terrible war is coming to an end. I can scarcely wait till you come to the German border, for then at least your life will be safe. We shall soon have peace. That is certain, for we *must* have peace. As I have already told you, you will be back to us this Christmas to stay—that is, if nothing should happen to you in those last days. Take good care, for on this Thursday we will have an armistice; on that you can depend.

Ludwig was not the only soldier to receive and obey that sensible advice from relatives at home, "take good care of yourself, especially in these last few days." Ludendorff knew about these letters. He couldn't stop them. Even now when he writes about those days he gets furiously enraged. When common sense began to seep into the German soldier's head and he saw the jig was up, Ludendorff called it "low morale."

Not long before we got Ludwig and read his brother's letter, we managed to lay hands on a report of the examination of American prisoners by the General Staff of the Seventh German Army. It was signed "v. Berg, Army Intelligence Officer." I kept a copy of it which you may read:

The moral effect of our fire was not able to stop the advance of the infantry seriously. The American's nerves have not yet become worn out.

The troops are in good spirits and full of a naive confidence.

The statement of one prisoner is characteristic, "We kill or are killed."

It was impossible to obtain any information. The prisoners will give scarcely any information as to where they were in line.

Generally speaking, the prisoners make a good impression and seem wide awake.

At present, they look at the war from the point of view of the "big brother" who has come to help his oppressed brothers and sisters, and is everywhere received with friendship. Their feelings, however, have a certain moral basis. The majority of the prisoners express themselves with a simplicity which is comprehensible, and declare that they have come to Europe to defend their country.

Only a few men are pure Americans by birth. The majority are the sons of immigrants. These half-Americans, however, who were nearly all born in America and have never been in Europe, express, without hesitation, the same feelings as the pure-bred American.

Ludwig's letter and that report is the secret history of Ludendorff's morning appearance on the fourth page telling how it happened. The poor old dear does not understand yet—and never will. I think it may be said of him, as the old phrase ran, that he has "drifted into journalism."

It's right much interesting and it helps me to visualize clearly the "period of reconstruction," as it is being called. I knew things would be somehow different when I came back home from the wars and resumed where I left off, but I never expected to find old Ludendorff writing for the newspapers with Frank Simonds and Walt Mason and William Allen White and me. It's a queer, queer world, and something or other happens to a man every day.

SUBALTERN

Drama

John Masefield at the Garrick Theatre

JOHN MASEFIELD'S "Faithful," now offered by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, is a story of Japanese revenge. Modern problems, the breach between reactionary and liberal, touch the play only as a shimmer or phosphorescence; its core would be grasped by a Sicilian or Kentuckian to-day. What Messina or Louisville might fail to understand is the emphasis on ceremony. The actors are so much gowned that the extraction of the dagger from the gown is a serious undertaking, and, in the same way, the drama, especially in the first act, is so swathed in ceremony that the extrication of the action from its folds is troublesome to an Occidental. The high-souled Asano, played with rich repose and lustrous melancholy by Mr. Rollo Peters, stabs his enemy, Kira, on the ground, or at least the pretext, that

Kira has played him false in a pious formality, and the self-slaughter to which Asano is unhesitatingly condemned avenges, not the small hurt to Kira, but the insulted ritual. The singular thing is that these ceremonies, which are caressed with Oriental solicitude, are got through with Occidental despatch; after all, Mr. Masefield was not born in Yokohama.

The death of Asano closes the first act, which serves as a prologue to the two following acts in which the revenge is planned and consummated by Asano's friends. Up to an early point in Act II, the play, though stirringly acted, has not really stirred us. It has been too far off; it has come to us like the dimmed reverberation of some powerful clang of the knocker to the occupant of some distant turret in a great house. In Act II that door is opened—indeed, it is broken in—by Mr. Augustine Duncan in the major part of Kurano. Kurano has been with us briefly in the first act as Asano's counselor, a powerful and statesman-like figure, in whom massiveness and policy are blended in a fashion that might have sunk to Mazarin or risen to Cavour. In Act II the man is superficially transformed. He begins by repudiating his wife, taking a concubine in her stead before her face in a curious and delicate scene in which the wife's part, beautifully taken by Miss Helen Westley, has the preciousness and speciousness of ivory. Kurano has really little against his wife, except the unwifely oversight of not breaking her neck in a fall. He rejects her as one part of that frippery of respectability which he must cast aside in the slow pursuit of his dissembling and circuitous revenge. He plunges into drink and riot; no hint of his deadly purpose shall escape from the mouth to which the lips of women and the lips of flagons shall serve as the alternate seals. Levity in massiveness is dismaying, and solemnity under jest is rather awful; and both feelings combine in the heartiness of the auditor's response to the energy and brilliancy—I do not say the flawlessness—with which this part is taken by Mr. Augustine Duncan.

The third act is chilling to our hopes. The new Kurano had made a new play for us; in Act III the old Kurano drags back the old play, and the outflash of character in the second act contracts to a resplendent episode. For this shrinkage Mr. Masefield is responsible. The revenge that finally comes is debile. Kira—actuated no doubt by compassion for the straits of baffled homicides and tired dramatists—sleeps for a night without his guards. His enemies sweep down upon his defenselessness, and numbers are cheaply victorious. The pitifulness

of this outcome is somewhat glossed over by lyric and spectacular attractions; there is a Corybantic exuberance in the field scene which would tell in opera, and the final tableau serves not ineffectively to clinch and rivet an earlier tableau in the bloody termination of Act I. The "Faithful," though strong in parts, is not a great play, but the Theatre Guild are entitled to high praise for the skill with which they have husbanded its force and shielded its infirmities.

The local color, inevitable in a Japanese play of our time, has not been overdone. Mr. Masefield and his interpreters have both been astute in not suffering the drama to become too markedly "japanned." The play intimates rather than expounds Japan: its costumes are sufficiently Eastern or, un-Western, but do not put the spectator into the frame of mind in which he inspects a cage of macaws and paroquets in Central Park; the simple but haunting screen-work was bountiful in the leave it gave us to divine a country which it did not ask us to dissect or to peruse. The palace of Kira was less skilfully conceived; it was impossible to believe that fear listened or that vengeance crouched behind those membranous partitions.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music at the Metropolitan

TO the Maplesons and Abbeys of a by-gone age, an opera season meant a great adventure. Things might go right. Or they might all go wrong. The plans of managers were built on sand.

But times have changed. And now our opera managers no longer shudder at the threat of bankruptcy. They engage their singers and announce new works with the assurance that behind them they have millions. Though they should drop some money on their season, their backers, bless them, can well bear the loss. Besides, they will not lose their salaries. So, anyway, you see, they stand to win.

Thanks to those backers and his subscription list, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, in announcing his twelfth season at the Metropolitan, can face the future free from business cares. He knows he can depend upon society. From floor to roof most of his seats are sold before his doors open. And, four times out of six, for five long months, the opera "fans" will fill his standing spaces.

On examining Mr. Gatti-Casazza's twelfth prospectus, we find a little that may warrant us in believing, or at least in hoping, that these legitimate and natural expectations will be realized. And, on the other hand, we fancy we perceive

some lacks and flaws which are not cheering. The novelties and revivals which are promised for the approaching season include some works which will undoubtedly be welcome.

Among them, first and foremost, I may mention the revival of "Parsifal" in English, with a new English text supplied by H. E. Krehbiel. Whatever we may think of the brash effort of a German enterprise to produce opera in German at the Lexington, no sane American could seriously object to the performance of so austere and sweet a masterpiece as Wagner's "Parsifal," in our own tongue at the Metropolitan. We may look forward to the re-appearance in the Metropolitan repertory of that "consecrational music drama;" first, because it is dignified and very beautiful; and next because, by the substitution of English words for German (quite in accordance with the wish of the composer) its meaning may again be made quite plain to those who hear it played and sung. It will afford much satisfaction to the many thousands who wish to hear all opera, soon or late, made plain to them in their own language (a privilege insisted on by French, German, and Italian opera-goers in their respective countries) to observe that, notwithstanding his old advocacy of "opera only in the original idiom," Mr. Gatti-Casazza has once more made a concession to our national aspirations. He had done something, as we know, of the same kind already by producing the "St. Elizabeth" of Liszt in English. Moreover, though apparently so rigid in his artistic theory, he had ignored it many times by presenting "Boris Godounow" and "Le Coq d'Or" and other Russian works, in Italian, French, and German; "Prodana Nevesti" in German and "Orfeo ed Euridice" in French.

So far, so good. Yet there is reason for some fear that, while in principle acceding to the fast-growing wish of most Americans to enjoy the meanings as well the music of lyric drama, Mr. Gatti-Casazza may have omitted to ensure a clear rendering of "Parsifal" in English by selecting artists trained to sing our language clearly. Unhappily for himself, as well as us, the present manager of the Metropolitan, an Italian, has not found time to master our language; and, as a consequence, he cannot judge how well or ill his singers wrestle with the art of English diction.

The announcement of Henry Hadley's one-act opera, "One of Cleopatra's Nights," inspired by an English text, and based on Théophile Gautier's well known story, should, in a measure, also gratify American opera-goers. I have no knowledge of this work. It may be good or

bad. But it can scarcely be so trivial as the two operas picked out (why, none could tell) last season for production as representative of our dramatic music. Mr. Hadley is just now much talked of here and we may hope that with his promised "Cleopatra" he will do better than he did some time ago with his "Beata" and "Azora." Then we shall wait to see if other men, like Charles M. Loeffler and John Carpenter, will have a hearing on the boards of the Metropolitan.

As to the foreign novelties, I see less cause for praise. "La Juive" of Halévy, though it may suit the French, is not a work which will appeal to New York audiences. It is as pompous as the most inflated Meyerbeer opera; inferior in its own style to "Les Huguenots" and even to "L'Africaine;" and it is painfully old-fashioned. The return of Massenet's "Manon," with the restoration of the vivacious Cours-la-Reine episode, usually omitted here, would be agreeable to us, if some one of the type of Edmond Clément were to appear as the young lover of the opera and if a really youthful and more spontaneous artist than the one announced were to sing the part of the protagonist. Some are wondering why that lovely work of Massenet, "Le Jongleur de Nôtre-Dame," is still excluded from Mr. Gatti-Casazza's repertory.

A lyric setting by Albert Wolff of the most popular (though by no means most poetic or important) play of Maeterlinck, "L'Oiseau Bleu," is included among the novelties. As it has not been heard so far on any stage, all I will say of it is that its composer is supposed to have much talent. But, before paying M. Albert Wolff the compliment of producing him, Mr. Gatti-Casazza surely might have remembered that admittedly great lyric drama, Gustave Charpentier's "Louise," and that far finer, if less "popular" and effective, work, the "Pelléas et Mélisande" of Debussy.

"Eugen Onegin," which is also promised (with an Italian text) might wisely have been left to its right field, the concert room. Made out of Pushkin's poem, it rarely moves one, despite the interest of Tchaikowsky's scores. Though rather drab and dull as lyric drama, as music pure and simple it may please. One episode, at least, has what one needs in opera—dramatic beauty and contrasted charms.

But what on earth induced Mr. Gatti-Casazza to dig up for New York Rossini's long forgotten opera-buffa, "L'Italiana in Algeri," when twenty modern works of vital interest screamed for a hearing. And why should Leoncavallo's tawdry "Zaza" have had precedence over a hundred vastly more important operas? His Italian feeling may,

to some extent, explain both mysteries. But what in Italy may be quite right, seems far from right in these United States. The Metropolitan is not the Scala, though now and then one might suppose it was.

Some additions to the Metropolitan singers are announced. Orville Harrold, the young tenor who was revealed to us by the late Mr. Hammerstein, will strengthen the American contingent. Two Italian mezzo-soprani of importance, Gabriella Besanzoni (a South American favorite) and Carolina Lazzari (formerly of the Chicago company) are also to sing for us. But we read nothing in the twelfth prospectus of Mr. Gatti-Casazza as to the engagement of the great Paris tenor, Muratore, who would have lent dignity and charm to the French repertory. And the most famous of all living Italian baritones, Galeffi and Titta Ruffo, have both (for reasons which to some of us seem sadly obvious) been permitted to slip away to the Chicago organization.

The omissions, like the suggestions of the prospectus, show plainly that the management of the Metropolitan trusts, as in former years, to the voices of Caruso, Amato, Geraldine Farrar, Margarete Matzenauer, Didur, and a few more for the prosperity of its enterprise. A few of those prized voices may be shopworn. But—this season will hear them all again.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little further into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available, without much trouble through publisher, book-shop, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help to make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Armenia

THE proposal for an American expeditionary force to take Armenia under the protection of this country arouses a new interest in the land and the people whose name is synonymous with martyrdom and sorrow. Writings about Armenia are, to a large extent, still in foreign languages, or confined to articles in periodicals. There are enough convenient books in English, however,

(Continued on page 548)



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(Continued from page 546.)

to give any inquirer some idea of the Armenians, their country, their history, and the outrageous wrongs they have suffered.

H. F. B. Lynch's "Armenia; Travels and Studies" (Longmans, 1901) is an extensive work in two volumes. Many readers will prefer a briefer book, like Noel and Harold Buxton's "Travel and Politics in Armenia" (Macmillan, 1914), which, with an introduction by Viscount Bryce, and some chapters on Armenian history and culture by Aram Raffi, gives a sketch of conditions before the great war. Another brief work is Archag Tchobanian's "The People of Armenia" (Dent, 1914). More comprehensive is M. C. Garbrielian's "Armenia: a Martyr Nation" (Revell, 1918), with its early history, as well as its chapters on the events of 1915-17.

Three or four books might be grouped under the title of one of them: "The Blackest Page of Modern History" (Putnam, 1916), by Herbert A. Gibbons. These all deal with Armenia and Turkey during the recent war. The others are: A. P. Hacopian's "Armenia and the War" (Doran, 1917?), E. F. Benson's "Crescent and Iron Cross" (Doran, 1918), Lewis Einstein's "Inside Constantinople" (Dutton, 1918), and, of course, "Ambassador Morgenthau's Story" (Doubleday, 1918), by Henry Morgenthau.

A small book, reviewing the whole history of the country, is Bertha S. Papazian's "The Tragedy of Armenia" (Pilgrim Press, 1919), which has been well received in reviews. A pamphlet of Arnold Toynbee's is called "Armenian Atrocities; The Murder of a Nation" (Doran, 1915?); while J. J. Keliher & Co. are the publishers of a pamphlet, dated 1917, and called "Germany, Turkey, and Armenia," which is drawn from documentary evidence. The massacres in the recent war led Helen Davenport Gibbons to write "The Red Rugs of Tarsus" (Century, 1917), a record of the massacre of 1909. Official papers upon this subject are in "The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire" (Hodder, 1916). These were documents presented to Viscount Grey, and laid before Parliament as an official paper.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

Anonymous. *Stuff: An Anthology of Verse.* Four Seas Company. \$1 net.
Hope, Laurence. *India's Love Lyrics.* Lane. \$1.50 net.
Macleod, Euphemia. *My Rose and Other Poems.* Four Seas Company.
Shaw, Bernard. *Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War.* Brentano's. \$1.75 net.

THE REVIEW

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MASSACHUSETTS has shown beyond question where the great body of America's citizenship stands when the foundations of law and order are threatened. The attitude of the two candidates for the governorship took the contest wholly out of the ordinary rut of party politics. In his handling of the police strike, Governor Coolidge stood in the public mind, outside Massachusetts no less than within, as the champion of order against anarchy. Mr. Long, the Democratic candidate, could have done the same. He chose, however, to make his appeal primarily to the elements supposed to have been offended by Governor Coolidge's course, depending upon the radical element in Boston and the manufacturing centres to overbalance the loss which he was sure to suffer in the better element of his own party. The result is a plurality of about 125,000 for Coolidge—a figure almost unprecedented in Massachusetts, and contrasting with his own plurality of only 17,000 against the same opponent a year ago. Boston, where Long's campaign managers were looking

for a majority of over 40,000, gave him only about 5,000, showing a heavier Democratic defection than the rest of the State. Democratic candidates for office in Massachusetts will perhaps be a little less eager, in the future, to pick up the red end of the political poker.

IT is a common error to exaggerate the significance of a single electoral victory; but there are times when failure to recognize such significance argues not caution but blindness. The Massachusetts result is absolutely conclusive, and on a question far more comprehensive than the immediate issue upon which it turned. It is conclusive as to the state of mind of the American people on the whole programme of revolutionary radicalism. If our historic form of government were on its last legs, if the existing economic and social order were ready to be thrown into the scrap-heap, an appeal to the abstract principle of law and order, however well grounded, could not possibly evoke such a response. People who are in a state of revolutionary discontent are not in a frame of mind to draw distinctions. They hit a head when they see it. No better opportunity could possibly have been presented than this contest between Coolidge and Long for registering a protest against the existing order. If the people were seething with the revolutionary spirit, neither the specific issue of the moment nor party attachments of the past would have stood in the way of its expression. But all the breaking of party lines was of precisely the opposite character. The Republican ranks have stood firm, and scores of thousands of Democratic voters have swelled them. At a single stroke, Massachusetts has disposed of the notion that the voice either of the soap-box agitator or of the dilettante revolutionist is the voice of America.

ONLY the transcendent interest of the Massachusetts victory puts the result of the New York city election into second place. The overwhelming victory of Justice Newburger is such a blow as Tammany has seldom suffered; the rescue from its grip of leading posts in the municipal government is hardly less important to the public, and is even more of a disappointment to Tammany's expectations. That the citizenship of New

York could be aroused to such a pitch upon local questions, at a time when bigger troubles so engross the public mind, is matter for special satisfaction. It contributes its share, too, toward showing that the American people are not so taken up with rainbow-chasing that the old concerns of ordinary decent government are regarded by them as of no consequence. It would be foolish, however, to regard the outcome of the campaign as proving anything more than that there are limits to what Tammany can count upon; the overwhelming defeat of Mayor Mitchel two years ago—with Hylan the victor!—will long remain a monumental warning of the abysmal possibilities of New York City's vote.

THE President heartily congratulates Governor Coolidge on his victory, and the country heartily congratulates the President on his congratulation.

CONGRESS has shown bad judgment in refusing to the Air Service, so far, even a living appropriation, to say nothing of provision for progress. The outbreak of the war found aviation in its infancy, even in Germany. Speedy progress was made, in all the more important countries involved, but it was progress under the lash of immediate war necessity. The admitted faults that exist in the planes in use to-day are in no small degree due to this unavoidable lack of time for careful tests of each new feature as it was evolved, and the thorough working out of underlying principles. Now that the lash has been removed, the time has come for the slow and careful revision of all that was so hastily done, that structural defects may be removed, dangers to life and limb minimized, and the various forms of aircraft be brought to the highest possible level of efficiency for the uses of either war or peace. This work is, of course, going to be done. The immediate question is whether the United States is going to have any part in it other than that of standing on the ground and watching the improved planes of more enterprising countries as they glide by.

When once the country realizes the situation, it will not tolerate a policy so lacking in national self-respect. But the loss of a year or two in getting into the

game would be a very serious misfortune. It will mean at the outset that many of the most desirable men now in the service, on both the practical and the scientific sides, will leave it for other occupations. The class of air men who will consent to stay and merely mark time, in the hope of more liberal support in some indefinite future, is not the class from which genuine progress in the art and science of aviation is to be expected. The really live men can be held only if new planes are to be built and ample laboratory room and equipment provided for the working out of the scientific problems still unsolved. It would be entirely unjustifiable to permit this loss merely because the question is still pending whether or not to reorganize the Air Service as a separate Department. Reorganization will be made none the more difficult by the existence of something really worth while to reorganize. The present session of Congress should not adjourn without granting at least the \$15,000,000 appropriation for new work which has already passed the Senate but was cancelled by the Conference Committee in deference to the House.

THE failure of Yudenitch to take Petrograd brings into relief again the question of the blockade of Soviet Russia. Few topics have been the subject of more misinformation or more misplaced emotion. On Saturday last the League of Free Nations Association held a luncheon for discussing it and a large portion of the meeting was devoted to impassioned appeals to end it. The parlor Bolshevik element present was particularly vigorous in the expression of its feelings.

Such people, however, are not especially concerned with facts. In the first place, it is not America's blockade. In the second place, the blockade of Soviet Russia is now the blockade of Petrograd alone, for active fighting is taking place on all the remaining frontiers, and the question of blockade does not arise on the fighting line. In the third place, the lifting of the blockade by the Allies might rescue the people of Petrograd if the Bolsheviks would not seize the supplies for themselves and the Red Army, but they have consistently refused to permit the bringing in of any supplies under neutral auspices that would safeguard them.

Russia could not be fed from the outside even if there were no barrier at all, for there are a hundred million mouths and transportation has broken down. Russia must feed herself, and she has in her country districts enough food to do so, but it is the crowning crime of the Bolshevik Government that it has made this impossible. The blockade, throughout the period of the armis-

tice, has simply exposed the incompetence and lack of constructive ability of the fools and criminals who promised the deluded people a communistic Utopia. It was not a blockade of a country that depended on import of food and raw materials, but of a land abounding in every natural resource. Had there been in the Bolshevik leaders the slightest ability to construct, it would have served as a powerful stimulus to develop the utilization of these resources, like a high protective tariff. No better example of this incompetence need be cited than that of Petrograd freezing to death and tearing down its wooden dwellings for fuel, while surrounded by forests. In reality, the question of the blockade itself is far less important than the source and the purpose of the agitation against it—an agitation which bears all the marks of a propaganda to arouse sympathy for the Bolsheviks and to block the efforts to assist the real Russia.

FUGITIVES who have recently escaped from Bolshevik Russia bring some valuable information as to the developments there. The Red Army is under iron discipline and the people are utterly cowed and terrorized. There has not been the slightest display of constructive ability, and production is at a standstill. It is estimated that more than forty thousand German soldiers and five hundred officers are serving in the Bolshevik armies, and this accounts for a degree of organization not to have been expected from the Bolsheviks themselves.

Another phenomenon has been pointed out by a prominent Moscow industrialist who has just escaped through the South after having served a term as a conscript in the Red Army. This phenomenon should be of especial interest to the radicals of the labor movement in this country who have been lauding the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat. He points out that, whereas the revolution developed in the industrial classes Socialistic ideas which led to seizure of factories by the workmen, voting by them of their own hours and wages, and the general disappearance of any ideas of discipline or authority in industry, the Bolshevik régime with an iron hand has absolutely swept these ideas out of existence. The slightest expression of dissatisfaction on the part of a laborer is repressed with ruthless cruelty. Workmen are shot down in batches for the least infraction of rules. Industrialists have feared that reconstruction would be sadly hampered by the difficulty of dealing with labor under the conditions produced by revolution and Socialist agitation, but apparently the Soviet tyranny has destroyed the last vestige of independence in the Russian laboring classes.

ACCORDING to cable messages, the gist of Premier Clémenceau's speech in Strassburg, on Tuesday, may be summed up in the one word, "work," directed not merely to his own people, but to the entire world. The loss of four years of destructive warfare can be made up by work alone. There had been predictions that Clémenceau would come out with a demand for a revision of the treaty of peace, giving France more ample protection against the possibility of renewed attack by Germany, but he prefers to trust in the continued friendship of England and America who, he said, had not bargained for their blood and would not grudge help to France. The necessity of getting back to work, which the French Premier stressed so heavily, is the burden of a letter from the John V. Farwell Company, of Chicago, which appeared in one of the New York papers on the same day. The Farwell Company urges the immediate ratification of the treaty, with no destructive reservations, as an imperative necessity if the people of Europe are to be got back to work, an end which can be gained only with a supply of raw materials, machinery, and credits which will not be given until after the ratification of the treaty. The opinion is also expressed that the treaty delay, by preventing the laboring class from getting to work, is adding to the forces of extreme radicalism everywhere, and that if prolonged it will seriously depress all lines of American business.

IN Germany as here, the feeling grows that the labor class is being used by strike leaders to bring about a Bolshevistic revolution. This opinion was expressed the other day by Fritz Neuhaus, director-general of the Borsig Locomotive and Machine Works, in an interview with the correspondent of the *New York Times*. The Borsig concern, along with other great metal-working establishments, has granted increase of wages, with the eight-hour day, and other concessions; but new demands have followed repeated concessions, until Director Neuhaus is convinced that the leaders are prolonging the present strike not for the sake of labor but in the hope that the Government may be overthrown, and a Spartacan dictatorship put in its place. He is convinced, however, that their aims will be thwarted by rebellion among their own followers, who are unwilling to continue in enforced idleness and see their families suffering, with no funds from which strike pay may be provided, and no share in the Government allowance to those who are involuntarily unemployed. The Borsig establishment has large orders, and would be working day and night, with an increased force, if not held up by the strike. Director Neu-

haus also states that in some industries the workmen themselves, with the consent of their unions, have gone back to piece-work and working overtime in order to counteract the disadvantages of a rigid adherence to the eight-hour rule.

THE economy to be expected from a national budget system is something more fundamental than a mere reduction in the grand total of Congressional appropriations, which might not be economy at all. An appropriation of a million for some great reclamation project might conceivably be wasteful, while the granting of five times as much would have been true economy. The million might be so scanty that costly work already in progress would suffer serious deterioration through want of funds to carry it to completion, while the larger sum would have placed the entire project in position to yield important economic advantages to the country. The real gain from a rightly organized budget system in our national finances will come first through securing a fairer distribution of the total of appropriations among the various Departments. A comprehensive view of the entire field, and the relation of its parts to one another, will take the place of the present struggle of rival interests, each seeking all it can get for itself and none well informed as to the legitimate claims of the others.

IN an official letter to the Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, Assistant Secretary of State Philip says that the United States is maintaining no "blockade" of Petrograd but is simply refusing export licenses for shipments to Russian territory under Bolshevik control, and clearance papers to American vessels seeking to enter Petrograd, the only remaining Bolshevik port. This refusal is placed on two grounds, the declared purpose of the Bolsheviks to carry revolution into other lands, and the Bolshevik "nationalization" of all trade, which makes it impossible to distribute even necessities through Petrograd except by dealing with the Bolshevik authorities. The stores of American food placed in Viborg, Finland, by the American Relief Commission, will be taken to Petrograd "whenever that city may come under the control of authorities with whom it is possible to deal." Assistant Secretary Phillips reminds the Committee that this action is taken by the Administration under its war powers, and cannot be maintained after the ratification of the Peace Treaty without new legislation. As the opening up of commerce with territory under Bolshevik control would unquestionably furnish new channels for the inflow of revolutionary propaganda, Congress should at

once enact such empowering legislation as may seem necessary.

GERMANY will doubtless accept without a murmur the Allies' bill of damages on account of the ships-of-war scuttled at Scapa Flow. What are a few millions of marks on top of so many billions? It was worth the price, this splendid vindication of the honor of the High Seas fleet—the very poetry of the art of sinking. From the point of view of the Allies, of course, leaving out of account all question of good manners at sea, so flagrant a breach of the armistice terms could not be blinked.

IN the course of his evidence before the National Assembly Sub-Committee Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German ex-Chancellor, made a statement which implied the nation's responsibility for the relentless submarine warfare. He had been opposed to that weapon, he declared, but the influence of Admiral von Tirpitz, General Ludendorff, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, was so strong that the German people were absolutely convinced of its justification and followed their military leaders blindly. If public opinion in Germany was as futile as Mr. Wilson supposed in his speech of April 2, 1917, the submarine warfare would have needed no sanction of the people to be carried into effect. The three criminal fire-eaters would have started on their wicked course regardless of any opinion but their own. The chancellor tried to attenuate the guilt with which he charged the nation by adding that it followed the triumvirate blindly. If this is true, as it evidently is, the fault lies with Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and his like, whose clear duty it was to open the people's eyes. Of this another confession of the Chancellor gives an interesting proof: Having been asked why the Central Powers made their peace offer on December 12, 1916, in spite of the fact that a move for peace by Mr. Wilson had been suggested to Germany and was likely to be initiated before the end of that month, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg replied that "in order not to give the impression of weakness the German peace offer had to come at a time when our military successes were at the highest. Moreover, it was necessary to show the German people that the Government desired peace and was only waging a defensive war." The implication is that this desire could not be made apparent when it came to actual negotiations, as then the peace-loving government of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg would have to confess that the aim of its defensive war was the annexation of Belgium. If the people were really deceived as to the intentions of their rulers, they furnished

an amazing instance of gregarious blindness; but this does not lessen the sin of the ex-Chancellor and other non-military leaders who, in obedience to orders from army headquarters, took advantage of the nation's lack of sight for the furtherance of Ludendorff's schemes.

IT may be only an omen, and probably of no more significance than usually attaches to omens, that the new list of Rhodes scholars is headed by the name of William Dwight Whitney. Some seventy years ago a young scholar of that name set sail for—Berlin. What he got there plus what he brought with him sufficed to make his name one of the brightest in the bead-roll of American scholars. Through him and others like him we acquired something which in justice both to ourselves and to Germany should not be forgotten. The horror of the last five years has far more than cancelled our debt to Germany; and the fact that we had allowed the debt to roll up far higher than it should have been permitted to go tends to encourage a denial that there was any debt at all. But for better and worse we got a great deal. Whatever was good in it, and there was much that was good, ought by this time to have been made thoroughly our own. It should be judged not on grounds of whence it came but of what it has become. From the original source, however, we need at present nothing more, and our young scholars do well to look elsewhere for new learning to graft upon the now pretty sturdy American stock.

THESE are times which try men's minds, quite as much as their souls. The world, as never before, needs head. It asks for knowledge, not anodynes; facts, not dreams; light, and not a suffused rosy glow. But light, if it is to illuminate, must fall on a seeing eye. People—huge masses of them—are perfectly well aware of this. They are ready, eager, to study, to be informed where they were content to be ignorant, to be receptive where they were comfortably indifferent. They know well enough that salvation comes, if it comes, through a very considerable lifting of the plane, a considerable enrichment of the materials, upon which the world's saving common sense works. Any single effort to contribute to the satisfaction of this need must appear small in view of the ends contemplated. It is only the sum of many such efforts that begins to look respectable, but each of many small contributions shares in the dignity of the sum that depends on them for its existence. It is, therefore, gratifying to the *Review* to feel that its column, "Books and the News," is successfully serving the limited though highly practical ends it aims at.

The Country and the Miners

THE sullen obstinacy of the United Mine Workers has been met by the Administration at Washington with a manifestation of energy and firmness never surpassed in a similar emergency. The President's offer to bring about an orderly settlement was accompanied by the clearest possible warning that if such settlement was refused all the powers of the Federal Government would be put into action for the protection of the rights of the public. The offer was rejected and the warning ignored; and with a swiftness and completeness that leaves no room for doubt as to the determination behind it, all the machinery of the law and all the activities of its thousands of agents have been set in motion to bring to nought the defiant attempt of the union to take the country by the throat and compel acceptance of its arbitrary and unreasonable demands.

In the struggle before it, whether that shall prove short or long, the Administration has the overwhelming support of public sentiment. In all the history of labor struggles, it would be hard to recall a single instance in which, from the very outset of a strike, the public were so distinctly arrayed against the strikers. Usually it is not until the cause of the strikers has become discredited by flagrant acts of violence that the people at large are aroused to resentment against them. In this instance, the inherent wrongfulness of the strike has been sufficient to bring about an instant alignment of the public against it.

A number of circumstances have combined to create this state of feeling. In the first place, the odium of refusing to have their case submitted to fair inquiry and arbitration rests squarely upon the miners. As Attorney-General Palmer says in his official statement of the Government's position: "The operators, upon the insistence of the President, indicated their willingness to negotiate and arbitrate, providing the strike is deferred, while the miners rejected the President's request for arbitration as a means of settlement and refused to defer the strike." This of itself would be a heavy weight for the strikers to carry. But refusal to arbitrate is, in this instance, a thousand-fold more reprehensible than usual, because what the miners propose to substitute for inquiry and arbitration is the coercion of the whole people of the country, through the deliberate stoppage of its industrial life. The fight is not against the operators, but against the people; if the strike is won, it will be not because the operators

yield, but because the people surrender, and the people don't intend to surrender.

But there is a third factor in the situation which, we believe, is quite as powerful as either of these in arraying the people of the country against the miners. It requires no close examination of the facts to recognize in this strike something far beyond an ordinary attempt to better conditions. The question of recognition of the union is not involved at all; it is with the union that the operators have been dealing for years. The situation as to wages and hours is not of such a character as to account for uncompromising insistence on an arbitrary and extreme demand, in the face of repeated appeals by the Government for a reasonable method of settlement. The country feels instinctively that the fight which the miners have thus deliberately provoked centers about an issue more vital than any involved in their immediate demands, unreasonable as these are. The country realizes that the strike is, in essence, revolutionary; that it asserts the right of the workers who at any given time happen to be engaged in any essential industry, to absolute control, and virtual ownership, of that industry. Thus the alignment that is taking place upon this strike is at bottom an alignment of those who favor, as against those who oppose, a movement which attacks the very foundations of the existing order.

The same issue has arisen more sharply, though not in a field so extensive, in more than one instance within the past few months. It appeared in a gross and violent form at Seattle, and was triumphantly met by Mayor Ole Hanson, whose splendid conduct in the crisis instantly made him a national figure. In a still simpler form—because it was not in the field of industry, but in the even more essential province of the primary functions of government—the issue was made in the Boston police strike; and Governor Coolidge met it with a conclusive and masterly assertion of the supremacy of law and government. In each of these instances the man upon whom the responsibility of government rested showed himself equal to the occasion; and now, in a case less absolutely clear-cut, but no less vital, and in its dimensions infinitely more serious, the Federal Administration has acquitted itself in a manner worthy of its high trust. Americans who have feared that the foundations of their institutions were in danger may well take heart as they contemplate the fidelity, and courage, and strength which their public servants have shown when put to the test.

Even more encouraging is the evidence, to be seen on all hands, of the fun-

damental soundness of spirit of the nation as a whole. In a Congress in which party division is unusually acute, with a Senate that has been engaged for months in a contest of exceptional bitterness between Administration and anti-Administration forces, and with a Presidential campaign in near prospect, this coal-strike issue was met, from the moment it came into view, in a spirit of almost unanimous harmony. From the start everybody knew that Congress would stand behind the President when the crisis came; and when it did come the Senate immediately passed a concurrent resolution giving "the national Administration and all others in authority the assurance of our constant, continuous, and unqualified support in the use of such constitutional and lawful means as may be necessary to meet the present industrial emergency and in vindicating the majesty and power of the Government in enforcing obedience to and respect for the Constitution and the laws."

There can be no doubt that the attitude of Congress is a reflection of what is silently going on in men's minds all over the country. One interesting indication of this was given when the Association of Men Teachers and Principals of the City of New York, at a special meeting, unanimously adopted a resolution that the Board of Education be petitioned to give the teachers permission to volunteer for service in the coal fields without loss of pay. One often has occasion to lament the readiness of Congress to keep its ear to the ground; but there are times when that trait has its uses. Congress may play to this gallery or that in lesser matters; but when it comes to an issue which the whole people feel to be vital, the gallery it plays to—if it plays to a gallery at all—is the whole people and nothing less. For many months the revolutionaries, professional and amateur, have been occupying a big place on the stage; they are now being shown how small a place they fill in the country.

The Strike and the Law

THE Government's case against the coal strikers rests upon no doubtful or narrow ground. The facts and circumstances which Attorney-General Palmer marshals in his public statement of the Government's position are but the background of the case, and no one of them is essential to its validity. The law invoked by him as the basis of the Government's action is the Food and Fuel Control act. This act, as the Attorney-General says, "made it unlawful for any concerted action, agreement, or arrange-

ment to be made by two or more persons to limit the facilities of transportation and production, or to restrict the supply and distribution of fuel, or to aid or abet the doing of any act having this purpose or effect. Making a strike effective under the circumstances which I have described amounts to such concerted action or arrangement." Nor is there the slightest doubt that this act is still in full force. The date of its expiration is unambiguously stated in the act itself, which declares that it "shall cease to be in effect when the existing state of war between the United States and Germany shall have terminated, and the fact and date of such termination shall be ascertained and proclaimed by the President."

In the newspapers, while the strike was incubating, the greatest stress was laid on the charge that the miners were flagrantly repudiating a contract obligation. But neither in the President's letter nor in the Attorney-General's statement does this charge play a prominent part. On the contrary, while the point is mentioned in both cases, it is touched upon with conspicuous gentleness. Whether the obligation of that agreement, which was to be valid "during the continuation of the war," should be regarded as absolutely binding at this time is obviously an open question. The miners would have been perfectly justified in asserting their view that the obligation no longer holds good. The odium that rests upon them, in this regard, is not their assertion of the view, but their assumption of the right to compel its acceptance by force, instead of submitting the question to fair and impartial determination. But the Government's case in no wise depends on the right or wrong of this particular claim. The miners cannot pretend that they have a right to repeal an act of Congress; and under the Food and Fuel Control act a strike of the kind that is now being attempted would be absolutely illegal, even if no contract had been entered into in regard to wages and working conditions.

A larger question as to the Government's power is raised by a speech made by ex-President Taft in Massachusetts. Every one who thinks seriously about what the strike really means must ask himself whether our protection against the disaster which it threatens rests solely on the accident that peace has not yet been proclaimed. If the Treaty had been ratified last month and the proclamation of peace issued, the condition of the country would still be essentially what it is to-day, and the peril in which our industries and the general welfare would be placed by the strike would be no less than it is now. Mr. Taft placed the right of the Government to protect the public in such a contingency upon a

basis which has nothing to do with the existence of a state of war. He said:

In an ordinary strike incidental annoyance to the public, which is negligible, does not render the strike illegal. But when enormous combinations of workmen deliberately enter upon a country-wide plan to take the country by the throat and compel the country to compel the employers in that particular field of industry to yield to the demands of the men, they are engaged in an unlawful conspiracy. The sacredness of their individual right to labor on such terms as they choose and to leave their employment when they will does not protect or justify them in such a conspiracy.

That is the kind of conspiracy the bituminous coal miners propose to begin on the first day of November. Congress has full power, in the interstate commerce law, to condemn such a conspiracy as an offense, if it has not already done so.

The issue thus brought forward is one that may well engage the attention of our highest legislative and juristic authorities. And the public at large must begin to consider in real earnest the question of what power the nation possesses to defend itself against what is in all essentials an act of war. We cannot afford to drift along in a state of uncertainty upon so vital an issue. The specific legislation proposed in the Cummins Railroad bill to prevent the possibility of our means of transportation being paralyzed by a strike is bitterly opposed by organized labor. Still more opposition will there be to legislation covering dangers of less definite scope, but no less menacing to the vital interests of the country. Yet if the future is to be safe, the power of the national Government to intervene for the nation's protection must in one way or another be made plain. And there is no better time than the present for facing the issue.

Bessarabia

EVER since Rumania, on August 18, 1916, signed a secret treaty with the Allies which promised satisfaction of her claims in Austro-Hungarian territory, in exchange for her armed intervention on the side of the Entente, she has caused her associates more trouble and annoyance than the maintenance of her neutrality would have done. Within two years of that date, on March 5, 1918, General Averescu was forced to agree to a preliminary peace with the Central Powers, which was signed in so-called permanent form two months later. But when the fortune of war had turned against the victors, and after the exit of Austria-Hungary, she, at the eleventh hour, resumed her campaign on November 10, 1918, obviously in order to safeguard the satisfaction of her territorial ambitions as promised to her by the secret treaty of 1916. There is no evidence that the Great Powers have taken the

view that by her incidental peace with the enemy Rumania had put that treaty out of operation, but one gets the impression, from the defiant attitude which M. Bratiano's Government has adopted towards the Supreme Council, that at Bucharest the Council is suspected or actually accused of taking that position. This would account for Rumania's determination to take the law in her own hands with regard to the settlement of affairs in Hungary.

Her claims to Bessarabia have a stronger foundation than a provision in a secret treaty whose validity is subject to doubt. The exit of Russia from the war gave Rumania an opportunity to present these claims, which she bases on historical and ethnical grounds. For the land between Pruth and Dniester, until it was annexed by Russia in 1812, has always formed an integral part of Moldavia, and at least 50 per cent.—according to Rumanian statistics nearly 70 per cent.—of the Bessarabian population are Moldavian in race and in language. From 1812 until 1917, except for an interval of twenty years from 1856 to 1877, the country remained under Russian rule. But when the revolution led to the disintegration of the Empire, Bessarabia was left to her own control. She would seem to have soon grown tired of autonomy, to judge from the vote which was passed, some time ago, by the National Convention in favor of incorporation with Rumania. Whether this assembly was truly representative, however, has been called into question—not, indeed, by the Rumanian Government, which naturally bases its recent action on that majority vote, but from the side of the Bessarabians themselves. Rumanian troops were, at that time, in occupation of the country, and seeing how these forces are being used in Hungary in influencing the political situation, there may be some truth in the assertion made by non-Moldavian elements in Bessarabia that the Constitution of the National Parliament did not so much reflect the opinion of the people as the temporary predominance of Rumanian militarism. A plebiscite has been asked for from the Bessarabian side as a corrective of this impugned majority vote. But the Rumanian Government objects, preferring a bird in the hand to two in the bush; and in order to tighten its grip on the catch, it has issued an official proclamation of the union of Bessarabia with Rumania.

The helpless inactivity of the Supreme Council in the Fiume tangle has, no doubt, encouraged M. Bratiano to proceed on his successful course of "realpolitik." The moment is auspicious for Rumania. Her present strength lies in the weakness of both her friends and her

enemies: the Entente has greater interests to protect in the Baltic region than are involved in the fate of Bessarabia, and Ukraine will not proceed beyond an official protest, as General Petlura's troops are engaged in fighting Denikin's forces, and Hungary is in a state of semi-subjection to Rumania, which makes her quite harmless as an opponent. The only danger for Rumania is thus extending her territory as far as the Dniester is in the friction to which it will lead in the future with whatever Russian régime may be established after the overthrow of the Soviet Government. That Bratiانو faces this risk may be taken as an indication that, in his opinion, the struggle between the Reds and the anti-revolutionary forces is yet far removed from that final phase which recent dispatches had given reason to regard as at last imminent.

Russia's Plight

IN the Russian situation, the optimism of a fortnight ago has not been justified by the event. It seemed indeed for the moment that the simultaneous movements of the forces of Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenitch presaged a speedy fall of the Bolshevik régime. But these hopes, at least for the immediate future, seem doomed to disappointment, and the elation of loyal Russians, who felt that the dawn of a new day in their tortured country was at hand, is replaced by a certain degree of pessimism. We in America also have reason to share their disappointment, for it is certain that as long as the collapse of the Bolshevik Government is postponed, by just so much is industrial quiet here and peace in the world at large delayed.

The failure of the anti-Bolshevik forces to drive home their victories to a conclusion does not mean that their opponents have taken on new strength, or that they will be obliged to desist from future attempts. Indeed, the latest reports that have come to hand contain a certain degree of reassurance. They have suffered too often from disappointment to allow the latest reverses to affect seriously their fighting morale. The trouble lies rather in another direction. The Bolshevik forces, although well disciplined and possessing interior lines, are not stronger, but there is exposed in the anti-Bolshevik forces a weakness in organization back of the line that grows more serious as decisive victory is delayed.

It now seems evident that Yudenitch, in undertaking his drive on Petrograd, counted on coöperation and support from certain elements and that these failed him at the critical moment. It is scarcely probable that he would have attempted

to take the well garrisoned and strongly fortified city with but a mere handful of ill-trained troops, unless he had the assurance that a movement of the Finnish Army from the north would assail Petrograd from the other side and complete the investment of the city. Finnish assistance, however, was dependent upon complicated political considerations. In the first place, Finnish national aspirations had to be satisfied. To be sure, Admiral Kolchak's declaration in this regard was definite and satisfactory. But the Finns are in a position where they hesitate to accept at full value promises whose fulfillment in fact must depend to some extent on the attitude of future governments and be subject in some degree to future international adjustments. Besides this the Finns have recently made additional demands of a territorial and financial character that are almost prohibitive.

Denikin, almost within striking distance of Moscow, has been obliged to give ground and lose the impetus of his remarkable swing to the north. This does not indicate so much a recrudescence of Bolshevik power as it does an unsatisfactory condition back of his own lines. The same is true of the slowing up, and even the loss of a considerable stretch of the railroad, in Kolchak's recent drive. The conditions that have brought about this situation on both Siberian and South Russian fronts deserve examination. The reader who follows the newspaper accounts notes on the one hand the enthusiasm with which the armies of Kolchak and Denikin were welcomed by the people whom they liberated from the Bolshevik yoke, and on the other hand the growing dissatisfaction and unrest within the liberated territories, and jumps to the conclusion that this unrest is due to some feeling that these leaders represent reactionary sentiment. The truth is that there is a fundamental difficulty facing the anti-Bolshevik leaders which is well-nigh insuperable. In both cases, all efforts have been centred on the front. The result is that it has not been possible to reorganize the economic life of the liberated regions and restore to these populations the civil administration and prosperity necessary to their well-being. Had it been possible to do this, the fronts would have taken care of themselves.

The case of the Kolchak Government is especially difficult. Into Omsk poured thousands of refugees from European Russia, hosts of them being former petty officials. They could not be allowed to starve, and were given administrative positions for which they were incompetent. They would not go out into the country districts and undertake administrative work, but instead clustered about the capital engaging in petty intrigues and

devoting themselves to their own selfish interests. Could there have been a proper development of production and transportation in Siberia, the resultant prosperity would have provided a sound basis for the stability of the Omsk Government. The failure of the Allies and America to realize this and to take the necessary steps to bring it about has been their greatest sin of omission in dealing with the Russian problem.

The same is true of the regions occupied by Denikin. Here are perhaps forty million people occupying a territory in which are located the bulk of Russia's immediately available natural resources. Denikin has not only been unable to restore economic life and prosperity to these regions, but has been obliged to appoint as Governors of provinces and districts old generals and officials who are utterly incompetent to deal with the problems of administration in an enlightened manner, and helpless to meet the active agitation of Bolshevik agents among the population. The result is unrest and disorganization, one phase of which is seen in the appearance of numerous bands of outlaws and robbers, pursuing their depredations in various parts of the country. If the Allies and America could but realize that the immediate starting of commercial and industrial enterprises throughout this region would stabilize conditions and do more to restore Russia and bring peace to the world than the dispatch of a possible military force, they would certainly take the necessary steps to encourage such enterprise.

The anti-Bolshevik campaigns of Kolchak and Denikin were undertaken with the idea of sweeping forward rapidly, capturing Moscow, and then undertaking the organization of Russia from the centre. Consequently, all attention was concentrated on the front, and the rear perforce neglected. But the campaigns have suffered delay and disappointment, and the general plans must be revised in consequence. The whole question of whether the Bolsheviks can be overthrown and Russia restored by the present movements depends upon whether the leaders are able to make the readjustments and organize the occupied territories. There is a dearth of able and unselfish men for these tasks, and seeming inability on the part of the Allies to realize their importance. Meanwhile the sufferings of the Russian people are increasing to a point that staggers the imagination. The time has come for the Allies to adopt a positive policy—a policy directed to the relieving of an intolerable situation and the averting of an unparalleled catastrophe.

Where the Farmer Draws the Line

IT is not strange that our advance agents of a "proletariat" revolution have imagined the American farm to be good soil for the growth of their propaganda. Imagination ballasted by a bounteous lack of knowledge is capable of greater feats than that. But even people whose mental path keeps nearer to the ground of fact are sometimes a little uneasy as to the part which the farmer might play in the general industrial "hold-up" of organized society which agitators are continually plotting. The farmer is not a conservative from any reasoned-out philosophy of life. He may occasionally follow a long distance in the train of enthusiasts concealing destructive economic or political vagaries under the cloak of fine promises, as in the case of Populism in Kansas a generation ago, or Townleyism in the Northwest just now. He is not instinctively averse to class legislation, so long as it is in favor of his own class; for he shares the persuasion common to so many that his class is after all the backbone of society, and his interests identical with the public good.

But when agitators of the "whatever is wrong" school approach him, a limit to his possible radicalism is very soon disclosed. Among the things that are, in his case, are his farm, paid for by the sweat of his own brow, or perhaps his father's, through long years; the fields of hay and wheat, nearing harvest after months of toil and waiting; his wife, whose economies and counsels have played no small part in the success of his efforts; his sons and daughters, either aiding him on the farm, or away at college, or holding positions of profit and responsibility in the neighboring city, for which they have been fitted by the income of the farm. Whatever is not wrong for him unless it has gone wrong by some mischance not within the normal course of life of the industrious and intelligent American farmer. And so when a new régime is proposed to him which would set a "Mother Jones" or an Emma Goldman on a higher plane of womanhood than that of his own modest wife and daughters, and deny to him and his family any moral right in the accumulated fruits of their toil and saving, there is "nothing doing." The life of the American farm may not be conducive to sustained philosophical thinking on such matters, but it does beget a shrewd common sense. If a farmer lets the brambles of Bolshevism take root in his brain, it is a fairly safe guess that he has first let burdocks and wild

carrots take root in the fields where he should have been tending beans and corn—in other words, that he is about as genuine a farmer as the Bolshevistic agitator is a laborer. What real farmers think of the current radical agitation has just been expressed, with lucidity and vigor, in the meetings of the Farmers' National Congress at Hagerstown and of the Illinois Agricultural Association.

Every State in the Union has its tens of thousands of farmers who own their own lands and enjoy the comparatively independent life which the farm secures. They take pride in the character and achievements of their sons and daughters who were born on the farm, were educated from its income, and, if they have left it for other fields of endeavor, are glad on every convenient occasion to come back to it as their "home." And so American farmers as a class will spurn any form of radicalism which strikes at the fundamentals of family life and morality, and the right to provide for one's family in one's own way, through the legally secured ownership and control of property honestly accumulated. And the same is true of a certain proportion of any class of men who earn their living by the work of their hands. Whatever may be truthfully said about American wage conditions, it remains a fact that thousands of wage earners, in all important branches of industry, have found it possible to acquire their own homes, to furnish them comfortably, and to bring up in them families of well-trained children who have given good account of themselves in the schools and colleges and in every walk of life. It is a safe guess that the knowledge of the existence of a considerable element of men of this type is not the least of the reasons why labor agitators show so decided a preference for calling strikes without the formality of free discussion and a yes or no vote on the part of the individual workmen concerned.

Facts such as these suggest an important and promising line of effort to those who are interested in keeping the country free from serious danger of revolution. Congress and the state legislatures should take all proper measures to encourage agriculture and the farm-owning habit, not of course by demagogical class legislation, but by making ample provision for agricultural education, agricultural experiment stations, model farms and other things which will promote the putting into practical and general use of the results of scientific investigation in this field. But the most important desideratum of all can not be supplied by legislation, and that is to make the life of the farming community so attractive on its

social side as to hold a larger proportion of the bright country boys and girls who so frequently find in high school and college a pathway to some calling which will open to them the more entertaining life of the city. Some of our legislatures, on advice of incompetent educational theorists, imagine that they can check this loss by making the country school little more than a fitting school for the farm. Such a policy will defeat its own end, and even increase the evil, by sending the brighter farm boys and girls out of their home communities for their elementary education as well as the higher. There should be no attempt in America, even indirectly, to impede the easy passage from one calling to another. But with the cheapening of the automobile, the multiplication of country trolley lines, the improvement of farm roads, the invention of cheap and easily managed electric light and power plants for isolated country homes, the diffusion of telephones, and the spread of rural mail delivery, the problem of a more satisfactory social life on the farm, with a consequent retention of a larger share of well educated farm-born brains for farm use, will surely not be given up as insoluble. Farm houses, in point of comfort and appearance, farm household conveniences, farm sanitation and hygiene, are all involved, and all offer fine fields for those subtler forms of public education which cannot be administered through the schools. A numerous, intelligent and fairly prosperous farm-owning population is so effective a barrier against the more dangerous forms of radical agitation that no effort should be spared to insure its maintenance.

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Labor in the Peace Treaty

CAN democracy in America, functioning through the constituted Government, operate more efficiently for the social progress of all the people when unhampered by a political and official alliance with the socialistic movements of Europe, or will it be aided in such efforts by such an alliance? The question is not one for academic debate. It springs inevitably from the frank consideration of some new and very definite facts.

Part Thirteen, captioned "LABOR," Treaty of Peace with Germany (U. S. Senate Document No. 49, to be had on application to your Senator or to the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.), establishes a permanent international organization (Article 387) recognized by the Peace Commission as an "Organization of Labor" (Article 386). Membership in the League of Nations carries with it the obligation to appoint representatives in the labor organization (Article 387). This permanent organization of labor is to consist of a General Conference of Representatives of the nations which are members of the League, and an International Labor Office (Article 388). The Conference will meet at least once in every year and may be held oftener if occasion requires. It will be composed of four delegates from each of the nations which are members of the League, two of whom will be Government delegates, appointed by the Government to represent the Government's and the public's interests; a third appointed by the Government but nominated by the employers, and a fourth appointed by the Government but nominated by the working people of the member nation. Provision is made for advisers to the delegates, and where women are affected women advisers may be selected. An adviser may speak in the Conference only upon request of the delegate whom he or she accompanies and on authorization of the President of the Conference, and may not vote; an adviser may be privileged both to speak and vote, however, if acting in the capacity of deputy for his or her delegate. Members (nations) "undertake to nominate non-Government delegates and advisers chosen in agreement with the industrial organizations, if such organizations exist, which are most representative of the employers or work-people, as the case may be, in their respective countries" (Article 389).

In order to comprehend the probable size and make-up of the International Labor organization of the future, one should remember that it will be composed of representatives from the origi-

nal members of the League of Nations, signatories of the Treaty of Peace; a total of twenty-seven signatory nations, with thirteen states invited to become such, and six that sooner or later will be invited, a grand total of forty-six, which means a conference composed of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty or more delegates (Annex No. 1 to Part 1 of the Treaty of Peace with Germany).

The meetings of the International Labor Conference, with the exception of the first meeting at Washington, will be held at the seat of the League of Nations (Geneva), unless another place be decided upon at a preceding Conference by a two-thirds majority vote of the delegates present (Article 391). The International Labor Office, which is the second and administrative half of the International Organization of Labor set up by the League of Nations, will be established "at the seat of the League of Nations as part of the organization of the League" (Article 392). This office will be controlled by a governing body consisting of twenty-four persons, appointed as follows: Twelve representing the Governments, six elected by the delegates to the Conference representing employers, and six elected by the delegates to the Conference representing workers. Eight of the twelve persons appointed to represent the Governments on the governing body of the International Labor Office will be nominated by member nations having the greatest industrial importance. If any question arises as to which of the members excel in industrial importance, the matter shall be decided by the Council of the League of Nations. This governing body will elect from its members its own chairman, will regulate its own procedure, and will fix its own times of meeting (Article 393). It will appoint a director of the International Labor Office, who will be responsible for the official conduct of the Office and for the performance of such other duties as may be assigned to him by the governing body (Article 394).

The director will appoint his own staff (Article 395) to carry out the functions of the International Labor Office, which include the "collection and distribution of information on all subjects relating to the international adjustment of conditions in industrial life and labor" and the preparation of the agenda for the meetings of the Conference and the editing and publication in French and in English, and in other languages if the governing body thinks desirable, of "a periodical paper dealing with problems of industry and employment of interna-

tional interest" (Article 396). The International Labor Office will be entitled to the assistance of the Secretary-General of the League of Nations in any matter in which it can be given (Article 398). Article 7 of the Treaty of Peace specifies, among other things, that "representatives and members of the League and officials of the League when engaged on the business of the League shall enjoy diplomatic privileges and immunities."

The foregoing summary gives a fair idea of the scope and the importance of the proposed International Labor Conference, its close connection with the League of Nations, its prestige because of that close connection, and the efficient machinery that is to be set up to carry out its proceedings. The Conference has power only to recommend to members of the League of Nations the enactment of legislation or approval of treaties, and these recommendations must be approved by a majority of two-thirds of the votes cast by the delegates present; however, "each of the members undertakes that it will, within a period of one year at most from the closing of the session of the Conference, or if it is impossible, owing to exceptional circumstances, to do so within the period of one year, then at the earliest practicable moment and in no case later than eighteen months from the closing of the session of the Conference, bring the recommendation or draft convention before the authority or authorities within whose competency the matter lies, for the enactment of legislation or other action"—hence no member nation may ignore the recommendations of the Conference when these are presented under the terms of the Treaty (Article 405). Provision is also made in the Treaty under Articles 411 and 412 for a Commission of Inquiry to investigate any neglect on the part of any member ratifying any of the conventions or recommendations of the Conference to enforce the provisions thereof, and if found necessary to obtain this enforcement the matter may be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations (Article 415), the decision of which shall be final (Article 417).

Any judgment as to the future merits or dangers of the International Labor Organization as created by the Treaty must not be based merely upon the written words, clauses, and articles setting it forth. We must take into consideration, rather, the conditions existing at the time the Treaty was written, and again, the present tendency of the various Governments and their respective national labor movements to accept the principle of nationalization of private

capital and industry, or, in other words, Socialism and, in some degree at least, Bolshevism. It is reasonable to assume that if the tendency is now in this direction it will be reflected more and more year by year in the recommendations and proclamations of the International Labor Conference. In every country of industrial importance—except the United States—which is likely to have influential representation in these Conferences the trade union movements are strongly Socialistic.

In July of this year there met at Amsterdam delegates representing the trade union movements of the various European nations and the United States with the purpose of reorganizing the International Trade Union Congress. This purpose was effected. On nomination by Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the Confederation of British Trades Unions, was elected President of the International Trade Union Congress, succeeding Carl Legien, of Germany, who was President of the Congress at the time of the outbreak of the World War. According to an historical survey of the proceedings of the Amsterdam meeting, published in the *Democrat* of London, edited by Mr. Appleton, immediately after the adjournment of the convention the delegates reassembled into an international Socialist convention in which all countries, with the exception of the United States, were represented by the same men who made up the International Trade Union Congress. According to the same article, the Congress adopted a resolution, binding upon all members, which set up as the objective of the International Labor Conference to be held under the auspices of the League of Nations the programme of the International Trade Union Conference that had been held early in 1919 at Berne, Switzerland. In this connection it is interesting to note that the American Labor Movement was not represented at the Berne Conference. It is also just as interesting to note further that the International Trade Union Conference of 1919 declared that an International Parliament of Labor should be set up by the League of Nations with power and authority to issue not only international conventions with the binding force of law behind them, but also international laws which, immediately upon adoption, should have the same force, legally, as national laws in all nations.

The so-called labor-capital problem, said to be the greatest problem now before the various peoples of the world, is, in the opinion of the writer, not the question at issue at all, for, while there are some differences between what we call

labor, meaning thereby the manual wage workers of our country, and so-called capital, better described as the management in industry, few if any of these differences are irreconcilable, particularly in the United States. The real question at issue can be more properly described as being the irreconcilable difference between capitalism and Socialism and the more extreme form of Socialism commonly described as Bolshevism, which had its genesis in the teachings and doctrines of Socialism. It therefore appears that the question to be considered is not a labor-capital question in the commonly accepted sense. It might better be put thus: Will the International Labor Conference and its machinery, as a part of the League of Nations, function so as actually to bring labor and industrial management in America into a closer understanding, assuring justice to each without destroying either, or will it function to advance the doctrines and the cause of Socialism, Syndicalism, or even extreme Bolshevism?

We have shown that the International Trade Union Congress, lately adjourned in Amsterdam, declared for the Berne programme, one which was largely Socialistic and inclined in some matters toward Bolshevism. It might be helpful to examine the attitude of the principal Governments toward the most vital contention made by the Berne Conference; namely, the right of the workers in an International Parliament to promulgate decrees having the force of international law, binding on all countries members of the League of Nations. On June 1 of this year Acting Secretary of State Long made public through the press the German note on International Labor, together with the note of the Allied Governments in reply, protesting against the arrangements made by the Peace Commission for an international organization of labor under the League of Nations. The German Peace Delegation in this note said: "In the opinion of the German Democratic Government the final decision in questions of labor law and labor protection belongs to the workers themselves." In another place in the same note the delegation said: "According to the resolutions of the International Trade Union Conference at Berne, the International Parliament of Labor is to issue not only international conventions with legal binding force, but also international laws which, from the moment of their adoption, are to have the same effect (legally binding force) as national laws (Proclamations to the workers of all countries adopted by the International Trade Union Conference at

Berne, 1919, at the motion of Jouhaux, the delegate from France). The draft of the German Democratic Government *endorses this resolution* and makes the passing of such laws depend on the assent of four-fifths of the nations represented." [Italics are ours.]

The reply of the Allied and Associated Governments, dated May 31, and signed by President Clémenceau of the Peace Commission, is quite as noteworthy for its seeming rejection *in toto* of the contentions of the German Government. Section 1 of Premier Clémenceau's reply, which, of course, was approved by our own representative, President Wilson said, in part: "The Allied institutions hold it to be their duty to collaborate with labor in the formulation of such laws, but the laws must be passed upon by representatives of the whole community." Further in his note (Section 5) Premier Clémenceau says, however: "The Labor Commission, moreover, set up by the Peace Conference envisaged all of the points mentioned in your letter as coming within the scope of the Labor Organization." Section 6 of the same note reads, in part: "It [the Labor Commission] also adopted a resolution (copy annexed) in favor of the organization being given power as soon as possible to pass resolutions possessing the force of international law. International labor laws cannot *at present* be made operative merely by resolutions passed at Conferences. The workers of one country are not prepared to be bound in all matters by laws imposed on them by representatives of other countries; international conventions as provided for under the Peace Treaty are, therefore, *at present* more effective than international labor laws, for the enforcement of which no penal sanctions can be applied." In Annex No. 2 of the Allied note here referred to Premier Clémenceau transmits to the German delegation a copy of the resolution referred to by him in the first sentence of Section 6 of his note. The resolution reads: "The Commission expresses the hope that as soon as it may be possible an agreement will be arrived at between the high contracting parties with a view to endowing the International Labor Conference under the auspices of the League of Nations with power to make, under conditions to be determined, resolutions possessing the force of international law."

The underscoring of the words "at present," appearing twice in Section 6 of the note quoted, is our own. The repetition of the words leaves the impression that probably in the future the principle adopted at the Berne Conference and approved by the German Democratic Government might be brought into full

acceptance through the League of Nations and its International Labor Conference. It leaves one to assume that when the Labor Commission, headed by Mr. Gompers, whose colleague from America was Mr. E. N. Hurley, adopted the resolution expressing the hope that the High Contracting Parties would as soon as possible endow the International Labor Conference with power to pass resolutions possessing the force of International Law, they, the Commission, possibly had some ground for belief that Messrs. Clémenceau, Wilson, Lloyd George, and others felt kindly toward their aspirations and hopes on *this point* and might be expected to help toward their realization.

Examination of the social currents in European nations leads to no other belief than that the trade union movements of these countries are fast becoming anti-capital and pro-Socialist. It is more than probable that a majority of the delegates elected by and from the various countries to sit in the International Conferences of Labor will be temperamentally so constituted. While it is true that the programme of each meeting of the Conference is set in advance, and that any Government may object to any item of the agenda, it is also true that the governing body of the International Labor Office determines the agenda from year to year. It is further true that regardless of any Government's objection to any item on the agenda the Conference may, by two-thirds vote, set the objection aside and consider the item at another time at their own discretion, in which case even the protesting Government is bound under the treaty obligations to present any recommendation which has been adopted to its National Congress or Parliament. As an example, British labor has declared for the nationalization of coal mines. The International Labor Conference could arrange for a discussion of the subject at a coming meeting, and upon approval of the principle by two-thirds of the delegates voting in a conference our Government and every other Government represented in the League would be forced under the treaty obligations to place the matter before Congress; and the full force of all the machinery of the International Labor Office, with its world-wide publication, its scores of expert advisers and statisticians, could be placed behind the campaign for adoption. In the same way our Government could be forced to put before Congress the question of waiving the right to participate in the passage of international or even national labor laws and of conferring all its rights in the matter upon the

International Labor Conference. These matters not only are important to so-called capital, but, it may be assumed, are of vital import to American working people of all sorts.

One provision of the Treaty in particular can easily operate to the end that independent alliances may be formed among the various groups of labor and employers which may be in competition with America for foreign trade and markets. We refer to Article 407, which says, "If any convention coming before the Conference for final consideration fails to secure the support of two-thirds of the delegates present, it shall nevertheless be within the rights of any of the members of the permanent organization to agree to such conventions among themselves." Thus would be afforded ample opportunity for various balances of industrial power to be struck between nations contending for trade and economic advantages, since nations will always so contend among themselves. It must never be forgotten that America is the richest of all nations and it is human to be envious of wealth. While it is true that the League of Nations seeks through its machinery to prevent political combinations of Governments, it would appear that it is affording an official channel through which industrial and economic combinations may be made under the guise of social and labor betterments. This aside, it would appear from the foregoing that a remarkable opportunity is furnished by the Treaty for the dissemination over the surface of the earth of the doctrines of Socialism. The documents will be paid for (and stamped with their implied approval, at

least) by the capitalistic nations of the world. It would appear that America must, in the nature of things, be forced to go Europe's way; it can hardly maintain American methods in its search for reformatory measures.

It is true that the Labor Commission set up by the Peace Commission did, with a world of detail, seek to surround the International Labor Conference with safeguards and checks that would prevent that which we have described; but it is equally true, and this is based on the experience and history of the past, that any body of men formed into a conference or assembly or parliament or bureau and given certain legislative, administrative, or judicial powers seeks untiringly and unceasingly to develop and enlarge those powers, and fights bitterly any attempt that is made to take such powers away. The only excuse America has for entering any such combination is to rescue Europe from a possible condition of utter chaos. To do this through the machinery of the International Labor Conference will mean that, despite an overwhelming voting strength against them, the representatives of our Government and the representatives of our employers and of our labor, totalling four in number, must at all times lead and direct the other delegates in the American way or else be led and directed by the European delegates in the European way. Hence it is not strange if some Americans think that we can do more for Europe by acting independently in such matters and by demonstrating, through our success, the worth and soundness of our remedies.

WATCHER

What Is Happening Around Riga?

THE recent breaking into print of German military activities in the Baltic region of Russia has had for its reason the spectacular events in the neighborhood of the city of Riga. But these activities have their roots much further back in point of time. General von der Goltz and his nominally Russian ally, Colonel Bermond, did not suddenly appear on the scene of their present exploits. They had been preparing for what they now attempt to do for months past. The preparations are so interwoven with all kinds of intrigue that the whole story of what has been happening in the Baltic provinces since the armistice is a mass of tangled facts and rumors, in which it is very difficult to find the truth. A great deal of information, however, from trustworthy sources has reached this country recently, and the details, when pieced together, are extremely interesting.

The scene of the preparations and of the present operations of von der Goltz and Bermond is the territory which before the revolution constituted the two Russian provinces of Livonia and Courland and what is now sometimes called the Republic of Latvia. The German troops operating there are not altogether newcomers, and von der Goltz himself has been there for a considerable period of time. The story of his activities is told somewhat as follows by a Russian journalist now in Riga.

While the war was still on, large portions of this territory were occupied by the German troops. The end of the war found a German army corps in Courland. This corps was commanded by General von Katten, with von der Goltz as one of his officers. The break-up of the German armies in the west affected the eastern corps somewhat later, but toward the

end of November its morale also began to give way, and the corps was apparently going to pieces. General von Katten relinquished in despair his attempts to hold the troops together. He went back to Germany and left von der Goltz in command of the corps.

In the meantime, the Letts organized a Government and declared the independence of Latvia. The seat of the Government was Riga. Headed by Ulmanis, the man who is the Prime Minister of Latvia to-day, this Government was decidedly anti-Bolshevik. One of its first purposes was to organize a sufficiently powerful army to withstand the military movements of the Lettish Bolsheviks, who were supported by Moscow. Soon after the formation of the Ulmanis Government a Red army, numbering nearly sixty thousand men, besieged Riga and was successfully advancing on the new capital of Latvia. Ulmanis appealed to the Allies for assistance, but instead of assistance received merely their permission to negotiate with von der Goltz and the Germans for aid.

The negotiations were very bitter and protracted. The Germans were represented by von der Goltz and a special commissary, Winnig, who had been previously sent from Berlin to spread propaganda among the German troops in the east. Winnig explained to the Letts that he thought it would be possible to get enough troops together to effect the liberation of Latvia, provided they were guaranteed the right of colonization in that country. In other words, the Germans wanted the Letts to give grants of land as compensation for services. Ulmanis was forced to agree to this proposal, but demanded, in return, the recognition of Latvian independence; to this Winnig agreed.

But while the negotiations were in progress, on January 3 the Bolsheviks captured Riga, and the Ulmanis Government was forced to flee to Libau.

In the meantime, von der Goltz had no thought of leaving the Baltic provinces. On the contrary, he had apparently conceived the idea of creating a German national centre on the eastern shore of the Baltic. There were two sources from which he could draw strength for such an organization. The first, naturally, was Germany herself, and the second was the German aristocracy of the Baltic provinces of Russia. Von der Goltz concentrated his efforts on the first, and there are indications that he there received very considerable support and that the German Government itself did nothing to discourage the idea. His professional agitators and recruiting officers worked hard in various parts of Germany, particularly in East Prussia; the equipment and the money necessary for

the troops also came from Germany. Mitau became the centre of von der Goltz's activity, to which all sorts of Germans were attracted. Those who were dissatisfied with the new régime, who dreamed of the reestablishment of the old system, and all manner of adventurers flocked to him. And out of this material he succeeded in creating a powerful, disciplined, and well-equipped army.

While primarily occupied with the formation of his military organization, von der Goltz also lent his support, both moral and material, to the work that was being carried on by the German aristocracy of the Baltic provinces. The form which this local work took was the organization of the so-called "Landeswehr," which played a very important part in the events that have occurred recently. This Landeswehr is a completely equipped military unit of approximately seven thousand men, every member of which, from the lowest to the highest, is a German aristocrat from the Baltic provinces. The beginnings of the organization date back to the period following the armistice, although the work was not really completed until von der Goltz lent his assistance.

Between the Landeswehr and the Letts exists a deep-seated hatred, the former being oppressive, aristocratic landowners; the latter, including the Lettish Government headed by Ulmanis, being simple peasants. Von der Goltz was German enough and a poor enough politician to support these Germans against their Lettish adversaries. In April a successful conspiracy was engineered by the Landeswehr, by which the Ulmanis Government was overthrown and a new Government established, headed by a pro-German Lettish pastor, Needra. Ulmanis escaped aboard a ship in the harbor of Libau under the protection of the Allies, who refused to recognize Needra and decided to take up more seriously the question of the German intrigues in Latvia. The Needra Government lasted but a short time, because von der Goltz, frightened by the attitude of the Allies, withdrew his support and asserted that he had nothing to do with the *coup d'état*. As a demonstration of his good faith he offered to clear Riga of the Bolsheviks. The correspondence concerning his part in the overthrow of the Ulmanis Government went on for almost two months. The whole incident finally ended in his really moving his "Iron Division" against Riga, capturing the city from the Bolsheviks, and relinquishing it to the reinstalled Ulmanis Government. Then his troops again returned to their post at Mitau and remained there awaiting further developments.

While all this was going on, a new figure appeared on the scene. For some

time prior to this, Prince Lieven, who had been an officer under the Czar, was quietly recruiting an anti-Bolshevik army in Germany. Ostensibly, Prince Lieven's troops were recruited from among the Russian prisoners of war. In reality, however, it appears that most of the troops were German soldiers dressed in Russian uniforms. There is every indication that the recruiting in Germany was done with the complete assent of the German Government. It was done very openly, the chief recruiting offices being situated at Danzig and Königsberg.

Prince Lieven's forces were organized partly in Latvia and partly in Lithuania. Ostensibly the object of his movement was to struggle against the Bolsheviks, but what was really behind it, is impossible to tell. Prince Lieven was in communication with the representatives of General Yudenitch, as well as with those of Admiral Kolchak, but at the same time he was in close contact with both von der Goltz and the Landeswehr, acting apparently in full accord with them. A Lettish newspaper, the *Lieutuva*, gives the details of a conference between his emissaries and the German representatives. This conference, says the newspaper, was devoted to the consideration of the necessity of complete coöperation between the German and the Russian forces in the struggle against the "common enemy." A complete agreement was reached on this question and a banquet was held in honor of the occasion, at which toasts were drunk in honor of the future Governments of Germany and Russia, which were declared to be henceforth friendly and allied nations.

It is apparent from this and other similar reports that the game played by the Germans in the Baltic provinces is concerned with the insuring in the near future of a German grip on Russia; nor is Prince Lieven's rôle obscure. On August 20, the Supreme Allied Council of Paris ordered his army disbanded. Lieven himself, with a part of his forces, has apparently obeyed this order, for, according to the latest information, his troops marched north to join General Yudenitch and to place themselves at his disposal. The majority of his troops, however, ignored the order and remained in Latvia. They constitute the army corps nominally commanded by Count Keller, one of Lieven's closest associates and a former large landowner in the Baltic provinces. The actual command is in the hands of Colonel Avalov-Bermond. Incidentally, it appears that "Bermond" is an assumed name. His real name is Prince Urussov, and he is a former colonel of the Russian Imperial Guards.

The negotiations between Yudenitch and Avalov-Bermond, having in view the latter's submitting to the authority of

the Northwestern Government, came to nought, and Avalov-Bermondts continued to operate independently in the territory of Latvia. Towards the end of September, difficulties with him were foreseen by the Lettish Government, and in a conversation with a press correspondent the Lettish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Meyerovitz, spoke of Avalov-Bermondts's army as an independent military organization, operating on Lettish territory without permission. He said then that unless Avalov-Bermondts were willing to proceed northward and join Yudenitch, whose troops were operating in the territory of Esthonia, the Lettish Government would be compelled to take strong measures. As it appears from the events of the last few weeks, the aforesaid suspicions were justified, for Avalov-Bermondts, supported by von der Goltz and his troops, is now fighting against the Letts. And there is no doubt that he is fighting on his own initiative, since Yudenitch has recently outlawed him and declared him a traitor.

A very interesting question in connection with Avalov-Bermondts's activities is that concerned with the financing of his troops. His army numbers approximately forty thousand men, which means that very considerable sums are needed for its upkeep and maintenance. The information received from the Baltic speaks of all sorts of rumors current there on this topic. The most persistent rumor is that Avalov-Bermondts gets his money from a recently organized corporation with offices in Berlin on Unter den Linden. This corporation is backed by the financial giants of Germany, by the Krupps, Stienes, Siemens & Schuckert, the Allgemeine Electricitäts-Gesellschaft, and other financial interests. What obligations Lieven and his lieutenants have assumed in return for this financial assistance it is impossible to tell, though some obligations would seem to be implied.

Thus, it transpires that the German-led and German-directed forces now struggling against the Letts consist of three elements: First, the Germans themselves, represented openly by von der Goltz and his staff; second, the nominally Russian, but actually German, military unit of Prince Lieven and Colonel Bermondts, and third, the military organization of the German aristocracy in the Baltic provinces, represented by the Landeswehr. It is quite possible to admit that the immediate object of this whole movement is merely the overthrow of the anti-German Government in Latvia and the substitution for it of a pro-German Government. But there seems no doubt that the ultimate aims of the movement are much larger, the most important being the establishment in the

Baltic states of a powerful link between Russia and Germany, which would make it possible, after political order has been reestablished in Russia, for Germany to continue to occupy in Russia just as commanding a position as before the war. It is difficult to suppose that von der Goltz himself is committed to any such programme. Else the German Government would not be supporting him and his troops. On the other hand, there is no doubt that many of his associates have something like a programme of restoration in mind. But there is no reason for any apprehension in so far as they are concerned, unless they actually come to control von der Goltz's organization.

From the point of view of Russia's democratic development, the events in Latvia have a significance similar to that which they have for the Letts, though not so immediate. For the Letts the issue is quite clear. An official of the Lettish Government expressed it as follows to

the correspondent of a Russian newspaper:

When I meet a member of the Landeswehr, my hand involuntarily seeks a revolver. How I long to send a half-dozen bullets into that haughty face! If you only knew what they did to us, how pitilessly they were murdering our troops during the Needra *coup d'état*, how they tortured our officials, how they maltreated the peasants! England and France demand from us that we preserve internal peace. And we must obey. But that is no solution of the problem. The barons have become so used to authority that they will not give it up. They still dream of the old system and of a restoration. But there is only one solution: Either we or they!

The events of Latvia have now put this "only solution" to the test of arms. And on the unfortunate soil of the Baltic provinces, that have seen so much of the war during past years, all these strangely mixed struggles are being waged, each move demanding blood and human life and new desolation.

LEO PASVOLSKY

Correspondence

A Lawyer's View of the Courts Martial

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I assume that the reading public has had its fill of "Courts Martial." I had resolved not to rush either to the attack or to the defence, in view of the quantity of expressed opinions. But George W. Martin's article in the *Review* of October 11 drives me to break my resolution. I should dislike to have the last word sponsored by the *Review*—I hope we are nearing the end of the controversy—so obviously illogical and misleading.

At the outset, Mr. Martin admits that "certain members" of the Judge Advocate General's Department, for whom he apparently has some little measure of contempt, as being "largely lawyers taken from civilian life," have "adduced some cases of obvious miscarriage of justice." The admission occurs too early in his essay for him to have realized, apparently, its utter inconsistency with his main thesis, *i. e.*, that he "never saw a man get an unfair trial nor one convicted when he was innocent." It is precisely because of those cases of "obvious miscarriages of justice" which have been "adduced"—I care not by whom—that no amount of sophistry can justify or excuse the system which made them possible. I have seen a man—an officer—convicted when I believed that he was as innocent as I was of the crime with which he was charged. When I, as Judge Advocate of the General Court before whom he was being tried, stated to the

court, at the close of all the evidence, that I could not conscientiously ask for his conviction, I was reprimanded by my superior and told that I was "not to argue with the court when it wanted to pursue a certain course." But I had argued my fool head off in hundreds of cases for conviction, and had been commended by that same superior authority for my record of number of convictions. You couldn't keep that court from "soaking" the defendant. They convicted the officer just referred to. Why? Because if they acquitted anyone or didn't punish as severely as the Commanding General thought they should, the case came back "for revision" under that diabolical device of "revision proceedings," and in *not one case* that came under my observation did the court fail to do exactly what the endorsement in revision proceedings dictated should be done. Why? Because the detail to that particular court was the most popular assignment in the A. E. F. after the armistice, and the members of the court lost their jobs if they were not intellectually and temperamentally in tune with the Commanding Officer's conception of military discipline. Indeed, the court was "packed" with the proper "temperaments" to begin with.

Mr. Martin strikes most casually and entirely naively at the very fundamentals of our whole system of jurisprudence, when he would do away with "the professional lawyer's reverential regard for the formalities of the rules of law." He seems to glory in the fact that he has often "seen men convicted when the con-

clusion of the court *was absolutely impossible*, without disregarding the rules of evidence." His instance of the "irate old Colonel" tempted to commit murder when a mere lieutenant ventured to suggest that a conviction was, as a matter of law, unsupported by the evidence, apparently appeals to Mr. Martin as something to be pleased and amused about. The whole system of the law of evidence means nothing in Mr. Martin's young life, and the mere fact that a verdict is *not supported by the evidence* is a joke. He finds that the military court is so interested in the substance that it disregards mere formalities. And then comes Mr. Martin's justification of heavy sentences on the ground that the court has had the opportunity to observe the demeanor and attitude of the defendant and of the witnesses. Heavens above! Isn't that precisely the principle of good old Anglo-Saxon law that cries out against the "revision proceedings" referred to above? And, moreover, shall we find a man guilty of the crime of murder or of sleeping on post and send him to jail for the rest of his life *ostensibly for that commission*, when in reality the reason the court didn't like him was because his star witness seemed a trifle overbearing on the stand?

AN EX-MAJOR

"The Astor Fortune and Single Tax"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your comment on "The Astor Fortune and Single Tax" shows less than your usual appreciation of the actual point of view of those whom you criticize. Kindly permit me to touch on two or three out of the many phases of the issue suggested by your article.

In passing, it may be noted that your whole attempt to minimize the effect of land monopoly rests on the assumption that no fortunes are involved save those obtained solely by buying land at a low price and selling it at a high one. The tentacles of the octopus reach much farther than that. The artificial scarcity of land, and hence of access to raw materials, occasioned by the holding of land out of use, lies at the root of a multitude of special privileges, and destroys the normal competition which would check the rapacity of the large combinations of capital, and keep their profits at a just level. The indirect evils of land speculation are greater than the direct ones.

It is a gross fallacy to hold that the aim of the Single Taxers is to mulct the successful investor, merely because of a feeling that he is making too much

money. If this were true, your idea that the unsuccessful investor should be compensated would have some merit. But the whole purpose of our movement is different from your conception of it. The abolition of race-track gambling was not undertaken for the purpose of squeezing the successful gamblers. It is our contention that speculation in land values, like gambling of other kinds and to an infinitely greater degree, is against public policy, whether the majority of the individual gamblers win or lose. The purpose of social grants and guarantees of titles to the private ownership of land is to stimulate its productive use, which does not mean merely its agricultural or manufacturing use, but includes home-building and all other useful application of labor to land. Land value is an increment caused entirely by social activity, and falls on idle as well as on productive land. It is, therefore, not confiscation in any sense, but simply payment for service directly rendered, when society uses the method of taxation to reclaim the fruits of its own activity from the beneficiary. On the other hand, taxation of improvements or other products of labor is clear confiscation of the fruits of the toil of the individual himself, and penalizes the industrious for the benefit of the idle and shiftless. It is this gross abnormality in taxation which the Single Taxers seek to cure. When a man pays for the social service he receives, he may do what he pleases with his land. However, it is obvious that, while the present system favors the idler and the speculator, the Single Tax would favor the industrious, since he who used his land to the best advantage would have more left after paying his tax; while today he who makes best use of his land is penalized for his industry and efficiency by being forced to pay higher taxes.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

New York, October 25

[We are glad that our correspondent recognizes that the *Review* is habitually fair to those whom it criticizes; but we have to point out that the article in question was no exception to this rule. It did not undertake to discuss the single-tax theory at all, but merely to point out the falsity of one impression that is widely prevalent, and that has been spread by many single-tax advocates, notably by the late Joseph Fels. "The case of the single-tax has rested in the general mind," we said, "less upon the inherent merits of the abstract argument than upon the effect on the imagination of a few dramatic examples." If Mr. Morton understood us to intend by this to imply that the single-tax argument has no inherent merit, we gladly assure

him that that was not what we intended to convey. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," in spite of errors which we regard as fundamental, is, in our judgment, one of the most powerful pieces of controversial writing of the past century.

Eds. THE REVIEW]

The Single-Tax Doctrine

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

As a lifelong Single Taxer I wish to commend the *Review* for devoting the best part of a page to a discussion of the Single Tax movement, even though that discussion from the point of view of Single Tax partisans like myself must appear inadequate and incomplete.

The *Review* contends that most multimillionaires do not accumulate their vast fortunes by means of speculative investments in undeveloped land; that the ordinary shrewd business man avoids an investment in real estate; that land speculation in hundreds of instances results not in profit but in loss. Such objections may answer the extravagant claims of individual "Single Tax orators." They do not come within a thousand miles of disposing of the proposition.

Let it be stated once for all that Single Taxers denounce and condemn land-value monopoly as such. Land-grabbing and land-gambling is a wicked outrage when practiced by a Prussian Junker or an Irish Marquis. It is equally vicious when practiced by the poor but saintly widow and those spotlessly innocent orphans. Single Tax does not propose to tax the rich man's land and exempt the poor man's land. Single Tax proposes to tax everybody's land, according to its value; that is, according to its monopoly-value. Single Tax does not propose to appropriate the gains of land monopoly while burdening the private individual with the losses. Single Tax claims for the public treasury all pure land-values, gains, losses, and everything else.

But the *Review* and its readers must be careful to reject an unduly narrow definition of "land." "Land" is a stenographic term for "gift of nature or advantage of location." The advantage of location is more readily and easily taxable; the gift of nature is far more apt to produce a colossal multi-millionaire. Water-power, then, is land; a mineral spring is land; a coal or copper mine is land; above all and most emphatically of all, a railroad franchise is land. In fact, an exclusive utility franchise is the very quintessence of land, and Single Taxers fairly yearn to socialize it.

MALCOLM C. BURKE

Montgomery, Alabama, October 28

Book Reviews

The United States in World Trade

AMERICAN FOREIGN TRADE. By Charles M. Pepper. New York: The Century Co.

RICHARD COBDEN, in one of his earlier pamphlets, said, "It must be the part of a wise community to alter the maxims by which its foreign relations have in times past been regulated, in conformity with the changes that have taken place over the entire globe." He made this statement with particular reference to intervention in the quarrels of other nations, but Cobden seldom said anything that did not in some measure (usually in very large measure) connote trade. The remark is peculiarly applicable to this country after a lapse of fifty-three years. It is impossible for us to segregate ourselves any longer; for good or ill we shall be obliged to take pot luck with the rest of the world, and be governed in our activities quite as much by their changing conditions as by our own.

This necessity has not been thrust upon us by the war, though it has been greatly increased by it. One after another of our industries had reached the point of saturation. Foreign markets had to be found in order that the capital might be kept fully employed. Our protective tariffs had done their work too well; that is, they had over-stimulated domestic competition. Then came the extraordinary demand occasioned by the war, necessitating a tremendous enlargement of our industrial plant. The huge orders of the war period have doubtless enabled some of this new capital to be written off, yet enough remains to be taken care of out of future earnings to constitute a serious situation.

These changes have taken place at home, but we shall miss their point if we fail to consider them in connection with equally important changes that have occurred in recent years over the entire globe. The latter are too numerous to be set down at length, but certain of their consequences should be indicated. Practically every nation, great or small, except our own, is short of working capital and is under the necessity of enlarging its foreign markets to the farthest limit. This signifies that while we have emerged from the war as the world's great reservoir of credit, we have also emerged with the means, if we care to exercise them, of dominating world trade.

It is inconceivable that we should enlarge our credits to other nations materially without at the same time speeding up our exports; but if this were pos-

sible, we should still be forced, to an unwonted extent, to familiarize ourselves with the industrial conditions of the entire globe; for our granting of credits must be based on our knowledge of the conditions to which they are to be applied. But necessity will force us far beyond that point because the credits will, for the most part, go out in the form of goods and services, and, furthermore, we shall want to do more than lend other lands money and material for the purpose of putting themselves in position to compete with us in the world's market; we shall want ourselves to sell in that market in sufficient amount to keep our greatly enlarged industrial plant running at full capacity.

A *vade mecum* of foreign trade would therefore be an invaluable acquisition. If Mr. Pepper has not supplied us with one, it is because the task calls for more prolonged and minute investigation than even he has succeeded in making, which is stating the case in the strongest terms. The work before us is informing and stimulating from cover to cover, and the author approaches his subject fully conscious of the gravity of the situation that confronts us. The war, he says, proved to be a tragedy, precluding economic events whose significance is dimly apprehended. Foreign trade for the first time in their history has come to have a definite meaning to the American people. Information concerning the resources, the industries, and the trade of the several sections of the world, the economic tendencies and fiscal policies of the nations, is the basis necessary for an intelligent survey of the entire field of foreign commerce. This information he has sought to give, and he has wisely chosen to do so in the language of ordinary conversation rather than in that of the statistician or the market reporter.

The nature of foreign trade is not changed by the Great War, but the currents governing this trade are already greatly changed, and are likely to be infinitely more so as time lapses, as a result of political realignments, groupings of peoples under changed boundaries, the birth of new nations, creditor countries becoming debtor countries, and debtor countries becoming creditors. The imports of all the countries of the world taken together are the only measure of the total commerce. They are at best defective, yet they approximate a real standard, for they show the value in money totals of goods that have crossed boundary lines, and thus have become foreign trade. The common error, and Mr. Pepper confers a positive service in stressing this fact, is to add imports and exports. This practice ignores the fact that the exports of one country are the

imports of another country, thus counting each transaction twice.

Imports and exports are, in other words, in the same relation to each other as supply and demand; that is, the one is measured in the terms of the other. If we import we must export commensurately, in the form of goods or services or money, unless we are living on our principal and are consequently on the road to bankruptcy. Thus, a survey of our foreign trade implies an inventory of the things we have that we can send abroad, the means and methods we employ in producing them and getting them into the hands of foreign customers, and the resources, the efficiency, and the national policies of the peoples with whom we would trade. These, in brief, are the subjects discussed in the work before us.

American agriculture, for example, was awakened and vivified by the demands of the war, but it will require time to find its place in the new adjustments of international trade relations. The first consideration is that the situation should be met by an intelligent organized class of producers who understand the economic basis of the industry in which they are engaged. The farmer as a business man is no longer a myth. The new agriculture, in the attention it gives to the processes of production and distribution, fixes the position of farm products in export commerce. The city farmer, who sits at the editorial table of the newspapers and institutes back-to-the-land movements, and who tells the farmers on the farm the need of raising more wheat or milch cows or beef cattle, or of rotating his crops more systematically, is not the person best fitted to advise what should be done. The farmer will do all these things when he sees a profit in them, and when he is able to find the labor required, since his business, while subject to more uncertainties than commercial business, nevertheless is based on growing crops and raising live stock for profit. There is profit for him in foreign trade, but he must be convinced that this is so before he will concern himself as to the best methods of bringing it about that a definite proportion of his products in one form or another finds its way abroad.

There is a plea here for nationalized efficiency. England's nationalized industrial organization is, we are told, the world's trade factor of to-morrow; Germany's monarchically socialized system of production and distribution is the experience of yesterday; America's individualized efficiency is the realization of yesterday and the prospect of to-morrow; France's industrial reorganization is the hope of the future. That the war did much to promote national efficiency is in-

contestable, though the real effectiveness of much that was undertaken has not as yet been altogether demonstrated.

The raw materials on which all foreign commerce is based are recapitulated by Mr. Pepper in a manner not to weary the reader, in a chapter which gives what may be called a bird's-eye view of their distribution over the face of the earth. Quite as interesting and important is a chapter on the diplomacy of commerce. Few persons realize the part played by treaties and tacit understandings in the development of foreign trade. The celebrated treaty which Lord Methuen negotiated with Portugal in 1703 was the model of such conventions during the epoch when commercial enterprise began to venture abroad, and when it was expected that benefits would be secured at the expense of non-participating countries. Adam Smith contended that the real purpose of the Methuen Treaty was to transfer a balance in gold and silver, of which Portugal had a surplus through her monopoly of the Brazilian trade, to England by enabling England to sell more woolens to Portugal than the amount of the wines bought from that country, and that the results were not commensurate with the concession. "A direct foreign trade of consumption," he characteristically observed, "is always more advantageous than a round-about one." In modern days Friedrich List opposed this view, claiming that the Methuen Treaty was a masterpiece of British commercial policy, and that its effect was ruinous to Portuguese industry.

Whatever may be the truth of this matter, the fact remains that since Lord Methuen's day the world has adjusted itself to the notion that the diplomacy of commerce consists in something more than getting the best of a bargain with another country. It assumes that there is something to exchange on each side on the basis of a fair bargain. This remains true despite the Great War, with its diplomatic dislocations, its nebulous economic alliances, and its apparent revival of racial bitterness. At first thought, these startling changes might seem to dispense with the diplomacy of commerce. More careful thought of the vast problems yet to be resolved indicates that it will have a wider field than ever before. Its future functions are to be evolved out of political alliances, proclaimed or implied, and in accordance with new interpretations and new adaptations of the principle of favored-nation treatment in commercial intercourse. They are to be exercised in the knowledge of newly born nationalistic policies, of international pacifism seeking to adjust itself to international competition, and to equality in the world's markets

under the restrictions of national economic policies. The adjustment of contending interests, the obtaining of mutual advantages, and the ascertainment of reciprocal equivalents become more important than in the past. The field is wider, but the complexities are greater.

This leads of necessity to the discussion of economic alliances and favored nations, beginning with the Paris pact of 1916. The character of this discussion may perhaps be gleaned from the following quotation:

If the shades of Adam Smith and his French compeers, Quesnay and Turgot, hovered over Paris in the summer of 1916, they must have meditated on the fallibility of human judgments, for it was they who laid down the positive principles which were expected to insure the happiness of the world by universal free trade. The shade of Quesnay, in particular, must have meditated deeply, for it was he who dreamed of a world-economic state, and, with his fellow physiocrats, traced the outlines of the universal republic of commerce, starting with the premise that the merchants of all countries were to be considered as constituting a single commercial republic. But they could not have conceived of the politico-military system that was evolved in the European state that became modern Germany.

Of the League of Nations it is said:

The economic boycott proposed in the League of Nations is neither the act of a people in refusing to buy goods from an obnoxious country, nor that of two governments fighting each other with trade weapons. Its background is a denial of food and raw materials to offending nations as much as a prohibitive refusal to buy their goods. It is essentially a war measure, and, as is usual with war measures, one in which neutrals would be made to suffer penalties for not becoming belligerents. It does not merit further discussion in a consideration of world commerce under peace conditions.

The British Empire and the United States are to-day, and seem destined to be to-morrow, the two great world Powers in international trade, and for this reason their respective trade policies are discussed at some length by Mr. Pepper. Then follows a chapter on the restoration of American shipping, in which he says that those who advocate our buying cargo space wherever we can get it cheapest "take no notice of the benefit of paying ocean freights to national instead of to foreign shipping lines and keeping the money in circulation at home." As our author seems to hold the professional economists in dubious esteem, we shall not enter an objection on the part of the classical school. Something might, however, be said on the ground of pure utility. The outside world is eager to create large credits in this country in order to help pay off existing indebtedness here and to secure the raw materials of their industry. If we allow them to do this in part by selling ocean cargo space to us, we shall injure no American industry of long standing, and shall not depart from

a policy which we have pursued comfortably for half a century.

The larger part of Mr. Pepper's work, and the part which constitutes it an exceptionally valuable manual of foreign trade, is devoted to an inventory of the trade resources of the different nations of the earth. It is manifestly impossible to recapitulate this information. And this is true also of what is said about investments abroad and about the American business man. The importance of these subjects cannot be overestimated. The stability of our industrial structure is contingent in no small measure on our willingness to export capital, yet of the rules governing such a movement we are notably ignorant. On the other hand, the task of acquiring the technique of foreign markets is still before the American business man.

There must be coöperation of our business men among themselves and coördination with the Government. But we agree with Mr. Pepper that there must be recognition that the American business character finds its strongest expression in individual enterprise and initiative. Where other Governments are tending toward a larger measure of actual participation in the enterprises of their nationals, the United States should remain as the exemplar of individualism in international business. That is real democracy.

F. J. WHITING

Humors of Front and Rear

OUR CASUALTY, and Other Stories. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE MUD LARKS. By Crosbie Garstin. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THESE two volumes of sketches deal with the humors of the war, at the front and in the rear. They contrast as the work of an applauded if not quite professional humorist following, with fair success, his familiar vein, and the more spontaneous testimony of a healthy young fighting man to the comic alleviations of a most dreadful business. "G. A. Birmingham" goes at his job of cheering us up in his usual leisurely way; and, to tell the truth, spreads himself pretty thin. It is pleasant to hear his voice, and comfortable to know what is coming next. His title-story laughs sympathetically at certain manoeuvres of a "home guard" organization, the Ballyhaine Veterans' Corps: "They talk like soldiers. They have the true military spirit. There is not a man in the company under fifty years of age, but if the Germans attempt a landing on the Ballyhaine beach, by submarine or otherwise, they will be sorry for themselves after-

wards—those of them who remain alive." "Our casualty" is an unfortunate old gentleman who is faithful to his orders to lie out in the wet until rescued, is lost track of by the military, and is finally brought in for drunk by an unimaginative policeman. The absurdities of military red tape give point to several other sketches. The best of them is the yarn about the soldier reported dead by mistake, in hospital, and duly coffined in spite of his obvious liveliness: nobody can find any way of reversing the official orders for his disposition as a corpse. After burying him, the padre releases him from the unfilled grave; officially dead, he is free of the army.

The best part of the book is the second half, the seven or eight stories expounding the whimsies of Ireland on the eve of Civil War. "A Gun-Running Episode," "United Ireland," "Ireland For Ever," and "Civilized War" all bear cheerful witness to the difficulty of any foreigner's (especially Englishman's) comprehending the quirks and quiddities of the Irish mind and heart. Perhaps the author's own interpretation of it all is well enough summed up in the dialogue which moralizes the "Gun-Running Episode." Two consignments of rifles and ammunition to the National Volunteers and the Ulster Volunteers have got into the wrong hands by accident. Officers of both forces meet ceremoniously:

There was a long consultation, and in the end they settled that it might be risky to start moving the guns about again, and that each party had better stick to what it had got. . . . When they had that all settled they all saluted again, and the Governor said something about hoping to meet O'Connell at Philippi. I don't know what he meant by that, but O'Connell seemed tremendously pleased. Where do you suppose Philippi is? "Philippi." I said, "is where somebody—Julius Cæsar, I think, but it doesn't matter—What your father meant was that he hoped to have a chance of fighting it out with O'Connell some day. Not a duel, you know, but a proper battle. The Ulster volunteers against the other lot."

"We shall have to wipe out the police first," said Sam. "to prevent their interfering. I hope I shall be there then. I want to get my own back out of those fellows who collared me from behind the day of the last rag. But, I say, what about the soldiers—the regular soldiers, I mean? Which side will they be on?"

"That," I said, "is the one uncertain factor in the problem. Nobody knows."

"The best plan," said Sam, "would be to take them away altogether, and leave us to settle the matter ourselves. We'd do it all right, judging by the way old Dopping and O'Connell behaved to each other."

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. I should never have suspected Sam of profound political wisdom. But it is quite possible that his suggestion would meet the case better than any other.

There are twice as many tales and sketches in "The Mud Larks;" but they would average much less than half in length, and little or nothing less in sub-

stance. One might suggest their quality by saying that they do for the British subaltern's life at the front what the Bairnsfather sketches have done for the British Tommy's. The author is (or was) a lieutenant of King Edward's Horse. The book is inscribed to the memory of a brother, Captain of Hussars, who was killed near Archangel a year ago. This professional soldier has seen and suffered the war at closest quarters, and has kept a gay boyish heart through it all—or at least a mask of gaiety so plausible as to be "all to the good" for his beneficiaries. His apology, if you desire it, may be found in the final sketch:

I can readily believe that war as performed by messieurs, our ancestors, was quite good fun. You dressed up in feathers and hardware—like something between an Indian game-cock and a tank—and caracoled about the country on a cart-horse, kissing your hand to the balconies and making very liberal expenses out of any fat (and unarmed) burgeses that happened along.

With the first frost you went into winter quarters, i. e., you turned into the most convenient castle and whiled away the dark months roasting chestnuts at a log fire, entertaining the ladies with quips, conundrums and selections on the harpsichord and vieing with the jester in the composition of limericks.

The profession of arms in those spacious days was both pleasant and profitable. Nowadays it is neither; it is a dreary mélange of mud, blood, boredom and blue-funk. (I speak for myself.)

Yet even it, miserable calamity that it is (or was), has produced its piquant situations, its high moments; and one manages to squeeze a sly smile out of it all, here and there, now and again. . . . I have heard the skirl of the Argyll and Sutherland bagpipes in the Borghese Gardens and seen a Highlander dance the sworddance before applauding Rome. I have seen the love-locks of a matinée idol being trimmed with horse-clippers (weep, O ye flappers of Suburbia!) and a Royal Academician set to whitewash a pigsty. I have seen American aviators in spurs, Royal Marines a-horse, and a free-born Australian eating rabbit.

Not these, but similar matters are chronicled in the present pages: the jests, the confidences, the mischief and daring and comradeship and sheer steady pluck and endurance of a single "officers' mess" in the mud-zone of recent fame. There are pretty touches of sentiment here too—very little "heart interest" in the vulgar sense, but glimpses of the unspoken love of comrades and the longing of the exiled for his own place. We are not saying this is a big book; but it is remarkably good of its kind. Most of the many volumes of sketches of the war have produced an undernote of hysteria. In their occasional boisterousness, as in their predominant bloodiness, we feel strains of the dismay and perturbation of the civilian facing unknown and unthinkable horrors. This is a book of courageous acceptance, the fruit of a quiet spirit as well as a merry one—the day by day evidence of "an officer and a gentleman."

H. W. BOYNTON

A Naval Inventor

FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO REAR-ADMIRAL. By Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New York. The Century Co.

FATE was kind to Rear-Admiral Fiske, U. S. Navy, when, but a lad of sixteen, he entered the Naval Academy and embarked on a long and highly creditable career. He is essentially an inventor, and this step in life opened up to him a field, the application of science to naval warfare, then but hardly touched. With each successive year this field has widened to greater and more pressing importance, and in its tilling he has borne an exceptionally large and influential share.

Doubtless ships will never again pass through so many radical changes as marked the period of his active service. It was his good fortune to learn the rudiments of his profession on board unarmored wooden sailing ships, even today an excellent training, and to witness the reluctance with which steam was gradually accepted by naval officers as the primary and not the auxiliary motive power in vessels of war. The use of electricity in any form was then unknown on board a ship, and her smooth-bore guns on wooden carriages were handled by brawny bluejackets hauling on side and train tackles. He lived to have under his command battleships built of steel, burning oil as fuel, driven by turbines, with electricity employed for every purpose requiring mechanical power, including even propulsion. Before his very eyes there unfolded a vast panorama depicting the steady replacement of guesswork and the rule of thumb by scientific processes and delicate instruments of extreme and growing precision. To this evolution he contributed in large measure, possibly more than any other one man. He must have been a thorn in the side of some of his early commanding officers, wedded to the old sailing sloop-of-war and condemning to perdition everything modern, especially the steam engine, that abomination in the sight of the Lord and Neptune; for Fiske was content to accept absolutely nothing as incapable of improvement. Many a man can see wherein some particular new device may be introduced or an old one bettered, but few have that imagination which enables them to look far into the future; to evaluate, as in his case, the development of navigation and naval warfare; and to provide in advance for the wants arising out of this development. This imagination Fiske possessed to a superabundant degree; indeed, he could keep its exercise in check only with the greatest difficulty. Some of his old-time skippers must have regarded him with as much affection as a too attentive mos-

quito or a persistently elusive fly elicits on a hot day!

His book is thus primarily the autobiography of an inventor and, as may be supposed, it is replete with accounts of an inventor's woes, his trials, tribulations, disappointments, and discouragements under the jeers and scorn of the unbelievers, and his joy and delight when came success and approbation. The reader must expect in this work frequent complaints of indifference or even mulish opposition to his projects, as well as expressions of unqualified disgust when what he knew to be good and praiseworthy was condemned as impracticable by his seniors, ignorant or prejudiced, for such is the history of all inventors.

The long list of patents and inventions which bear Fiske's name and are described at length in this handsome, well-printed and illustrated volume demonstrates an extraordinary catholicity of interest, from lead pencils and typewriters to machine guns, muskets, electric logs, wireless telegraphy, turret turning by steam and later by electricity, the application of refined optical instruments to range finding and gun sighting, range indicators, engine-room telegraphs, etc., etc. The last child of his brain, the torpedo-plane, may yet prove his most important contribution to naval warfare.

The credit for his labors is very great. Our navy—all navies in fact—owe much to him, as no one can deny, but his friends must regret that he should have indulged rather too freely in self-laudation, however justified, and feel that his reputation could safely rest on the quoted encomiums of others.

Now this inventor spent many years afloat, so that woven into the warp of his inventions are episodes of his experiences in foreign ports and distant lands, the telling of which bespeaks a ready and agreeable use of the pen. Some of these stories might profitably be omitted, but not that which recounts Dewey's deeds at Manila, where Fiske was present. The chapters dealing with his cruises as captain make extremely pleasant reading; they are excellent travelogues.

After a term of sea service as rear-admiral in command of a division of our battle fleet, he was called to Washington and made "aide for operations" by Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer, who shortly afterwards was succeeded by the present incumbent, Josephus Daniels. In his new position Fiske was virtually, but not nominally, Chief of Staff of the navy. His chapters XXXIV to XL, inclusive, record his persistent and conscientious efforts to induce Mr. Daniels to realize that our navy was unprepared for war through lack of a staff, such as others have, to make plans for mobilization, attack, and defence; for a reserve in of-

ficers, men, munitions, aircraft, etc.; and last but not least, that while war with Germany might not come, its possibility was too great to be ignored. Had his pleadings as to aeronautics received due attention, we should have entered into hostilities in 1917 with a strong force of planes and trained aviators, which might indeed have proved of immediate and decisive value. Whatever may have been his superior's motives, to all these representations of a competent and qualified expert adviser, Mr. Daniels turned a deaf ear and actually planned in 1915 to send a battle fleet to the Pacific. Naturally this clash of contending principles and his testimony on the true conditions before the House Committee on Naval Affairs resulted eventually in Fiske's resigning his post as chief military counsellor to the Secretary of the Navy, to the consternation of the service and to the detriment of the nation. It can be but a melancholy satisfaction to him that the stern pressure of war's demands forced the adoption of some of the measures urged by him and rejected by his chief for reasons which Fiske apparently believes were political rather than patriotic. In his own person, however, he has had to pay the penalty for telling truths unwelcome to the Administration. Although he left office under the cloud of official disapprobation, the whole service, except, of course, the time-servers whom Mr. Daniels had gathered round him, applauded Fiske's action and revered the splendid moral courage displayed in the crucial test of his character to which this controversy with his superior had subjected him.

Mr. Daniel's reply to Fiske's temperately worded suggestions of incompetency will be awaited impatiently by the public. That they can be ignored is hardly conceivable.

Although dealing mainly with purely technical matters, these seven chapters will, of necessity, be drawn upon for the history of events prior and subsequent to our entering the World War. They should be read by every one seeking a just view of the subject, while the whole book deserves careful study by all interested in the growth of our navy since Fiske became a midshipman in 1870. Nor will this study be without entertainment, for in his well-told life story the humorous and the grave alternate with pleasing irregularity.

For his achievements in invention Fiske has been honored by many scientific bodies, doubtless a consolation under disapprobation which, although official, is not shared by his brother officers. He should also feel that he will not soon be forgotten by the country he has served so well in that particular sphere wherein he stands without rival.

The Run of the Shelves

A FRIEND of literature when literature most needed a friend, Gustav Pollak came and went his quiet way among the thoughts and aspirations of great writers. An acquaintance with Goethe and Sainte-Beuve such as few men to-day possess had filled him with ideals which made him incapable of confusing the trivial with the lasting; he had a sure instinct for greatness. After coming to this country from Vienna as a very young man, he married into the Heilprin family, in whose atmosphere of genuine intellectual achievement his own talents found a rich opportunity. It was in this period of his youth that he formed an intellectual association which in many ways was the proudest of his life. E. L. Godkin had founded the *Nation*, and to the high standards of this journal Mr. Pollak turned with enthusiasm and conviction. He wrote for it even in those young years, and for half a century it was such a personal friend and counsellor as few can claim in the flesh. When in 1915 the *Nation* celebrated the semi-centennial of its founding, Mr. Pollak honored the occasion by publishing the memorial volume, "Fifty Years of American Idealism," in which he, who had, year in and year out, bent so lovingly over the files of this great weekly, admirably summarized its distinguished services to the nation from which it took its name. It was a source of profound satisfaction to him that he lived to see the *Review* safely started, for in the ideals which conceived it he seemed to find something of the high purpose that went into the making of that other weekly.

Only those who knew Mr. Pollak personally will quite appreciate how much he graced this country or what our democratic institutions may mean to an incoming European of his fine temper.

In the death of Calvin Thomas, for upwards of a quarter of a century professor of the Germanic languages and literatures at Columbia University, America loses one of her ablest and sanest scholars. Though far from an old man—he died at sixty-five—and in active service until the day before his death, he had been so long a leader that in the eyes of most of his colleagues and of all of his students he had become a figure that might not inappropriately be called venerable. A rare combination of sound scholarship and sound sense admirably fitted him to lead the academic life, where he could infallibly be counted on for work of the highest quality in teaching, in administration, and in literary production. He held no narrow view of his field; a lover of German lit-

erature, he was also a lover of Horace; a teacher of German, he was at home also in the literatures of Scandinavia; a power in his own university, he was a wisely directive force in the teaching of his subject throughout the country. When the war broke out his firmly based thought was unshaken. Having taught German as one of the approaches to literature, having taught it with a view to promoting as he could the cause of international understanding and not at all that of *Kultur*, he had nothing to retract. The stakes contended for in the war were perfectly clear to his mind from the beginning and his position added to his words an authority which availed much in clearing the minds of some of his sorely perplexed colleagues in the field of Germanic studies and in furnishing to the public mind a wholesome contrast to the discreditable behavior of still others. It is by virtue of such men, not only in their work but in the memory they leave behind them when their work is done, that universities are great.

William Wingate Sewall, a Maine guide, tells us in "Bill Sewall's Story of T. R." (Harper) how long ago a party of hunters brought to his house "a thin, pale youngster with bad eyes and a weak heart." A friend warns Sewall not to let the boy overdo. "If you should ask him if he was having a good time he would tell you he was having a very good time; and even if he was tired he would not tell you so. The first thing you knew he would be down, because he would go until he fell." Mr. Sewall's summary of Roosevelt, with whom he was afterwards associated in a cattle ranch on the Bad Lands of Dakota, is worded thus: "I do not think that in nineteen hundred years there has been any man who had so many good qualities and knew how to use them as well as he did."

Mr. Sewall's simple and manly record proves that, in the total absence of literary training, he can nevertheless see and shoot straight when the game is a fact, no less surely than when it is a deer or lynx. A rude force in the style concurs happily with the same qualities in the substance of his work:

One day as we were passing a very steep, high bank, we noticed a great boulder, which looked as if it might fall any minute. We had scarcely got by when it did fall in. The wave that it created gave our boat a great lift, but it did no damage. At another time we passed for a long distance between very high and steep banks. Up in the bank, perhaps seventy-five feet from the water, on one side was a coal vein, which was on fire, and flames were issuing from various veins on the other bank. . . . One could hardly imagine a more desolate region. The bare clay hills, cut up with numerous washouts, and the brown dry grass, made a scene of desolation such as we had never seen before.

"Crime and Criminals" (Holt), by Dr. Charles Mercier, is the work of a man who has already written much in England in an effort to clear up the psychology of crime and insanity which brings him to conclusions both interesting and instructive. "With the exception of logic, there is no subject on which so much nonsense has been written as this of criminality and the criminal." Dr. Mercier himself writes much, but it looks like sense. In his view a criminal is a man who yields to temptation, and thus involves himself in conduct so preponderantly "self-regarding" as to clash with society's conception of what is necessary for its own preservation. Each of us has his breaking point. "The strain differs in different people and in the same person is different for different temptations; but everyone has his breaking strain in one direction or other, and if in this direction he is tempted beyond his strength he will fall." The reader who is attracted to this sturdy and wholesome point of view will not be disappointed in the survey of the field which Dr. Mercier develops from it.

Horace in the "Dry" Light

WITH absolute Prohibition now upon us, it may not, we trust, appear too whimsical or far-fetched to consider what will be the attitude of the "dry" censorial mind towards certain aspects of literature under the new conditions. Nobody will deny—not even a member of the Burns Club—that there is a very deep relation between the literature and the social life of a people; in fact, the one is almost conditioned by the other. And what piece of wisdom has had more honor than that speech of brave old Fletcher of Saltoun: that "he knew a man who was wont to say he cared not who should make the laws were he permitted to write the songs of a people"? The songs, it will be allowed, have been very "wet" in the past, and they represent a fearful chorus of opposition to the present "dry" law.

Indeed, the old classic idea of a poet was, the greater the soak the better the poet. The bard's drinking was therefore regarded with public approval and admiration as inciting him to flights of genius. Very literally he moistened his laurels with wine, and appropriately Anacreon, the bibulous Greek bard—quite unsurpassed in his peculiar line—choked to death on a grape-stone. Horace, also very moist and a nonpareil of literary excellence, warns us that

Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potioribus.

Which I may rudely paraphrase:

Take it from me, Mæcenas dear,
There's no good song *sans* wine or beer;
And all that comes from the poet dry,
It scarce shall please, and soon must die.

Well, such were the ancient poets; the farther we go back the better and the wetter we find them. How and with what precautions shall they be read and enjoyed in the "dry light" which the Prohibitionist has now made to shine in our midst? How shall they be "edited" or expurgated for the ingenuous youth of a future drink-less America? And above all, what will the dry pundits and precisians do with Horace, that favorite of Bacchus and the Muses whom once to know in the slightest is to hate all dulness and intolerance forever afterwards. I will wager that the number of Prohibitionists who could readily construe the Horatian line

Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit—
is very small. What hope is there for that "heir of all the ages," the child of Prohibition, who is never to see a saloon or smell a wine-cork, when he reads in the beautiful tongue of Rome that "God has made all things hard for the mere water-drinker," and that not otherwise than by the gift of the sacred vine are our heavy sorrows dispersed (*Neque mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines*).

When he has become learned as to the nice shades of discrimination betwixt Falernian and Massic, betwixt Cæcuban and Formian, as well as other Horatian brands and tipples, will he not be apt to imagine something stronger than the decoctions of the soda-fountain? How also, I may ask, is Literature to find her account with this cool-blooded young person? how is he to realize the classic atmosphere? Will there be no poetic madness, no vatic frenzy for him in that superb Ode of the Second Book where the poet riots over his friend Pompeius safe back from the wars (*Non ego sanius bacchabor Edonis*), and the resonant clash of the lines seems to convey to us audibly the battle-shock of the opposing legions, with the ringing clang of sword against shield? Was a great battle ever depicted more tersely and *feelingly*—with a juster economy of expression, the true stigma of the Latin genius?

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium!

* * * * *
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostis Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosus.

Which we may *depoetize* in our pedes-

trian fashion, as follows:

With you, my Pompey, chosen pal,
The rigor of Philippi's fight
I faced—but as the bravest fell,
Alack, I dropped my shield in flight!
Mercury smiled, the bard forgave,
And straightway sent a cloud to save;
While you the reflux tide of war
Caught in its eddies whirling far.

Therefore repose your war-worn frame
Under my modest vine and laurel,
Nor spare the gifts the Gods provide
In amphora, jug or barrel.
Quick, boy, the ointment and the crowns,
The Massic that sad memory drowns.
Let's choose our Master of the revel,
And fling discretion to the devil.
The lost one found brings such delight
I will—I will be mad to-night!

Will not our scholastic "dry" youth
be led to believe in the superior virtue
of wine-bred visions when he has
grasped something of the wonder of the
Nineteenth Ode (Lib. Sec.), the opening
lines of which are among the most deeply
poetical that classic antiquity can offer,
conveying the very thrill of paganism:

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite posteri,
Nymphasque discentes et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
Euhoe! recenti mens trepidat metu
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Laetatur.

Hear now, ye that are to come,
When we that live must all be dumb:
I saw Bacchus! gentle, mild,
On the hills remote and wild,
Teaching his songs to nymph and faun,
Which they with foot and voice did scan.
I saw the god! and ah, my breast
Trembles with rapture unexpressed;
The while my mind, prey to a fear,
Shudders to think a god was near!

Of a truth this old yet so provokingly
young Horace is an incorrigible *wetster*,
the laughing father of many generations
of learned toppers, the chief author of
the damnable heresy that poetical
genius stands in need of vinous inspira-
tion. Unluckily, the pestilent fellow
wrote so well (whether with the aid of
Bacchus or the Evil One) that many a
poet since has drunk himself to death in
a too ardent compliance with the Hora-
tian precept. Even during his lifetime
the bad poets sotted, as he tells us, from
a desire to ape him (*O imitatores*,
servum pecus!) and would stink of the
wine-jug at noon-day. Curiously enough,
while Horace's Muse is often wildly
lyrical, with a divine madness the world
would give something to recapture, she
is never *tipsy*. I reckon he had always
his *desipere in loco* well in hand, and
was himself what the Scotch would de-
scribe as a "canny chiel at the drink."
At any rate, we can be sure that, after
the heats of inspiration were past, he
was always cold sober when he revised
his copy and "turned the stilus."

But this consideration may not avail
him with the stern Prohibition censor
who will survey with just horror that
swarm of impudent Bacchanalian ditties

—those invitations to Tyndaris, Lydia,
Chloe, Barine, Glycera and other shame-
less baggages, to dine and drink with
him at his Sabine farm—couching, too,
with such infernally seductive art that
the charm of them remains as fresh to
us as it was to Horace's contemporaries
or to the ladies directly concerned them-
selves. Here is a very famous one
which I freely paraphrase by way of
furnishing some useful hints to the new
censorship. Ode XI, Book Fourth, *Est*
mihi nonum superantis annum.

Phyllis, I have a virgin cask,
'Tis nine years old and better,
And in the garden flowers galore
Your sunny locks to fetter.

Gaily my house with silver shines,
The wreathed altar waits the lamb,
The chimney pours its festal smoke,
And runs each pleased and busy "fam."*

But you will ask the potent cause
Of these fair rites: it is the Ides
Of April, month to Venus dear,
When our festivity betides.

A day to us more sacred far
Than our own birth-day: void of fears,
Since from this light, Mæcenas mine
Reckons his flowing count of years.

Cease then to wound your heart in strife
With love ill-matched and jealousy,
And come, last of my loves, to grace
This day of days for mine and me.

For after you—nay, hear me swear!
Phyllis, no other love shall be.
Learn the new songs—and perish Care
At sound of our sweet melody!

What a snare is such a song for the
ingenuous "dry" youth (*arida pubes*) of
the next American generation! I fear
me that Master Flaccus will not recog-
nize himself when he comes forth,
pruned and denatured, from the hands
of his moral redactors.

It is not the *merit* of Horace's poetry
that we are trying to make a point of—
that was tolerably well settled about fif-
teen hundred years before America was
hatched from the egg of discovery. No,
we are merely concerned to show, by
means of a *jocosa imago*, however in-
adequately hit off, that classicism with-
out Horace is impossible, while a "dry"
classicism such as Prohibition seems to
make imminent, is a contradiction in
terms.

It seems tolerably clear from these
samples extracted at random that Hor-
ace in the "original package" is loaded
with offense to the Prohibition type
of mind—which has now become the
ruling power in These States. I have
combed over the Odes pretty carefully
in hope of finding something that might
be offered by way of extenuation, but
my search has yielded nothing worth
while. The trail of the serpent or the
smell of the wine-cask—whichever simile
you prefer—is over them all.

I did get on a wrong scent after the
Ode to the Bandusian Fountain, the first

**Famulus*—house slave.

and only time in his poetical career that
Horace seems to have given any consid-
eration to mere water. My thought was
that it might have a placatory effect
upon the "dry" censor and win some re-
mission for the offending bard. But as
might have been expected of that per-
verse bibulist, he merely praises the
fountain as being worthy, if you please,
of a libation of pure wine and
flowers (*dulci digne mero non sine flori-
bus*) and ventures the remark that its
prattling waters (*loquaces lymphæ*) will
be good for the cattle to drink!
Neither there nor elsewhere does
the poet spare a line or a word
on the hypothetical advantages of
water-drinking for humans. That was
a heresy apparently unknown to the
round and smooth little gentleman of
Tibur (*teres atque rotundus*).

One can but wish good luck to the
bravest and jauntiest poet of all the
ages, the charmer of all men and all
times with his unequaled blend of san-
ity and genius—really, the one writer of
all the classics who makes himself per-
sonally known, beloved and familiar to
us. Many a hard bout has he had on the
dusty ways of fame since he set out
with his little packet of songs nearly
twenty centuries ago. But gallantly and
safely for the most part has he made the
journey, and his head of gold is still
exalted to the stars. (*Sublimi feriam*
sidera vertice.) It is well to bear in
mind that, however much the odds may
seem to favor the Prohibitionist at
present, there are those of approved
wisdom who maintain that Horace will
possibly survive America.

MICHAEL MONAHAN

Land Ownership in England

IN all sorts of ways the observer of the
English scene to-day perceives the
effect of the war, but nowhere more
clearly than in the land. Never has
there been anything like the transfer of
landed property which is now to be seen.
In the eighteenth and early nineteenth
centuries, when the enclosure of com-
mons occurred, an immense acreage
found its way into individual possession,
the enjoyment of land in common by the
villagers and small holders was trans-
ferred to the landlords. But that move-
ment concerned a particular kind of land;
it did not have the general character of
the present transfer, which involves
large and small estates, mansions and
parks, home and tenant farms, even
moderate-sized country houses. Three
paramount causes are at work: high tax-
ation, high wages, and high interest
rates. The owners of many estates are
unable to live at their country seats,

hundreds of properties are burdened with charges, either for annuities or for loans. These have to be met and the margin for expenditure in the hands of the present proprietors has disappeared. The high interest obtainable for investments is equally powerful: many middle class owners of moderate-sized properties find that by selling at the high prices to-day obtainable they have a larger and securer income. Thus from one end of England to the other thousands of acres are every week now changing hands.

Who are the buyers? Of farms, in many cases they are the occupying tenant farmers; of estates, generally, persons with capital to invest, and often with a desire for country life, and to some extent speculative syndicates. It may be asked why have not the causes which have produced a tendency to sell prevented buying? In the case of tenant farmers the desire to purchase results partly from the necessity, it may be called, of remaining in the same pursuit in the same place, partly from the fact that the profits of farming have of late been proportionally greater than the increased taxation. In the case of the general buyer two causes are pretty plain. Large profits have been made by many commercial persons during the war, and they see no better form of investment for income and for pleasure than the purchase of land. Except in one particular these transfers do not indicate any important social or economic change. That particular is the change by farmers from tenancy to ownership. One can but wait and see what economic result will follow; in many instances these farmers must have charged their properties with loans to enable them to buy the land, and it is doubtful if some of them may not be hampered in the future for want of capital. Politically, greater conservatism may follow.

In the case of other changes they show by the keen competition for properties offered for sale that in the pre-war period there have been numberless buyers desirous of owning land who have been unable to get the chance of obtaining it. The change of ownership in this respect does not indicate any fundamental social change. The great wealth of England, the ineradicable devotion to the country, to its agriculture, horticulture, and sport, will keep the country life of the kingdom, in the immediate future at any rate, pretty much the same under the new as under the old owners of property. Old families depart, new families take up the ancient tale, and the quiet healthy country life of the Englishman, with its useful local duties and its pleasant outdoor occupations, will still continue much as it did before the war and its changes.

E. S. ROSCOE

Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks

Drama

"When We Dead Awaken"

THE story of "When We Dead Awaken" can be summarized in two sentences. A sculptor whom middle age, marriage, and money have debilitated meets the stricken woman who had been the model and the inspiration of his youth. They share passionate retrospects, dreams of self-renewal, and the brief and barren exaltation of a common death in the snow-whirls of a mountain-peak. A meaning is readily found. Ibsen is the sculptor; Irene—the woman—is the early poetic and passionate idealism, afterwards overlaid by "Doll's Houses" and "Rosmersholms"; and the meeting is the belated and partial reversion to beauty or romance by a reaction, of which "When We Dead Awaken" is at once the product and the picture. The change was rather break-up than break-down in Ibsen; it was less the man and the artist than the realist who was aging. The death-throes of an old Ibsen mixed with the birth-pangs of a new; but death and birth were alike incomplete, and the result was realism shot with poetry.

Now the English players, in the handling of this unusual material, have done a very bold, very interesting, and very pardonable, if not strictly legitimate, thing. They have expelled the realism at least from the Irene-Rubek parts, and have turned the play into a poetic vision. As vision its beauty is manifest. Landscapes rare and lucent and unearthly, landscapes that Tennyson might have coveted as the setting of his Grail legends, have been provided by the taste of Mr. Lovel. The great moments in the play are spectacular. The emergence of Irene and the Sister of Charity in Act I, white figure against black, was so handled as to fire the imagination while it froze the blood. (I may remark in passing that three whitenesses, the white sculpture, the white woman, the white mountain-peak, unify and solemnize this play.) More powerful still perhaps, because less insistent, is the close of the act when, in the lighted doorway, the half-seen figure, in black robes of ominous import, receives the woman on whose lips the word "died" is still passionately quivering.

What becomes, under this process, of the long analytic, rather matter-of-fact dialogues between Rubek and Irene? They are not removed, but they are melted; the contours, the incisions, vanish; nothing abides but a distilment of their quality. Miss Kenmore, more fitly cast as Irene than as Hedda, picturesque, even marmoreal, in aspect, became a living

type of death, not death in its wormy or grinning phases, but arctic death, white, silent, and remote. She spoke indeed, but the voice was shrouded, and passion moved beneath its glaze of apathy like a brook beneath its crust of ice. Mr. Lovel was too passionless for the warmer moments of Rubek, and the seductive modulations of his cushioned voice hardly made up for the shortage of vitality. The fire had died down both in Irene and Rubek, but the difference between Miss Kenmore and Mr. Lovel in this respect was the difference between embers and ash-heap.

In his scenes with Maia, where passion was not wanted, Mr. Lovel showed not a little of that minute and changing exactness, that scroll-sawing, if I may so call it, which is the mark of Ibsen and the Ibsen actor. This conducts me naturally to the work of Miss Cicely Barsham and Mr. A. C. Henderson as Maia and Ulfheim. Both these persons acted with vigor and care, and seemed ready at times to wrest the leadership from the principals, with the stealthy collusion of Ibsen himself, who gave them the lion's share of the *dramatic* interest. They did not finally achieve this substitution, clever as both were, they could not cope with Ibsen. They were not to blame if Maia and Ulfheim eluded their grasp; Maia and Ulfheim belong to that class of difficult persons who are the more difficult because they appear to be simple. In Ibsen himself they are boldly and brokenly sketched, and Miss Barsham and Mr. Henderson, keen for points, but giving equal sharpness to diverse and adverse points, finally tore the sketches into bits.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News

Reference Books

EDITORS of newspapers and periodicals, librarians, and bookdealers receive many inquiries about reference books. Which are the best to own? Are there any good inexpensive ones? Or small ones? Are these reliable?

In general, if you own a good encyclopædia (the "New International" or the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), and a good dictionary (for the one-volume works either "Webster's New International" or "The New Standard Dictionary") you have therein a reference library, apt to answer all your questions, and excellent for the information it contains. But these are large, and not inexpensive. The "Everyman Encyclopædia" (Dutton) will take up little room (the volumes

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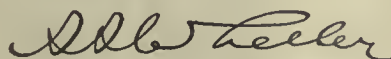
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may be carried in the pocket) and will cost you much less. It is not absolutely free from errors—though I have not discovered any very important ones—but it is an admirable and convenient work, nevertheless. And for desk use, good, smaller dictionaries may be found—the “Students’ Edition of a Standard Dictionary” (Funk & Wagnalls), for example.

Here are four extremely useful reference books, which may be acquired at trifling cost: “The World Almanac and Encyclopedia” (Press Pub. Co.), for the current year, with its extraordinary collection of information; the “Statistical Abstract of the United States” (Government Printing Office), an annual, with tables of figures upon a wide variety of subjects referring to this country; the “Official Congressional Directory” (Government Printing Office), with its information about the personnel of Congress, Government departments and commissions, Consular and diplomatic service; and—for New Yorkers—the “Municipal Year Book of the City of New York” (Municipal Reference Library).

Here are some, not so low in price, but invaluable in their fields. First, “The Statesman’s Year-Book” (Macmillan), a “statistical and historical annual of the

states of the world,” with its brief but convenient information about all countries, and good references to further sources of knowledge. Next, “Who’s Who in America” (Marquis), an honest, constantly useful, and often highly diverting biographical dictionary of living persons. Its English forerunner is “Who’s Who” (Macmillan), similarly valuable and international in scope. Add to these, Whitaker’s “Almanack” (more especially British), “Chambers’s Biographical Dictionary” (Lippincott), for “the great of all times and nations,” dead as well as living, and the “Scientific American Reference Book” (Munn), for handy information about scientific matters, and you will have a shelf, or half a shelf, of books which ought to be convenient in connection with the news of the day.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Benavente, Jacinto. Plays. Transl. by J. G. Underhill. Scribner. \$2 net.
- Bunker, John. Shining Fields and Dark Towers. Lane. \$1.25.
- Frost, Robert. North of Boston. Holt.
- Low, B. R. The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems. Lane. \$1.50 net.
- Mackenzie, W. R. The Quest of the Balade. Princeton Univ. Press. \$1.60 net.

Masefield, John. Reynard the Fox or the Ghost Heath Run. Macmillan. \$1.60.
Rice, C. Y. Shadowy Threshold. Century.

Sweden’s Laureate. Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam. Transl. by C. W. Stork. Yale. \$1.35.

Tarkington, Booth, and Wilson, H. L. The Gibson Upright. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25 net.

Wheelock, J. H. Dust and Light. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS
Black, H. C. The Relation of the Executive Power to Legislation. Princeton Univ. Press. \$1.60 net.

Documents and Statements Relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims. Introduction by G. Lowes Dickinson. Macmillan.

Judicial Settlement of Controversies Between States of the American Union. Volumes I and II. Collected and edited by James Brown Scott. Publications of Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Oxford University Press.

Keith, A. B. The Belgian Congo and the Berlin Act. Oxford Univ. Press.

Orman, Felix. A Vital Need of the Times. Privately printed.

President Wilson’s Great Speeches and Other History Making Documents. Chicago: Stanton & Van Vliet Co.

MISCELLANEOUS

Waldron, W. H. Army Physical Training. Holt. \$1.50.

The American Literary Yearbook. Vol. I, 1919. Henning, Minnesota: Paul Traub.

Maurice, A. B. The Paris of the Novelists. Doubleday, Page. \$2.50.

Lardner, R. W. Own Your Own Home. Pictures by Fontaine Fox. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1 net.

THE REVIEW believes:

That the worst blow to progress would be to sacrifice the progress of the past;

That America ought to continue to be what she has made herself, a nation of self-reliant freemen;

That alien elements should be assimilated, not propitiated;

That labor should strive for betterment, not domination;

That “open-mindedness” is no substitute for common-sense;

That idealism derives from thought as well as from emotion;

That the idealism generated by the war should be “consolidated,” not vaporized;

That one should not be ashamed to love one’s own country best.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 27

New York, Saturday, November 15, 1919

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THE Mine Workers' leaders have submitted to the law with a promptness all the more impressive because it was preceded by a declaration of support for the miners by the American Federation of Labor. The lesson that this teaches was so compactly put in the statement of the acting President of the union that comment can add nothing to it:

Gentlemen, we will comply with the mandate of the court. We do it under protest. We are Americans. We cannot fight our Government. That is all.

It only remains to put in motion those agencies for the rational adjudication of the dispute between the miners and the operators which should have been accepted from the start. To this task the Government applied itself immediately upon the retirement of the union leaders from their untenable and intolerable position. As we have heretofore stated, the miners have, in our judgment, a strong case in equity for the invalidation of the terms of the contract into which they entered for the duration of

the war, whatever may be the technical merits of this question. The investigation and arbitration now presumably about to be entered upon should take a broad view of all the issues involved, and should result not only in assigning to the miners what is fairly due them, but in introducing a system which shall, so far as possible, obviate the glaring irregularities in their employment. It must not be forgotten, however, that to keep the miners steadily at work implies no necessity of keeping at work any specified number. A given amount of work subject to long interruptions can be spread over the whole year, not only by shortening hours indefinitely, but equally well by diminishing the number of men employed.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK must have felt a pang of keen regret for the grievous error of policy which the Administration forces have committed, when it was acutely brought home by a remark of Senator McCumber's. The Nebraska Senator was reproached by Senator Thomas for his failure to support the reservation which the latter offered as a substitute for the Lodge reservation on Article X, and which was the same as that proposed some weeks ago by Senator McCumber himself. At that time, said Mr. McCumber, he was hoping to effect a compromise between the two sides in the treaty fight; and the truth is that for months it ought to have been clear to everybody that the only path of safety for the Administration side was to assent to just such a compromise as Mr. McCumber and his associates had in mind. The Senator added:

But it was not accepted by the minority. They declined to consider it. In the interest of coming to an agreement I withdrew it, and intend now to support the committee reservation. The opportunity for compromise was rejected by the minority. The blame is upon them.

Fully as we agree, however, with the view that the blame for failure to come to an agreement rests upon the Administration side, and not upon the group of moderate reservationists who so long endeavored to bring about a reasonable compromise, it is also to be said that these men themselves failed to rise to the level of the great opportunity which was evidently before them. They were masters of the situation, provided only that

they asserted their position with adequate firmness and resolution. Nobody could accuse them of being actuated by any motive other than the desire to do what in their judgment the good of their country and of the world dictated. It was irritating, and indeed grievously trying, for them to find that their endeavors did not meet with the response which they had the right to expect; but that was not a sufficient reason for their failing to exert a power which, by the moral strength no less than by the numerical basis of their position, would have been irresistible if it had but been unflinchingly asserted. They deserve credit for their motives, and for the conciliatory temper which they so long displayed; but in the face of difficulty and discouragement they failed to show the steadfastness which was essential to the accomplishment of their purpose.

THERE are those who profess to see in the arrests of revolutionary agitators, and the proposed deportation of aliens among them, an attack upon individual liberty, and persecution for the sake of political opinion. This could be true only if we are to admit that liberty and anarchy are synonymous, and that freedom of political opinion carries the right to put one's opinions into practice through the violent subversion of existing law and order. Not one of these men was arrested for holding or expressing the belief that the government of the United States might be, or ought to be, changed. The framers of our organic forms of government, from the national Constitution down to the charters of individual cities, have always recognized the possibility of finding something better, and have provided orderly methods for making changes. But they have wisely insisted that any element wishing a change shall convince either the people themselves, or their duly chosen representatives, that the change is desirable. The freedom of individuals or groups to kick the laws aside is anarchy, and intolerable even to anarchists themselves. No anarchist group exists in which dissentient opinion does not rise and is not suppressed. Majorities are of course sometimes unwise, and well-organized governments, including our own, put Constitutional checks upon their power, to be altered or removed only by methods

requiring time for thought and discussion; but after all, human reason and experience have developed nothing better than a regulated majority government, with a definite and orderly method of changing the regulations when the common welfare so directs.

THE revolutionists arrested during the past week were for the most part aliens, having taken no steps to acquire the rights of citizenship in the country whose future form of government, or deprivation of government, they wish to dictate. They will be punished as criminals only if they shall be proved to have committed crimes defined as such under existing laws. They may be deported to the country from which they came, if their conduct has brought them within existing legal provisions for deportation. In the quarters where many of the arrests were made have been found large quantities of incendiary literature, inciting to treason, slaughter, and destruction of property. When in a storehouse and distributing centre of this crime-inciting material the police find a crowd consorting with its purveyors, it is hard to see how their sworn obligation could be fulfilled with anything less than holding the entire number for examination, even though it is probable that legally incriminating evidence will be found only against a few. But the right and duty to deport certain classes of aliens do not depend upon the commission and proof of criminal acts. This country, or any other, has the right to guard its own doors against the intrusion of those who come with the intent to defy its laws, disturb the peaceful current of its life with violence, or destroy its social and political institutions. Existing law makes ample provision for the deportation of such aliens. And the professed American who would deny that right, or put obstacles in the way of its lawful exercise, deserves not to be heeded, but to be watched. His trouble may be only aberration of judgment and lack of insight as to the natural result of his actions; but he is a force that makes for evil, none the less.

SOME of the Boston police strikers made a long jump at the conclusion that Governor Coolidge, reelected by a heavy majority just because he had stood unflinchingly in opposition to their "crime against civilization," would now be in so kindly a mood as to permit their return to the service, if only they would sever their connection with the Federation of Labor. To put it briefly, they want Governor Coolidge to say, "I have won the hearty approval of three-fourths of the people of Massachusetts by standing up for law and order. I shall now proceed to get the other fourth, and make

it unanimous, by lying down to anarchy and disorder."

THE collapse of the German effort to bring healing to the world (*Am deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen*) does not mean that the case has been given up. Norman Angell has written a book to show that a "new social order" (a euphemism for patients who cannot stomach the bolus of Bolshevism under its own name) is the one medicine which will enable the digestive organs of the world to dispose successfully of the burden of its war debts. Others have recommended it as a sure cure for crime, and still others as an unailing analgesic for all forms of social unhappiness. It only remains for somebody to devise a method of applying the cure without danger of the result that we sometimes hear of in surgery—an absolutely perfect operation, but with the patient unfortunately dead on the operating table at its conclusion.

SENATOR LUSK made the statement, the other day, that the communist movement for the overthrow of the United States Government was not started in Russia but in Germany. "It is safe to say," he added, "that Germany will not be distressed by any Bolshevist moves here." The same issue of the *Times* which printed this declaration contained a despatch from Berlin quoting Gustav Noske, Minister of Defense, as having said that "a revolution in America would mean that millions of people in Germany would be threatened with death by starvation." If Senator Lusk's statement were correct, Noske's utterance could be accounted for only as a very cheap device for hoodwinking the American authorities. But the situation in Germany is sufficiently serious to justify belief in the sincerity of Noske's prediction. The Senator is doubtless right in saying that the movement started in Germany, but that was the Germany of the Hohenzollerns, which, shortly before its downfall, in a spasm of despair, launched into a policy of supporting Lenin and his Reds in Russia. But that "Germany will not be distressed by any Bolshevist moves here" is not true if it is intended to imply complicity of Bauer's and Noske's Government in the present communistic propaganda. It is only a very small minority in Germany that would hail revolution here as a German success: the radical wing of the minority Socialists and the Spartacan group, who see in Noske their arch enemy. For it was he who suppressed the Communist riots, and he can hardly be expected to favor elsewhere revolutions which would strengthen the revolutionary elements in his own country.

TO one with a memory reaching back of 1917, it is rather amusing to find Count Bernstorff telling the German committee on responsibility for the war just why he did not take any part in pro-German propaganda. Has his memory gone blank, or is it possible that he is clearing his conscience on the readily available technicality that propaganda which does not propagate is not propaganda at all?

PHILIP SCHEIDEMANN has made the anniversary of the German revolution an occasion to make a plea for a union between Minority and Majority Socialists. The followers of Haase, who remember with bitterness how the Majority leader robbed them of the fruits of the revolution which they claim to have been their work, will not easily be brought to consider his proposals with much favor, unless cool appreciation of political advantage outweighs with them the feelings of jealousy and hatred. And on the other hand, their dealings with the Spartacans, who insist that the world's salvation can only be brought about through the dictatorship of the proletariat, has made them suspect with the Majority comrades, so that a fusion seems difficult, if not impossible. Scheidemann's advocacy of a reconciliation may, none the less, have a definite result in sending the right wing of Haase's group over to the other party, which in that case would have to break with Noske and comrades of his conservative type. For between Noske and Haase there can be no peace. That Scheidemann has some such end in view is not unlikely, as he and Noske are declared antagonists. Shortly after his return from Switzerland Scheidemann opened a bitter campaign in the press against his former colleague, and his present propaganda for reunion may be an attempt to fight his opponent more effectively in a round-about way.

DR. DRYANDER, the ex-Kaiser's court preacher, still signs himself *Hofprediger*, says a correspondent in the *London Spectator*. We must admit that for a man whose business it was, on command "von allerhöchster Stelle," to invoke the blessing of "die höheren Mächte" on His Majesty's affairs, it must be difficult to think of the power thus superlatively referred to as dethroned.

THE Public Service Commissions, working in conjunction with the railroads, have brought it about that in nineteen States a uniform signal at grade crossings has been adopted. The exact form of the warning—a white disc with the letters "RR" in black—is adopted as the result of protracted experiment. But

more important than the form is the fact, now approaching realization, that it will be uniform throughout the country. The automobile goes everywhere, and it is a poor afternoon's run that does not yield to the children in the back seat, who are avid in the observing of such things, the flashing glimpse of licenses from, say, Ohio, Louisiana, and California to add to their collection. But now the time is coming when every motorist, no matter how far afield a holiday spirit may take him, will be met at each grade crossing with a familiar sign, suggestive of home and its responsibilities. Thus the automobile, with all its faults, works mightily towards the consolidation of these United States.

FROM the recent deliberations of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society over Professor Einstein's theory according to which light travels in a curved and not in a straight line, it is possible for the man in the street, even if the scientific bearings of the theory are quite withheld from him, to draw a sort of moral. Parallel lines do meet, a circle is not really circular, the three angles of a triangle do not necessarily equal two right angles. Heavens above! Well, precisely—Heavens above; it has nothing at all to do with the earth beneath. In the strange seas of thought which one must forever voyage alone, sighting perhaps a bare dozen of friendly sail in the course of a lifetime, these things may sometimes be true. But the thought of most mortals, which perishes of suffocation in the thin, cold space that wedges the stars apart, will continue to breathe lustily the air of a world in which a circle, O Giotto, is round, and triangles and parallel lines, O Euclid, do most certainly behave as thou sayest. No carpenter in his folly will to-day square his timbers a whit otherwise than before.

Here, then, is the moral. There are two worlds—the world in which life is lived, a world of obstacles, of powers not ourselves making in all sorts of confused directions, a world of motion on which we are thrown and bidden gain a footing as we can, and another world in which thought moves untrammelled save by some rather rigid rules of its own setting up. These two worlds hold profitable commerce with each other. A few men, in various ages, starting in the world of everyday with some such trifle as an apple or a flower, carry it about with them in the transcendental world, and, behold! gradually all men, for the most part wholly ignorant of why it has come about, begin to think dynamically and not statically, functionally and not categorically. The philosophers, even in the darkest age, have always known that the earth is round; gradually all men come to believe it and order their thought

accordingly. But what shall be said of the man who in the transcendental world, not of mathematics, but, let us say, of social organization, has met with a truth that flouts the world of "pleasing, anxious being," and who thereupon demands immediate acceptance of new-found perfection everywhere and by all men?—who would cast aside all social mathematics because somewhere, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane," parallel lines do meet and a circle is not really circular?—who would destroy the profitable commerce of two worlds by substituting, with a violence the kingdom of heaven itself would not suffer, the one world for the other? Ponder it well, O Man in the Street, for some such moral as this is about all you will ever get from the utterances of the German mathematician and his Royal British expounders.

"CONSIDER," said Professor MacAndrew Cantlie, with the cynical smugness of one who perpetrates an epitaph, "the sad fate of Donald MacTavish, now touring the country with his lectures on the labor problem—as though it were a sum in arithmetic and not a conflict of elemental forces, the outcome of which no man can either predict or avert. Yet MacTavish from a child was rooted and grounded in the faith of John Knox, and once believed that the ways of men, both the evil and the good, were foreordained from all eternity. A man of his gifts might have risen in the Kirk, but at college he gave himself to the study of David Hume and Adam Smith and the two Mills, and presently felt called to preach the gospel of Political Economy. Orthodox as ever, and with all the zeal of a new convert, he went so far as to defend a sort of economic transubstantiation—the comfortable doctrine that all the base elements of human nature work together for the glory of God and the good of man. With this simple faith he might have had a distinguished academic career, but that in the course of time he fell under the spell of Karl Marx, renounced the economists and all their works, and embraced with the enthusiasm of his Celtic temperament the profound nonsense of orthodox socialism. Calvinist at heart, he gloried in economic determinism, and when he thought on the social revolution he saw as in a vision the coming of the New Jerusalem. For some years he was a minor prophet of socialism, and did his part in the way of arousing the proletariat and terrifying the capitalists. Yet he could not close his mind to the heresy of revision; he began to see the mistakes of Marx; and gradually but surely he became convinced that not one of the dogmas of socialism was built upon a truly scientific foundation. It was as

though the solid ground had crumbled beneath his feet, with the abyss of anarchism before him, the precipice of reaction behind, and no safe middle ground to right or left. Then the tempter came and bought Donald MacTavish as 'talent' for the Chautauqua circuit, and now he solves the labor problem every night as any common social reformer might do. But he is a dogmatist without a creed, a Samson shorn of his locks, a blind leader of the blind, an intellectual vagabond and derelict, and the epitaph which I have selected for his tomb is the ancient proverb: 'As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.'"

Voices in the Air

WITH the signal exception of Governor Coolidge's phenomenal victory, the results of last week's election are about as colorless as possible. But that very absence of color has in the present juncture an unmistakable significance. During a full twelvemonth, the American people have lived in a state of mental unrest such as no previous experience has even distantly approached; and that twelvemonth had been preceded by a year and a half of incubation of this unrest. Long before the armistice—indeed from the moment that our entry into the war gave the last touch of completeness to its character of world-wide cataclysm—the notion that the world was to be made over into something altogether different from what we had known had become one of the most familiar of public commonplaces. And upon the cessation of hostilities, the school of thinkers and writers that had most actively spread this notion displayed an activity, and attained a prominence, which, during the war, "the instant need of things" had made impossible. Add to this the discontent automatically generated by the hardships which millions have suffered from high prices, and it is plain that if an underlying desire for radical change possessed the people at large, there was every reason to expect that it would be manifested in some notable way in the election.

But one scans the horizon in vain for any sign of the kind. The people have been voting everywhere just about as they have always voted. In New York, where the old, old issue of Tammany happened to be accentuated by Murphy's insolence in the matter of a judgeship nomination, the voters rose to it with an eagerness quite incompatible with the state of mind of a people absorbed in the prospect of a new-made world. In Massachusetts, the response which was given to Governor Coolidge's appeal so far ex-

ceeded the expectations of his supporters as to place beyond all question the unshaken loyalty of the people to the established institutions of the country. In Nebraska, the movement headed by the Townleyite Non-Partisan League suffered disastrous defeat. And nowhere, so far as we have observed, has the balance of the old parties been disturbed in favor of either by the intrusion of an issue or of a candidacy that savored of Socialism. If some long-absent explorer had got his first touch of our situation from reading the election returns and the current comment upon them, he would have had no reason to suspect that anything new or unusual had been disturbing the public mind in the past two years.

To infer from this that no great disturbing forces are at work would be the height of folly. The positive evidence of such disturbance is too concrete and too massive to be disposed of by any conclusion that the figures of last week's election are capable of furnishing. Yet the lesson that they do teach is one of first-rate importance. The more it is true that things are in a state of flux—the more it is true that new forces, or forces formerly negligible, are now to be reckoned with as serious factors in our political and social life—the more is it necessary for us to keep our heads level, and not to regard as certainties what are in fact only possibilities. To admit the existence of strong tendencies is one thing; to assume that they are sure to prevail, still more that they are already in full possession of the field, is quite another. A people fit for self-government, a people equal to grappling with the problems of a great epoch, must preserve above all the sentiment that it is the duty of every man to bear a man's share in deciding what ought to be, not to conform to some fatalist notion of what will be or to some hypnotic suggestion of what is. There is a definite way—crude and imperfect, indeed, but substantial and intelligible—of ascertaining the voice of the people; "voices in the air" may be anything that the wish or the thought of him who professes to hear them may prompt him to imagine. If the commonplace character of the recent election should help to eject from our political thinking that element of vague prophetic emotion which has of late played so prominent a part, it will have been of inestimable service to the nation.

It is not only in relation to radical changes in the economic and social order that this dangerous leaning upon prophetic emotion has been manifested. To it must in no small measure be ascribed the melancholy history of the League of Nations controversy. The President chose to regard the issue as one upon which there was no room for honest dif-

ference of opinion. It was a struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman, between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. Accordingly, opposition was to be overcome not by argument and persuasion, but by denunciation and exhortation. He had but to stir up the people, and opposition would crumble under the manifest decree of public sentiment. Yet nothing of the kind happened. Neither in the election returns nor in the conduct of Senators is it possible to read the slightest indication that the people have been stirred to wrath by the refusal of the Senate to accept the President's position. The multitude of impassioned speeches upon which he expended his powers, with such regrettable effect upon his own health, has had no appreciable influence either upon the Senate or upon the public mind. How different might the showing have been had he met the real difficulties of the situation, and concentrated his effort upon one or two masterly and comprehensive speeches fairly grappling with the great argument. The whole nation would have welcomed such an appeal to its intelligence; adversaries and doubters would have been put to the necessity of squarely meeting what he said; it would have been impossible for Lodge, or Knox, or anybody, to put the issue on that plane of maneuvering for points on which it has been so distressing to see it; and those Senators who, while not going all the way with the President, sought to come as near to his position as they could, would have been immeasurably strengthened in their purpose. Above all, the spirit of the situation—the temper in which the Covenant was accepted, if it is to be accepted—would have been infinitely better than there now seems to be any chance of its being.

We are living in a stormy time, and we must not only keep our eyes open but keep our judgment clear. It is blindness to deny that our institutions, political and economic, are being subjected to an unprecedented strain; but it is folly to jump to the conclusion that they are sure to break under the strain. The revolutionary has no more effective adjunct than the spread of the notion that his object is already all but achieved; for nobody relishes the thought of being regarded as but a lingering survival of an outworn age. But if we are not to become the victims of this delusion—a delusion which has the lamentable quality of tending to bring about its own fulfillment—we must firmly eschew the habit of thinking that great issues of any kind may rightly be settled by an appeal to "voices in the air," or to anything but the mind and conscience of the individual human beings whose duty it is to pass judgment upon them.

The Socialist Vote in New York City

"LOOKING the whole thing over," says the *New York Times*, "what reason have the Socialists in New York City for keeping up their fruitless agitation?" In 1917, says the *Times*, Mr. Hillquit got 145,322 votes, while last week the Socialist candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen got only 126,365 votes; whereas in view of the addition of the women's vote since 1917 he ought, if the party held its own, to have polled at least forty per cent. more than Hillquit did—in other words, more than 200,000. The *New York Evening Post* takes a very different view. "The Socialists," it says, "have reason to congratulate themselves on their showing yesterday. Only a year ago they polled 85,000 votes in the city out of a total of 922,000. Yesterday they scored nearly 125,000 votes out of a total only 5,000 larger. The Socialists have not reached the Hillquit vote of 1917, which was manifestly a mixed vote, but they can show an increase of 50 per cent. over last year, when they received 9 per cent. of the total vote, against 13 1-2 per cent. yesterday."

The truth, we take it, lies between these two extremes; and what it amounts to is that in the election last week the Socialists have shown, so far as can be judged, neither a loss nor a gain of strength. It is true that the Hillquit vote was swelled by elements which had no real connection with the Socialist movement. It was largely a pro-German and anti-war vote. On the other hand, it must always be remembered in considering the Socialist vote, or the vote of any "third party," that a great many persons find in such a party a mere medium for the expression of dissatisfaction, and refuse to indulge in that luxury when by so doing they throw away their vote as regards some office in the filling of which they are substantially interested. The 85,000 votes polled by the Socialists in 1918, to which the *Evening Post* refers, were cast for their candidate for Governor, in a contest in which there was intense public interest. On that same day their candidate for the colorless office of Secretary of State received not 85,000 votes out of 922,000, but 97,000 votes out of 870,000. To have advanced from that point to 125,000 out of 927,000 after a twelvemonth filled with all manner of hardship, confusion, and discontent, is certainly no striking evidence of growth, and offers no ground whatever for any prognostication of future developments.

The Socialists are unquestionably here to stay, and to stay for a long time. Even

if the recent election had been as discouraging as the *Times* represents, it would make no difference whatever in this regard. There is a genuine basis of conviction upon which the movement rests, and men of conviction do not forgo their endeavors because victory is slow to come. What the rest of us have to do is to look at the facts of their progress—or the reverse—as they are, and not as either our wishes or our fears would have them. There has been in this country a great growth of the Socialist vote, and of the Socialist movement in general, during the past decade. This is indisputable. That growth has been more marked in New York City than in any other great centre of population. It would not have been at all surprising if the ferment of the last two years, and the most extraordinary situation in which we are at this moment living, had resulted in a great acceleration of the process. That nothing of the kind has happened is a fair inference from the figures of last week's election. To say more than this would be to go beyond warrant; but this is something quite important enough to remember. When people say that a thing is sure to come, and that it is coming by leaps and bounds already, the fact that it failed to show itself when it had an exceptionally favorable opportunity to do so, may very properly be used to stop the mouths of confident visionaries.

Reports that Call Red Pink

AT a time when the national Government is exposing the widespread activities of radical forces that plot its overthrow and the destruction of our democratic institutions, it is peculiarly mischievous to spread misleading reports, issued in the interest of the Bolshevik propaganda. Such is the character of a series of articles by Isaac Don Levine, a man whose antecedents and connections should suffice for warning to an editor. One of these articles, supplied with the flaring headline: "Red Terror Reign a Fiction," was given the leading place on the front page of the *New York Globe*. Its manifest object was to enlist sympathy for the bloody and tyrannical rule of the minority that has usurped power in Russia, by spreading the impression that all that has been said about the Russian terror is a mass of lies, and that affairs there are, except for economic distress, in a normal and satisfactory state.

The testimony of hundreds of reliable men, Russians and foreigners alike, who have recently escaped from Bolshevik Russia, is unanimous, and if perchance

a few personally conducted correspondents, guests of the Soviet authorities, and seeing only what it pleases these to show them, come out with different stories, it cannot change the verdict. Thus, as regards the Red Terror: Last year, in the early autumn, the Extraordinary Commission against Counter-revolution put into effect a frightful reign of terror directed against the bourgeoisie. This was taken official cognizance of by our own Government and has been frequently admitted by the Bolshevik leaders themselves. As a matter of fact this particular terror was designed to arouse the waning enthusiasm of the proletariat and to furnish a convenient object upon which to vent their dissatisfaction at the unendurable conditions resulting from Bolshevik rule. But since that time there has been put into effect another terror, more horrible and deadly, if less spectacular. This is the terror whereby workmen and peasants alike are cowed into a condition of slavish obedience and the abrogation of all liberty. No one can read of the personal experiences of Mr. H. V. Keeling, the English trade-unionist, of Mr. David Aronson, who served for nine months in the Commissariat of Public Constructions, or of Mr. George Lvov, who served both as an engineer and as a Red Army Soldier, and who escaped in September, without realizing that the Bolshevik leaders, supported by an armed minority but hated by the masses, are maintaining their ascendancy only by the application of ruthless terror and that this terror bears most heavily upon the laboring classes. A newspaper charged with the duty of informing American public opinion in this crisis, assumes a heavy responsibility in publishing correspondence whose authenticity and good faith are open to question, and whose purpose is vicious.

Another instance of somewhat similar character may be cited. Not long ago, there appeared in the columns of one of our leading dailies, a long article describing the Fair at Nizhni-Novgorod last summer. It was replete with glowing details concerning the thousands of merchants that visited the Fair, the vast amount of goods sold, and the millions of rubles that these transactions represented. Of course the whole article was a hoax, for no such fair was or could be held in Bolshevik Russia, where trade is nationalized, and production and transportation are in chaos. The newspaper in question promptly admitted that it had been imposed upon and that the whole article was a fraud. But certain "journals of opinion" unblushingly published articles commending the state of affairs in Bolshevik Russia, quoting the article in question as an authority, although the very paper in which it had appeared had

repudiated it as containing not a word of truth. It is all very well to give the devil his due, but to give him aid and comfort to which he has no possible claim is going a little too far.

Intellectual Armageddon

THE days when everybody had a Mission—with a big M—have given place to the days of propaganda, with a very small, sly, insinuating, but not silent p. It will be more tolerable, perhaps, when we are all grown more thoroughly used to it. When we are all incorporated into solemn troops and sweet societies, then we shall more readily know the precise rate of discount to be applied to the utterances of each of our rival groups. When no one speaks except from the platform of his own intellectual union, the business of the world will be enormously simplified. Each group casts its vote, a vote indeed that could be pretty certainly predicted, and the mind of the world is swiftly made up. Smaller groups will, perforce, if they are to survive, combine into larger ones, until by necessary evolution the whole world becomes of like mind. About this time may be expected a spirited and probably successful revolt under the banner of a self-reliant individualism.

The present stage of this evolution is in high degree painful to those who are still aware of life as a gracious thing, compounded of such simples as home; the fearful delights of one's own children; the possession of a friend or two with whom one disagrees often in the mind but in the heart never; a garden, maybe, and some books, and an artistic sense that yields a rich return to the possessor if not to the world. Such people are reluctant to heed the summons to intellectual Armageddon. They had supposed that society was good in proportion to the number of well-disposed and self-reliant individuals contained in it. They ardently wished to see the number of such individuals increased, and were prepared to adopt any change in the procedure of life which offered reasonable promise of so increasing it. They had thought of life as something to be lived, and not as an experiment in a laboratory to be taken down and set up afresh whenever it failed to yield at once the desired results.

Least of all do such people have unquestioning faith in the efficacy of banding themselves together in societies that a particular fragment of what looks like the truth may be made to prevail. A wise man, and himself something of a revolutionary in his way, had said it.

In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitudes. But not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse.

Organization, of course, is well enough where it serves to multiply the force of the individuals that compose it, but the organization is not stronger or more clear-sighted than its members. The organization that pretends to be so, that asks as a condition of membership any considerable abdication of personal sovereignty, that recruits its strength from those whom it can control but who are not themselves fit to control it, ends by wrecking either itself or the world in which it survives.

Intellectual Armageddon, however, is on. There is no evading it. Not to organize is to be destroyed. But to organize in the wrong way is likewise to court destruction. The things to be defended, the things to be made to prevail, are precisely the things that nobody ever thought of defending before. An atmosphere of assertion, of militancy, of resolute objectivity, the atmosphere, in short, created by talking about them very much, is the one thing that destroys them. They are valuable because they are natural growths and not synthetic confections. They are valuable because they are not asserted or proclaimed or "believed in." Their flavor resides in the fact of their being taken for granted; where reticence is impossible, freedom becomes a mockery.

"Americanism" supplies an instance. Americanism is not a thing, it is a way Americans live. Bolshevism is a thing; Socialism is a thing. But nowhere has Bolshevism or Socialism been successfully lived. One can, and one does, multiply oneself into societies for the establishment of Bolshevism or of Socialism. Or one can excitedly watch others so organizing, and wonder whether the plunge would be as exhilarating as merely thinking about the plunge or telling people who are grossly immersed in mere living what a good time they are missing. It is not hard to defend these things with considerable plausibility, because the people who defend them are merely defending a creation of their own. If a weak spot appears, it is not a difficult matter to shift the ground. In the same way, it is not difficult to become deeply instructed in the shortcomings of life as most people live it. Most people do not make the mistake of expecting too much of life and bear it no grudge because it comes this side of perfection. They are, on the contrary, rather actively, and successfully, on the lookout for its redeeming satisfactions. But they hardly know how to draw up a reasoned defence of their way of life. Their adversaries are

better weaponed for attack, and occupy an easier ground to defend. For the Americanism that is what it is because it has been lived by increasing numbers of people these three hundred years, does it not, the moment you form a society to go about actively expressing loyalty to it, tend to lose its essential quality by evaporation?

We would not imply that nothing can be done somewhat to instruct in that mode of life which we call American those among us who do not understand it and who presumably would value it if they could learn to make it their own. But we do mean that such efforts avail little as compared with the results to be attained if each individual who by habit and tradition "demonstrates" Americanism in the life he leads should henceforward make such demonstration more convincing. The efforts of those who would band housewives together in an attempt to reduce first this item that makes up the cost of living, then another and so to end of the list, are pitifully ill-calculated. Mere taking thought will not reduce the cost of living item by item, or as a whole, and in general; it is for the individual to reduce *his* cost of living, and the only way this can be done is to reduce the number of items, or to substitute for expensive items others that if embraced in the right spirit will yield a return valued for its own sake and not as a mere substitute.

Since, then, intellectual mobilization is decreed, let the fighting be on ground of our own choosing and not of the enemies'. It is useless to contend with a metaphysician in the realm of metaphysics. At best one can set up a rival system more to one's taste. But if meanwhile life is to go forward, there is need now and then of a stout Johnsonian "I refute it thus!" There are some questions, in politics, economics, family life, and individual conduct, as well as in metaphysics, that not only admit no immediate settlement; they are theoretically insoluble; as impossible to resolve as the impact of irresistible force upon an immovable body. Life generally settles these problems by a slow process of starving them out, depriving them of nutrition until they become dry and unregarded husks. It is a costly procedure, blighting many a fair hope and starting many a tear, but it is not nearly so costly as to demand of life that it justify itself completely at each moment of time. Something very like this, in the present stress of things, is being demanded of life. And those to whom life is more precious than any dream of what it ought to be must set themselves the hard task of providing in their own lives that defence by virtue of which alone life itself continues.

The Public and the Packers

THE article on "The Big Five and the Problem of Monopoly," contributed to our columns this week by a highly competent hand, discusses not the effect of monopolistic practices upon prices, but the nature and logical consequences of those practices themselves. Throughout the entire period of the country's struggle with the Trust problem, a period now nearing the close of its third decade, it has been essential, for any just view of the problem, to distinguish sharply between the objections to monopoly as a matter of business relations and of inordinate personal power, and the objections to it as a means of putting extortionate burdens on the consumer. It is with the former aspect almost exclusively that the writer of this article deals in the case of the Big Five.

That the Federal Trade Commission has presented a powerful indictment of the packers—powerful, that is, as to the substantial character of their monopolistic control in a vast field of production and distribution, whatever may be its character as a matter of law—no one can question who either scans the Commission's voluminous report or reads the article in the *Review*. It is unfortunate, however—to use no harsher term—that the Commission has in various ways lent its weight to the strengthening of the belief, for which there is not, so far as we know, any respectable foundation, that this control is responsible for a considerable part of the high prices of meat products. If the Commission goes into that question at all, its plain duty is to go into it thoroughly and judicially; and in statements intended for publication, it is further the duty of the Commission to bring out the real significance of the figures, instead of throwing them at the public unexplained, or in a form that suggests sensational conclusions.

It was at the very height of the excitement over the President's initiation, three months ago, of a movement to bring down prices, that the Commission, in its letter to him, presented the figures of the packers' profits as follows:

The packers' profits in 1917 were more than four times as great as in the average year before the European war, although their sales in dollars and cents at even the inflated prices of last year had barely doubled. In the war years 1915, 1916, 1917, four of the five packers made net profits of \$178,000,000.

This—presented, as it was, without any further analysis or comment—was calculated to produce upon the mind of the wayfaring man the impression of outrageous "profiteering" on the part of the packers and of a terrible burden imposed

on the public. But there is nothing abnormal in doubled prices (say) yielding quadrupled profit; and \$60,000,000 a year, in a group of businesses covering—as the Commission so strongly insists it does—a large part of the food supply of the whole nation, makes no perceptible addition to the people's cost of living.

But even though there may be little or no basis for the belief that the big packers' hold on production and distribution results in an increase of price to the consumer, the existence of such a state of things as the Commission describes is matter for most serious concern. We cannot view with indifference the indefinite extension of that kind of power in the hands of a few individuals. Restraints must be placed upon it, either in the shape of direct limitation of its scope or in the shape of effective regulation by the Government. If it is practically impossible to make the former method effective, resort must be had to the latter. The comparative merits of the two are indicated with fairness in our contributor's article.

Decentralization in France

TO work! was M. Clémenceau's appeal to his audience at Strassburg. Its impressiveness was not in its originality, for it echoed what other leading statesmen, both in victorious and defeated countries, had been saying with equal emphasis. But it struck home, all over the world, as the word of an octogenarian who, taking his official farewell of France, might have been excused if he had dwelt on the *otium cum dignitate* that awaited him. He included himself among the workers to whom he appealed on behalf of the country's future: "Let us all work for the greatness and the glory of France."

In the programme which M. Clémenceau outlined, he mentioned, among other things, a scheme to make the French citizen set to work also in the political administration of his country, a field of activity in which he has never exerted himself with much ardor or interest. Clémenceau advocated decentralization of the administration, and a transfer of responsibility for local affairs from the Chamber of Deputies to local assemblies.

This is not a new departure for M. Clémenceau. The lessons of the war may have convinced him of the urgency of this reform, but, if so, they were preached to one long since converted. In the early eighties, when M. Clémenceau was a prominent figure among the Radicals, decentralization was one of the planks in the platform of that party, whose programme was, indeed, identical

with that for which the Republicans had stood in the days of Napoleon III. "C'est le drapeau de 1869," said M. Clémenceau in 1881. The Radicals, it is true, had embroidered additional slogans on the banner, such as the abolition of the Presidency and the Senate. For in these, M. Clémenceau explained in 1881, "the monarchical principles, so tenacious of life in the institutions of France," still survived. These words of nearly thirty years ago are no less true at the present day, which sees the radical who wrote them at the head of the Government. The very cause which made him opposed to the Presidency and the Senate kept both institutions intact from the onslaughts of the Radicals. The French are better monarchists than republicans. The political fabric constructed by Napoleon on the remains of the foundations laid by the Ancien Régime owes its solidity and endurance to the people's latent consciousness that it answers the needs of the country. The parliamentary system is a foreign importation, and half a century's practice has not been much to its credit in France, owing to its unfortunate grafting on a centralized administration of native growth.

In France it is not, as in this country, the commune that lends its functionaries to the Government, but the Government that imposes its functionaries on the commune. The defects of such a power, bad enough when placed in the hands of one man, are multiplied to excess by the parliamentary system, as each delegate belonging to the governmental majority becomes a co-dispenser of places in his constituency, and reckons his popularity by the number he can bestow. Weak men, under this system, easily succumb to the temptation to promote the creation of new offices instead of economy. And M. Clémenceau, whose integrity has always made him invulnerable in political combat, is the very man to remind the nation of its duty to stem these abuses by taking a more active part in the administration of the country.

Pessimists hold that any such attempt is bound to miscarry, as they believe the people to be temperamentally unfit for the task. But they do not seem to discriminate between incapacities due to lack of training, and such as have their root in inherited nature. That after fifty years of republicanism the French have not evinced either a desire or a capacity for local autonomy is not sure proof of a native deficiency, but may be due to that latent survival of the monarchical tradition which has debarred them from receiving education in local home-rule. All that we know of the Frenchman's temperament seems to give the lie to that pessimistic doubt. During the war the centralized administration betrayed

its inefficiency by its lack of organizing power, and the country was saved by the personal initiative of the individual citizens. The average Frenchman is a personality, quick to respond and ready to act at his own risk—the very reverse of the German, whose initiative needs the stimulant of a superior's command.

The one great obstacle in the way towards administrative decentralization is the approval given to the prevailing system by that class of moulders of public opinion which does not take part in politics—men of letters, men of science, men of business. To these Paris is France, and an administration which answers their notion of the identity of the capital and the country is the best form of government. This sentiment is the strongest ally of the professional politician who, for reasons of self-interest, is opposed to any diminution of parliamentary control of local affairs. To the Frenchman who cherishes that traditional worship of Paris which the reign of Le Roi Soleil inaugurated, M. Clémenceau's plea for decentralization must seem disloyalty to the great capital. Arguments are of little avail against prejudice. If the Premier's plan carries the day, it will be through the dire need of reform arising from the disrupting forces of the war.

"Germany has at least done France one service—she has recalled to Frenchmen their duty towards themselves," M. Clémenceau said in his peroration. If the war will bring home to them the necessity of administrative reform, it will have done them this other service of safeguarding their country's future by defending them against their own love for an obnoxious survival of the past.

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The Big Five and the Problem of Monopoly

THE President's obviously hurried attempts to make up for lost time have probably led him to take up arms with labor against the rising price level. It has occurred to some that the revival of the agitation against the packers by the Department of Justice—after the Federal Trade Commission's long-continued attempt to initiate drastic regulatory legislation against them—may be in part attributable to this general fight on prices. Even if this attack is staged for the political effect which it is calculated to have, it represents an interesting phase in the solution of the monopoly problem.

There are two ways in which a powerful producer or group of producers can control prices in an industry: (1) by absorbing all important competitors; (2) by making peace with them so as to induce them to agree to price maintenance. The first method was rendered illegal by the provisions of the Sherman law and the Clayton act. Combination under these laws, however, was not really made impossible because the individual owners of a business, as individuals, were allowed to acquire the stock of competing companies. Thus, the original owners of the old Oil and Tobacco Trusts practically control the dissolved companies, which are supposed to be independent and competing with each other. There was another obstacle in the way of combinations of this kind; with economic development the business units which had to be absorbed increased so in size that one producer or group of producers, no matter how powerful, often found great difficulty in stifling competition. The use of peaceful methods for influencing your enemies to do what you want is often as effective as actual conquest. Thus, the second method of price maintenance has come increasingly into favor because the first involved legal difficulties and required a large amount of capital. Both the trade association activities and the tactics employed by the "Big Five" represent methods of eliminating so-called "cut-throat competition." In the case of the Slaughtering and Packing Industry it might be puzzling to attempt to determine whose throats are most badly cut.

The harmonious relations which exist among "the Packers" may have a certain value, but they are hardly compatible with the fundamental assumptions of the so-called "Competitive System." It was shown by the Federal Trade Com-

mission that: (1) Swift, Armour, Morris, Wilson, and Cudahy agree to divide their live-stock purchases throughout the United States according to certain fixed percentages; (2) these five companies exchange confidential information which is not made available to their competitors, and employ jointly paid agents to secure information which they use to manipulate and control the live-stock markets; (3) these five packers through their buyers act collusively in the purchase of live stock (e. g. by "split shipment" purchases, "part purchases," "wiring on," "making" the daily market); (4) Swift, Armour, Morris, and Wilson through their subsidiary and controlled companies in South America combined with certain other companies to restrict and control shipments of beef and other meats from South America to the United States and other countries; (5) all the five companies act collusively in the sale of fresh meat by exchanging information regarding "margins" realized, by inspection of one another's stocks of fresh meats, and by joint action in underselling independent competitors; (6) there is a joint contribution to funds expended under their secret control to influence public opinion and Government action, and thus maintain the power of the combination; (7) two or more of the five interests have joint ownership or representation in 108 concerns.

The collusive activities of these five apparently separate legal entities present a problem of great difficulty. They cannot be dissolved, inasmuch as there is practically no intercompany stock ownership. They cannot be made to compete unless strict measures for the enforcement of competition be resorted to. The obvious method of restoring competition, where Trust control has destroyed it, always seemed to be dissolution. However, when the Trusts were dissolved the individual owners of the original Trust were allowed to own, as individuals, stocks in the dissolved companies. Thus, dissolution and even the court's dignified exhortation that the different companies should go to and compete did not necessarily effect competition. It is perfectly evident that producers will fare better by agreeing than by competing, particularly in the matter of prices, even if they have had no connection whatever. When the stockholders of all the dominant companies are the same, as in the case of the Standard Oil Companies, it would be palpably absurd to expect

them to compete with each other.

The various bills which have been proposed in the Senate, as a result of the Federal Trade Commission's report on the meat industry, attempt to provide for certain regulations which will encourage competition by making it possible for competitors to live. The bills give the Secretary of Agriculture adequate power, through a licensing system, to keep the law enforced. The provisions are of two kinds: those of the first are little more than mere reiteration of provisions in acts already on the statute books; those of the second were prompted by the Federal Trade Commission's report, which showed that "the Packers" owe their power to their control of the stockyards and to their private cars.

Section 7 of the Kenyon bill gives the general prohibitions:

That it shall be unlawful for any licensee, under section 3 of this Act to—(a) Engage in any unfair, unjustly discriminatory, or deceptive practice or device in commerce; or (b) Sell or otherwise transfer to or for any other such licensee, or buy or otherwise receive from or for any other such licensee, any live stock or live-stock products for the purpose of apportioning the supply between any such licensees, or unreasonably affecting the price of or creating a monopoly in the acquisition of, buying, selling, or dealing in, live stock or live-stock products, in commerce; or (c) Engage or participate in any manner, either directly or indirectly, in the business of purchasing, manufacturing, storing, or selling any foodstuffs other than live-stock products, where the effect of such participation in such business may be to substantially lessen competition, or to restrain commerce, or to tend to create a monopoly in any line of foodstuffs; or (d) Conspire, combine, agree, or arrange with any other such licensee to apportion territory for carrying on business, or to apportion purchases or sales of any live stock or live-stock products, or to control prices thereof, in commerce; or (e) Conspire, combine, agree, or arrange with any other such licensee to engage in any course of business in commerce; or (f) Otherwise act or refuse, neglect or fail to act, or conspire, combine, agree, or arrange with any other person to do or aid or abet the doing of any act contrary to the provisions of this Act and the regulation made hereunder.

The provisions of the Kenyon bill which seem to have been prompted by the Commission's recommendations are found in Section 14.

It shall be the duty of every licensee in this section—(a) To provide and maintain or secure, when necessary and practicable, adequate railroad connections with his place of business; (b) To furnish the services and facilities of his business on fair and reasonable terms and without unjust discrimination to persons applying for the same: Provided, That he shall set aside such portion of the facilities of his business, as determined by the Secretary of Agriculture, as may reasonably be necessary to accommodate small shippers and local patrons; (c) To impose only such charges and rates as are reasonable for the service or facility afforded; (d) To exercise such care of the live stock, live-stock products, or perishable foodstuffs handled by him as may be necessary to prevent undue

loss in connection therewith; (e) To maintain sanitary conditions in the conduct of his business; (f) To refrain from unfairly discriminatory or deceptive practices or devices in the conduct of his business; (g) To keep complete and accurate accounts and records of his business and to submit reports when called for in such form as may be prescribed by the Secretary; and (h) Otherwise to conduct his business in such manner as may be prescribed in regulations issued under this section by the Secretary to carry out the purposes thereof.

The Federal Trade Commission's recommendations for regulating "the Packers" and the proposed legislation in Congress represent considerable advancement over the court decrees of 1911. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the American Tobacco Company were two great holding companies that controlled practically all of the other powerful companies in the oil and tobacco industries by the ownership of controlling interests in their capital stocks. The dissolution decrees of 1911 merely transferred the control of the industry from the original holding company, as a company, to its stockholders. Although the owners of the original Tobacco Trust were not allowed to hold so large a part in the companies formed at the time of the dissolution as they had owned in the original holding company, the control was never really dispersed. The Commission showed in its report on the price of gasoline in 1915 that there was no real competition between the different companies of the Standard Oil group, especially in the case of gasoline. Although the Bureau of Corporation's report on the Tobacco Industry was probably written too soon after the dissolution to furnish any very satisfactory information with regard to its effect, there is little reason to believe that the court decree brought about greater competition than had existed before 1911.

Economists will probably realize that the attack on "the Packers" constitutes an interesting development in the treatment of the problem of monopoly. It may be advisable to regulate, but to leave intact, the large-scale business units that prove to be efficient because of their size. The Commission maintained that the "Big Five" exhibited no exceptional efficiency, but was apparently unable to adduce statistical evidence for the proof of this contention. The Government-controlled monopoly has come to be recognized as a better solution of the Trust problem than dissolution and the establishment of legally separate companies that have so great a community of interest. The licensing proposed for "the Packers" and for the other food-producing companies will undoubtedly seem irksome, but American business will have to become accustomed to supervision.

INVESTIGATOR

Woman—The Citizen

AFTER a long and arduous struggle, lasting over seventy years, millions of women are now voting. What of these newly enfranchised citizens? What is the largest opportunity at hand? What is the greatest and most immediate service they can render?

Viewed in the light of reaction from the political campaign just ended, it would seem that they are lined up in two great partisan camps scarcely to be distinguished from the men. The two great political parties, with their already existing powerful partisan machinery, eagerly reached out and gathered in every possible woman in sight, and unless women had done that impossible and undesired thing—organize their own political party—such alignment was inevitable. The alignment, however, definitely disposes of the fear sometimes expressed by men that the woman vote *en bloc* might constitute a menace if controlled by sinister elements. And, fortunately, with the winning of the vote there also disappeared from the situation that particular type of suffragist who was wont to tap some unprotected male on his coat button and say warningly: "Ah, but we shall change all that when we have the vote!"

Some of us knew better all the time, and now—since we have not yet a new heaven and a new earth, but on the contrary are confronted by the greatest menace ever known in our history, with Bolshevism seeking to destroy the very fabric of government itself, anarchy let loose in the ranks of industry, the Red forces of destruction at the throat of law and order—what may woman, the citizen, do, and do most quickly, to steady the ship of state?

There is one important and necessary thing to be done at once, done by concerted patriotic action without regard to party lines. We are immediately confronted with the impressive statement issued by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor that there are more than ten million persons in the United States who cannot speak, read, or write the English language. To meet this situation it is proposed to appropriate immediately five million dollars for the rest of the fiscal year, and the sum of twelve millions annually thereafter to be used and distributed by the Department of the Interior to educate illiterates. The theory of this bill, as outlined by the Committee, is that this Government recognition will stimulate the various States to adopt compulsory teaching of English to illiterates and foreigners. The need of this initial step may perhaps be further emphasized by the fact that there are at present fifty-four foreign lan-

guage publications in New York City, many of them of dangerous Bolshevik or anarchistic tendency, and a number known to be financially supported by wealthy patrons, both men and women. A truly interesting list, one surmises, and were the fierce light of publicity to beat upon it the public might be the gainer thereby, for it is especially significant that a large part of this vicious propaganda is nurtured in drawing-rooms of more or less social prominence, and some of it has the support of persons commanding not a little political influence.

It is with deep gratification, therefore, that one turns to such work of coöperation with the Government as the National Security League and the American Defense Society, both nation-wide in scope, the former with a membership of eighty-five thousand, and the latter with sixty thousand, and each with its women members running into the thousands and actively engaged in practical educational work. The great service rendered by these two national organizations during the war will be readily recalled by every one, and their membership and their activity might well be increased by thousands of women who could assist the Government with a patriotism entirely free from politics and thoroughly constructive in effect. The excellent Americanization work already done by these two societies is to be carried on in an extended campaign next year along practical lines and coöperating fully with the Government plan, a work in which every loyal American woman may well have a share.

Such a great coördinated movement carries within itself a stabilizing influence on the present almost chaotic state of the industrial world, and it is with deep pleasure that one notes a new but important organization in the national field, The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, which held its first convention at St. Louis last July. It is already a significant national group, entirely distinct from the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the National Women's Trade Union League, and composed wholly of independent, individualistic women, many of them highly trained and representing over forty vocations. Just how timely this particular organization happens to be may perhaps be indicated by the fact that although it is known that the number of such women runs into the millions, the organizers of the League were unable to discover, either in the Library of Congress or in the Council of National Defense, any lists of business or professional women's clubs. It was to remedy this trifling oversight that special organizers were sent out all over

the country to locate such clubs and to organize new ones, with the result that forty-three States were represented by delegates at the St. Louis convention. This league lives up to its name, for a condition of membership is that the club must have at least seventy-five per cent. of business and professional women before it is eligible for admission. The Federation is non-political (one is deeply grateful it does not say "non-partisan") non-sectarian, and self-supporting. It proposes to secure a more combined action by business and professional women to gather and distribute information and to offer channels of activity and service of national scope.

In the year since the signing of the armistice the crisis in the industrial situation, caused by the destructive forces that are seeking to annihilate government everywhere, has resulted in an alarming decrease of production. Of direct practical bearing at the moment, therefore, are two outstanding objects of the Federation: To raise the standards

of commercial achievement, and to increase production throughout the business world. When it is remembered that these women are already active producers and not given to idle words, it is not surprising to hear that this new organization has had the cordial approval of leading men all over the country, while in some of the Western cities the Federation will cooperate with chambers of commerce in important civic work.

Women's activities in patriotic endeavor have naturally not kept up with the pace which was set in their war work. Yet this is no season for idling. Women have it in their power by well-directed organization to aid enormously in the campaign to defeat the movement of the Reds in this country. Next year comes the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims; the blessings of liberty which they bestowed upon us are seriously threatened. We are challenged to defend them; we, too, must do a work that will last for three hundred years.

MARY C. FRANCIS

Learning the Tricks of the Revolution

THE United States discovered Western Europe with the war and Eastern Europe with the armistice. Our tuition in the problems of Eastern Europe during the armistice followed as a necessary consequence of the pouring out of our resources in the cause of the Allies since the earliest days of the great conflict. While the European Allies were relaxing their energies from November 11 on, the United States was called upon to put full war energy into the economic factor of peace-making until the signing of the peace with Germany. The practical significance of this was, first, that we were some three-quarters of a year later than the European Allies in feeling the effects of that relaxation of effort that in Europe followed immediately after the signing of the armistice; and, second, that this longer period of war strain enabled some thousands of our fellow citizens to observe Europe in her throes of post-war reorganization, to have some experience in the handling of social uprisings, and to learn that much that passes for revolution is as likely as not to be simply social hysteria.

I imagine the average citizen looks upon the American Relief Administration as simply another of our American institutions for "doing good" to a needy and decrepit Europe. An institution for doing good it indeed was. It was fundamental in the rehabilitation of liberated

Europe. But in the present state of American affairs it is better to consider this organization as one of the most remarkable educational enterprises in history for informing Americans on the present problems of Europe and on the impending problems of America.

The American Relief Administration in Europe numbered about fifteen hundred men. It covered in its field of operation two-thirds of Europe outside of Russia, an area equal to about the area east of the Mississippi. In this area the American Relief Administration served some seventeen different nationalities, of a population of one hundred and twenty-five millions, which were representative of the four hundred and fifty millions of Europe as a whole. Over this field the American Relief Administration spread like an army. It had its own lines of communication, its own ports, its own transportation system; it exercised "benevolent mandatories" over river shipping on the Danube and over railroads in Austria; it had its fleet of some three hundred ships. The general headquarters of this relief army was at Paris; division headquarters were at Vienna, Warsaw, Trieste, Bucharest, and elsewhere. Like a true army, however, the real work was done by the men in the field. The soldiers of this relief army were scattered along the fringe of social unrest in Europe; they were a combined

service of supply for Europe and an intelligence department for the Peace Commission in Paris.

Europe was in that abnormal condition which was the normal result of the great cataclysm it had passed through. Nothing could have been more normal, in the sense of expected, than this state of unrest in Europe after the war. The great enclosed area between the active belligerents in the West and the Russian border had been subjected to the hunger pressure. As a measure of war making, Germany and France had protected their food supplies. But the great central area, including the states of old Austria, new Poland, Rumania, Serbia, and the Baltic Provinces, being of minor importance in the fighting, were left with dwindling resources, and there the first social results of the hunger pressure were found. Bolshevism ran a wedge into Hungary and got a foothold on the north fringes abutting on Russia. The Americans pushed bridgeheads into the chaos; they delivered food; they established transportation by rail and river. Through their advantageous position as neutrals and friends, they were able to effect exchanges by which resources were equalized. Above all, they observed and studied the ways of revolution under the pressure of anxiety and diminished resources. They found that under this mysterious hunger pressure the animosities of war had been forgotten overnight and that new animosities of more elemental nature had taken their place. The district that had nothing had no enemies. Austria which had been denuded had some sympathy. But woe to the nation that had more than its share of railroad cars, oil, locomotives, or coal. The districts of Teschen in Silesia and the Banat of Temesvar became sore spots on the map, contended for by all arguments of sentiment, of language ties, and of geography, but coveted for the underlying reason that one was rich in coal, the other rich in wheat.

The Americans found that when hunger began to work, there could be a dozen sides to an argument and every side could be right. A Relief Administration man did not stay in a place a week without becoming an enthusiastic partisan of the people with whom he worked. He understood their problems, their fears, and their strivings. He came to see that these people were not so very different from Americans; that, in fact, they were the racial brothers of the Americans with whom he was wont to work in New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh.

I am not going to draw the parallel between Europe after the war and America after the armistice. We have just come to the point at which, as the result of the

pouring out of our resources to Europe, we, too, are beginning to feel the pinch of lessening resources. Like Europe, we are feeling some of the resultant social reaction. Unlike Europe, our fundamental position is sound. We need only to gird ourselves for the proper exploitation of our natural powers. But our problem no longer differs in kind from that of Europe. It only differs in degree. It was good for Europe to have Hoover and Gregory and Heinz and Haskell and several hundred of their associates and subordinates work for the rehabilitation of Europe. The wisdom and experience Americans have gained abroad will not be without their advantages at home.

Partly through the help of the Americans, hunger was put off in Central Europe and the trend is now again toward increased production. The present winter will be a hard one in Austria, only less hard in Czechoslovakia and Poland; but the direction is upward. There was never much danger of Bolshevism in Rumania and Jugoslavia. That danger has passed for Poland, Bohemia, and German Austria.

What Americans have done for Europe they can do for our own country. These men had to take continually the attitude that Europe is not "going to the dogs," and they had to act on this theory and lend money on it. Manifestly, it is quite safe to say that America is not "going to the dogs."

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

Correspondence

Ethics and Politics of the Treaty Wrangle

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I read with some amazement in your last number: "If the treaty should then fail for want of a two-thirds vote, the Democratic Senators who voted against it would be fully justified in placing the blame for failure upon the Republican marplots who had wantonly piled up needless and fatal objections to its adoption." You will pardon a devoted reader for saying that this is bad politics and worse morals. You are justifying the Democratic minority in assuming to speak for the Treaty Powers, a purely diplomatic judgment which is not within the proper purview of the Senate; you are assuming, contrary to the general temper of your article, that the Republican reservationists are dishonest and perverse and liable to discipline by the Democrats; finally you are sanctioning a quite ignoble bluff of Senator Hitchcock's.

It is not the business of the Senate to

guess how far the Treaty Powers will accede to American modifications of the Covenant. That is the President's business. If he regards the treaty as fatally mangled, it is his Constitutional right to let it die in the files of the State Department. He, too, as a matter of judgment, should be chary of denying to the Treaty Powers an opportunity to accept the treaty even if considerably modified. Nothing is to be gained by treating the reservationists as mere marplots. Apparently the friends of the Treaty are in a mood to sacrifice the off chance that the other Powers will accept the reservations to the punitive tactics of putting the Republicans in a hole.

I hold no brief for the Republicans, whose policy has seemed to me stupid in the extreme, but I cannot admit the principle that when a majority of the Senate has modified a treaty, a smaller majority is at liberty to wreck it out of spite. The President is the sole judge whether the rehandling of a treaty by the Senate has nullified it or not. For the Senate to amend and forthwith reject a treaty would be an evident self-stultification. There is no straight course except to send the Treaty with the reservations to the President and let him exercise his Constitutional discretion.

It is a regret to me to find you most uncharacteristically countenancing the small politics that Senator Hitchcock is willing to play at the world's expense. Has your zeal for the softest reservations impaired your usual fairness? From the point of view of the honest reservationist, stiff reservations are necessary. Even in the Senate no one consciously battles *de minimis*. When have the Treaty Powers authorized Mr. Hitchcock and his Democratic colleagues to speak for them? When has the President vested Mr. Hitchcock with the treaty-quashing power?

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.
Princeton, N. J., November 5

[When Senator Hitchcock was threatening rejection of the Treaty if reasonable reservations were incorporated in the act of ratification, we regarded the threat as a bluff, and said so. Mr. Mather may be right in his belief that this is true also of Hitchcock's attitude toward the Lodge Committee's reservations, but we see no reason to think so. If he and the Democratic Senators who follow his lead do really "regard the Treaty as fatally mangled," it is their "Constitutional right," as well as the President's, to refuse to put upon it the seal of their approval. The refusal would in that case not rest simply upon a guess as to "how far the Treaty Powers will accede to American modifications of the Covenant," but quite as much upon the con-

viction that if the League is reduced to futility as a means of promoting peace it is undesirable for the United States to become a member of it at all. Whether, when finally confronted with the inexorable necessity of saying yes or no to an unalterable proposal, the Democratic Senators ought not to say yes in spite of all objections, is a question which we were not undertaking to settle in the remarks to which Professor Mather objects.

We have never intended to charge the Republican reservationists with being dishonest. If, instead of referring to their course as wanton, we had spoken of it as stupid, which Professor Mather himself does, we should perhaps have expressed our meaning better. But as for the other epithet, it is unfortunately only too true that a man may, without being dishonest, be very much of a marplot.

EDS. THE REVIEW]

Unsympathetic Towards the President

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Republicans of the Roosevelt-Root following are generally unsympathetic towards personalities like that of President Wilson, but that is no reason why they should not protest against the highly improper tone of the utterances of Mr. Jessup, published in your last issue. After making allowances for the letter, saturated with spleen, I am still puzzled to understand the insinuation contained in the italicized innuendo in its last paragraph. It has no relish of an attack in the open, but looks more like sniping from behind a tree.

DAVID M. NEWBOLD
Philadelphia, October 30

A Correction

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

A typographical error occurring in one of the last paragraphs of my article on "What Is Happening Around Riga?" unfortunately makes some of my conclusions rather obscure. I should be very much obliged if you would insert in a future issue the following correction:

In column two of page 560 before the sentence beginning with the words, "It is difficult to suppose that von der Goltz," etc., the following sentence should be inserted:

"On the other hand, some observers are inclined to believe that the German movement in the Baltic is connected in some way with a movement for political reaction in Germany herself."

LEO PASVOLSKY
New York, November 10

Book Reviews

China's Foreign Relations

THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE. By H. B. Morse. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

FEW countries, even of the West, have had the history of their foreign relations so minutely and accurately presented as China now has since the appearance of the second and third volumes of Mr. H. B. Morse's work. Though filling three substantial volumes, the period covered is barely three-quarters of a century and the account leaves untreated the years since the overthrow of the Manchu Monarchy in 1911 and the establishment of the Republic in its place. These last eight years will furnish in themselves material for another volume, but in the circumstances it is sure to be even more discouraging than its predecessors to those who wish to see China become a politically prosperous and independent state. Mr. Morse devotes each of his volumes to a distinct period which, in each case, he is able to label with a fairly correct descriptive title. The first period, from 1834 to 1860, covered by volume one, he entitles "The Period of Conflict"; the second period, from 1861 to 1893, covered by volume two, is named "The Period of Submission"; the third period, from 1894 to 1912, covered by volume three, is designated as "The Period of Subjection." If, as is to be hoped, Mr. Morse is led to prepare a fourth volume for the years since 1912, he will have to seek a title that is still more indicative of China's national humiliation, for though she has thus far managed to avoid that "Breakup" which seemed imminent in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and to escape from the ranks of monarchies, her political prospects, both international and domestic, have become steadily worse since she took the precipitate plunge into the troubled, if stimulating, waters of democracy.

It is scarcely possible to comment except in very general terms upon the manner in which Mr. Morse has accomplished his task. It will perhaps be most satisfactory, therefore, after giving a comprehensive estimate of the value and character of the work as a whole, to devote the space that remains to characterizing in a broad way the manner in which China has been dealt with by the Powers which have insisted upon having relations with her.

Speaking thus generally, it may be said that Mr. Morse's volumes excel in the patient and accurate manner in which the details of China's peculiarly complicated international relations have been

handled, but that they are disappointing in the larger generalizations and deductions that might have been founded upon facts so painstakingly presented. Indeed, in many places Mr. Morse surrenders the rôle of a true historian and is content to be scarcely more than an annalist. There is also some lack of proportion. For example, the Boxer episode, important as it was, scarcely deserves the two hundred pages that are devoted to it, as compared with the one hundred pages that are spared for the events from 1901 to 1912, which include, among others, the important treaties of 1902 and 1903 with Great Britain, the United States, and Japan, and the Russo-Japanese war. In this conflict, China was not a party belligerent, but it was fought upon her soil and involved the future status of three of her Provinces. Then, too, important as was the work of Sir Robert Hart, as Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, undue attention is devoted by Mr. Morse to him and to his opinions. At times Mr. Morse, leaving the field of international relations, enters that of China's domestic concerns, but no one will find fault at this for, in the first place, a knowledge of these concerns, in at least their broader aspects, is a prerequisite to an understanding of China's foreign affairs; and, in the second place, the information which Mr. Morse thus supplies regarding China's system of government and administration, her problems of revenue and taxation, her railway and postal developments, and the organization and operation of her imperial maritime customs service, is of such value to students of Far Eastern politics, and treats of matters regarding which it is so difficult to obtain accurate data, that the chapters embodying it are especially welcome. These and other topics, it may be remembered, Mr. Morse had previously treated in his much appreciated volume "The Trade and Administration of China," first published in 1907, and, to a considerable extent, his chapters upon the same subjects in his "International Relations" are borrowed from that book.

Dropping now the rôle of the reviewer and assuming that of the inquiring reader, it will be of interest to state the general impression which one gains from Mr. Morse's account, of the manner in which China has been dealt with by the Powers. One dominating characteristic at once appears: that, almost uniformly, the Powers have sought their own commercial and political interests without primary regard for the interests of the Chinese people or the wishes of their Government. In 1842, by the Treaty of Nanking, China was obliged to agree that foreigners, trading in China, should have definite legal rights,

that their foreign consular officials might be stationed at certain ports and have extra-territorial jurisdiction over their respective nationals; and also that the customs duties on exports and imports should be made certain and not to exceed an *ad valorem* charge of five per cent. From this exceedingly onerous restriction upon her revenue-raising powers China has never since been able to escape. By the treaties of 1858 additional ports were opened to foreign trade and, for the first time, the right given to foreign nations to maintain diplomatic establishments at Peking. At this time also, rights of inland navigation were granted, missionaries given greater freedom to carry on their work throughout the Empire, and a passport system provided for persons desiring to travel in the interior. From time to time, by other treaties, new treaty ports have been opened, until now there are between seventy and eighty of them; extra-territorial rights have been broadened, and new "settlements" or "concessions" in the larger cities created within which the foreigners practically govern themselves, maintaining their own police forces and systems of municipal government.

Still further in derogation of China's independence of action has been the establishment of "spheres of interest," claimed by the several Powers, which, while nominally involving only matters of economic or financial preference, have, in fact, carried with them political implications of the gravest character. But, not content with this, in 1898 Germany demanded of China the lease for ninety-nine years of the important port of Tsingtao, together with a certain amount of surrounding territory, upon terms which, during the running of the lease, transferred to Germany the exercise, if not the actual ownership, of all rights of sovereignty. This led to a demand for similar leases upon the part of Great Britain, Russia, France, and Italy—demands which China was able to refuse only in the case of Italy. And, to make matters still worse, in 1900 came the Boxer troubles, as a result of which China was obliged to make new concessions, and to promise large pecuniary indemnities, for the payment of which she was forced to pledge her two most certain and considerable sources of revenue, the salt taxes (*gabelle*) and the maritime customs. Before this, China had already created a national indebtedness to meet the indemnity imposed in favor of Japan by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which closed the Sino-Japanese war. As a result of that disastrous conflict China had been obliged to renounce all suzerain rights over Korea, and to cede to her victorious foe the island of Formosa lying off her southern coast. By the inter-

vention of Russia, Germany, and France she was able to retain the Liaotung Peninsula with the harbor Port Arthur, but soon was compelled to lease this strategic point to Russia and, after the Russo-Japanese war, to consent to the transference of this lease to Japan, who, in the meantime, had become dominant in Korea.

America has never sought for territorial rights in China, has never had or asked for a special sphere of interest, has now not a single "concession" or "settlement" of her own in a Chinese city, and has repeatedly brought to bear all the moral influence, and political influence short of war, which she has been able to exert, in order to preserve China against dismemberment or the impairment of her sovereign right to conduct her own domestic affairs free from foreign dictation or control. As against a régime of commercial, financial, and industrial preferences and discriminations, the American Government has sought to establish and maintain the "open door" of equal opportunity to the nationals of all the Treaty Powers. The only valid criticisms that may be made of the conduct of the United States towards China and the other Powers is that at times she has not pressed her policies with sufficient firmness, and that upon one occasion by her action brought about the defeat of the very end she had in view. This was in 1913, when President Wilson informed American bankers that they could not count upon the support of the American Government with regard to certain loans to China that were then in contemplation, because there were attached to them conditions that were regarded as in violation of China's administrative integrity. The result was that the American bankers withdrew from the Six Power Consortium and the remaining Powers were left to negotiate with China free from whatever restraining influence America might have exerted. By this act, instead of gaining "face" with the Chinese, America lost considerable prestige. It may also be observed that, however considerate the acts of the American Government toward that of China may have been, its conduct towards the Chinese in or entering America has been by no means one to be proud of. We are obliged to confess that in at least one instance, by a Chinese exclusion act of Congress, we violated a subsisting treaty with China, and in numerous instances we have not given to the Chinese residents here that degree of protection against violence to which they were entitled, nor have we effectively punished those who have wronged them in person and property.

Great Britain first obtained Chinese territory when, in 1842, the island of Hong Kong was ceded to her. And since

then she has obtained the Kowloon strip along the neighboring mainland. She also holds a lease of the port of Wei-hai-wei, and has a "sphere of interest" that includes the valley of the Yangtze River. But, from the beginning, Hong Kong has been an "open port," and has been a great commercial benefit to all nations trading with China as well as to China herself. Wei-hai-wei was leased as an offset to the lease of Kiaochow to Germany; it has never been fortified, no railway concessions are joined with it, and Great Britain neither claims nor has ever exercised any special political or even commercial privileges in the Province of Shantung, in which the leased area is situated. In her "sphere of interest," and generally with regard to the railways constructed under British auspices, political ambitions, as distinguished from commercial and financial interests, have played no important part.

The same cannot be said of the French concessions in the South. France has a "sphere of interest" in the Provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi and part of Kwangtung, and also has her eyes turned toward the great Szechuan Province, and her policy of economic penetration in these regions has been more or less tinged with a political purpose. At any rate, the loans which she has made for the construction of railways have carried with them forms of control which have looked not so much to the protection of the funds invested as to the control of the operation of the railways. And, however private upon their face, French foreign loans, as is well known, are strictly controlled by the French Government and made ancillary to foreign policies. Yet it cannot be said that French political ambitions in the Far East at the present time seriously threaten the sovereignty or even the territorial integrity of China.

Russian ambitions in the Far East, at least since 1898, have been strongly political in character. They have not threatened the independence of China but they have endangered the continuance of China's control over the vast Manchurian and Mongolian areas. As a result of her war with Japan, Russia was obliged to abandon all efforts to control Korea and to withdraw from South Manchuria and the Liaotung peninsula, but she remained entrenched in North Manchuria and, until the overthrow of the Czardom, was rapidly obtaining political paramountcy in Mongolia.

It is not until we come to consider the policies which Japan has pursued that we have to deal with a nation whose political ambitions are directly dangerous to the continued independence and autonomy of China. This is a topic which of late has been so much dwelt upon in

American papers in connection with the Shantung award of the Versailles treaty that it is not necessary here to rehearse it.*

There are, however, certain points that need to be emphasized in order that the whole situation may be understood. Japan's political ambitions threaten the territorial integrity of China if not the sovereignty of that country. That is to say, Japan desires, and at times has officially demanded, not simply special economic interests in portions of China—Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia, Shantung, and Fukien—but political paramountcy in those regions. There is also abundant reason for holding that she desires to exercise a generally controlling influence over the national Government at Peking. Within her several "spheres of interest" Japan has, to a very considerable extent, refused to recognize the legitimate political rights of the Chinese local authorities. Within those same regions Japan has violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the open door policy, adherence to which she has repeatedly affirmed.

China at the present time is in a politically demoralized condition—a demoralization that has steadily increased during recent years. There is little hope that her finances, her currency, her railways, and her administrative services generally, can be put upon an effective working basis, without foreign aid that will carry with it a considerable amount of foreign overhead administrative control. Unless this aid is supplied by the Western Powers, it is practically certain that Japanese control, in the interest of Japan and not, primarily, at least, of China, will result.

It is well within the right of Japan to object to the increase in China of foreign control that conceivably may at some time prove a military menace to herself. To this extent she is entitled to a "Monroe Doctrine." Upon this ground she was justified in opposing the increase of Russian influence in Korea, just as the United States was unwilling that French troops should remain in Mexico. But this principle of national self-defence did not justify the annexation of Korea at a time when there appeared to be no danger that, if this were not done, the country would pass into the possession of another strong military Power; nor does it furnish any basis for a claim by Japan to special political or economic interests in China or elsewhere in Asia.

Finally, in judging the political ambitions of Japan, it is essential, from the Western point of view; that weight should be given to the fact that Japan's Government is strongly monarchical, that

* The writer of this review gave a summary of this question in the *Review* for July, 1919, under the title, "China, Japan, and the Western Powers."

in its operation the militarists and bureaucrats exert great influence, and that the dominant political philosophy is of the Prussian type. Japan's imperialistic policy is centered in the Far East and looks to the establishment of a true Japanese hegemony in Eastern Asia. The ambition is even larger than the effective control of China proper—it includes as well Mongolia and Siberia as far west as Lake Baikal. It is with Japan's imperialistic desires in the Far East that her policies and those of America stand squarely in opposition.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

Single Spies

THROTTLED. By Thomas J. Tunney. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

COMPARED with what was anticipated before America entered the war, the result of the work of German spies in this country was almost insignificant. Our final adhesion to the Allied cause put all Americans on their guard; enabled us to intern a good part, if not enough, of those who were suspected; prevented the wholesale transfer of German money to America to use in propaganda; and brought out the enthusiastic loyalty of some German-Americans to their adopted country, and what might be called the formal or negative loyalty of the large majority. Whatever was in their hearts, and it must often have been sorrow and bitterness, the great army of Fritzes and Karls and Johanns failed completely to live up to the expectation of the Fatherland, because they did not and would not strike their adopted fatherland.

It thus comes about that a history of the German spy activities in America has to do with a comparatively few men. This fact is made clear by Inspector Tunney. He set out to tell a few stories of the rounding up of German plotters and succeeded in producing a readable book. That is about all that can be said for it. Except for a few details and the differences in point of view between a detective and a reporter there is very little that is new in the book—and, on the whole, the reporter's point of view is quite as interesting as the detective's. More or less unconsciously, however, Inspector Tunney brings out an interesting psychological fact. The German spies seem to have been actuated very much more by desire for cash or for personal glory than by the much vaunted, willing self-sacrifice in the cause of the Fatherland. There is something very melodramatic or else something very mean about all these German plotters. If they fail to draw their pay, they turn state's evidence. They are full of advice to others about unremitting service to Germany, but if they are caught they

willingly involve others and betray their cause to save themselves; and even in times of individual success one feels that they are chiefly concerned with possible decorations or bonuses.

The preface of the book, by Arthur Woods, gives a few words of sound common sense that should be reiterated again and again. He speaks with authority both on the police force and on the intelligence service. "We must not again be caught napping with no adequate national intelligence organization. The several Federal bureaus should be welded into one, and that one should be eternally and comprehensively vigilant." This has not been accomplished, and it should be without delay. One feels that Inspector Tunney, good man that he evidently is, never had a fair show. He was a New York policeman, and he had no authority to arrest a man making bombs in New Jersey. He should have been one of a nation-wide, unified Federal force, acting with intelligence and with power. In peace as well as in war we need such a force, and in these days of unrest more than ever; not an inquisitorial force, the tool of any faction of the people, but a force working for the whole people. The poor man needs protection against anarchists as much as the rich man, and a far-seeing intelligence service would do more than spy out crime. It would give warning of the misunderstandings that menace this nation as they do the nations of Europe and that, when acted on in time, will prove only passing shadows across the real progress of a united and comprehending people.

Life's Fitful Fever

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IS the main trouble with our Anglo-American realism that so much of it is "uncompromising,"—aggressively and uneasily opposed to whatever the thing may be that is not realism? Always our Georgian joy seems based on scorn. Life, vaunted tilting-ground for free and exultant spirits, is always revealing itself as the same old fiercely-trodden graveyard of Victorian shams. We cannot, like the Latins, go blithely about our business. We protest too much. We strain the point of gaiety because we so resent the gnawings of conscience, or, as we prefer to put it, the inhibitions of hypocrisy. There is something gloomy and acrid about our outpourings, even when we fancy them to be flowing clear and sweet. We are so "sore" about yesterday that we cannot freely savor today.

This was true of our ante-bellum twentieth century fiction, certainly; and Miss

Sinclair's latest story, or chronicle, is of before-the-war substance and quality. It is explicitly dated—1865-1910. Moreover, it is most recognizably the *kind* of thing which represented the culminating phase of that period. This is neither for nor against it; but helps place it. It belongs to the age of Wells and Beresford and Cannan and Mackenzie and Bennett; an age of restless disclaimers, of feverish self-searching, of darting quest among men and objects and places familiar and unfamiliar, like the weaving search of a clever puppy for its master—for its own personal possession by that name. Mary Olivier is an Englishwoman of "temperament," extremely conscious of self, intensely concerned with the world as a setting and an arena for self. The fragmentary jottings or entries in these pages constitute a diary-like record—partly in the first person, partly in the third, now in the present tense, now in the past—of her mental and emotional life from the first memories of childhood to that moment when in middle age she in some sense "finds herself," or the necessary something greater than herself, and so brings this chronicle of pursuit to a natural period. That is, if you believe that she has really found or is capable of finding anything permanently stable and satisfying. Mary Olivier professes to have found peace, before we part with her. But a peace upon which one hurls oneself, in which one wallows with cries of triumph, may easily be given another name. "Unquiet" is the word for this whole school of imaginative, or fanciful writing. An immense eagerness, a fierce inquiry, a blazingly honest intention of getting at "the truth," at all costs, and an overwhelming conviction that one's own bootstraps are the only tools provided by God or man to that end—this is the note of our Georgian and early-Wilsonian commentary. Everything but repose, everything but continence, everything but reliance upon the mental and moral wisdom of the ages. What is history but a dull conspiracy to conceal from us that we are alive? What is common sense but a jail for originality? What is continence but a fetish of Victorian hypocrisy?

Here am I, Mary Olivier, a person, a quivering ego, born in England of the sixties. My father is a ruthless sensualist and domestic tyrant, my mother a slothful dweller in the harem. Nobody loves me. I suffer. I am clever, I seize avidly upon learning. I win distinction as translator of Euripides. I am versed in modern philosophy. I am to be known as a poet. But in my own private life I grope and wander after I know not what. I am bound to the foolish woman who is my mother. Clinging to my conventional fidelity to her, I feel myself free of other

conventions. In my late thirties I love and am loved at last. My lover urges marriage, but I will not marry him. He could not be happy with my foolish mother, and her I cannot leave. At forty-five I willingly become his mistress for a brief time. But this cannot last, nor can I marry him. I send him away. At last my foolish mother dies, and a few days later I learn that my lover is married to one whom he does not profess to love. I suffer. Then quite suddenly comes the revelation, the clear discovery of a truth dimly apprehended in childhood but later let slip:

"All her life she had gone wrong about happiness. She had attached it to certain things and certain people. . . . And in the end none of these things had brought her the happiness she had seemed to foresee in them. . . . She knew only one thing about perfect happiness; it didn't hide; it didn't wait for you behind unknown doors. There were little happinesses, pleasures that came like that. . . . If you looked back on any perfect happiness you saw that it had not come from the people or the things you thought it had come from, but from somewhere inside yourself. When you attached it to people and things they ceased for that moment to be themselves, the space they then seemed to inhabit was not their own space; the time of the wonderful event was not their time. They became part of the kingdom of God within you."

So at last Mary Olivier has found for herself the way out, through "the Thing-in-Itself, Reality, God." Not that she has got any sort of recognizable faith or religion. The charm and triumph of it lies precisely in the fact that it is *not* the usual kind of thing: "The Christians got hold of real things and turned them into something unreal, impossible to believe. The grace of God was a real thing. It was that miracle of perfect happiness, with all its queerness, its divine certainty and uncertainty. The Christians knew at least one thing about it; they could see that it had nothing to do with deservings. But it had nothing to do with believing, either, or with being good and getting into heaven. It *was* heaven. It had to do with beauty, absolutely unmoral beauty more than anything else." In such fashion does our brilliant middle-aged Englishwoman, with her quivering nerves and vibrating intelligence, fashion (like Mr. Wells) a God and a heaven not, perhaps, so strikingly unlike other people's as she fancies, but with a gratifying resemblance to her own image and her own chosen abiding-place. When the thrill of invention has passed, will these continue to satisfy our Mary Olivier? Almost in the act of discovery she herself asks that question: "Supposing

there isn't anything in it? Supposing—Supposing—" The truth is, at the last as at the first, we have to do not with character emerging, but with temperament coddling itself. This is a creature of hand-made ecstasies, ecstasies of discovery, of pain, of renunciation. She is the fruit of a period of spiritual decadence. We should like Miss Sinclair to tell us what the war did to her, or for her, a little later on.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

MESSRS. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE have collected twelve more stories of O. Henry and twelve pieces of "Critical and Biographical Comment" into a volume that disarms criticism with the modest and pleasing title, "Waifs and Strays." The book is entirely "worth while," particularly in a world in which the "whiles" of so many people are worth so little. The stories will not increase O. Henry's reputation, but no one expects fugitive pieces to add to an author's fame; they are generous when they do not subtract. "Round the Circle" is an earlier and cruder "Pendulum," and the worth of the idea in that admirable tale is visible through the blur of an inferior treatment. The "Dog and the Playlet" is a rehearsal for the brilliant "Proof of the Pudding" in "Strictly Business." The "Proof of the Pudding" is one of those dazzlingly impossible tales in which nature plays the rhetorician, in which facts are at the same moment moulded to the symmetry of an antithesis and sharpened to the point of an epigram. In the "Dog and the Playlet" half the artifice has disappeared, taking with it more than half the interest. In several of the newer stories, the "Red Roses of Tonia," "Out of Nazareth," "Hearts and Hands," and the "Detective Detector," the demands upon the reader's faith are tantamount to a run on the bank. Next to "Round the Circle," familiar in a better version, perhaps the best of the twelve tales, is the simplest—the little story of the "Cactus," in which a lie and a love-affair are both punctured by the spines of that vindictive plant. That concision was wisdom for O. Henry is suggested by the fact that in the "Snow Man," a powerfully conceived tale of the malignity of snow, he exceeds his usual limits, and, in exceeding them, flounders and drifts.

The reminiscences of the tale-teller by personal friends like Arthur W. Page and Arthur B. Maurice, are agreeable, though the secretion of the prodigious O. Henry in the merely everyday cleverness of William Sidney Porter is a mystery which they rather deepen than dissipate. It is interesting to learn that his lodgings in

New York were all in the Irving Place and Madison Square district, and that his hatred of exercise limited his explorations to "a circle of half a mile radius, with No. 55 [Irving Place] as the centre." He lived in New York, like a weevil in an apple, restricted in his movements, but gnawing at the core. Mr. Maurice and Miss (or Mrs.?) Caroline Frances Richardson trace the particular stories to their lairs in New York or New Orleans; the relation of the tales to the spots was like that of the south wind to the violets, "stealing and giving odor." In the ten lists of ten favorite stories, the diversity is emphasized by the collector; but this diversity, though interesting, seems rather less interesting than the agreement. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and Christopher Morley show zest and nimbleness in eulogistic verse; in O. Henry's pen Mr. Lindsay sees a sword, Mr. Morley a pestle. National vanity may observe with pleasure that the two English critiques which the volume reproduces are childish beside the American estimates, but only national folly would see in such a fact the anchorage for a generality. One may doubt, however, whether even American criticism is happy in calling O. Henry the Yankee Maupassant; Maupassant was a bandit in evening dress; O. Henry would not have stooped to his brigandage, and could not have risen to his clothes.

Not the least valuable part of the book is the comprehensive index to the numerous, various, and slippery O. Henry stories.

Post-war productions such as Mr. G. C. Logio's informing book on "Bulgaria Problems and Politics" (George H. Doran Company) seldom steer clear of the shoal of after-wisdom. "Bulgaria's intervention, which would have been immediately followed by that of Greece, would have realized better results than Italy's, for one such result would have been Turkey's definite overthrow. No Bulgarian Government could have withstood the outburst of popular feeling in favor of the Entente which a spontaneous offer of Macedonia would have provoked in Bulgaria at that propitious moment." The assurance of this statement loses much of its convincing force if it is read, as it ought to be, in the light of the author's interesting account of the people's political immaturity. According to Mr. Logio "the Bulgarian's sole preoccupation is how to earn his daily bread. To him everything else is God's or the Government's business." What outburst of popular feeling from such a constitutional indifference could have been strong enough to bend the pro-German Government to its will-less guidance?

It is easy to see how the writer has stumbled into this self-contradiction. The tenor of his book is to prove that the sins of the vicious Government of Radoslavov should not be visited on the harmless Bulgarian people who, honest earners of their daily bread as they are, never dreamt of enriching their country with the spoils that Germany promised Bulgaria as a reward for her armed intervention. But the author has yet another case to prove: that Germany's diplomatic success at Sofia was chiefly due to the disregard with which the Entente Powers treated Bulgaria's aspirations towards ethnical unity. That such ambitions are in evidence outside the limited scope of the Bulgarian intelligentsia seems hardly credible, considering the author's approval of the following sentiment which he quotes from "an elderly and highly respectable" countryman: "We Bulgarians are not yet a nation, for we are still devoid of a national consciousness. We are merely striving to become a nation, and like a flock of sheep we are being led goodness knows whither." But the intelligentsia could not, in good earnest, urge the application of the four complementary points of Mr. Wilson to Bulgaria, if its patriotism were not shared by the bulk of the nation. Hence Mr. Logio's attempt, in a subsequent chapter, to represent the people as more emancipated and consciously in sympathy with the Entente's slogan of national self-determination than he himself has given the Bulgarian nation credit for.

"Homing with the Birds," by Gene Stratton-Porter (Doubleday, Page), is a pleasant, smoothly written record of the author's life-long experience with birds, dating from the time when her father made her a gift of all the feathered creatures on the farm, and running through maturer years when she had learned to watch intelligently and to photograph skilfully. Mrs. Porter is perhaps at her best in the earlier chapters. The later ones, dealing with general subjects, are uneven, and in places her enthusiasm has outrun her facts. Her belief that hummingbirds and vireos have increased their nest-building facility and acquired additional technique and artistry in exterior decoration during the period of her own lifetime is very alluring but highly improbable. A few of the more excellent photographs would have added beauty and interest to the book, whereas the multitude of poor ones is confusing and detracts from the text.

The three sermons in the little volume, "What Peace Means" (The "Comrade Series"; Fleming H. Revell), are described

by their author, Dr. Henry van Dyke, as "just daily bread discourses," fitted, as he touchingly says, for "strangers and pilgrims, in the great city and the troubled world." The three discourses are written in a quiet, even, trustful key, interrupted only by a passing rebuke to what the author calls the "silly pacifist." They re-voice the old faith, the faith in the soul, in righteousness, in immortality, in something not strikingly remote from the old terms. Such avowals grow more touching as they grow rare and the circle of their appeal diminishes. They

remind some of us a little of the ineffable pathos of the last act of Stephen Phillips's "Herod," when Mariamne, dead to the court, is still alive to the heart and the hope of the unpersuadable old King. The religious spirit, after all, may not be so perishable as Mariamne. Even were its disappearance final, the fact should move us to such utterance as Wordsworth's over the extinction of the Venetian republic:

Men are we, and must grieve when even the
shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

A Spectator at the Industrial Conference

IN this fair and spacious city of Washington there dwell a number of persons whose avocation it is to attend hearings and meetings of one sort and another where the discussion is of large public importance and where prominent or distinguished or well-known public firms are on view. Through constant attendance at these proceedings they have developed a sixth sense which tells them whether the assemblage or the hearing will amount to anything or not. They are the *cognoscenti*. Another group, equally expert with the divining rod, and made up of the Washington correspondents, sit at the press tables.

Both of these groups, I found, during the first week of the Industrial Conference, had definitely made up their mind. They said at once: "Nothing will come of this. It is not real. These people will pow-wow here for a while, but they are not on the level with one another. In a little while it will blow up." And that, of course, is exactly what happened. In the end the Industrial Conference failed because of its inability to answer the age-old inquiry made famous by the loud outcry of the Honorable Webster Flanagan: "What are we here for?" That is what the conference could not find out, and not being able to find out, it naturally could not settle anything. The assemblage never got anywhere because it never got started; could not get under way. From the very beginning there was lacking any sense of direction. The employers group frankly acknowledged this after the conference failed, when it said:

It has been demonstrated that failure is inevitable where preliminary organization of the elements composing such a conference is absent and where no preparation is made for the orderly presentation of a programme which shall include all of the known factors upon which industrial relations are based.

But that was not the only difficulty. The groups were too sharply accentuated, and they were not well chosen as to their personnel in the first place. This was

particularly true of the group that was supposed to represent the public. It was all very well for the President in choosing the personnel of the conference to take a certain number of men from labor and a certain number of men to represent employers and another certain number to represent the public, but a mistake was made when the conference organized and these three groups isolated themselves, conferring together as units, discussing the questions that were presented to them as units, and voting as units. By this course they sharply accentuated the lack of cohesion. They had no common meeting ground. They had no public discussion and presentation of their several points of view. When anything was brought up that needed to be threshed out in open debate, this was never done. Instead, each little group would scuttle away to its private meeting place, and there "caucus." Then after a length of time they would all return to the hall and solemnly vote as a group "Aye" or "No."

It was a futile performance to watch and it turned out in the end to be futile in performance. The members of the conference started out by being class-conscious. As it turned out in the end, the constituent members of the conference could scarcely have been selected with less skill. The capitalist group certainly represented the employers, and the labor group represented the unions, both in a sense private interests, and viewed as such and represented as such by the two groups. But the third group, the public group, so-called, was as private as a tooth brush. The real, unorganized public, the ultimate consumer, if you will, that great middle-class group between the capitalist on the one hand and the labor unions on the other, was not represented at all.

Moreover, the members of the conference had too much money. Taking Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Gary and Mr. Baruch at one end and Miss Wald, Charles Edward Russell, and John Spargo at the

other end, the average income of all the members of the conference must have ranged between sixty and seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It is safe to say that not a dozen persons sitting in the three groups had an income of less than \$10,000 a year. I do not mean this estimate of these incomes as a criticism. I only report it.

Sitting in the Hall of the Americas day by day and watching the conference, I could not perceive that it was affected with the public interest. At times it seemed to me for all the world like two enemy squads in fortified shell-holes, sniping at one another, while the so-called public group dodged about between or lay flat upon the ground while the shooting was going on. The labor men knew what they wanted, in definite terms, and were resolved to get it or leave the conference. In the end they did not get it and did leave the conference. The employers group, too, knew precisely what they wanted. The public group was simply whip-sawed between the two.

What was to my mind one of the most significant incidents of the whole conference never got into the newspapers. It was a speech made by Fuller Callaway, of La Grange, Georgia, one of the public group. His speech was lost in the flood of resolutions that the newspapers were obliged to print but it disclosed more clearly than anything else that was said in any of the open sessions the gulf that was never bridged between the capitalist group and the labor group. Mr. Callaway is a capitalist of a rather unusual sort. He is at the head of a group of cotton mills at La Grange where about 7,000 operatives are employed. He believes in a closed shop; that is, closed against union labor. He has never allowed his people to be unionized. He has never had any labor difficulties or any strikes. One afternoon he was called upon to tell the story of his mills and how he avoided strikes and labor troubles. His recital was marked by shrewdness and common sense marked by humor. He began by saying: "I am here to represent the public—not capital and not labor; and I want to say that probably between 50 and 75 per cent. of the population of America consists of individuals who are not standardized and who do not want to be standardized by either capital or labor. They are the great mass of people that are the backbone of this country. In making our rules and regulations here we must not leave them out, because if we do they have a way of rising without any notice and righting themselves and righting you and righting the country."

Mr. Callaway twice used the cow by way of illustration. He seemed very much impressed by the fact that she could be milked. He told about what they

did at La Grange to educate their mill operatives. "I took the position that an educated man was like a cow. When I buy cows I get good, blooded stock, because they do not eat any more than scrubs. I give them a nice house, curry them, and then rub them on the nose before milking, and they give four gallons of cream. And a cow is better for giving four gallons than letting her go in somebody's mullein patch, getting full of ticks, and only giving a pint of milk."

Mr. Callaway was tolerant and kindly and paternal, but he rasped the nerves of the labor group. They heard him with impatience and when he sat down Mr. Gompers almost snorted: "Mr. Chairman, now may we go on with the business of this conference?"

Neither the capital nor the labor group ever once assumed the demeanor of negotiators. From the beginning they bore themselves as opposing hostile elements with nothing in common, but with deep fundamental differences to be fought out to a finish. It was the attitude of war. The two groups took it for granted, seemingly, that a clash could not be avoided, and they came to the conference as to an arena where after a trial of strength the "winner" could be named victor. They were both "bitter enders." Neither of them proposed a peace without victory. It was a discouraging spectacle. They each sought advantage and a master hold.

Since the conference broke up various epitaphs have been pronounced by the participants in confirmation of the impressions of an attentive spectator, as I have set them forth here. Franklin K. Lane, chairman of the conference, said: "The Industrial Conference never really got started. . . . We will suffer for this spasm of hysterical self-assertiveness on all sides." Mr. H. B. Endicott of the public group has said that the make-up of the groups of the conference precluded the possibility of accomplishing anything constructive. Judge Gary has also criticised the make-up of the Conference. He has said that in the employers group there were several "some of whom, at least, should have been in the labor group." He has also pointed out that in the public group there was no representation of hundreds of vocations, professions, or merchants "all of whom are more or less affected by the cost of production, the expenses of living, and, therefore, the control and conditions of both capital and labor." Mr. Gary also objected that unorganized labor was not represented in the labor group; that is, about 85 per cent. of the workmen in this country were, he said, not represented at all.

A SPECTATOR

Montemezzi and His Music

VERDI has gone, and Boito, and Leoncavallo. Puccini nods at times. Mascagni has spent himself. But there are still a few to take their places in sunny Italy. And chiefly two—Zandonai and Montemezzi.

The youngest of them all is Montemezzi, the beguiling young composer of a three-act work familiar to frequenters of the Metropolitan. "L'Amore dei Tre Re"—a gracious opera; flowing, melodic, marked by charm and style; with not a little power at several points; dramatic to a fault in certain episodes. The work, no doubt, owed much of its appeal to the tragedy of that strange, cynical Sem Benelli which fired the composer—the Sem Benelli of the later "La Cena delle Beffe" (Englished as "The Jest") which has for months spelt fortune to the Plymouth Theatre.

Who is this Montemezzi? What has he done—before the appearance of his "L'Amore dei Tre Re" assured his fame here? Till then he had been little but a name to most of us, though in Europe he had been better known. Is he a promise that will be fulfilled? Or will he, like Mascagni, leave only one work with a touch of genius as his legacy to music?

Well, in the nick of time, he has crossed the seas, the bearer of a new and ambitious opera which will soon be sung. His latest work, "La Nave," is to be given at the Chicago Opera House, where Montemezzi is now busily rehearsing. Great hopes have been aroused by the announcement of this effort. D'Annunzio has lent it the prestige of his fantastic inspiration.

The libretto of "La Nave" is a condensed form of the play by that poet, arranged to suit the opera boards by Tito Ricordi, who is the composer's publisher. So far, despite his undisputed genius, d'Annunzio has not yet made a particularly good librettist. His "Francesca" had the makings of an opera in it, but was marred by the unpractical and tedious castle scene. "La Nave," we are told, has safer stuff in it, well suited to the purposes of a musician. A month or two from now we shall know more. And so will the composer of the opera.

And even should that work not prove all we hope of it, we shall still have the "Tre Re" to win our hearts. At thirty-seven—the age of Montemezzi—all things are possible.

On his way West, this recent distinguished visitor of ours spent two days in New York. He made the most of his brief stay, saw many interviewers, lunched at the Ritz, supped at the Biltmore, and revelled in the Hippodrome.

There was no opera house for him to go to; and Mr. Hopkins, I daresay, did not encourage him to compare the American "Jest" with the original "Cena." (Both are excellent, of course. But—they are different). Introspective, dreamy, full of his own thoughts, he has a disconcerting way of lapsing suddenly into forgetfulness of even his near friends. Galeffi, the Chicago baritone who arrived with him, stood at his elbow for five minutes while we talked, trying to take leave of him. But all his "Caro maestros" and "A rivedercis" for a time fell on deaf ears. He was too rapt in what he was saying of d'Annunzio just then to care for other things.

His eyes, brown-yellow, seemed the homes of dreams. His tall, slight form, crowned by a poetic head, bespoke a man ill-fitted for real, modern life. His sensitive mouth, his aquiline nose, and delicate features, confirmed this view of him. The sweep of his already greying hair above his forehead completed the impression. By comparison Puccini, with his bluff *bonhomie*, the late Leoncavallo, with his paunch and his wee legs, Zandonai, who is hard and gaunt of face, and Mascagni, who is worn and wan with nervousness, might have seemed commonplace. I could not say that he suggested greatness. The adjective that perhaps describes him best is the Italian "simpatico."

That word would also best describe the music that we know of his. It is not modern, in the same sense as Debussy's or d'Indy's or Stravinsky's. It is the antithesis of what some love in the music of the astounding Richard Strauss. It links one safely with the style of Richard Wagner, but without plagiarism. It lacks the grandeur and the power of that composer. Montemezzi (to appraise him by his "Tre Re" and only that) has a flow of melody; he observes the melodic line, but his invention is limited. One need not look to him for harmonic audacities and great climaxes. Yet he delights one by his charm and his musicianship. He has sentiment and grace and much besides—a breadth and expressive gift which greater men might envy. There is no mystery in his art to baffle one, no subtleties like those one finds in the "Pelléas" of Debussy and (in another way) in the "Conchita" of Zandonai. His music is quite honest and direct. It stirs one pleasantly.

I was not aware, till Montemezzi enlightened me, that he had five operas to his credit, to say nothing of a cantata which he wrote eight years ago in honor of Ponchielli.

"My first attempt," said the composer, "was an historic opera, 'Giovanni Galurese,' which had much success in Italy. It was founded on the tale of a Sardinian

hero who fought against the Spanish domination. My second work was sentimental and romantic in character. I named it 'Hellera.' Besides these, I have composed a one-act opera, 'Bianca,' a setting of a libretto written in a dialect; my 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' of which I need say nothing, and 'La Nave.'

"I studied under Ferroni and Saladini at the Milan Conservatory. My people were not rich, by any means, and my father, who was then engaged in industrial pursuits, did not quite relish the idea of my trusting to music for a livelihood. But—well, he waived the point. He himself had been a bit of a musician; for, when Austria was the ruling Power in the Veneto, he had been a musician in a regimental band. As for myself, I am not an instrumentalist—except as to the piano. Most that I know of orchestration, apart from my studies, I have learned by listening to the instruments from the gallery of the Scala."

Montemezzi would not acknowledge his indebtedness to any other composer. From friends of his I hear, though, that in his "Giovanni Galurese" he was much influenced, like most men of his day, by Richard Wagner. For the modern Russians he professes a great liking, and he speaks admiringly of his forerunner, Catalani. He composes, as he assured me, rather slowly. But less slowly than Puccini, who is lazy and too fond at times of duck-shooting.

"Most of my time," said he, "is lost in looking for librettos."

And then he launched into a lament about the dearth of good librettists nowadays, the difficulty of unearthing a fit theme, the hardships of adapting one's libretto, when at last it has been discovered, to the composer's moods.

"It took me quite two years to find 'La Nave!'" he explained. "To be sure, Puccini lost four years in finding a subject to succeed his 'La Fanciulla.'"

"In Italy to-day we have Adami and Forzano. Illica, who once did so much good work, is out of the running, more or less."

Puccini had often talked to me in the same strain. In the interval between his "Fanciulla" ("The Girl of the Golden West") and his late triplet of operas, he had toyed with the "Two Little Wooden Shoes" of Ouida (since made into an opera as "Lodoletta" by Mascagni) and meditated over "Hannele."

"Ah, 'Hannele!'" once said Puccini to me in Paris, "I'd love to compose it. But—I don't know whether it would suit my public."

Perhaps it is just as well that the composer of "La Bohème" and "Tosca" did not touch "Hannele," which of all modern plays is the most mystical and exquisite.

For ten minutes Montemezzi harped and harped on this matter of librettos. And I could not keep from smiling to myself as I thought how lightly most Americans regard the unhappy serfs who inspire great music. Few seem to realize that, lacking librettos of the right kind of invention, there could be no operas. But librettists are ignored by hosts of opera-goers, who seem to treat them as the most negligible quantities. They are really the foundations of lyric drama. The inventors of books for comic operas and musical comedies grow fat and rich. The men to whom we owe "Carmens" and "Aidas" get small thanks.

How rare they are we now know from Montemezzi. Can we wonder that Richard Wagner wrote his own poems, and that Charpentier and Dukas have followed his example?

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Drama

New Plays by Bernard Shaw

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE, AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

M R. SHAW'S latest volume contains one full-length play, "Heartbreak House," and five shorter plays, of which one only, the "Great Catherine," is unconnected with the recent war. The things of value in these minor plays are the recruiting sketch, "O'Flaherty V. C.," and the first two of the four scenes of the "Great Catherine." "O'Flaherty," among other anomalies, sets forth a debate in which an impossibly brilliant rustic wins a shamelessly easy victory over an impossibly stupid general, but it rises to value through its racy reflex of the pungencies and lusthoods of Irish peasant life. The first two scenes of the "Great Catherine" are redolent of a glorious madness, a drunken splendor, which sweeps the reader with it in its rush; in the last two scenes the drama, like other inebriates, falls down stairs, marking each tread by a bump and an outcry, and dropping at last in a formless heap on the mat at the stair-foot. Of the other short plays, "Augustus Does His Bit" and "Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress" are jocularities of a mirthless type. The "Inca of Perusalem" is brightly introduced, but the German Emperor whom it dissembles under its fantastic title is a creature at whom we rather yawn than gape.

"Heartbreak House" is the record of six hours in the lives of nine English folk, herding together in a curious mixture of form and informality like fashionable castaways on a desert island. The

bustling idleness and vehement but at bottom good-natured antagonism in which they live results in a bewildering abundance of emplacements, displacements, and replacements, of contacts, clashes, and recoils. The astute manager, anxious for happenings, might sadly note that the net result of all this ado is simply this: the tightening in the second act, and the dissolution in the third, of an engagement which even in Act I was not so much a knot as a loop. He might solace himself by the perception that there is plenty of very headlong, very extreme, and very abortive flirtation, and that a final explosion from German aircraft, to which nothing in the movement of the play has contributed, disposes of two rogues and leaves their associates vibrating in a condition between ecstasy and panic.

The title and vague chart of this play might possibly be a reminiscence of Peacock, in whose "Nightmare Abbey" and "Crotchet Castle" odd fishes of grotesque and varied scale swim around and over each other in a costly aquarium on a drawing-room centre-table. More serious, however, is the acknowledged debt to Chekhov. Chekhov's best-known dramas are all, according to Mr. Shaw, pictures of Heartbreak House, which represents "cultured leisured Europe before the war." The mixture of stoicism and frenzy of lethargy and hysteria in Chekhov's extraordinary work is only latent or nascent in Mr. Shaw's thoroughly contemptuous, but far from ill-natured, exhibition of this class. They are persons of radical brain and conservative muscles, persons who, practically futile, console themselves by letters, art, and sex for the ruin into which their futility is plunging both their country and themselves.

Of the traits which Mr. Shaw intended to signalize in "Heartbreak House," culture, leisure, æsthetic distractions, flirtation, inefficiency, how many has he actually brought out? The flirtation he has unmistakably drawn, and the inefficiency, if not depicted, is at all events explicitly declared. But the culture is hardly evident; the leisure is the reverse of evident, and the æsthetic bias reveals itself only in a quarter of an hour's enforced perusal of a volume of the Temple Shakespeare by an impatient and preoccupied young woman. Even the neighborhood of luxury and peril, which might have given to Mr. Shaw's England the impressiveness of a Lusitania before the shock, is not conveyed by the homeliness and disorder of the household he has pictured.

"Heartbreak House" confirms the impression which Mr. Shaw's plays, especially his later plays, induce and accentuate in the critic's mind. Mr. Shaw is a real-

ist and a dramatist, but he is not a realistic dramatist; he is a realistic thinker and a fantastic dramatist. Mr. Shaw is not unaware of this; he calls the first play in this volume a fantasia and the last a bravura. Throughout, a curious romantic masquerade of impersonations, recognitions, and surprises is employed in the service of a propaganda whose aim is the removal of masks from the face of actuality. So far nothing is wrong; and if Mr. Shaw had been content to couch a purely realistic message in a purely fantastic vehicle, he could have pointed to Aristophanes's "Peace" and the "Birds" and to Molière's "George Dandin" as forerunners and supporters of his work. But this was too simple for Mr. Shaw. He wanted not only fantasy but talk, unlimited talk, talk which should turn "Getting Married" and "Misalliance" and "Heartbreak House" into parliaments, and he wanted to give his talkers the clothes and ways of a society the mere rigging or harness of which was to be unflinchingly contemporaneous.

Mr. Shaw, then, holding to his realistic substance, has been led to express that substance in a mixed form—a form that was at once realistic and partially, fitfully, and unevenly symbolical. This was the beginning of evil. It is proper to say that righteousness and peace have kissed each other, or that Hamlet took Horatio by the hand. But to say that righteousness kissed Hamlet, or that Horatio took peace by the hand is to ignore and to insult propriety. The present play is an admirably clear illustration of this error. Many of the portraits are real, or, at least, are sincere endeavors at reality. There are, for instance, the guardsman, Hector Hushabye, whose destructive weapon is his moustaches; the diplomatist, Randall Utterword, whom the coquetries of the Foreign Office have not instructed in the politics of love; and the pulling and crawling promoter Mangan, whose folly is viewed as the indispensable link between the brains of the inventor and the brains of the workingman. But much else is plainly or probably symbolic. The house—shaped like a ship—is England; the meals at all hours are England's shifting and make-shift statesmanship; the old captain is the tenacious but receding British manliness; the burglar, whose business is to get caught as a prelude to getting cosseted, may stand for modern tenderness toward criminals; the final explosion, ostensibly Germanic, is abstrusely socialistic or revolutionary. The fault lies neither with the symbolism nor with the realism as such, but with the mixture, and the uncertainty in the composition of the mixture. Bunyan's allegories and La Fontaine's fables have a relation to truth which is distant indeed, but uni-

form and precise, and you can reach truth through La Fontaine and Bunyan, just as you can tell the right time by a watch that is three hours slow, if you know that it is three hours slow and that it neither gains nor loses time. Mr. Shaw's watch is useless, because it varies; it not only needs *setting*, it needs *regulation*.

Mr. Shaw has built up a world in which nothing is in place nor out of place, and he has reached a point where he is capable of the unhesitating and tranquil commission of acts which in another dramatist would be lunacies or crimes. For example, there is in "Heartbreak House" a young lady called Ellie Dunn who at six o'clock is all tender innocence, at eight o'clock all cynical greed, at ten o'clock all freakish attachment, and at twelve o'clock all heroic generosity. Another consequence of this novel world is the obliteration, not of the faculty of humor, but of the conditions which made that faculty a challenge and a joy. Comedy grows largely out of the collision between nature (or fact and convention), and Shaw, in disowning convention and remodeling nature, has pretty near abolished comedy. The abnormal owes its power to the norm. Lilliput and Brobdingnag derive all their point from Gulliver. The Dickens world is in its basis rational and orderly; therefore when the reader comes upon a queer point in the Dickens world, he says "Why?" and laughs; when, in these later times at least, he comes to a queer point in the Shaw world, he says "Why not?" and doesn't laugh.

I have not spared Mr. Shaw's later dramatic work in the above review; it is now both a duty and a pleasure to say that "Heartbreak House" is to me the most agreeable long play that has emanated from Mr. Shaw since the "Doctor's Dilemma." Our friend, in his chronic endeavor to ring the tocsin, has often the effect of beating a gong. The gong is audible—painfully audible—in "Heartbreak House," but the appeasements, the softenings, are multiplied. There is the quivering title. There is the setting, the quaint ship-like room, and the dimness of the tranquil garden. There is the white-bearded, not unlovable old captain, who keeps a place for young girls between the rum and the dynamite in the hold of his invincible old heart. There is even here and there (see page 110) a kind of spirituality, a glowworm spirituality, the more touching that we scarcely trust its gleam. Last of all, there is the awe that darkles through the farce, as the farce twinkles through the awe in the strange mixture of horror and transport that conducts the drama to its unexampled close.

Books and the News

[Under this heading are presented, from week to week, articles mentioning a few books which should be useful to the reader who wishes to go a little further into matters of current interest than the newspapers and periodicals will take him. Attempt is made to keep the articles practical by naming only books which ought to be available, without much trouble through publisher, book-shop, or public library. Books obscure or out of print are avoided, and books in English are preferred to those in other languages. These articles are in no sense bibliographies for the specialist, aiming at completeness, and including magazine or newspaper articles, but merely brief, impartial, selected lists of books, new and old, which may help to make the news of the week more intelligible. The articles are written by the Editor of Publications of the New York Public Library.]

Ireland

IN the section about the Earl of Essex, in Sir George Younghusband's recent book on the Tower of London, the author says that Essex was sent to Ireland, in 1599, with instructions to reduce the rebels. "That was more than three hundred years ago, and yet might have been written in a very recent year of grace." Ireland's resistance to England has practically never ceased, yet few readers who wish to study the present situation will care to go far back into Irish history. For those who do so care, there is P. W. Joyce's "A Short History of Ireland; from the Earliest Times to 1608" (Longman, 1893). Better still, for an interesting sketch of the past, from legendary days to those of Parnell, you may read in an hour or two Justin McCarthy's "Ireland and Her Story" (Marshall, 1903).

Now, for the present day. Here are the writers who sympathize, moderately or fervently, with the Sinn Fein. Francis Hackett's "Ireland; a Study of Nationalism" (Huebsch, 1918), is characterized as moderate, and is an account of contemporary and recent conditions. P. S. O'Hegarty, author of "Sinn Fein; an Illumination" (Maunsel, 1919), is a fervent advocate; his work is very brief. A longer book, also ardent, is Francis P. Jones's "History of the Sinn Fein Movement and the Irish Rebellion of 1916" (Kenedy, 1917). George Creel's "Ireland's Fight for Freedom" (Harper, 1919), is, according to the *New York Times*, a vehement attack upon England, reciting all the ill she has done, and omitting to mention any of the good. Warre B. Wells and N. Marlowe have written two books, "A History of the Irish Rebellion of 1916" (Maunsel, 1916) and "The Irish Convention and Sinn Fein" (Stokes, 1919). American readers should not miss Shane Leslie's "The Irish Issue in its American Aspect" (Scribner,

1917), a "brilliant discussion by a moderate Sinn Feiner."

For the other side, a book written from the British and Unionist point of view is Philip G. Cambray's "Irish Affairs and the Home Rule Question" (Murray, 1911). Ian Hay's "The Oppressed English" (Doubleday, 1917) is an amusing skit, with much good sense in so far as it applies to the English. Whether its opinions on the Irish question are good or bad sense opens the whole question in dispute. As with many other books written from its point of view, the copy I examined had been briefly annotated by an Irish patriot: "Another damned English lie."

An American, the professor of European history in the University of Michigan, has tried to write an impartial study of the whole question. This is Edward R. Turner, whose "Ireland and England in the Past and at Present" (Century, 1919) is your one book, if you can read but one. He truly says that in America the question is usually discussed by extremists and, of course, extremists will not like his book. It discusses ancient Ireland, Home Rule, and recent events, and gives references to further reading.

A literary woman's comments upon Irish life and letters during recent years is Katherine Tynan's "The Years of the Shadow" (Houghton, 1919). And if you wish to drop politics, and read of the land and the people, you have a fascinating choice between Birmingham's jolly novels, Somerville and Ross's tales, and James Stephen's poetical romances.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Achorn, E. O., and Teall, E. W. *The Unknown Quality*. Marshall Jones. \$1.50 net.
- Andrews, M. R. S. *Joy in the Morning*. Scribner. \$1.75 net.
- Bleackley, Horace. *Anymoon*. Lane.
- Brown, Alice. *The Black Drop*. Macmillan. \$2.
- Colver, A. R. *Babs at Birchwood*. Penn Publ. Co. \$1.50 net.
- Foote, M. H. *The Ground Swell*. Houghton Mifflin.
- Glasgow, Ellen. *The Builders*. Doubleday. Page. \$1.60.
- Hueston, Ethel. *Leave It to Doris*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.
- MacManus, Seumas. *Lo, and Behold Yel Stokes*. \$1.60 net.
- Malet, Lucas. *Deadham Hard*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.90.
- O. Henry. *Waifs and Strays*. Doubleday. Page. \$1.65.
- Ollivant, Alfred. *Two Men*. Doubleday. Page.
- Pyne, P. B. *The Green Pea Pirates*. Doubleday. Page.
- Sinclair, B. W. *Burned Bridges*. Little, Brown, \$1.60 net.
- Thurston, E. T. *The World of Wonderful Reality*. Appleton. \$1.75 net.

Van Zandt, Wheeler. *The Creed of Her Father*. Britton. \$1.50 net.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- Brown, C. R. *Yale Talks*. Yale. \$1.
- Brooks, C. S. *Chimney-Pot Papers*. Yale Univ. Press. \$2.00.
- Ellsworth, W. W. *A Golden Age of Authors*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.
- Hearn, Lafcadio. *Fantastics and Other Fancies*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.65.
- Jenkins, MacGregor. *Literature with a Large L*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00.
- McGrane, R. C. *The Correspondence of Nicholas Biddle*. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.00.
- Warner, F. L. *Endicott and I*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- Hopkins, E. W. *The History of Religions*. Macmillan. \$3.
- Leighton, J. A. *The Field of Philosophy*. Second revised and enlarged edition. Columbus, Ohio: R. G. Adams & Co.
- MacPhail, J. M. *The Heritage of India: Asoka*. Oxford University Press.
- Smyth, N. and Walker, W. *Approaches Towards Church Unity*. Yale. \$1.25.
- Van Dyke, Henry. *What Peace Means*. Revell. 50 cents.
- Walter, H. A. *The Ahmadiya Movement. The Religious Life of India Series*. Oxford University Press. \$1.60.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

- Abbott, L. F. *Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt*. Doubleday, Page. \$3.
- Barnett, Mrs. S. A. *Canon Barnett: His Life, Work and Friends*. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin.
- Bill Sewall's *Story of T. R.* Harper. \$1.25 net.
- Dinsmore, C. A. *Life of Dante*. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.
- Fiske, B. A. *From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral*. Century. \$6.
- Lodge, H. C. *The Story of the Revolution*. Scribner. \$2.50 net.
- Macdonald, J. F. *The Amazing City*. Lippincott. \$2.50 net.
- McLennan, J. S. *Louisbourg from its Foundation to its Fall, 1713-1758*. Macmillan.
- Madeleine: *An Autobiography*. Intro. by Judge B. B. Lindsey. Harper. \$2 net.
- Newbolt, Sir Henry. *Submarine and Anti-submarine*. Longmans. \$2.25 net.
- Seitz, Don. *Artemus Ward*. (Charles Farrar Browne): *A Biography*. Harper. \$2.00.
- Stephens, Winifred. *The France I Know*. Dutton.
- Tucker, W. J. *My Generation*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.
- Zeebrugge and Ostend. Edited by C. S. Terry. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Walston, Charles. *The English-Speaking Brotherhood and the League of Nations*. Columbia University Press.
- Weale, B. L. P. *The Truth About China and Japan*. Dodd, Mead. \$2.00.
- Willoughby, W. F. *Government Organizations in War Time and After*. Appleton. \$2.50 net.

DRAMA AND POETRY

- A Book of Princeton Verse II, 1919*. Edited by Henry Van Dyke and Others. Princeton Univ. Press. \$1.50 net.
- Belasco, David. *The Theatre Through Its Stage Door*. Harper. \$2.50 net.
- Lowell, Amy. *Pictures of the Floating World*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
- Matthews, Brander. *The Principles of Playmaking*. Scribner. \$1.60 net.
- The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*. Lane. \$1.25 net.

THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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New York, Saturday, November 22, 1919

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"THE peace of the whole world can never again be broken, and international wrong on a vast scale can never again occur, while England and America stand together as the bulwark of freedom and democracy." This sentence from Mr. Marling's address of welcome to the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his visit to the New York Chamber of Commerce, expresses a sentiment which, throughout the time that Yanks and Tommies were fighting shoulder to shoulder, was uppermost in the minds of Americans and British alike. In the weeks following the great victory in which they had been joint partakers, the sentiment became, if anything, stronger than ever, and found utterance in a thousand stirring forms. If it now seems to have been dimmed, or to have been thrust into the background, by some of the untoward developments of our domestic wrangle over the peace treaty, that is all the more reason why Americans who have a sense for what is of abiding worth and of vital import should

take every opportunity to reassert it, and to restore it to that place in the public mind which rightfully belongs to it. For nothing is more certain than that the welfare of both countries, and of all the world, is inseparably bound up with the maintenance of genuine friendship and good will between England and America.

THE journey of the Prince of Wales across the ocean would be quite justified if he had come to tell us no more than is said in one sentence of his address of thanks to the American people for the welcome which he has doubtless by this time found to be genuine. "Your aims," he said, "are as democratic as ours." The easy—and justified—assumption, coupled with the sense of gratifying discovery, is worth tons of "propaganda." Politically, a fair case could be made out in support of the view that England is more democratic than America. The quick responsiveness of government to the will of the people, the speed and certitude with which that will can be discovered, the easy access for men of ability to a political career in which they find themselves unhampered by considerations of the locality in which they happen to reside, must seem even to an unprejudiced mind vastly more flexible and democratic than our own more cumbersome methods of executing the popular will. Theoretically, it is undoubtedly more democratic; practically, in a time of stress like that through which the world is passing, there is probably not a great deal to choose between the two. In no respect is the British system more democratic than in the fact that it gladly maintains a royal family to furnish an element of permanence and continuity, with a view to keeping every thing else as delicately answerable to the public will as possible.

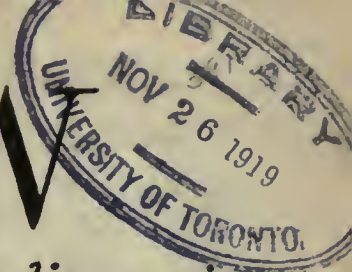
IN the social relations the theoretical advantages lie all with us, and in practice, too, if we consider England only as it was at the close of the Victorian era. But even here it may be remarked that there is no social tyranny so relentless as one that is not quite sure of itself, none quite so harsh as one that is not entirely satisfied with itself. Coming down to the individual, the Englishman, certainly, is less tolerant of abuses, little and big, than the American; he is more ready to try to get something done about it, with

a firmer conviction that something, somehow, will be done. The English would not put up with the municipal tyrannies that many Americans lie under with only an occasional wriggle of protest; and so on down to those *minima* of life with which the law does not concern itself.

IN truth, however, the two democracies are conceived on quite different plans. The British, a small and singularly homogeneous people reaching out from a genuinely national capital through the whole world; ours, sprawlingly continental, sending ambassadors from a thousand localities to a sort of neutral trysting place. The Englishman suffers from the fact that he is generally disinclined to be anything but insular; we, when we desire to be something more than parochial, from a tendency to vague diffuseness. The English have long been known to be mad. An observer among us to-day, noting us at the game of fast-and-loose with the destinies of the world while we discover British plots to annex the State of Maine, might well wonder whether we had not got more than our share of the common heritage. But the Prince very tactfully put it, not that we were each equally democratic in precisely the same way, but that each as ardently as the other desired to be democratic—"Your aims are as democratic as ours." And this is a compliment that carries gifts in either hand.

THE *New Republic* is devoting to the laudable enterprise of making known the truth about America the same kind of energy which it has so long manifested in relation to Russia. In the latter case, it has been possible for the "kept organs of capitalism" to plead distance and difficulty as an excuse for their falsehoods; but no such excuse is available as regards the state of things here at home. What that is, the *New Republic* makes absolutely plain in these carefully weighed words:

In substance the press, the politicians and the employing class are now saying to labor, "We forbid you to challenge the existing distribution of economic power in this country. We will not discuss as an open question whether that power, as it is now exercised and distributed, makes for productive efficiency, establishes a high and general standard of living or supplies the wage-earners with any sufficient motive to be actively interested in their



work and loyal to their employment. . . . It will not be for you to decide whether or not you want to work or on what terms you prefer to work. You must work on the terms which the state in combination with your employers decides to be just."

The *New Republic*, however, has an uphill task before it. For while every open-minded person—in other words every thoroughly illuminated enemy of "capitalism"—must recognize the accuracy of the *New Republic's* characterization of the attitude of "the press, the politicians and the employing class," the tactics adopted by this sinister agglomeration are such as to deceive all but the very elect. Take the report, for example, just issued by the Industrial Committee of the Merchants' Association of New York. It is shot through with the spirit of progress and liberalism. It places the blame for unsatisfactory conditions quite as much upon employers as upon employees. Not a syllable is to be found in it which indicates hostility, or even unfriendliness, to labor unions. It proposes "the limitation of the economic law of supply and demand as a basis of labor policy by the utilization of a more human doctrine." It declares for "the establishment of a recognized and permanent method of conference between the employer and his employees," and under "his head it says:

The mere willingness of an employer to meet employees who have grievances is not sufficient. There should be a definite arrangement—satisfactory to both employers and employees—whereby employees can collectively take up disputes or matters of common interest with employers.

And, as everybody knows, this is but one example out of a thousand in which a similar spirit is being shown. We are not citing them, however, by way of showing that the *New Republic* is wrong; its complete mastery of the facts about Bolshevik Russia precludes the possibility of its being wrong in relation to what is going on right here at home. But we do confess some curiosity as to the precise way in which the *New Republic* reconciles the multitude of apparent manifestations of a liberal and progressive spirit in "the press, the politicians and the employing class" with its representation of them as a capitalist despotism inflexibly arrayed against the claims of labor.

NO keener personal satisfaction can come to a man in high public station than that which Carter Glass is entitled to take upon the occasion of his relinquishment of the Treasury portfolio to accept a seat in the United States Senate. When, in the case of one high office exchanged for another, the only doubt in the public mind is as to whether the loss to the old office is coun-

terbalanced by the gain to the new, the tribute to a man's character and ability is as complete as can well be imagined. We have often only too much reason to fear that public office in our country is made unattractive to men of excellence not only by its inherent difficulties and drawbacks, but also by failure of the public adequately to appreciate high qualities and great services. Mr. Glass furnishes at least one example of the rise of a man into a position of unchallenged respect and honor throughout the nation by the sheer merit of his abilities and services.

THE disaster which has overtaken the Siberian army, now driven back on Omsk and perhaps on the point of retreating still further eastward, will greatly rejoice Bolshevik sympathizers in America, who see in it the extension of the autocracy that sits in Moscow and the triumph of their own propaganda here in America. Prompt aid on the part of America to the patriotic and constructive forces struggling against Bolshevism in Russia might have saved millions of lives and heavy cost to civilization. Without such aid, Kolchak faced insuperable difficulties, in attempting to stem the tide without supplies and with forces drawn from the scanty population of the enormous territory of Siberia. Partly owing to the localism of the Siberians, and partly to the arbitrary conduct of many of his subordinates, Kolchak steadily lost hold on the population, and his liberal and middle-of-the-road policy failed to gain the strong support of either right or left.

The center of gravity now shifts to South Russia. The outlook for Denikin, deprived of British support and in the absence of our own, is not over bright, although the territory occupied by him contains the bulk of Russia's natural resources, which are now open for development. His success or non-success will depend on the degree of economic well-being brought to the liberated population. The Bolshevik power, however, is not in itself strengthened. It is entirely probable that some sort of internal revolution will take place at Moscow, for the few thousand leaders who alone remain Bolsheviks are not likely long to continue to hold the power which they exercise by terror and by which they are unable to provide for the needs of the people. Thousands upon thousands of Russians are in the Bolshevik service, first because they are obliged to do so in order to save their lives, and secondly, because they feel that they are helping to build an organization that will maintain Russia when the gang of criminals at Moscow has been overthrown. It would not be surprising if, when this

takes place, Denikin's forces and the former Soviet armies should unite under Russian leadership, actuated alike by the desire to repel all foreigners and to reunite Russia, parcelled out by the Paris Conference. Of internal struggles for power there may be many, and the country may, for a considerable period, be the scene of lawlessness and disorder, the natural result of the general demoralization brought about by Soviet rule. Some strong man will rise to the top and rule. All talk of constituent assemblies and popular elections under such conditions will be futile. Russia may indeed face strong reaction, and if so we, who failed to give timely aid and thereby win the right to assist in directing the new Russia along the paths of liberalism and democracy, will bear the heaviest share of responsibility.

WE referred last week to the articles appearing in the New York "Globe" from the pen of its correspondent, Isaac Don Levine. These articles bear the unmistakable stamp of Bolshevik inspiration, and the fact that they contain occasional criticisms of Bolshevik rule does not change their general tenor. They are widely quoted by the radical press in America as authority for commendatory comment on the Bolshevik régime and the situation it has created in Russia.

The unreliable character of Mr. Levine's correspondence is pointedly exemplified in two recent communications. On November 2nd, he cables from Berlin as follows:

Rumors circulated abroad about the terror in Russia are vicious lies.

He cables from Copenhagen on November 10th an account of an interview with Chertkov, whom he visited in Moscow, in which the latter says:

It is impossible to work, because I receive so many appeals every day for help from friends or persons arrested or condemned to death. . . . Never before have there been so many wholesale arrests and prosecutions. Never before has human life been so cheap.

Further comment on the terror by which the Bolsheviks maintain their rule would seem to be superfluous.

THE returns of the French elections so far, seem to record a crushing blow to the organized Socialists, who, by their tampering with Bolshevism, have invited defeat. The red terror conjured up by them drove the moderate parties into each other's arms. The "Bloc National" thus formed is an anti-Bolshevist alliance, consisting of heterogeneous elements held together by no other cement than this negative formula. But the immediate danger is the first that must be dealt with, and the absorption of domes-

tic politics in this one issue of international scope was the surest way to deal with it effectively. Where laws and institutions are in jeopardy, the nation's first duty is to defend them. It would be madness for brothers to be quarreling over the cost of repairs while incendiaries were engaged in laying their house in ashes.

SINCE the issue is thus clear-cut between Bolsheviks and loyal Frenchmen, the victory of the latter implies the nation's approval of the Government of Clémenceau and his energetic conduct of the war. For within the ranks of the organized Socialists will be enlisted all those sinister elements which, all through the war, were sapping the strength of France by the spread of defeatism and the agitation for an untimely peace. The election of Léon Daudet, the merciless denouncer of Bolo Pasha and Caillaux, and the defeat, in the Department of Sarthe, of the latter's supporters, may be taken as symptoms of the people's verdict. The Bolshevik Longuet has also failed to win a seat in the new Chamber, a result which gains in significance by the fact that under the new electoral system provision has been made for minority representation. That even the leader of the revolutionaries in the section where his adherence was reckoned to be strongest could not score a victory under such circumstances does honor to the common sense and the patriotism of the electorate. The Communists, having sown the wind which was to blast the fruits of victory, are reaping the whirlwind that sweeps themselves off their feet. We congratulate M. Clémenceau on this crowning success of his great and glorious career.

WITH the legislative elections, France has entered on a period of intense political activity to culminate in the nomination of the President by the Parliament which must assemble, at the latest, on February 3 of next year. The precedence given to the legislative elections, which the Commission on Universal Suffrage had proposed to be held the very last, was fixed upon by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies after M. Clémenceau, in defending it, had put the question of confidence. Their meaning and importance would doubtless have been lessened and obscured if repeated elections, municipal, departmental, and Senatorial, had dulled the people's zest for the chief contest.

IN Italy the results, so far, are much less disappointing to the Socialists, although they reckoned to seat 120 candidates, trusting to the dissension within the other parties. The pivot on

which the elections turned was not a question of the future but of the past. The war has been an emotion too tremendous to be discarded as a business finished and done with. Passions are still aflame, and this was an opportunity for the citizens, long subdued into silence by military discipline and censorship, to pass sentence on the men who are responsible for the war and its conduct. This issue, far removed from politics, has been the cause of schisms within the parties and of alliances between opposing factions. The Liberals especially are hopelessly divided into supporters and antagonists of the Government. This dissension was to bring grist to the mill of the Socialists whose doctrinairism makes them immune from the dissolving effects of the war issue.

The incomplete returns show a result not much different from these pessimistic forecasts. The Socialists have secured a hundred of the 120 seats they had counted on, and the only party that can cope with theirs in numbers is the party of the Catholics. We shall soon learn whether the latter, with the support of the liberal groups, will be strong enough to oppose both the radicalism of the extreme left and the dangerous chauvinism of the militarists who have their poetic champion in d'Annunzio.

THE returns in the General Election in Belgium show a Socialist gain at the cost of the Catholics and the Liberal party. For many reasons this outcome had been expected. The Roman Catholic party has been in power for the last thirty-five years, and this undisputed control has left the party machine unfit for a contest under greatly altered circumstances. Plural voting has been abolished, and the system of proportional representation brought into operation on a more extensive scale, both measures that could bring no advantage to Liberals and Catholics. And as the present coalition Government consists of members of the three leading parties, the elections cannot be manipulated by the Cabinet. Three of the Ministers in the Cabinet, Hymans, Renkin and Vandervelde, opposed one another in the same "arrondissement," Hymans being the candidate of the Liberals, Renkin of the Catholics, and Vandervelde of the Socialists. Another circumstance which proved fatal to the Catholics is a split in the party caused by differences of opinion between its leaders as to their attitude towards the Flemish movement. Minister of State Van de Vijvere and M. Pouillet, President of the Chamber, two prominent Roman Catholics, have declared themselves for concessions to the demands of the Flamings, greatly to the indignation

of the Walloon Catholics. The "Schism of Malines" has been much discussed of late in Belgium, and has caused no little satisfaction to the Socialists. The Liberal party, however, need not fear any decomposition through the agency of the Flemish question. Liberals in Belgium are anti-Flemish, and Flemings are either Catholics or Socialists.

THE assassin whose shot has proved fatal to Hugo Haase injured his victim more by the timing of his attack than by the shot itself. A good man's memory may suffer from his passing away at a moment of decline in reputation. If Haase had died four years ago, his fame would have gained a lasting quality by a well-timed exit from the stage. In those days his manly stand against the half-hearted tactics of Scheidemann and his group, and his defiance of the Government, won him esteem both in the Allied and in neutral countries. The fall of that Government proved an injury to Haase's name abroad, as it left him without an opportunity of shining out as the leader of a hopeless fight against autocracy. In strict adherence to the tenets of Marxism he now levelled his attacks against the Majority Socialists in the new Government who abandoned those tenets for a compromise with the bourgeois parties. His prestige in non-German countries suffered in the same degree in which the present Government was deemed superior to those of von Bethmann-Hollweg and his Imperial successors, and when he did not withhold his party's moral support from the Spartans, though refusing to join them in practice, he became an object of suspicion where before he had commanded admiration. The doctrine to which he adhered with praiseworthy consistency made his political career one of everlasting opposition. He never got a chance to manifest the possession of those constructive talents by which we gauge a statesman's real worth.

DISPATCHES from Mexico City tell of the reopening of El Toreo, the famous bull ring, closed by President Carranza three years ago. There is the modification, however, that the matadors have no permission to kill the bulls. Inasmuch as the bulls have never been supposed to have permission to kill the matadors, the new arrangement may perhaps be construed not as a renewed authorization of cruelty to animals, but as a step forward in the abolition of class privilege in Mexico. Put on terms of equality, the bull, a "scraper" by instinct, may possibly enjoy the restored festivities quite as heartily as the matador. An attendance of 17,000 at the first exhibition indicates that a bloody finale is not necessary to the popularity of the sport.

Life or Death for the Treaty?

AS this paper goes to press, the peace treaty is approaching the crisis which will decide its fate. How that crisis will be met by the Democratic Senators, under the lead of Senator Hitchcock, cannot be known until the President's sealed letter, now in his hands, shall be opened, and read to them in conference. How it will be met by Senator Lodge and his followers is equally uncertain. One thing only is clear, but upon that one thing a substantial hope can be founded. The moderate reservationists on the Republican side of the Senate are still, as they have been all along, sincere and earnest in their desire to save the treaty; and they still have it in their power to save it.

In saying this, we are assuming that no compromise will be reached at once, of a character to insure immediate ratification of the treaty by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. The chance of this is so slight that no one seems to entertain it as a practical possibility. It is looked upon as certain that the ratification resolution, containing all the Lodge reservations that have not been rejected, will come immediately to a vote, and that it will fail to receive the necessary two-thirds majority.

On the face of things the treaty will then be dead. But to permit an end so sudden and so blind to come to all the struggle of a twelvemonth for a decent conclusion upon an issue so unspeakably momentous would be monstrous. There are surely in the Senate enough men with a sense for what is right and fitting to insist upon making such a fiasco impossible. And even if there were not, the moment the collapse came—the moment the country woke up to a realization of what had happened—a wave of indignation would sweep over the nation which would in itself suffice to prevent so lame and impotent a conclusion from being accepted as final.

With the treaty, then, once more before the Senate for final determination, what may be expected to be the outcome? What advance has been made toward a possible solution? The great advance is that extremes have been eliminated. The President's fight for acceptance without reservations is over, and his fight for keeping the reservations out of the act of ratification is over. On the other hand, all overt amendments have been killed, and those reservations that were of most subversive character have been killed, some of them having been defeated by majorities not far from two-thirds. Thus the problem of compromise has been brought down to narrow limits; the welter of possibilities in which the

public mind has been floundering is replaced by the consideration of two or three simple points upon which public interest can be effectively focused.

Upon this foundation the moderate reservationists are now in a position to build with confidence. They are no longer hampered by the necessity of trying to effect a combination with either side. They demand from neither side anything which, in the present situation, could be obstinately rejected without incurring the odium of responsibility for the failure of the treaty. All that they have to do is to embody a just and rational compromise in definite form, and to state in clear and simple terms the grounds of its propriety and of its necessity. With the fateful result immediately in sight, and with all extreme expectations on either side now definitely abandoned, a solution thus offered would evoke from the common sense and the right feeling of the nation an almost unanimous response.

The opportunity is such as rarely comes to any man or any group of men to do an inestimable service to their country and to the world. The spirit which the moderate reservationists have manifested all along gives reason to hope that they will rise to the opportunity. They have not suffered themselves to be dragged along in the car of their party's leadership. They have plainly avowed that they were willing to enter into relations with the leaders of the opposite party for the promotion of the great end they had in view. They may justly claim, as Senator McCumber did the other day, that it was the refusal of the Administration forces to come to any kind of understanding with them which compelled them finally to make as good terms as they could with their own party leadership. With this clean record behind them, they can now face the nation with serene confidence that what they propose will be viewed with a favoring eye by good citizens throughout the country, whatever their political affiliations, who desire to see the best result attained which is now attainable, and who are little concerned with the effect that this may have upon the prestige of any man or upon the prospects of any party.

In spite of all that has come and gone, rejection of the treaty would be a calamity. It is true that French and British statesmen, French and British journalists, are now taking a very despondent view of what the participation of the United States in the League would amount to, even if the Lodge reservations were considerably modified. It is true that the same view is entertained by many in this country. But what men may feel in the first shock of realization

that high hopes are doomed to disappointment is no sure index of the state of mind into which they will settle in presence of the accomplished fact. On the one hand, the fact of outright failure would bring about not only dejection incomparably deeper than that which the sense of disappointment is at present producing, but also, in all probability, a widespread commotion among the peoples, as distinguished from the public men, of the European nations. And on the other hand, it would require only a few significant betterments in the scheme of reservations to allay a great deal of the adverse feeling which it now arouses.

The mere fact that such changes had been adopted would be justly accepted as proof that not hostility to the objects of the League, but anxiety for the cardinal interests of America, had dictated our attitude. This, to be sure, must seem a sad declension to those who had hailed the League Covenant as the solution at a single stroke of the problem of all the ages. But while the treaty was still in the making at Versailles, and long before its final formulation, it had become evident to all who did not shut their eyes to facts that the League would at best be but a very distant approach toward such an ideal. Its merit consisted not in what it was, but in what men might cherish the hope that it would become. That hope rests on the good will of mankind, and not on the specific arrangements of a written document. It may have been dimmed by what has happened at Washington, but it has not been extinguished. It is our duty to do what in us lies to keep it alive. Few can now be found to hail the League as the great consummation which many regarded it six months ago; but neither are many so confident of their own judgment as to deny that it carries the possibility of great things, if it be but given time and opportunity. America will not look with equanimity upon a verdict which condemns it to death without a trial.

"The Broken Pledge"

THE *New Republic* scores a point in unearthing from the *Congressional Record* the following statement made by Senator Husting of Wisconsin on the floor of the Senate just before the passage of the Lever Food and Fuel Control bill:

I am authorized by the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Wilson, to say that the Administration does not construe this bill as prohibiting strikes and peaceful picketing and will not so construe the bill, and that the Department of Justice does not so construe the bill and will not so construe the bill.

"We believe," says the *New Republic*, "that it reveals a flagrant want of good

faith towards labor on the part of the Wilson Administration." In expressing this belief in its editorial columns, it does not go beyond the bounds of legitimate criticism; but when it gives its cover page over to display of the same quotation in big type under the black-letter head "The Broken Pledge," it is guilty of that very kind of incitement of bad feeling upon an inadequate basis of fact which it is so given to unctuously re-proving when it discusses the alleged attitude of the daily press in relation to labor controversies. For, though it may be maintained that the Administration was seriously compromised by this statement of Senator Husting's, it is going far beyond the facts to represent that statement as a solemn pledge, of such character that no stress of circumstances, no provocation, no threat of disaster to the country, could justify action such as that which was taken in relation to the coal strike.

Let it be noted, in the first place, that what we have before us is the oral statement by a Senator of an oral assurance given to him by the head of one executive Department as to what the latter said he had been authorized to state as the position of another Department. Anybody who is familiar with the possibilities of inaccuracy or error that arise in such a situation must be aware that there is a world of difference between a direct statement by the President or the Attorney General and a statement that has thus filtered through two intervening media. The Secretary of Labor, speaking for himself, would have had no more authority in the matter than the Secretary of the Navy or the Postmaster General; and it may perfectly well be that Attorney General Gregory either did not personally express any view on the subject—in which case Secretary Wilson's statement would have been based on an assurance from some subordinate authority in the Department of Justice—or that if he did he may have used language different from that which was employed by the Secretary of Labor, and may have implied that while the law did not abolish the right to strike, that right could not be exercised in a manner that would throttle the whole country and thus defeat the entire purpose of the bill.

Let us look, next, at the influence of Senator Husting's statement upon the passage of the bill. It is safe to say that that influence was practically *nil*. The vote was taken within an hour or so of the making of the statement, and the bill was passed by a vote of 66 to 7—almost ten to one. It is doubtful whether a single vote was cast in its favor on account of Mr. Husting's statement, and it is safe to say that at most not more than a very few votes can have thus been changed at the last moment. This would

be a safe conclusion on general principles; it is made quite certain by a reading of the debate that intervened between the making of the statement and the taking of the vote. The Senate had passed an amendment declaring that the bill did not apply to labor organizations; the House had rejected that amendment, and the conference committee had accepted the verdict of the House. The fact that under these circumstances the assurance given by Senator Husting would be a very slender reliance in case the bill became a law, was brought out with perfect clearness by Senator Reed; Senator Newlands, who spoke just before the vote was taken, and who voted for the bill, declared that he did so in spite of objecting to the effect he thought it would have in restricting the right to strike; and not a single Senator indicated that he attached any importance to Senator Husting's report of what Secretary Wilson said. The idea of a "pledge" is that of a promise made in order to obtain something in return; in this instance nothing was obtained, and there was no reason to imagine that anything could—at that last moment—be obtained.

But there is one more point, more important than any other. Every reader of the *New Republic* must get the impression, and must have been meant to get the impression, that the Administration had deliberately made this "pledge" in order to get the bill passed. Yet if the *New Republic* had quoted what immediately preceded the passage which it extracts from Senator Husting's speech, such an impression would have been impossible. "I was sufficiently interested," said Mr. Husting, "in the argument upon the legal effect of striking out the Hollis amendment to inquire from those who will have the administration of this law in their hands as to what construction would be placed upon it by them in the event that it became a law in its present form;" and then follows the above passage quoted by the *New Republic*. Thus it is upon the basis of a statement not made by the Administration of its own motion, not made at all by the President or by the Attorney General, and not made even by the Secretary of Labor except in response to a question asked by an individual Senator for the purpose of satisfying his own mind, that the *New Republic* deliberately puts the Administration into the pillory as an infamous breaker of a solemn pledge. Such off-hand branding applied to a Socialist agitator or a revolutionary labor leader would of course be an outrage; but since here it is only the President of the United States that is accused, and only the passions and prejudices of the enemies of the existing order that are inflamed, of course one need not be so particular.

Lawlessness and Human Nature

FEW things are easier than to cloak a bad lie in a bit of truth. The sharp outbursts of popular feeling occasioned by recent criminal aggressions of the I. W. W. and other lawless organizations are treated by a certain class among us as mere exhibitions of mob violence, not essentially different from anything else that goes by that rightly odious name. They are, of course, lawless, and it is the duty of the officers of the law sternly to repress them. But it is worth while to discriminate between things essentially unlike. To be punctiliously orderly and lawful towards classes pestiferously disorderly and unlawful is of course the ideal at which right-thinking citizens should aim. It is ordinarily impossible to vindicate law by breaking law, or successfully to employ disorder as a cure for its opposite. If the human mind and heart were geared to run with absolute logical precision, we might perhaps classify all lapses from law and order as immeasurably bad, and cease to worry over differences in degree. But men and deeds are what they are, and can best be transformed gradually into what they ought to be by recognizing them as they are and separating things that differ.

In the early days of the war, a certain class of "citizens" persisted in words and actions which, while just escaping the limits of criminal illegality, nevertheless plainly weakened and impeded our powers of resistance and gave aid and comfort to the enemy. If public opinion had not been outraged by such conduct, that very fact would have been the outward evidence of a state of mind incompatible with successful resistance, and Hohenzollern militarism would to-day be actively dominant over Europe, and potentially so over America as well. But that indignation the mere absence of which would be proof that genuine love of country had rotted from the nation's heart easily rises beyond the power of self-control, and personal assault upon the offenders against our cherished institutions, and those who support them, is the result. To treat these assaults as mere outbursts of criminal lawlessness, waxing as indignant against the perpetrators as against those who were guilty of the barbarities wreaked upon the non-combatants of Belgium, shows a lack of discrimination which the common sense of mankind instinctively rejects.

This blurring of moral distinctions during the war is identical with the spirit of pacifist journalists and radical extremists in their present attitude towards the current outbursts of public

Cutting Down the Corpse

feeling against the professed enemies of this and every other established government. To these men anything *established*, such as a written law, a court house, a judge, a title deed to a home, an official record of marriages or births, a soldier or policeman, a line fence or a lock and key, is as irritating as a red rag to a bull. But to the large majority of our people these things are absolute prerequisites, not only to a comfortable and happy life now, but to any humanly conceivable improvement in civilization for the future. Into typical American communities, thoroughly loyal to law and order as a principle, and to their embodiment, although still imperfect, in their own governmental institutions, this anarchistic element has been more and more persistently thrusting itself, sowing the seeds of lawlessness and disorder, advocating the overthrow of all government, preaching sabotage, arson, pillage and murder, practicing any or all of these crimes when the opportunity presents itself, knifing the Government in the back when it was facing the foe on the field of battle, and now shooting down our returned soldiers as they parade the streets in celebration of the return of peace. A condition of mind which could look upon all this without intense indignation, especially where it is seen right at hand, as in many parts of the Northwest, would tell of national rotteness beyond repair. We wish that this indignation had been kept within self-control; to wish that it had not existed would be to wish for something immeasurably worse morally, and sure in the end to lead to immeasurably more violent infractions of law.

Of course, the officers of the law should do their utmost to restrain all illegal manifestations of such feeling, and in keeping it within bounds the agencies of the law should have the heartiest support of good citizens and of the press. But their efforts to this end will be only impeded, not helped, by the course of men whose perverseness of spirit, or weakness of understanding, leads them to charge the wrong only or chiefly against the one side that is possessed of a fundamental love of country and a strong partiality for institutions of law and order which had their birth in human experience, feeling its way slowly to a more satisfactory life. And the vigor of the law in suppressing these secondary disorders will be not merely useless, but positively harmful, if it does not go hand in hand with the utmost vigor in dealing with the more dangerous primary offenses by which the others are evoked. Nor should this work be hampered by false distinctions between men who commit crimes of treason or violence with their own hands, and those who confine their efforts to inciting crime in others.

SWINGS dismally from a bridge in Centralia the body of a man. What does America think of it, her eyes turned westward? Or are her eyes more regardful of the bodies of four of her soldier sons which lie crumpled in the public square of Centralia? You can tell much concerning the man who will honestly confess to you which spectacle cuts him most to the heart; you know all you need to know of the man who believes that nothing really happened at Centralia beyond a regrettable exhibition of mob fury.

But the body swinging from the bridge, later cut down and buried huger-mugger by four of his accomplices under guard, is worth a glance. The man's name is reported to be Wesley Everett. What the devil, Wesley Everett—the devil whom one-half of your name worsted in fight and whose existence the other half denied to his face—what the devil were you doing in that galley? Maybe that isn't your name; maybe the papers got it wrong. Maybe you just picked it up for convenience. Or maybe you were a sort of black sheep that the old folks have got over feeling bad about. Listen to a few things, Wesley. You are full of bullet holes and your kicking heels will never gain footing on the slipping waters of the Chehalis River. As well listen to a few things.

Do you know, Wesley, why you hang there? You are an anachronism. Hard to have your neck broken just for being an anachronism? That same has cost a wrench to many a fairer neck than that black swire of yours, Wesley. Just what you hoped to see, too, wasn't it?—some of them who go lolling by in their automobiles, fat with the food that belongs of right to the workingman. That was the talk, wasn't it? Revolution—up-so-downy? That's what proves you were an anachronism, Wesley.

Did you ever hear, Wesley, of Oliver Cromwell?—an English country gentleman—a farmer, if you like, and no friend, by the way, to some of your Irish friends. It was a sad business, Wesley, a costly business; but what can you do when you've a king on your hands who proposes to bend a whole nation to his own sweet will? Served him right! *Sic semper*, in effect? Ah, it's not so simple as that; but it settled some things, Wesley—that and what came after, down to and including the business to which another English gentleman set his hand. Yes—Washington. It was settled, Wesley, once and for all, that the people rule. And if they change their minds, they

know how to change their rule without going in for revolution, Wesley. That's finished, that's out of date, that's an anachronism. Too bad to swing there, Wesley, for being a reactionary.

How did it happen you didn't know that, Wesley? The fellows—you know them—that you call "Charlie" and "Jake" because you don't know what their real names are and couldn't pronounce 'em if you did—perhaps they're not so much to blame. They're raw; they didn't get these things settled a couple of hundred years ago; didn't get it out of their systems when they were young and could stand it. If you'd been born a German or a Russian it would be easier to understand. But how did they rope you in to help them sow their political wild oats in a country that had been plowed and cropped to that harvest before your great-grandfather was born? Too bad to swing there, Wesley, for being a fool.

Was there a weak spot in you, Wesley? There is, in some of the best; gives way most astonishingly sometimes. That business of Cromwell's—it wasn't finished to the satisfaction of some. They wanted more than they got, got more than it was good for the world to let them keep. Never heard of the Independents? No, just Independents, nothing more. Never heard of the "root and branch" men? Put it into Latin and you'll understand—Radicals. Or the Fifth Monarchy men? Or the Anabaptists? The kind that want to remake the world from the bottom up, with themselves on top; the "lunatic fringe" of Puritanism, and always coming out strong when Puritanism dominates. It took chiefly a religious form in the old days, but many things were lumped under religion then. It's not the core of the matter, nor the bulk, but a kind of diffused maggotry. Nowadays it's as likely to be atheist as religious; "Bohemian" as Prohibition; or it might be atheist and Prohibition both at once; you never can tell. It's as likely to be fanatically immoral as fanatically moral. But it's always fanatic, it always feels that it must be busy establishing some new kind of kingdom. That's what's the trouble with some of your rich friends, Wesley, who egged you on. It proved too much for Cromwell, but not too much for the English people; they knew how to smother it. But it's always with us, Wesley; the dregs of Puritanism working out, and working strong just now. After all, perhaps you do come honestly by your name. Too bad, Wesley Everett, to swing there for being a Puritan.

Little enough time to go into detail, Wesley. They'll be along presently to cut you down—clear you out of the way. There were some things you honestly had

on your heart. Some things that aren't quite fair. Fewer than there used to be, Wesley, though more than in good time there will be. But you went the wrong way round in your folly, you and your foreign friends and your rich "intellectual" friends, blasted and unwholesome buddings of the Puritan stock. There's a better way, aye and a shorter way, and the world will take it. It's known you and your like this many a long year. They're coming now to cut you down, Wesley. Forgive the uncivil despatch of it all. There's the devil in all of us, who'll come out if he's sufficiently invited. You'll understand, of course, and forgive. You don't want to swing there forever, Wesley, blocking the path.

Woman's Chance In Public Affairs

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that the National American Woman's Suffrage party intends shortly to vote itself out of existence. In line with the action of the State organizations, the National Suffrage party is to become the National League of Women Voters. The fight, in other words, is over, the victory won, or almost as good as won; and the party militant becomes the party triumphant. Justice, so far as it was a question of justice, has been done and Heaven has not fallen—no sensible person really expected it would—either in wrathful destruction or to inaugurate its reign on earth. The fact, in fine, is accomplished, and that amounts to saying that it now begins to be important. Everything having been done, everything remains to do.

Three questions very much on the conscience of the nineteenth century—the question of slavery, the question of equality of rights and privileges between the sexes, and the question of prohibition—have each in its way passed beyond the realm of question into the realm of fact. In large measure, the three went together—the mind that was strongly agitated by one of them was, as a rule, agitated by all of them. But not one of them actually made substantial advance to a settlement on what might roughly be called moral grounds alone. The question of slavery was the first of them to attach itself to a political vehicle in which it was finally borne to a settlement. Upon the sequel of that settlement, it is not possible to look with unalloyed satisfaction; the problem it left behind is still with us.

The prohibition issue, under stress of war and fortified by a social habit that had come somewhat loosely to regard the question as a factor in "efficiency," has only just now succeeded in furnishing itself with a political vehicle that could

carry it out of the realm of morals—of life as some people think it ought to be—into the realm of life as it is. And its triumph appears too factitious, involving on one side a stern elation that may easily over-reach itself and on the other an easy assent that may stubbornly reverse itself, to encourage a belief that the problem once settled—and it is not even settled yet—will be anywhere but on our hands.

Far brighter hopes, however, may reasonably be entertained concerning the third problem—equality of suffrage. Upon the emancipated slave was pre-emptively laid a task greater than he proved able to bear. Upon society, prohibition lays a task the seriousness of whose difficulties remains to be disclosed. Upon emancipated woman is laid a task to which there is every reason to believe she is equal. Fortunately, it has come upon her only gradually. Thousands of women have gone quietly about the business of demonstrating their ability to enhance economic productivity in time of peace and to bear an equal and indispensable share in the production of society in time of war. So long as the question was "Why?", suffrage had no standing in life as it is; when life as lived by a goodly number of women was potent to change the question into "Why not?", suffrage becomes a fact.

In this case, then, the question is not whether the new institution will work, but what it will accomplish. Such a beginning as renounces the notion of the formation of a separate woman's party, of any effort to organize and deliver the votes of women as a whole, points the course of wisdom. Politically, it seems to say, women will trust those instincts which for better or worse they share with men, and express them in ways which men have already found more or less workable; women will vote as constituent members of mankind and not as ambassadors from another world, angelic or what not. Next, it may be taken as meaning that they will not be too immediately avid of power, as power. Who through the ages have learned to rule without seeming to rule will not lightly cast aside a strength as real as it is unique for the empty honor of office, impotent if it comes too soon. The test of too sudden political responsibility on a large scale she may pray to be spared.

Success in this new political experiment rests on the breadth and soundness of its foundations. Yet there are large numbers of women in every community on a sudden endowed with a franchise which, whether they know how to use it or not, they do not particularly wish to use at all. Part of this potential vote its leaders may exploit; part of it they may frighten or disgust into permanent inactivity; all of it, or most of it, they

may, if they move wisely, educate to the point of recognizing a responsibility which cannot be evaded, which must be exercised, and which must, in its exercise, operate for good or very definite ill. Women may, that is, allow themselves to be organized and set up for sale to political bosses who will bid them in in exchange for a few offices, or they may first go quietly about the discharge of certain specialized political tasks, exercising their general functions as well as they can—they can hardly do worse in this respect than a great many men do—and thus hope measurably to alter the efficient machinery of politics instead of merely adding to its bulk.

Some of the political functions to which women are most immediately adapted, not so much through particular disabilities on their part as through special aptitudes, were ably pointed out in an article in last week's REVIEW. They are, in a word, those which vitally affect the community, such as the education in seemly American living of the alien resident, the mental and physical health of the child in the school, order and comeliness in public places, and the general enrichment of the civic life. These tasks should not be contemptuously termed small because they demand a certain fineness which men have seldom brought to their execution. They can be valued highly not only for their own sake but for the educative opportunity they afford. For unless women eventually educate themselves to be in some respects better voters than the men have been, and educate the men by the way, the world may be half-inclined to regret that it ever laid upon them the burden—along with the privilege—of the ballot box.

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The Two Bolshevisms

AT last the country has awakened to the Red menace, yet this awakening is far from being comprehensive and satisfactory. It is rather that of the good-natured giant, who, aroused by the mordant and repulsive activities of a lot of fleas, strikes about him wildly and disposes of a certain number of the tiny pests, without eradicating the nuisance. Radicals are being rounded up all over the country, I. W. W. and Bolshevik headquarters raided, tons of seditious and inflammatory propaganda literature seized, and in a few instances radical leaders held for trial. All of this is well as far as it goes, but it is a very superficial way of dealing with a serious problem.

The vast majority of the persons arrested are ignorant aliens. Sometimes their offense is distributing revolutionary circulars; sometimes it is attending radical meetings. In reality they are more sinned against than sinning. Few indeed of them would be engaged in such activities, or subject to the incitement of vicious agitators, if they had been given but a slight understanding of what America and its free institutions really mean to them. If in their ignorance they are abandoned to the wiles of unscrupulous leaders who befuddle their childish minds with Socialistic patter and high-sounding, hate-inciting phrases about "capitalism" and "imperialism," the result is our own, and it is the price that we must pay for our neglect to take the necessary and obvious steps to assimilate this part of our population and establish their economic well-being.

A large portion, perhaps ninety per cent. or more, of those who have run afoul of the authorities are illiterate Russians. They are, by nature, a simple, kindly folk, imaginative, idealistic, and thirsty for education. Practically the only institutions that have been at work on them and that have attempted to satisfy this craving for knowledge have been the well-financed Bolshevik organizations, together with their skilled propagandists. Given a chance of anything better, they seize it with avidity. A good illustration of this is the recently organized Russian Collegiate Institute. Educated and intelligent Russians in this city some time ago recognized the danger and the menace. They knew that if these conditions continued, their ignorant compatriots would either develop into a bad element here or, provided they returned to Russia, would bring with them no enlightened understanding of American institutions, and would constitute a further source of disorder. Out of their own scanty resources they contributed the funds to start a school. Then the Carnegie Foundation generously came to

their support. Now they are reaching thousands of men, women, and children every week with lectures and night classes, non-partisan and non-political. The striking and illuminating thing is that hundreds of simple Russians who call themselves Bolsheviks are flocking to the Institute. This points the way clearly to the enlightened treatment of one side of the problem of the Red menace.

But there are two entirely distinct Bolshevisms, and a confusion between the two is responsible for much of our blundering in dealing with a state of affairs that constitutes the greatest threat to civilization since the fall of Rome.

One Bolshevism is that phenomenon which swept over Russia and which in various manifestations threatens to engulf the rest of Europe. Theoretically, it is the putting into practice of Marxian communism. These doctrines, so impracticable that they fall down when tried out, would have had few followers had it not been for the war. It was the mass-psychology resulting from the war that made whole peoples receptive to their contagion. Millions of men are taken from their accustomed surroundings and for years lead a dreary existence in the trenches, without the dash and changing scene of open warfare. The romance is gone and everywhere is nothing but violence and suffering. Individuality is crushed and the primitive instincts come to the surface. There is sullen resentment at the men at home who enjoyed security and profited. Inequalities of wealth and position stand forth in hated relief. The old order has broken down and a new one must be set up that will do away with these inequalities. What a man desires he must take with his own right arm.

This was the fertile ground into which the seeds of communistic theory were scattered. Unrest there was already, hunger and the breakdown of economic life had prepared the way. Do not think of the Bolshevism that followed as merely disorder and mob rule. It had in the beginning its idealistic side, for millions of weary folk believed they saw just ahead a Utopia, where the workers should inherit the earth, where drones should no longer fatten on the toil of others, where comfort and happiness should be the lot of all. Such was the vision dangled before the eyes of hungry and desperate men by unscrupulous leaders with their glib phrases about capitalism, imperialism, and the exploiting bourgeoisie. Bitterly were they to repent later, when the mirage had faded.

The other Bolshevism is something far

different and its true nature is now beginning to appear. It is a plot so gigantic and comprehensive that it staggers the imagination, a conspiracy to set up a world-autocracy. When Trotzky explained his plans to a friend in America some twelve years ago, they sounded so wild and improbable as to raise doubts as to his sanity. Yet to-day they are being fulfilled to the letter and the insignificant little soap-box orator and pamphleteer holds under his sway a hundred million people, terrorized and inert.

The plan of the plot was cynical and ruthless to the last degree. All civilized governments were in turn to be undermined, corrupted, and broken down. Every sort of treachery, deceit, intimidation, bribery, and corruption was to be employed. Presidents and legislators subservient to them were to be elected and then to be held in line by blackmail. Public taste was to be debauched, and the universities were to be penetrated with the teaching of fallacious economic doctrines. Strikes were to be fomented and Socialism was to be spread as a means of arousing among the workingmen hatred against the bourgeoisie. Russia would furnish the first opportunity for seizing power, since a revolution among this ignorant people would bring chaos.

The war gave them their chance. The Bolshevism first mentioned was their instrument. They had prepared the ground well beforehand and their thousands of agents, utterly unscrupulous, adepts at lying propaganda, and stopping at no crime, were at work everywhere. Thousands of these flocked into Russia after the March revolution, and presently they overturned the Government. Everything went according to schedule. They made the poor deluded people believe that a workingmen's government had been set up, and proceeded to exterminate all the bourgeoisie and *intelligentsia* who would not take service under them and do their bidding. Then they boldly seized power and set up such an autocracy and tyranny as even Russia had never seen, doing lip service meanwhile to the Bolshevik formulas, but using a mercenary army and ruthless terror to exercise absolute power over the cowed and helpless people. Such is Bolshevism at Moscow to-day.

But their scheme is not yet complete. They have created an army under iron discipline, but they have not been able to do constructive and productive work. The rottenness and corruption which they invoked to achieve power now remain to curse them. They are threatened on all sides by armies of loyal Russia. To retain their power and extend it, they must cause revolution elsewhere, or, failing in this, they must so disrupt the forces against them that other nations will perforce swallow their disgust and make

peace with them, thus giving them a breathing space to prepare for the overthrow of other Governments. Their weapon as before is propaganda. In the use of it they are past-masters and in employing it they shrink from no crime.

This is the Bolshevism that threatens America. The other sort we can take care of easily. Just let the I. W. W. and other radicals start riots and see how quickly they will be crushed and their perpetrators punished. Let William Z. Foster and his kind incite revolutionary strikes, and the American people will speak in no uncertain tone. But the other Bolshevik activities are more insidious and dangerous, and imprisoning or deporting a few hundred ignorant aliens will not thwart them. Their agents are active in all walks of life and many

of their clever schemes are so well cloaked as to enlist the assistance of hosts of well-meaning people, who do not realize that they are being duped. So, for example, they start an association for labor legislation, an association against intervention in Mexico, an association for the liberation of oppressed peoples, an association for lifting the blockade against Soviet Russia. They circulate a mass of lies and misrepresentation concerning the situation in Russia and bring influence to bear on needy or corrupt politicians and venal journals. These are the sort of activities we must trace out and combat if we are to meet the real Bolshevik danger and defeat the attempt to establish the new autocracy.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Rights of the Senate

PUBLIC interest in the issues immediately at stake in the contest over the completion of the Treaty of Versailles on the part of the United States has been so great that comparatively little attention, either official or unofficial, has been given to the Constitutional aspects of the struggle. Yet as we irrevocably set our course upon the sea of world affairs nothing can be more important than that our Constitutional point of departure should be the true one, and that both we and others should understand the chart by which we must sail. And the developments of the last four months have made plain that it is particularly to be hoped that both at home and abroad there may be an intelligent understanding of the Constitutional position of the Senate in treaty-making. Concerning no aspect of this position has misunderstanding been more general than with reference to the respective powers and duties of the President and the Senate in the negotiation, as distinct from the ratification of treaties.

That this misunderstanding has been shared, and consequently fostered, by Mr. Wilson may partially explain his failure to utilize any of the well-recognized means by which he might have attempted to secure in advance a reasonable agreement between the Senate and himself with reference to the terms of the treaty. To those who may find it difficult to believe that so high an authority as a President of the United States could possibly err in such a matter, we would cite the patent and undeniable misunderstanding of the Senate procedure upon treaties which Mr. Wilson revealed upon his second return from Europe as a reminder that, after all, no man is infallible.

Mr. Wilson's conception of the Constitutional position of the Senate in the

negotiation of treaties was revealed by the remarkable statement which he made on August 28 in declining to submit to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations the then uncompleted treaties with Austria and certain other countries. He wrote:

I am sure that the Committee on Foreign Relations will appreciate the undesirability of creating the precedent which would be created by submitting treaties in their draft form. It would tend to take the function of negotiating treaties out of the hands of the Executive, *where it is expressly vested by the Constitution* (The italics are the writer's).

That the President should have addressed this constitutional dictum to Senator Lodge may be regarded as one of those coincidences which are not infrequent in public life. For in 1902, a year far removed from the "partisanship" of to-day, the Senator from Massachusetts wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* an admirable essay upon this very subject. In this essay he quoted the Constitutional provision with reference to appointments to office, in order to define more clearly the one relating to treaties:

He (the President) shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, etc.

Mr. Lodge then adds:

It is well to note that the carefully phrased section gives the President absolute and unrestricted right to nominate, and the Senate can only advise and consent to the appointment of a given person. All right to interfere in the remotest degree with the power of nomination and the consequent power of selection is wholly taken from the Senate. Very different is the wording of the treaty clause. There the words "by and with the advice and consent of" come in after the words "shall have power" and before the

power referred to is defined. The "advice and consent of the Senate" are therefore coextensive with the "power" conferred upon the President, which is "to make treaties," and apply to the entire process of treaty-making.

Senator Lodge concludes that, except for their want of authority to send or to receive diplomatic agents, and their consequent inability to initiate a negotiation, the Senate, under the language of the Constitution and in the intent of the framers, stands on a perfect equality with the President in the making of treaties. The President, not by "express" grant, but as a part of his power to "make treaties," through his sole right to send and to receive diplomatic agents, and from the very nature of his office is, indeed, charged with the actual conduct of all negotiations with foreign Powers. But in the matter of treaties, the Constitution clearly provides that he shall negotiate, as well as ratify them, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

It is further set forth in Senator Lodge's essay that after Washington had found it inexpedient always to consult the Senate prior to or during the negotiation of treaties, this course has been followed only occasionally; and, in his authoritative work on the subject, Samuel B. Crandall cites twelve "exceptional" cases in which later Executives have followed out the clear intention of the framers of the Constitution, in consulting the Senate prior to the opening of negotiations. The fact is that experience showed both Washington and the Senate of his day that the Constitutional plan was impracticable, and in consequence formal consultation concerning negotiations was dropped at the time of the Jay treaty. Washington, however, met both the Constitutional and the practical needs of the situation by assuring himself of Senatorial support through close cooperation with individual Senators who actually could speak for the majority of their colleagues. Most of his successors have followed his example by availing themselves of the recognized facilities for contact offered by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. The Senate, as a rule, has been satisfied with this arrangement, and its acceptance of the substance without stickling as to the form of its prerogative has in no way vitiated its Constitutional rights and duties in the matter.

Now, if Mr. Wilson really believes, and there is no reason for doubting his sincerity, that "the function of negotiating treaties" is "expressly vested by the Constitution" in the "hands of the Executive," his course in practically ignoring the Senate prior to and during the negotiations at Paris, and his attitude towards Senatorial opposition since his return to this country become more comprehensible than they otherwise are.

They do not, however, become less inimical to the present and the future interests of the United States, or less out of harmony with the Constitution. The long struggle which has delayed the consummation and jeopardized the very existence of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, threatened the safety of the world, and raised doubts in many quarters as to the good faith and disinterestedness of the United States is, in large measure, the result of the President's application of his theory that the Senate has no Constitutional function in treaty-making save that of consenting, or refusing to consent, to the ratification of a completed agreement. If Mr. Wilson's understanding is to be accepted as valid, and it has been little questioned, it follows that the makers of the Constitution deliberately provided a treaty-making process which is likely at any time to produce such dangerous delays and deadlocks. It must be assumed that they created an inefficient and defective instrument for the performance of one of the most important functions of government. To reach this conclusion, however, one must ignore one of the fundamental canons of Constitutional construction, and do violence to the plain language of the treaty clause in order to obtain a meaning less desirable and less in harmony with the rest of the instrument than that which is derived from a plain reading of the provision in question. Such a thing is not to be done. The framers meant just what they said when they empowered the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties." And there can be no doubt that the obligation imposed by the qualifying phrase is a legal as well as a moral one.

If the President of the United States can have so misunderstood the Constitutional rights and duties of his colleagues in treaty-making, it is not strange that both American and foreign thought on the subject should be a bit hazy. Should the misconception be confirmed, a serious injury will have been done to one of the most characteristic of our institutions. Although they have formally acquiesced in it, foreigners have never liked, or really understood, the Constitutional provision which makes it possible for the Senate to prevent the ratification of a treaty which the President has caused to be signed. Had Mr. Wilson succeeded in forcing the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles "without the crossing of a *t* or the dotting of an *i*," his success would have been accepted abroad, and at home, too, as the vindication of his conception of the respective powers and duties of the President and the Senate with reference to all treaties. In consequence, every American diplomat who, in future negotiations, should attempt to include

or to exclude any provision under plea of being to some extent under Senatorial control, would have found the ground largely cut from under his feet. Not only would the operation of our peculiar system of treaty-making have been made more difficult, but our position in future diplomatic struggles would have been materially weakened. As to domestic politics, the Senate already is at an obvious disadvantage in any contest with the President, who, if he possess the qualities of national leadership, is in a position to override any other department of the Government which may oppose him—as Mr. Wilson himself pointed out while still a professor of politics. Once let it be generally understood that the President is under no obligation even to attempt to reach some understanding with the Senate before signing treaties, which thereafter can be altered only at

great cost, and not only are many of the advantages which this country has drawn from its Constitutional method of treaty-making gone forever, but the door is opened either to autocratic executive control, or to confusion and weakness in the conduct of our foreign relations.

Thus a Constitutional issue of real importance has been involved in the struggle of the past four months. And the outcome is, in large extent, on the myriad laps of the great god Demos. If Senators can make clear to our own people, and to those of other nations, the real nature of the Constitutional responsibilities in treaty-making which rest upon them and upon the President, they will have performed a genuine service to the nation, no matter what may be the more immediate result of their action upon the treaty itself.

RALSTON HAYDEN

Correspondence

Judge Rose on the Reservations

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Many of the differences over some of the proposed reservations to the League Covenant grow out of the fact that the President of the United States does not hold office at the will of Congress. This is especially true as to the reservations concerning Article X. The Council of the League seldom can act except by unanimous consent, that is by the vote of our representative in it. Foreign editors are asking why, then, does anyone wish that before any determination of the Council shall be even morally binding upon America it must be approved by Congress? They do not hear that anyone in other countries desires anything of the kind. Why do any of us?

The answer is because the centre of gravity in our Constitutional system does not lie where it does in theirs. No Premier in England, France, or Italy could keep his place if he instructed or permitted his country's representative in the Council to vote contrary to the strongly held convictions of the majority of his Parliament. He rules his country so long as he has the political confidence of his chambers, and no longer.

Our history shows that for nearly half the time one or both houses of Congress are controlled by the party opposed to the Administration for the time being. In only nineteen of the thirty-three Congresses chosen since the formation of the Republican party have both branches been in even nominal accord with the President. In many of those in which he and the majority of each chamber belong to the same political party he failed

to obtain its approval for some important item of his programme; as, for example, a Democratic House refused to assent to Buchanan's recommendation that Kansas should be admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, and a Republican Senate refused to ratify Grant's treaty for annexing San Domingo.

If the recommendations of the League Council shall be held to have any morally obligatory force here, it will necessarily follow that to the extent that they are binding they will become so by the approval of the President alone, for he will appoint and instruct our members of the Council. Congress will have no voice in it, except to do what may be necessary to give effect to an obligation which we cannot in honor repudiate. The President of the United States will exercise a power which no one else in any of the great nations of the world now has, the Mikado perhaps excepted.

There are those who believe it is not well to invest any one man with so great and so unchecked an authority. They feel that neither our country nor our Presidents will be the better for it. On the other hand, it is hard for the people of our allies to understand our Constitutional system well enough to put themselves in our place. They are puzzled why some of us, alone among the nations, are asking for an unlimited right to review the decisions of the League. That it is possible we shall do so may well seem to many of them both selfish and insolent.

A League which must ask the approval of the American Congress for every one of its important judgments will lose not a little of its prestige, and that is no trifling matter.

It is not the purpose of this letter to intimate any opinion as to whether it will be less dangerous so greatly to increase the Presidential power than to make the League seem to many men of many lands a weak and feeble thing. All that is intended is to point out that we shall do one or the other.

JOHN C. ROSE

New York, November 17

Dr. Beilby Porteus

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Can you or any of your readers give any information on the life of Dr. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London, 1787 to 1808?

In some way he became deeply indebted to one of my ancestors, as is shown by letters from him which we still have in the family and by the fact that he interested himself greatly in the welfare of my grandfather.

There is a tradition in the family that in his youth he was sent to America as an indentured prisoner, having been arrested as a sympathizer with the cause of the young pretender; that his indenture was bought by a Mr. Jennings of Annapolis, whose daughter had married one of my forebears in Virginia, and that he was employed as tutor in the family of this daughter of Mr. Jennings.

From the short sketch of him given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it would seem that it could hardly be possible that he ever came to America under such circumstances as are recited, but there seems to be an hiatus in his life in that account from 1731, the date of his birth, to 1752, and it might of course be possible.

Any information bearing on this would be greatly appreciated.

JAMES B. LATIMER

547 West Jackson Boulevard,
Chicago, November 5

Laurier's Poetic Work

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

While the late Sir Wilfried Laurier was recognized as an orator of the first rank, in both French and English, his speeches, in Parliament and elsewhere, being marked by deep thought, statesman-like conceptions, and elegance of diction, none ever suspected that in his early days he had actually wooed the Muses. His public addresses on all manner of subjects are really poems in prose. Few men of his day, in Canada or elsewhere, had so perfect a command of the English language. Here and there in his speeches sparkle gems of poetic thought, but that he ever attempted to write verse was never suspected. It is

also remarkable that his poems were all written between 1863 and 1867. It would seem as if, with the coming of Confederation and the opening out of a great political career for this young man, he abandoned the Muses to devote all his talents and energies to the achievement of something more important for his country and fellow-countrymen. Be that as it may, the fact remains that his sole efforts in the line of verse are confined to that period when his health was poor and his future was exceedingly uncertain.

Like Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and like Hon. Joseph Howe, Laurier wrote his sentiments in verse before launching into the more rugged career of a politician. Moreover, his youth was cast in a time and amongst men whose literary successes have shed a glow upon the sky of Canadian letters—especially French Canadian literature.

He completed his classical course and his law studies and began the practice of his profession in the days of Crémazie, Faucher-de-Saint-Maurice, Legendre, Chapman, Louis Honoré Fréchette, Pamphile Lemay, Garneau the historian, Arthur Buies, Lusignan, and a host of minor poets and pamphleteers; it was also the period in which flourished some of the brightest lights in Canadian journalism—Dansereau, Trudel, Tasse, Barthelot, and their contemporaries; his life-long and most intimate friend and associate, both in law and in letters, was the present Senator L. O. David, whose prolific pen has done more, perhaps, than any other to embellish the pages of French Canadian history and traditions. Breathing the same atmosphere as such men, living in such surroundings, it is not at all to be wondered at that young Laurier should have absorbed some of that spirit which impells the young man to court the deities from Olympus.

The following are two of the shorter poems which the pen of the eminent statesman traced in those far away days when life was just commencing for him.

POEME INEDIT

(Le 5 janvier, 1863)

Comme l'onde qui fuit de rivage en rivage,
Sans suspendre jamais son cours sur nulle page,
Tels poussés du destin qui nous tient enchaînés
Nos jours fuient du berceau vers la tombe entraînés.

Le Temps marche toujours d'une aile infatigable;
Il n'est point de repos pour sa main redoutable;

Elle va, détruisant, bâtissant, tour à tour,
Pour bâtir et détruire encore un autre jour.

Si quelque éclair de joie illumine ma vie,
En vain je crie au Temps, en vain je le supplie
De ralentir l'essor de son vol destructeur,
De me laisser jouir d'un instant de bonheur.

Comme un gladiateur dans la cité romaine,
Aux cent mille braves du peuple dans l'arène,
Etreint son ennemi de son bras de géant,
L'étouffe, et plein d'orgueil, le rejette sanglant,

Tel le Temps me saisit dans le sein de ma joie;
Il m'entraîne avec lui, comme l'aigle sa proie;
Il m'abandonne enfin, sa main me laisse aller,
Pour me reprendre, et puis, me laisser retomber.

A UN PAPILLON

(En mai, 1867)

Doux petit papillon, à peine dans la nuit
Commence de briller ma lampe solitaire,
Comme le plomb fatal qui vers le but s'enfuit,
Tu tombes palpitant sur la pâle lumière.

Et chaque fois pourtant tes pures ailes d'or
A la flamme brûlante ont laissé des parcelles;
Quel atroce plaisir peut t'amener encore
Y chercher aujourd'hui des tortures nouvelles?

Comme toi, papillon, jadis naïf enfant,
A gravir du succès l'inaccessible cime,
J'ai versé sans profit le meilleur de mon sang,
Et de ma folle ardeur suis retombé victime.

These selections are offered by one who knew Laurier in 1877, at the dawn of his political life in Quebec East, and to whom the dead statesman wrote, on December 20, last, one month before his death: "your remarks in your letter of yesterday are but another confirmation of our life-long and unclouded friendship." To translate these relics, from splendid French verse into very halting English, has been a labor of considerable difficulty, but, until they appear in book form, readers of the *Review* will find enjoyment in the originals.

J. K. FORAN

Ottawa, Canada, October 2.

Book Reviews

Queries the World Over

CAESAR OR NOTHING. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Louis How. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE STRONGEST (Les Plus Forts). By Georges Clemenceau. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE HOME AND THE WORLD. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Translated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE FACE OF THE WORLD. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THE PALE HORSE. By "Ropshin" (Boris Savinkov). Translated from the Russian by L. Vengerova. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

AN ADOPTED HUSBAND (Sono Omokage). A Translation from the Original Japanese of Futabatei by Buchachiro Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

SO far as can be made out by the casual reader (for the publishers are singularly noncommittal in their announcements) most of these books, now first put into English, were written years ago. None of them alludes to the war, or clearly describes it in the immediate future. But with singular unanimity they are all concerned with those conflicting forces and ideals which, a decade or two decades ago, already menaced the disruption of civilization. From Spain, France, Norway, Russia, India, Japan, they bring their bits of testimony to the struggles, conscious or unconscious, going on the world over, in the early years of this century, between the individual and the social ideal, between the strong and the weak, between convenience and justice, between "the home and the world"—the very matters with which the ante-bellum fiction of England and America were chiefly concerned.

The author of "The Pale Horse" has borne his active part in the affairs of modern Russia. Son of a Russian official, he became in youth a terrorist; had part in the killing of Grand Duke Sergius and von Plehve; was condemned to death, but escaped to Switzerland. In the late war he fought with the French till the Russian Revolution, when he joined the Russian Army, later becoming Kerensky's Minister of War. . . . This is a tale out of his early experiences as a revolutionary. It does not sentimentalize the business of intrigue and assassination. But it helps us comprehend the paradox of the Russian soul, which, bitterly distrusting itself, yet seeks to destroy whatever has the air of being beyond and above itself. The five or six conspirators of the story are dreamers, egotists, mystics, sensualists, lovers, and avengers, all in a jumble. Vania, with his kindly nature and pious heart, is yet sworn to "the cause"; it is he who slays the Gov-

ernor. So fate wills: "It's impossible to break the chain," he mourns. "There is no way out for me, none whatever. I am out to kill, yet I believe in the Word, I adore Christ. Oh, the agony of it!" George, who professes to have no faith nor hope nor joy in anything, and is also out to kill, succeeds in killing only his mistress's husband, an object of his personal jealousy—and finally himself, the object of his supreme contempt. Beneath his defiance and despair remains the unwilling recognition of that without which life has no meaning: "I recall: 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is love.' I do not love, and I do not know God. Vania knew. . . . Did he really know?"

"An Adopted Husband" is the work (some fifteen years old or more) of one of the first of Japanese writers to study and imitate foreign methods in fiction. The new Japan of the eighties could not be content with her outworn conventional forms of story-telling. "Futabatei" studied Russian literature, translated Turgeniev, and turned, with many of his contemporaries, to naturalism from the wooden unreality of classical Japanese fiction. The "adopted husband" of this story is a weak, well-meaning, ill-fated victim of conditions and forces with which he cannot cope. He is victim of a mechanical marriage, a malicious mother-in-law, a belated passion, a gradual crushing by the commercialized society of which the smug and prosperous Hamura is exemplar. Hamura "succeeds" in life; Tetsuya, with his fine if feeble nature, goes to the wall.

"Caesar or Nothing," is also a tale of defeated idealism. Why is Pio Baroja, as certainly peer as contemporary of the now famous Blasco Ibañez, so little acceptable, speaking relatively, to English and American readers? Two important novels of his have now been for some time before us in English dress. They are full of wit, of human nature, of a cool yet wistful irony. Their persons, their conversation, have extraordinary verisimilitude. But they lack the "big bow-wow" strain, the large impressive gesture, and rotund voice that have made Blasco Ibañez master of a huge miscellaneous audience. Baroja would not be able to pretend to take that audience quite seriously. Yet that audience, or the great majority it hints at, is in a way his theme, or at least the object of his solicitude. His *Cæsar Moncada*, like the young hero of "The City of the Discreet," is a Spaniard of uncommonly good mind and broad education who puts himself on the side of the people in their dawning struggle against the tyranny of the priest-ridden state. The one signalizes his surrender of his generous youth by

entering the fight for worldly and individual success. The other, *Cæsar*, finding it impossible to be himself, that is, to be useful in his world, becomes frankly "nothing": the faintly mocking dilettante husband of a rich wife; not beneath, or above, occasional mention by fellow-collectors or in the "society column." A book that ends with a sigh and a smile and a shrug offers little comfort to an ambitious proletariat, and is by no means framed to take the Great Half-Baked by storm.

"Les Plus Forts," now rendered (anonymously) into English, seems to have been written a good many years ago, while the Tiger of France was earning his nickname as a leader of the Radical forces in French politics. Admirable as a novel, it is also an eloquent deposition in the case of the higher civilization against what we have learned to call Prussianism. The triumphant bourgeois Harlé, with his insatiable pursuit of money and power, preaches openly the doctrine of "the strongest," born to dominate; challenges the majority to show their superior power to rule the world—beneficently. He concedes no rights in the industrial and social fields that are not won in fair fight. Offset against him is the "fallen feudal chieftain," Marquis de Puymafray. Out of his libertine youth he has rescued one great devotion, which reveals to him the barrenness of a world ruled by self-seeking. These two are lifelong intimates; and the struggle of creeds centres in their battle for the soul of the girl Claudia Harlé, who is really the child of Puymafray's love. Harlé, with his millions and their attendant luxuries and pleasures, wins for the time, but we leave Puymafray confident that in the end Claudia, like humanity at large, will perceive that we are all of one body and can only work out our destiny by loving one another and helping one another.

"The Home and the World" is of simpler and firmer texture than anything with the Tagore label thus far composed or conveyed in English. It lifts a hand of caution against the perils to the individual and the family of a loose egotism which, consciously or unconsciously, pursues license and personal gain in the name of liberty and humanity. And it says a word for loyalty to ties upon which the sacred past has set its seal. Readers for whom the name Tagore, for all its recent "vogue," has persistently connoted a rather musky and enervating mysticism may find plenty of vigor and plain human feeling in this story.

"The Face of the World" is similar in temper, almost in theme, to "The Great Hunger," which not long since introduced this distinguished Norwegian novelist to readers of English. Peer Holm,

you recall, having lost everything, having suffered every malice of fate and his fellow men, finds his soul and dauntlessly bears witness to his faith: "I went and sowed corn in my enemy's field that God might exist." So the Howard Mark of this story seems to have spent himself in vain. His generous efforts for a new brotherhood among men, his quiet service of a community, alike are flouted and brought to nothing. . . . "Dreams are a crime. Realities are money, robbery, police, prison, and war. The rest is nonsense. You who try to take a share in everything that happens, you with the wounded, bleeding world's conscience, you stretch yourself upon the cross and bleed like a fool. You help no one. Reality continues its course." Thus speaks his despair; until, through the window of the Ninth Symphony, comes a saving revelation: that Beethoven, the great dreamer, like all his greater or lesser fellow-dreamers, cannot have lived and testified for naught. Even he, Howard Mark, has his little place in that great company: "Dreamers, and yet they are the torch-bearers in the procession of mankind; and it is owing to them that there is not night over the earth."

H. W. BOYNTON

A Symposium on the League of Nations

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, the Principle and the Practice. Edited by Stephen Pierce Duggan. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.

PROF. JOHN BASSETT MOORE must have had a jolly time preparing his contribution to this symposium, and by the same token, Mr. Duggan must have been in somewhat of a quandary when he received his most distinguished contributor's lucubration. He could hardly turn it down, but the publication of it necessitated embodying in this last grand drive for the Covenant certain unsympathetic, not to say rebellious, elements. Let me quote some samples:

On a certain occasion John Bright . . . recalled Addison's story of the man who did a thriving business by selling pills which were said to be very good for the earthquake. . . . This story but illustrates the universal human tendency to be fascinated by mystery, and to indulge expectations of good in inverse ratio to actual knowledge of the professed agencies by which it is to be brought about.

To-day we witness a striking example of this primitive tendency. At every turn we are accosted with the inquiry, "Are you in favor of a League of Nations?" As this inquiry is made with evident seriousness, we must assume that those who make it are unconscious of the fact that an affirmative response would only betray the presence of another would-be purchaser of seismic pills" (p. 64).

It was occasionally suggested . . . that this object (the prevention of war) would be attained by an alliance between the United

States and the Entente Powers. This conception rested upon the singular assumption that, if the United States had prior to 1914 formed an alliance with Great Britain, France, and Russia, nothing would have been done by other Powers to enlarge and consolidate the opposition (pp. 69-70).

Now, when we come to deal with the question whether a League of Nations is desirable, the answer necessarily must depend upon what the League contains and what it proposes to do. Just as an individual's freedom of action is constrained by any contract that he may make, so a nation's freedom of action is constrained by any league or alliance into which it may enter. Whether the sacrifice is desirable, or even justifiable, depends upon the nature of the object in view and the character of the engagement by which it is sought to be attained. Mere engagements, whether individual or national, are, as such, neither good nor bad (p. 72).

It by no means follows that, because preponderant force will end a war, it can be relied upon to insure peace. . . . In 1793 France, then threatened with a shortage of food, was confronted with practically a united Europe, with the world's greatest maritime Power at the head of the coalition. And yet, with the exception of the brief respite following the peace of Amiens, the war continued twenty-two years, and in the end France emerged from the conflict with her boundaries scarcely diminished" (p. 75).

Finally, as one step toward international peace, Professor Moore mentions the necessity of getting rid of "the delusion that one's own motives are always higher, purer, and more disinterested than those of other persons, to say nothing of the passion for uniformity that denies the right to be different" (p. 81).

Despite the repetition inevitable in a volume planned along the lines of this one, and also the considerable amount of matter which current discussion has pretty well winnowed of its freshness of interest, the student of the issues involved in the League of Nations will find several of the chapters here offered well worth his attention. In Chapter VII, entitled, International Administration, Mr. Francis B. Sayre successfully summarizes a previous study of his own dealing with this interesting and important topic. Incidentally he touches upon the much debated Article X of the Covenant, as follows:

If Article X is to mean more than empty words—if it is to be clothed with force and reality—some means must be had for promptly and authoritatively determining in each particular case whether or not specific and admitted acts have constituted an infringement of territorial integrity. This may prove an exceedingly difficult question, depending upon a determination of just what constitutes "political independence," what constitutes "aggression" against such "political independence," . . . and countless other serious problems (p. 133).

Apparently Mr. Sayre does not share the President's conviction that the meaning of Article X is "plain."

Valuable, too, is Professor Borchard's discussion (Chapter XI) of the Problem

of Backward Areas and of Colonies. Of the mandatory system provided by Article XXII of the Covenant—a solution which he accepts with obvious reservations—he incisively remarks that it will furnish us "with one of the best conceivable tests of the sincerity and efficacy of a league of nations."

In his interesting chapter on the United States and the Policy of Isolation (Chapter XV), Mr. Henry F. Munro pays a notable tribute to the principle which has hitherto underlain our diplomacy and which he would now have us abandon. He concedes it four main achievements, "apart from the realization of its fundamental purpose—the preservation of the national sovereignty." These are first, "the development of a high standard of mentality;" second, "the American doctrine of recognition;" third, "the adoption of the Open-Door Policy in China," which "was in all probability ensured only because of the detachment of the United States from the alignment of European diplomacy;" last, "the Monroe Doctrine, which has kept from Latin America the dangers arising from diplomatic and military interventions. Undeniably," he adds, "an excellent record of genuine achievement." On the other hand, he charges against this policy our failure to intervene in behalf of Armenia, and to take our share in the suppression of the African slave trade. But we did take a share in the latter enterprise, and if an insufficient share, the fact was due to American views on the subject of impressment, rather than to the principle of isolation. Then as to Armenia, it certainly remains to be shown that we would have acted more effectively in her behalf had we been involved in the European system. Certainly the example of England in this respect hardly supports Mr. Munro's contention.

One or two more general criticisms may be added. There is altogether too much talk about the "interdependence of States," nowadays, without discrimination as to degrees of such "interdependence." Again, no consideration seems to have been given by any of the writers to the relation between the problem of a world league and that of maintaining democratic institutions on a grand scale, of keeping political parties representative on domestic issues, of developing a genuine European federation, and like matters. For discussions of these fundamental problems the reader must turn elsewhere, for instance, to that excellent little volume by Seton Watson, Alfred Zimmern and others, "The War and Democracy."

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Spanish Literature

MAIN CURRENTS OF SPANISH LITERATURE. By J. D. M. Ford. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THIS book, by the Smith Professor of French and Spanish Languages in Harvard University, consists of eight lectures which were delivered in the winter of 1918 at the Lowell Institute in Boston. As the title indicates, each chapter discusses a particular phase of Spanish literature. The first two are devoted to the literary embodiments of Spain's heroic tradition, the epic and the ballad; the third to Cervantes; the fourth and fifth to the two great dramatists, Lope de Vega and Calderon; the sixth to lyric poetry; and the seventh to the novel. The eighth and last chapter is called "High Points of Spanish-American Literature."

It is hardly necessary to say, in view of Professor Ford's eminence as a Hispanist, that his book is scholarly. His mastery of his subject is especially noteworthy in the first two chapters, which contain a careful discussion of the origin and development of the epic and the ballad, a matter over which much ink has been spilt. Scholars are still divided into two camps, those who believe that heroic ballads antedated the epic poems of the Middle Ages, the latter being an elaboration of the former, and those who believe that there were no ballads until the epics disintegrated into the extant romances of the fifteenth and later centuries. It is an interesting and important question, for its solution would throw light on the origin of other mediaeval epics, such as the "Chanson de Roland" and the "Nibelungenlied," as well as on that of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." But it has not yet been definitely solved, and Professor Ford wisely refrains from taking sides, contenting himself with presenting the arguments which have been used in attempts to prove the one or the other theory. In this connection it may be added that the Professor Lang whom Professor Ford quotes so often as the champion of the view that ballads antedate epics, is Professor Henry R. Lang of Yale University, the well-known Hispanist: not, as a recent reviewer in the *New York Times* seems to think, Andrew Lang!

As has been said, it is not surprising that Professor Ford's book is scholarly. It is a pleasure to add that it possesses another merit not always to be found in the company of scholarship. It is throughout extremely readable. It is instructive and interesting at the same time. This is due not only to the fact that the author is master of a graceful

style; he also has several habits of exposition which are extremely effective. One of these is his way of throwing light on Spanish literature by references to English literature; as when, for instance, he points out that the authoress Gomez de Avellaneda anticipated "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in one of her novels and Wallace's "Fair God" in another.

Again, he gives a clear idea of the metrical arrangement of the double octosyllabic line of the heroic ballads by quoting from "Hiawatha" and treating two of Longfellow's short lines as forming one. Such references to familiar books and poems will make his readers feel less like strangers in a strange land. With like effect he often takes occasion to recall the opinions of English authors in regard to Spanish literature. It is interesting to learn that Shelley liked the "Numancia" of Cervantes, that Fielding and Scott acknowledged the influence of the "Novelas Ejemplares," and that Poe, Bryant, and Longfellow admired the lyrics of Luis de Leon.

Professor Ford shows especial skill in his use of translations. There are a great many scattered through the book, and they are all happily chosen. Some of them, such as Longfellow's rendering of the "Coplas" of Jorga Manrique, or Bryant's translation of Heredia's "Hymn to Niagara," are well known to American readers. It is a pleasure to find that there are many other English translations of Spanish poems, not so well known, but hardly less charming. It is too bad, however, that Professor Ford did not take the opportunity to include, at the end of the chapter on lyric poetry, Masefield's beautiful translations of two of Bécquer's most striking poems, those which the English poet calls "They Closed Her Eyes" and "The Harp."

The last chapter of the book, called "High Points of Spanish-American Literature," is the only one which is not proof against criticism. It is disappointing not because of anything it says, but because of what it does not say. It is a good account of the past of Spanish-American literature, but tells us practically nothing about what is of much greater interest and importance, its present and its future. The sun of Spanish-American literature is but rising. It is only during the last quarter of a century that its writers have begun to show an individuality which can be called Spanish-American, and an initiative which forecasts a brilliant future. Professor Ford does no more than hint at these things. It is obvious that he feels compelled, for lack of space, to concentrate his attention on four "high points" of the nineteenth century: Olmedo, Bello, Heredia, and Andrade. But if a writer on

Spanish-American literature feels that he can not do justice to the present as well as to the past, it is the past which should be sacrificed. It is unfortunate that all the space available should be given to writers who throw practically no light on Spanish-American literature of to-day and to-morrow, and that none is given to the discussion of the phenomenon of which the Chilean statesman and novelist Orrego Luco speaks in one of his recent books: "We Spanish-Americans have a marked family resemblance; we have ways of living and thinking entirely peculiar to ourselves, and which do not exist in the mother country. This is especially evident in regard to literary productions." Above all, it is disappointing to find no discussion of the "Modernistas," the school whose leaders were Dario and Nervo, who died but recently, and Chocano, who is to-day perhaps the most conspicuous figure in Spanish-American literature. Surely a school of poetry which is not only the first to be Spanish-American rather than Spanish, but which also has actually exerted an influence on Spanish poetry itself, deserves a place among the "high points" of Spanish-American literature.

It is clear, however, that these disappointing features of the last chapter of Professor Ford's book are far outweighed by the excellence of the seven chapters which constitute its major part. It is no exaggeration to say that the book will prove indispensable to all who are interested in Spanish literature.

FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS

What is Democracy?

THE POWERS AND AIMS OF WESTERN DEMOCRACY. By William Milligan Sloane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

DEMOCRACY is a word of infelicitous origin to which the lapse of centuries has given an exalted meaning. No teacher of youth escapes importunate questioning as to what democracy implies and whither our pursuit of it is leading us. Professor Sloane during his long years of experience as an educator was impressed with the necessity of answering these questions by an appeal to the lessons of history, and the present volume is the result.

The initial chapters of the book are devoted to a survey of the democratic concept in its differing shades as it fought its way down the ages, its beginnings in antiquity, its almost total eclipse during the Middle Ages, its revival during the era of Puritanism in England, and its formal recognition in the New World during and after the American Revolution. Then follows a study of the philosophy of democracy, its

formulas and terms, its aims and limitations, with two rather illuminating chapters on the relation of democracy to efficiency in the administration of public affairs.

At this point the author strikes off on a different tangent and discusses at considerable length the theory and facts of nationhood in its relation to society and the individual. Here again there is a good deal of historical summarization, much of it skilful and accurate, although at times the discussion of institutions and movements is so general that it ceases to be very informing. The relation of democracy to war and peace, which forms the concluding theme of the book, is doubtless the topic which will prove most interesting to the general run of readers. In these chapters the author weaves together into a relatively homogeneous narrative a great many scattered threads which the student of political science has hitherto had dangling loose before his eyes.

Professor Sloane is a staunch believer in the democratic form of government. He regards it as "the best form of human association thus far devised" and

he calls upon the history of almost every country in the world to confirm his conviction on this point. Yet he is not unmindful of democracy's shortcomings, chief among which is its tendency to drift from its moorings and become the prey of class domination. This drifting, Dr. Sloane believes, is the most ominous portent which faces the American people to-day. It carries a threat to ourselves and to posterity.

In substance and in temper the volume does its author credit. It is the work of a man who has studied history with great thoroughness and whose mature reflections enable him to place many of to-day's hectic developments in their proper relation to the past. Here is one scholar, at least, who has not been stampered by general unrest of our time. He finds comfort in the fact that at all transition periods in history there has been a temporary loss of balance with an inevitable shifting back to a stable basis. His book is not a plea for anything, therefore, unless it be for soberness of thought and eternal vigilance as the only means of keeping democracy secure.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

The Run of the Shelves

MR. WEALE is so well known as a writer upon Far Eastern affairs that a new book from his pen ("The Truth About China and Japan"; Dodd, Mead) is always welcome. In the present case, however, it is probable that readers will not find what they will expect from the title of the volume—a comprehensive statement of the relations between China and Japan and a discussion of the present situation in the light of Japan's position in Shantung. The book is a brief one, containing as it does scarcely thirty thousand words exclusive of appended documents, and is composed of three essays originally published in *Asia*. The first chapter, a third of the text proper, sheds some light upon the manner in which, in earlier years, Japan dealt with China and Korea, but throws little illumination upon present policies. The remaining chapters are interesting only as containing expressions of the personal opinions of the author. The last chapter is entitled "If Japan Refuses?" but the reader is left to guess what possible refusal Mr. Weale has in mind. One thing, however, is clear: Mr. Weale, in common with all other writers familiar with the whole Far Eastern situation, sees serious trouble ahead for the world, unless Japan voluntarily changes her international policies and methods, or is constrained by the other Powers to do so. "If there is justice enough left over after Europe

has settled her own troubles, Eastern Asia is surely the first claimant. For unless that precious quality is used in abundance, the day is not far distant when the crash will come and men must fight again." With these words Mr. Weale closes his book.

In his "Secrets of Animal Life" (Holt) Prof. J. Arthur Thomson has taken forty scientific pamphlets or books, written for the most part in strictly technical language by as many leading men of science, and has translated them into unusually readable reviews or abstracts, removing what is recondite, and illuminating what is obscure. Typical captions are, The Cawing of Rooks, The Educability of a Snail, The Cult of Shells, The Fitness of Right Whales, The Curve of Life, With Darwin Forwards, and Before the Dawn of Art. Of the forty chapters, sixteen are based on the investigations of American scientists. Ten deal with individual species or small groups, six are general, ten more treat of development or behavior, and fourteen are concerned with evolutionary concepts and theories. A subtitle should certainly have been furnished, to indicate the peculiar value which this volume possesses. If a little more literary quality had been achieved by the author, this book would have taken high place in the year's reading for intelligent laymen.

Though the war caused the quarterly sections of the Oxford Dictionary to appear less regularly, their publication was not suspended and now that peace has come, lost time is being made up. Thus, two sections have recently arrived in this country simultaneously, forming over a hundred pages of volume nine. The magnitude of this lexicographical undertaking of the Clarendon Press is best brought out perhaps by comparing it with what has already been done in this same field. For instance, the number of words defined by Dr. Johnson in this portion of the alphabet—a part of the letter S—was 348, in Cassell 1878, and the Century 2365, whereas the Oxford treats 4676 words. Dr. Johnson was particularly proud of his illustrative quotations, and in the space covered by these two sections, he so presented 202 words, Cassell 478, Century 624, while the Oxford again stands first with 3625. In the number of illustrative quotations, the Oxford makes a still more wonderful showing, having 24,563, to 1,139 for Dr. Johnson, 972 for Cassell and 1,836 for the Century.

In the matter of definitions and etymologies these sections are also interesting. The facts concerning the origin of *syllabus*, here first shown to be derived from what we would call to-day a simple typographical error, are given in brief, but can be found in full in the *London Times Literary Supplement* of February of this year. Full references are given in the second of these sections to the literature of *sweet singer*,—this curiosity of sectarian nomenclature. The longest article in the first section is that on the verb *strike*,—twenty-nine columns. We are told that "the word presents an extraordinary diversity of meanings, the mutual relations of which cannot always be determined with certainty." One interesting point is that the use of *strike* in the sense of "to refuse to work," is "an eighteenth century development from the nautical use in 'to strike a mast.'" *Stunt* in the American college sense, though overlooked by the Century (1895) and Webster (1897), is given here, and *straw vote* and *straw-ride* both seem to be American inventions. The French meaning grafted on to *symbolism* and *symbolist* is here recorded. The illustrative quotation under *strong-minded* shows what progress the feminist movement has made since 1878, when Besant has one of his characters in "By Celia's Arbour" say: "They had not become strong-minded; they did not sit on School Boards or sigh for Female Suffrage."

So far we see no sign that the publication of the great *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae* is to be resumed.

The Financial Situation

THE slight increase of discount rates which went into effect early this month at the Federal Reserve banks was not in itself sufficient to cause all of the commotion which has followed in the money and stock markets. Borrowers do not stand on a half or three-quarters of one per cent. when they are using funds profitably, and with wage and price advances on every hand a moderate advance of interest rates would be accepted as a matter of course, provided there was no curtailment of accommodations. The new rates of themselves have not disturbed anybody; it was the fact that the Reserve Board had indicated its purpose to stop the further expansion of bank credit that put interest rates up and the stock market down.

It was time for the authorities to take this stand. On the 1st of November, 1918, this country was at war and straining all its productive forces to the limit. For more than a year and a half the Government had been in the money market as a heavy borrower. It was calling on the banks twice a month to take \$500,000,000 of Treasury certificates. Industry and trade were at the highest stage of activity, and the total bill-holdings of the Federal Reserve banks were \$2,123,019,000. On the corresponding date of 1919, October 31, nearly a year after the armistice, with Government disbursements down from \$1,664,861,000 in October, 1918, to \$576,348,000 in October, 1919, and its borrowings correspondingly reduced, the bill-holdings of the Federal Reserve banks aggregated \$2,522,902,000. The percentage of reserves to net deposit and note liabilities a year ago was 49.8 and on November 7, 1919, it was 46.8. The total of loans and discounts of all national banks on June 30, 1914, was \$6,430,000,000 and on June 30, 1919, \$10,852,000,000, and in addition to the latter so much of the \$2,122,000,000 of bills held by the Federal Reserve banks as was passed up to them by national banks—the greater part.

The Federal Reserve act requires that each reserve bank shall keep a cash reserve against its deposits of not less than 35 per cent. and against its outstanding note issues of not less than 40 per cent. The practice in computing reserves is either to calculate them against the combined deposits and note liabilities, or first allot the required 35 per cent. to deposits and then assign the remainder to the notes. On October 17 last, the reserve of the New York bank against the net combined liabilities was 37.5 per cent., and after allotting 35 per cent. to deposits the remainder equalled 39.9 per cent. of the notes outstanding, or slightly

less than the legal requirement. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the deficit would have been considerably larger if the Bank had not sold paper to other reserve banks.

The *Federal Reserve Bulletin* for October contains a calculation of the amount of war obligations of the Government held by all banks on June 30, 1919, including Liberty bonds, Victory notes, and Treasury certificates owned outright and held as collateral for loans. The total is \$6,500,000,000. This amount of bank credit has been manufactured and put in circulation as purchasing power. The loans represent bonds purchased and not yet paid for, or loans made for other purposes and secured by the pledge of Government paper. In recent months there has been a tendency for this class of paper to increase, owing to the fact that it has enjoyed a preferred rate, established during the bond-selling campaigns to encourage subscriptions.

The Federal Reserve authorities have felt that owing to the encouragement given the public to borrow for the purpose of subscribing to the Fourth Liberty loan and the Victory loan they were estopped from raising the discount rates until one year had elapsed from the date of the former, but warnings have been repeatedly given that steps would be taken then to check further inflation.

It cannot be reasonably claimed that there was real necessity to use so much more bank credit in carrying on the business of the country in 1919 than was required in 1918 or in 1914. It is doubtful if the production of the country is any greater in 1919 than in 1918, and nobody would be so absurd as to suggest that it has doubled since 1914.

There are people, however, who say that the law of supply and demand should govern, and that wages and prices are higher than in 1918 and nearly double what they were in 1914. What is precisely the point upon which the issue turns? Most of us have a great deal of respect for the law of supply and demand, but behind that there are influences—psychological influences—affecting demand and supply, on which it is necessary to exercise some degree of control if inflation is not to run wild.

Everybody knew that inflation was going on during the war, but it seemed to be unavoidable. It seemed to be necessary, in order to get labor for the war industries, to make wages attractive enough to draw men from other work, and when the other industries in self-defence also raised wages a competition was begun which lifted the whole level of costs. It seemed to be necessary, in order to

place the Government loans, to urge people to borrow of the banks in order to subscribe, and such is the common ignorance of economic principles that many people thought their duty was done when they lent the use of their names to the Government in this manner. They didn't see any necessity for paying these loans. They didn't see any reason why they should deny themselves personal pleasures or modify their business plans for the purpose of paying.

The problem and difficulty of war finance and the mystery of inflation have centered in the fact that the people fixed all their attention upon supplying the Government with purchasing power and gave no thought to supplying it with the tangible things that it wanted. They went cheerfully to the banks and gave their notes for the purchase of bonds, and then went into the market and bid against the Government for the goods and labor wanted. There was no increase of productive capacity commensurate with the increase of purchasing power in the form of bank credit.

We take credit to ourselves for avoiding the crude methods of the Civil War Administration, which printed greenbacks by the cartload and paid them out in settlement of expenses. How could anybody be so foolish as to think that a great war could be carried on at no cost except for the operation of printing presses? Anybody ought to see that there would be an inflation of the currency which would have to be eliminated eventually, and that these notes would have to be paid off and retired! Only very ignorant people are supposed to believe that it is possible to make something out of nothing even by Government fiat.

But what difference in principle or results is there between having the Government create credit and place it in circulation as purchasing power in the form of its own promissory notes, and having citizens create credit through the banks, by giving their own notes secured by Government bonds, and turning this credit over to the Government to put in circulation as purchasing power? Isn't the latter just another variation of the old effort to beat the inevitable, to give something and not part with it, and to carry on a war without cost or sacrifice?

Evidently there is something wrong with the theory that we need never redeem or cancel this vast body of credit called into use during the war. It was called out by our efforts to evade, or to compromise with, the stern economic demand that we should curtail our normal expenditures and divert our industrial energies to the war. If such efforts were successful they would show that there was a way to beat the economic law.

It may be said that they beat it in the

Civil War period by refusing to retire the greenbacks. But they paid the penalty between the close of the war and the resumption of gold payments, January 1, 1879, and eventually \$150,000,000 in gold was placed behind the \$346,000,000 of greenbacks, not to speak of the hundreds of millions of bonds sold to replenish the reserve, and the cost of uncertainty and panics.

So deceptive is this use of credit that the increase of bank loans is even pointed to as evidence of a rapid growth of wealth during the war. Examine what occurs when a bank makes a loan of \$10,000: The borrower takes credit for it in his account and the bank's deposits are increased \$10,000. It is quite as simple as printing greenbacks. And when this depositor checks out the \$10,000 his checks are deposited in other banks and this credit will continue to circulate as purchasing power until somebody actually earns and saves \$10,000, and devotes it to paying off that loan. Then and not before is the wealth of the country increased in the sum of \$10,000.

Prices are the result of the relation between the purchasing medium and the supply of commodities, and the volume of medium having been inflated without any corresponding increase in the volume of commodities, the price level naturally has risen. People talk helplessly about the need of more credit to handle an increasing volume of transactions, and helplessly about the rising prices. The remedy for both difficulties is in paying their debts, and reducing the use of credit to the scale of before the war.

It was stated last spring when the life-insurance companies were urged to lend large sums for building operations that the principal New York companies were owing \$75,000,000 to banks for money borrowed for the purchase of Liberty bonds. Recently it has been said that these loans have been paid off, and this illustrates what the whole country should be doing. But the record shows that the credit which these insurance companies and others have released by their payments has been taken up and kept in circulation by new borrowers, and the volume of outstanding credit actually increased.

Where the credit released by all those who have reduced their indebtedness has gone is not difficult to surmise. There has been a great revival of enterprise and speculation. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, which keeps track of new companies, reports that in the first eight months of 1919 the capital started in these incorporations aggregated \$5,948,000,000, against \$1,989,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1918. There is an extensive revival of building operations, and a great activity in farming

lands, the latter in some sections accompanied by an advance in prices which has tied up a good deal of credit. In Wall Street there has been a revival in the stock market with advancing prices.

We have come to the test of the power of the Federal Reserve system to contract or hold in check a state of inflation. Its elasticity in expansion has been demonstrated, but elasticity should have the power of contraction as well as expansion. It is not an easy task to contract the volume of credit in use, for the level of prices must be lowered, and it is highly desirable that this be done without an interruption of industry and trade.

Some people say it cannot be done without such interruption, but I am not going to discuss that here. I am simply going to point out that if the present price level is permanent the gold standard must be abandoned.

Most of the people who talk confidently about the permanency of the present price level do not seem to be thinking about the relation of prices to the standard of value. The unit of value in this country is 23.22 grains of fine gold. The term "dollar" is affixed by law to this amount of gold, but as a matter of fact commodity prices have become dissociated from the gold dollar. The purchasing power of the gold dollar has been diluted by the flood of credit dollars. But this is not a permanent situation. The mining of gold has become an unprofitable business and gold production is declining. The output in the United States has fallen from \$101,035,000 in 1915 to \$68,000,000 in 1918, and may not exceed \$55,000,000 this year. World production fell from \$470,466,214 in 1915 to \$380,000,000 in 1918, and is falling lower this year. Moreover, the consumption of gold in jewelry and other manufactures is increasing rapidly. As a measure of economy, to prevent the melting of coin, the United States mint service sells small gold bars for the use of manufacturers of jewelry, dental supplies, gold leaf, etc., and the principal establishment handling this trade is the United States Assay office in New York. For the first ten months of 1913 the sales of such bars by the New York assay office for consumption in the United States aggregated \$31,523,964 and for the first ten months of 1919 they aggregated \$48,568,698. Including the sales at the Philadelphia mint and other offices of the mint service, and the melting of coin, which always goes on to some extent, the consumption of gold in the arts in the year 1919 probably will not fall much below \$65,000,000. It will exceed production in this country, and the United States is one of the principal gold-producing countries of the world. Furthermore, with gold bringing only

the mint price, and wages and all mining costs at the present level, gold production will continue to decline, and the industrial consumption will draw from year to year upon the gold stock in bank reserves.

The volume of bank credit must be kept within certain definite relations to the amount of gold in the bank reserves. The Federal Reserve Act specifies what the relation shall be in the case of the reserve banks, and the national banking act and various state banking laws lay down the requirements for other banks. The figures given above show how close the reserve banks are now to the limit of expansion, and the other banks are as close. The population of this country is growing, the volume of business is naturally increasing, and this means that an increasing amount of credit is normally required. It is evident, therefore, that unless the gold reserves are increased there will be a restriction of credit which will effect a relative reduction of the amount in use. So long as the balance of trade is in our favor we may have gold importations, but when the balance turns we are likely to have exportations. There is no escape from the conclusion that we are either going to have a restriction of bank credit within about the present limits, or we are going to cut loose from the gold standard.

There are always people who do not see any use for a standard, who argue vaguely that the banks cannot lend too much money so long as the collateral is good, the value of collateral being determined by the current price-level. They would have the ship steered by the light in its own foretop. Then there are people who want to change to some other standard, to alter the compass or adopt a new star. Some people will say that we are off the gold standard anyhow and might as well wash the slate and start anew. This would mean deliberately to scale down the entire body of outstanding indebtedness, including the Liberty bonds, which we have not yet ceased to acclaim as the most inviolable obligation and certain investment on earth. To change the standard of value in order to avoid reducing the war inflation would be the most gigantic exploitation of savings ever committed in the world. Charles the First's robbery of bank deposits and the old time expedient of debasing the coins would be only faint suggestions. There was inflation during the Civil War, and proposals were made to pay the bonds in greenbacks and never redeem the greenbacks, but the people rejected them all. The signs of the times are that all the fundamental principles of sound finance will have to be fought over again.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS

Drama

Forbes-Robertson and the "Lost Leader"

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON delivered, at the Broadhurst Theatre, on the afternoons of October 29, November 5, and November 12, three discourses (he denounces the word "lecture") on Shakespeare and his art, on the prose of Shakespeare, and on the *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet* group. Many passages, sometimes entire scenes, were read or declaimed to an audience whose thirst for that vintage was unquenchable. "Readings" perhaps would have been a more diplomatic title than "lectures" or "discourses." As reader, Forbes-Robertson could not have been hurt by the spareness of his commentary; as lecturer, he is set back or put aside by the predominance of his readings. These readings traverse his discourses like powerful batteries crossing a fragile bridge; they reach the further bank in safety, but they leave the fabric rent or reeling.

One may guess that Forbes-Robertson has not lectured before, or practised letters long enough to know how closely the grace of informality is neighbored by the vice of formlessness. One may also infer that his own matter, which is partly critical, partly descriptive, partly anecdotal, has been loosely put together in the urgencies and stringencies of the final moment. In a lecture on Shakespeare's prose Forbes-Robertson is irresistibly moved to recite Mercutio's blank-verse speech on Queen Mab. This would not matter much if Forbes-Robertson were not so sure that it did matter, and did not so bestir himself and veer and shift in the effort to give it relevance as finally to convince us, to his own cost, that irrelevance is a wicked thing.

In the delivery of his lectures, which apparently he has not been at the pains to commit either to writing or memory, Forbes-Robertson shows both a certain embarrassment and a certain ease; one might say that he handles his embarrassment easily. The mind is slow, at least in the provision of words, and halts the temperament and the voice, both of which are rapid. I am reminded of a cavalry troop delayed in the natural swiftness of its course by the tardy arrival of indispensable supplies from a lagging commissariat. The amount of incidental nervous motion, the prompting or jogging of the mind by the body, was noticeably great, especially in the first lecture. I doubt if he lost anything by this restlessness; it bridged the interval between himself and his audience. Nothing charms us in a superior like his passing need of our indulgence.

It is difficult to imagine a more perfect control of a more exquisite voice than that displayed by Forbes-Robertson in his delivery of the Shakespearean extracts. In some points he stands nearly or quite alone. His transitions are miraculously plastic. Who else can so abridge a vocal curve without creating a vocal angle, or, in plainer words, who else can make the rise to force instantaneous without making it abrupt? There is another point in which his subtlety is marvelous. He can diminish indefinitely without blurring; his diamond type is cut like a diamond. All through his work, which seems a form of weaving, there is a sort of inter-play and counter-play, of shuttling back and forth, between the swift and the slow, the bass and the tenor, the hairline and the bold stroke, the conversational and the declamatory. In the last-named point he fell into an inconsistency which has interest if not significance. He thinks, rightly perhaps, that Hamlet's speech to the players should be uttered, metaphorically speaking, from the arm-chair, not the rostrum; and, on this conversational basis, he delivered the speech charmingly, only with a little curbing or chastisement of certain phrases that wanted to be declaimed and grumbled at his refusal. Later on, he gives the final lines of Jaques's "Ages of Man" speech in a very pleasing but highly declamatory manner. Now, when it is remembered that Hamlet is, after all, making a speech, and that Jaques is only beguiling the interval between dinner-time and dinner at a hunters' rustic meal in the artlessness of the unbookish forest, it is rather curious to see Forbes-Robertson presenting Jaques with the declamation which he has just denied to Hamlet.

I proceed to an acknowledgment which I make with some pain and a trace of diffidence. Even with his noble Hamlet still vivid in my grateful memory, I did not feel that Forbes-Robertson, in his renderings of the great Shakespearean characters in his lectures, often gave me the key of their souls. Instead, he kept me outside, contentedly lingering over the beauty of the sculptured portal. The exceptions, if momentous, were also momentary. A single gesture, for instance, in Hamlet's dying speech, before the solemn words "The rest is silence"—a gesture of outflung, deprecating hands which a Frenchman would have accompanied with a shrug and a "Que voulez-vous?"—found its way to a cell in my heart which had remained impenetrable to his elaboration of the terrors and poignancies of the midnight dialogue between *Macbeth* and his wife. I spoke just now of weaving; Forbes-Robertson matches tones like colors, but the real and beau-

tiful harmony which results is more suggestive of the weaver's carpet than the painter's canvas; it is rather woof than picture.

Something must be said, finally, of the critical opinions which are scattered rather sparsely through these lectures. On the sanity of Hamlet—one of the touchstones of sanity in critics—Forbes-Robertson is unreservedly on the right, or sane, side. He approves of the epithet, "impish," in relation to Hamlet. This is partly acute, partly mistaken; Hamlet is antic as surely as Iago is bad, but I shall call Hamlet impish only when I call Iago naughty. Forbes-Robertson thinks that Hamlet talks like a man of forty; the men of forty should be jubilant. He discovers a resemblance between *Macbeth* and Hamlet, a happy insight which he largely justifies by pointing to their kinship as poets, declaimers, hesitators. These are some of the better opinions; Forbes-Robertson's mind might be described, on the whole, as sketchy. Personally I should have thanked the honored artist if he had forborne to corroborate my suspicion that the intellectual reserves behind intellectual acting are small. This is no ground for the withdrawal of homage. To be an agreeable gentleman and a distinguished artist is to have paid one's score royally in this queer little inn or post-house of a world in which most of us have by comparison bilked our reckoning. It may be said that where we cannot pay to so high a benefactor the honor of praise, we should grant him the respect of silence. To which it might be replied that possibly Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson owed to his own reputation the tribute of that delicate respect.

I saw on November 13 the "Lost Leader," the Parnell play by Mr. Lennox Robinson, acted at the Greenwich Village Theatre, with Mr. Frank Conroy in the major part. As my own rating of this play does not differ materially from Mr. William Archer's lucid estimate of the English presentation in the *Review* for July 26, I shall confine my observations pretty closely to the performance. Mr. Frank Conroy's portrayal of the hero was skilful, if you grant him his Lucius or Parnell. I, for one, was unwilling to make that grant. Mr. Conroy's Lucius is a union of peasant and prophet, with patriarch as the copula. I found that he ceased to be dreary only to become august, and I had no room for either the dreary or the august in my not too definite recollections of Charles Stuart Parnell. In the first act the character revealed a desolation which in a humble person would have inspired pity coupled with an arrogance or some such quality which in a fortunate man would have

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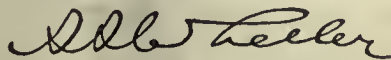
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(Continued from page 608)

excited revolt. The revolt and pity met in my heart and canceled each other. This sounds a little fine-spun, as I write it down, and it is only fair to Mr. Conroy's impersonation to add that an audience, Hibernian enough to know something of Parnell, gave no hint of any participation in my unrest. In the third act I myself found in his eloquence a depth and fervency which would have impressed me in another part or a different play. But here Mr. Robinson maliciously interposed between me and my growing, or at least germinating, appreciation of Mr. Conroy. Parnell, called upon for explanations, explains in the airiest and the rosiest vein, unfolding to Irishmen on the eve of civil outbreak, a programme which Shelley would have found too evanescent for his "Revolt of Islam" and Sir Thomas More too abstract for his Utopia.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News The Industrial Problem

A READER of the *Review*, wishing to stimulate clear thinking on the industrial problem, is trying to collect a dozen or fifteen books to that end. He names, as essential, "Glenn Frank's book

on 'The Politics of Industry,' Professor John R. Commons's 'History of Labor,' William L. M. King's 'Industry and Humanity,' Alfred E. Zimmern's 'Nationality and Government,' and F. S. Marvin's 'Progress and History.'

He asks the *Review* for additional titles. It may be said, first, that books on the specific subject of strikes were named in an article printed in this department on September 6. But for the broader subject of the industrial problem here are some suggestions for the reader of to-day: John A. Hobson's "Work and Wealth" (Macmillan, 1914) and Carl H. Mote's "Industrial Arbitration" (Bobbs, 1916). Then there is John R. Commons's "Industrial Good-Will" (McGraw, 1919), which has been commended for managers of plants as well as for students. Sydney J. Chapman is the editor of a symposium by English writers, called "Labour and Capital after the War" (Macmillan, 1919), while "Mediation, Investigation and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes" (Appleton, 1916), by George E. Barnett and David McCabe, and a volume by the Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield, "The New Industrial Day; a Book for Men Who Employ Men" (Century, 1912) are also indicated.

"Management and Men" (Century, 1919) by Meyer Bloomfield, is a comprehensive view of English industrial rela-

tions, with an appendix containing many important documents bearing on current affairs in Great Britain. Sydney J. Chapman's "Work and Wages. Part III. Social Betterment" (Longmans, 1915) is one of the series in continuation of Earl Brassey's "Work and Wages." John Leitch is the author of a work called "Man to Man; the Story of Industrial Democracy" (Forbes, 1919), while Fred H. Colvin, in "Labor Turnover, Loyalty and Output" (McGraw, 1919) attempts to give the workingman's views.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Barbusse, Henri. Light. Dutton.
- Bassett, S. W. The Harbor Road. Penn Publ. Co. \$1.50.
- Fauley, W. F. Jenny Be Good. Britton. \$1.50 net.
- Kenyon, Camilla. Spanish Doubloons. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.
- Merwin, Samuel. The Passionate Pilgrim. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.75 net.
- Mundy, Talbot. The Ivory Trail. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.75 net.
- Patterson, Marjorie. A Woman's Man. Doran. \$1.60 net.
- Richardson, Norval. The World Shut Out. Scribner. \$1.60 net.
- Sinclair, May. Mary Oliver. Macmillan. \$2.
- Tompkins, J. W. The Starling. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.

THE REVIEW believes:

- That the worst blow to progress would be to sacrifice the progress of the past;
- That America ought to continue to be what she has made herself, a nation of self-reliant freemen;
- That alien elements should be assimilated, not propitiated;
- That labor should strive for betterment, not domination;
- That "open-mindedness" is no substitute for common-sense;
- That idealism derives from thought as well as from emotion;
- That the idealism generated by the war should be "consolidated," not vaporized;
- That one should not be ashamed to love one's own country best.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 29

New York, Saturday, November 29, 1919

FIFTEEN CENTS

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Let the Country Speak!

THE Senate's rejection of the treaty of peace was the result of a long series of unfortunate developments. It did not express the Senate's judgment on the central issue. It does not mean that the Senate wishes to kill the treaty. On the contrary, 80 Senators out of 96 stand clearly recorded in favor of the treaty, the only difference between them being as to the precise character of the reservations.

Nevertheless, the treaty is, for the time being, dead. There is the gravest danger that, through a recurrence of the same kind of game of cross-purposes that we have so long been witnessing, it may be killed beyond the possibility of resurrection. The surest way to prevent this calamity

is for public opinion to assert itself in such a manner that its voice shall be unmistakable.

Hitherto, this has been made almost impossible by the confusion and complexity of the situation. The situation is now extremely simple. Practically nobody is asking for amendments that would be tantamount to rejection of the treaty; practically nobody is asking for acceptance of the treaty without substantial reservations. The difference between the Lodge reservations and a set of reservations that would unquestionably be accepted by the great bulk of the Democratic Senators is small. To bridge over this difference will require only a reasonable manifestation of good will and good sense, and the nation has a right to demand that it be done.

It is the glory of our country to have brought to a triumphant close the gigantic war for the rescue of the world from the German peril. But the fruits of that victory are not secure. Hard terms have been imposed upon Germany, but it will be years before they are fulfilled. In the meanwhile, the world is in an ominous state of upheaval and disturbance. To prevent Germany's defeat from being turned into victory, and to protect the world—including our own country—against the danger of appalling unrest and disaster, a strong concert of nations is essential. To make this concert truly effective, it is essential that our own country—the richest and most powerful, the most fortunate and the most trusted of nations—shall bear her share.

What is at stake, therefore, in the United States Senate is not the realization of a dream of perfection, or of everlasting peace, but the immediate safety and welfare of the world. There might have been other ways of providing for our coöperation to this end; as a matter of fact, there is manifestly now only one. If we are to do our duty to ourselves and to the world, we must ratify this treaty,

and no other. The Senate has almost unanimously declared its desire to serve this great end; it has split only upon what, in comparison with it, are insignificant details.

If the sentiment of the country were brought to bear on the situation, the result, we are sure, would not remain for a moment in doubt. Let the people of every great community say to the Senate when it reassembles:

"Senators of the United States—we citizens appeal to each one of you to lay aside all questions of party attachment or personal difference and to unite in overcoming the minor difficulty that yet stands in the way of the great consummation."

VERY few as yet fully realize what we owe to the anti-submarine operations of the British and American navies. Upon our regular channel of communication with France and England not one disastrous submarine raid was executed. So carefully was this pathway protected that in proportion to the numbers crossing, the loss of life during the period of our war operations was less than would normally have resulted a generation ago from the ordinary perils of sea travel in time of peace. In these days, when reckless individuals and interests are doing what they can to arouse ill feeling against England, we must not forget that of the millions of Americans who had to cross the Atlantic on account of the war, a large number would never have seen their home shores again but for the aid of the British navy.

THE "freedom of the seas" from the terror of the marauding submarine, during the war, necessitated the sowing of a large part of the North Sea with many thousands of deadly mines, for the destruction of the under-seas craft as they attempted to emerge from the German harbors. There is no question that thousands of lives and a very large number of supply-laden vessels were saved to the Allies and to neutrals by these mines. The North River at New York was enlivened on Sunday by the arrival of fifty-nine mine sweepers, the crews of which

have spent a large portion of the past year in removing the mines and clearing the North Sea once more for the traffic of peace. More than 50,000 mines were lifted. The danger of the work is indicated by the fact that in the British navy only volunteers are so employed, and a bonus in pay is allowed. The work was so carefully done by our men, however, that only one of our mine sweepers was destroyed in the process. The reception and other honors tendered to the returning crews on Monday were abundantly deserved.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN, a few days ago, gave out the following statement and question: "Press dispatches report bullion value of gold dollar five cents less than bullion value of silver dollar. Are the New York financiers living up to their claims of honesty that they made so vociferously in 1896? Or are they paying their debts in a cheap gold dollar?" They are both paying their debts, and receiving the amounts due to them, in the same dollar that was the standard when both classes of obligations were contracted. If they are distinctly creditors rather than debtors, as Mr. Bryan has always assumed, the cheap gold dollar is not a source of gain, but of enormous loss, to them. But they are opposed to an arbitrary change in the standard now, in the supposed interest of a class, as they were opposed to it then, not for mere selfish reasons but because they saw in any such change a sure injury to all classes. And on this point, the judgment of the people was with them then, as it is with them now. Has a quarter of a century been insufficient to clear the fog from Mr. Bryan's brain in this matter?

THROUGH the gloom of the treaty situation, a unique ray of light comes from the New York *Evening Sun*. If peace cannot come in the usual way, the *Evening Sun's* suggestion, which is apparently made without the slightest intention to be funny, is that Congress shall proceed "to reconsider the resolution by which it declared a state of war to exist, and lay the same on the table or kill it by a negative vote." Congress having thus revoked its decision that a state of war existed in 1917, it will of course not exist now. So wholly original a line of constitutional construction of the powers of Congress suggests interesting possibilities of development. Such action once taken, the status of the matter would be that war does not exist now by virtue of not having existed then, and it would seem to follow that not having existed then, and not existing now, it never existed at all. In that case, the billions spent on a merely imaginary

war could have brought no value in return, and it would seem to be the duty of the Department of Justice to proceed to recover from Secretary Baker and others through whom these sums were disbursed. Again, this Congressional reconsideration of the war out of existence would seem to disprove all those reported losses of life in battle. Of course this seems difficult to reconcile with certain hard facts; but perhaps when Emerson wrote those cryptic words, "If the red slayer think he slays, Or if the slain think he is slain, They know not well the subtle ways," etc., he had a prevision of the *Evening Sun's* new discovery of a way by which Father Time can whirl his scythe back of him and snip off at its very sprouting the thorn tree of war which seemed to our dull senses to have grown to maturity. There are many other lines of speculation opened up by the *Evening Sun's* discovery, among them the Kaiser's apparent ethical right to resume his throne if Congress shall by reconsideration annul that part of the world war which was chiefly responsible for his present residence in Holland in private station. But we forbear; "It is a great matter, and requires further deliberation," as Demipho's legal adviser says in the *Phormio* of Terence.

MR. CRAM'S suggestion of an embargo on talk is not wholly fanciful. In South Dakota delegates to the Presidential convention are required to file a statement of the issues on which they aspire to be elected, consisting of not more than eight words. This is only a beginning, but it is pointed in the right direction. It is not easier to say nothing in a sort of combination epigram and telegram of eight words than in undammed floods of speech and ink, but with a little effort it is possible to say it more effectively. A rule to apply closure to the cheering at national conventions is now in order.

WHILE the Senate has been busy Americanizing the treaty, Congress as a whole has done painfully little to forward the work of Americanizing America. "Undesirables" are rounded up by the hundred and herded to New York, where they fall into the hands of the Immigration Bureau. The hands of the Bureau seem tied; whether through kindness, lack of funds, or the absence of needed authority the public does not know. It only knows that while a very few of its enemies are sent back to Europe most of them remain to plague us with aggravated violence. Just enough is done to lend a touch of reality to the grievances which are food and drink to the agitator, just enough is done to enrage his "intellectual" supporters, themselves apparently immune to the

danger but keenly responsive to the excitement; and little or nothing is done to protect the public. Whatever the right course may be, that so far pursued is clearly wrong. If the right to conspire for the destruction of democracy as expressed in the institutions of America is to be abridged at all it must be done effectively; if not effectively, then better not at all. Either of these courses would find supporters; a course of uncertainty and paltering distresses everybody to no purpose.

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to be planning an overthrow of the dynasty. The poet's mind in a fine frenzy rolling is capable of the maddest acts when he begins to translate the flights of his fancy into politics. His descent upon Fiume, says the *Journal des Débats*, is now generally admitted to have been an attempt to force the Nitti Government to resign, after which the militarists, as whose willing tool he is acting, would have taken the control of the country in hand. But neither the wave of enthusiasm that followed his coup nor the recent elections have furthered these chauvinistic plans. Disappointment over the little satisfaction the electorate has given him may have egged him on to his latest challenge of the Government. By exposing the helplessness of the Cabinet he can, indeed, lower the prestige of Signor Nitti and his colleagues, and if that is his chief object there is some sense in his Dalmatian Quixotry. But what could he and his party gain by an overthrow of the dynasty? He lacks the power to establish in its stead the autocracy that would satisfy the militaristic clique, though it would cost him but little to set the revolution in motion. The Socialists would be the first to lend him a helping hand, and, when the work of destruction was accomplished, to rob him of its coveted fruits. D'Annunzio scheming revolution would be like the peasant blowing hot and cold, aiming at military dictatorship and bringing in that of the proletariat.

ANTICIPATING the defeat of Bolshevism at the polls, *l'Europe Nouvelle* saw no reason to grow enthusiastic at the prospect. "The results may be excellent in appearance for the elements of moderation and conservatism, but in reality they will be deplorable from the parliamentary point of view." The paper foresaw a political débacle because the *bloc national*, if it won the elections, would only form a mock majority, badly cemented and lacking that cohesion which only a loyal accord on the solution of the economic and financial problem could furnish. On the readjustment of the financial balance depends the reconstruc-

tion of the country. Five milliards of new resources must be found, says the optimist M. Klotz, Minister of Finance. Nine milliards, at the least, are needed according to the financial expert André Lefèvre. And the parties constituting the majority have not yet agreed on a positive programme of taxation that will keep their representatives united in the fulfillment of their legislative task. Unless they succeed, at the eleventh hour, in drawing up a programme of constructive policy, they will have exorcised the communist spectre for the time being only. But the French, in the recent crisis, have evinced an amount of common sense which may be taken as an augury that they will not fail, in the hour of victory, to attend to the warning voice of cool judgment.

YALE'S long heralded increase in the salaries of her professors proves a little disappointing. An addition of five hundred dollars to the two-thousand or twenty-five-hundred dollar salary of an assistant professor does not restore him even to the position of affluence that he enjoyed before the war. An advance of one thousand dollars in the salaries of full professors over the former levels of four and five thousand dollars is somewhat better, especially since it is coupled with a sort of promise that men of exceptional ability may now and then hope for a reward somewhat above the average. It is well to have it recognized as desirable that academic life, like the other professions, should offer a few material prizes to be striven for. With Harvard well over the ten million mark, with Princeton and Cornell actively in the field for augmenting their resources, with the State Universities, as always, in a position to meet the market, the academic horizon may be said to be brightening. It is not yet dawn, but there is promise of a new day which the other universities and colleges must contrive as they can to greet. Perhaps, for strict economy, there are too many colleges. Undoubtedly, for the best results, there are too many college teachers.

AT the recent annual convention in St. Louis the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union overwhelmingly voted down a resolution looking toward state legislation and even a Constitutional amendment prohibiting the use of tobacco. It cannot, however, have been an easy decision to arrive at. In the present state of both the legislative and the public mind very substantial successes in an anti-tobacco crusade might be counted on, and complete success would be a dream not impossible of realization. But the extending of the lines necessary for even a partial success

throws at once into jeopardy the gain already made in the achievement of prohibition, a gain which still remains to be consolidated. Therefore a policy of slow and sure carries the convention. In future any suggestion that a programme of legislation is in contemplation can be set down as malicious propaganda on the part of baffled and enraged "wets"; on the part, too, of the Tobacco Trust, which, as everybody knows, seduces the people into using tobacco, just as the Clothes Trust lures them into the pernicious habit of wearing clothes, and the Furniture Trust betrays them into the vice of putting furniture into their houses. While the W. C. T. U. is educating the people along these and other lines, it is not too soon for the people to begin educating their representatives. Of the many ways the matter might be put to them, we limit ourselves to one which has something of the logical perfection of the syllogism, Why is tobacco bad? Everybody knows: Because "smoking leads to drinking." But the evil of drink has been removed. Therefore, a distracted humanity might safely be left to seek such solace as it may hope to find amid clouds of its own compelling.

PROPORTIONAL representation has much to recommend it if every citizen understands the use of his right to be his duty. But if the majority of the electorate, as happened in Italy last week, stays away from the polls the results cannot furnish a true reflection of the people's political opinions. There is only one means of preventing this indifference from invalidating the benefits of the system, and that is to make the vote obligatory. The Dutch Government, when it introduced proportional representation two years ago, coupled with it the principle of the compulsion to vote. But this cure for political apathy can only be effective if the machinery of the law works sufficiently quickly and efficiently to inflict speedy punishment on every shirker, as otherwise the law becomes the laughing-stock of the country.

THE centrifugal forces of the war have in most European countries proved detrimental to liberalism. The radical elements of the old liberal parties have drifted towards socialism, and the right wing, in self-defence against the growth of radical thought in its midst, has reacted by moving back to more conservative ideas. The political constellation has thereby assumed a simpler aspect: it is dominated by the two parties that are strong by internal discipline and extreme orthodoxy; the Socialists and the Roman Catholics. And the country's policy will be decided in one or the other way by the minor groups of various political

convictions joining either the extreme right or the extreme left. In Belgium and Italy the recent elections have afforded striking illustrations of this general tendency in Europe.

BY the conflict between these two international organizations, the Roman Catholic Church and the Socialist Internationale, the destinies of Europe will, for a long time to come, be dominated. The Church has the better chances of the two, so long as Socialism hesitates to take a decided stand against the tenets of Bolshevism. To the members of the third Internationale of Moscow, love of country is one of those fictions which capitalism keeps alive to serve its own selfish ends. Its internationalism seeks to build on the foundations of anti-nationalism, and to this the majority in every single country, however radical its tendencies may be, is bitterly opposed. "The French bourgeoisie has often shown great personal intelligence and activity, but it has lacked collective intelligence, it has neglected to play its part as a class." This verdict of Alfred Capus was published in *Figaro* about a month before the elections of November 16 were to put in question the justice of the charge. The bourgeoisie of France has had the collective intelligence to unite against the anti-national danger. The situation here was different from that in Italy and Belgium, since the Roman Catholics in France are not organized as a political force. But the people accepted the challenge of the international proletariat and played its part as a class with true Gallic verve. Socialism under the leadership of Jaurès could never have challenged the French bourgeoisie thus. Jaurès was a great writer and a great orator, and these are gifts which make a man popular in France, whatever his political ideas. But above all Jaurès belonged to France, not to his party only, and his internationalism was founded on the belief that in the brotherhood of men of which he dreamt French culture would take the lead and fulfill its high vocation. There was more unity of purpose between Jaurès and Clémenceau, the old radical, than there could be between the former Socialist leader and Longuet. Between men who love their own country best all political differences vanish when that which is dearest to them is at stake. The Church shows its wisdom in respecting the individual Catholic's love of country. And the "Anti-nationale" of Moscow defeats its own ends by despising a feeling firmly rooted in the people's mind. Tennyson, in his "Hands All Round," expressed what the masses unconsciously feel to be the truth:

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

The Chief Cause of High Prices

MR. GEORGE E. ROBERTS closed his trenchant article on "The Financial Situation," in last week's *Review*, with this sentence: "The signs of the times are that all the fundamental principles of sound finance will have to be fought over again."

There has been little difference of opinion among competent men as to the chief cause of high prices. But the natural tendency of the average man is to lay the blame for his troubles upon some person whom he can hold guilty, or upon some thing that is thrust on his immediate observation; and unfortunately this tendency has been but little corrected, and indeed has been in many ways stimulated, by the utterances and the acts of persons high in authority.

To this statement one highly important exception must, indeed, be made. The essential connection between high prices on the one hand and low productivity and wasteful consumption on the other has been insistently pointed out by our leading public men, as well as by those of other countries. "Work and save"—that maxim, if it has not been adequately followed by our people, has certainly been adequately preached to them. Nothing could be better than this teaching; and, so far as the practice of individuals in their daily lives is concerned, there is little that could be added to it. But it falls far short of spreading a just view of the cause of the trouble; and furthermore causes which have played but an insignificant part have been given a most misleading prominence.

The two most important examples of this are the hue and cry about speculative hoarding of necessities, and the reckless exploitation of the charge of "profiteering." As regards the former, some recent experiences are highly illuminating. A frantic search was made some months ago for concealed stores of sugar and of eggs, and the owners of these stores were compelled to put them on the market. These proceedings may have been entirely proper; but by no possibility did they have any perceptible beneficial effect upon the high-price difficulty. Eggs and sugar have both risen in price since; and the one thing certain is that those particular lots of eggs and of sugar are not now in existence, and therefore cannot by any possibility ease the present situation, which possibly they might have done if they had not been forced on the market two months ago. Furthermore, the quantities involved in these seizures, while represented in figures absolutely large, were relatively insignificant. Thus the whole amount of the sugar forced out

of hiding was, at the last accounts we noticed, about five million pounds, while the shortage of supply with which the country is now grappling runs up high into the hundreds of millions. As an influence upon prices, storage for profit has played but a small part—and in all probability such part as it has played has been beneficial rather than injurious, since such storage is based on intelligent calculation of present and prospective demand. Hoarding for private use is another matter; since the motive for this is solely the desire for personal comfort or advantage, guided by no expert calculation of market prospects, it is conceivable that a great aggregate of supplies might be withdrawn from use at the very time when it was most desirable to have them available.

The case of "profiteering" is less simple. To begin with, the meaning of the word is vague in the extreme. If, for example, a given producer, who has the advantage of superior facilities, resources, or ability, charges for his product precisely the same price as other producers have to charge in order to be able to go on with their business, his profits are of course very much greater than the average; does this make him a "profiteer"? Most fair minded persons, with the case thus plainly stated, will say no; yet probably the greater part of the charges of profiteering that have any basis at all arise out of just such cases. But whatever the meaning of the term, profiteering, while it may have taken place on a grand scale as a *consequence* of high prices, has been but in a very minor degree the cause of them.

A most interesting and important bit of statistics bearing on the subject is contained in an address delivered at New Haven last week by Professor Melvin T. Copeland, director of the Bureau of Business Research of Harvard University. On the basis of accurate reports in the business of 197 retail grocery stores located in all parts of the United States, and "fully typical" of retail grocery stores generally, Professor Copeland finds the following state of facts:

The average cost of doing business in these retail grocery stores in 1918 was 14 per cent. of net sales. This figure for total expense included rent, whether the store was owned or leased, proprietor's salary, and interest both on owned and borrowed capital. The average gross profit in these stores was 16.9 per cent.; the average net profit was 2.3 per cent. of net sales. The highest figure for net profit that was shown by any of the reports received was 9.29 per cent. On the other hand, a number of stores showed a loss, the highest net loss being 6.5 per cent. of net sales.

From this it may be concluded, with something closely approaching certainty, that retail "profiteering" has played but a negligible part in bringing about the

enormous rise in the price of groceries.

It is to the inflation of the monetary medium that Prof. Copeland, like substantially every competent authority, chiefly ascribes the rise of prices. From 1900 to 1914, the amount of currency in circulation in this country had been "expanding at the rate of about \$100,000,000 a year, due to the increase in the world's output of gold," and in consequence of even this degree of expansion "prices were constantly rising." But from 1914 to 1919 "the amount of currency in circulation in this country increased by \$2,440,000,000"; that is, the "currency in circulation has increased 71 per cent. in the last five years." "There have been other contributing influences to cause high prices," says Prof. Copeland, "but this inflation of our currency is unquestionably the greatest factor." Expansion of credit was doubtless meant to be included, though not explicitly covered by these words. The point is that the tremendous enlargement of the monetary medium—whatever its form, whether gold, circulating notes, or bank credits transferable by check—is incomparably the most potent cause of the prevailing high prices. And Prof. Copeland hopes, as do others, that the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Reserve banks have at last inaugurated a policy directed towards deflation.

Just what course can safely be pursued to promote this object is a question upon which only the most highly qualified experts are competent to pass. But it is of the first importance that the vital character of the object itself shall be realized by the public at large, and especially by the leaders in business, in politics, and in the ranks of labor. To follow false scents in such a matter as this is not only a deplorable waste of energy; it does incalculable mischief. The mere raising of hopes that cannot be fulfilled is itself a great evil, for exasperation intensified by disappointment is likely to lead to rash and mischievous action. But the most serious harm that is done by following one will-o'-the-wisp after another in the hunt for a remedy for high prices is that it keeps public attention directed away from the one cause which transcends all others. Whatever possibilities there may be for instituting a policy of deflation, there is little hope that such a policy will be vigorously pursued and persistently maintained unless there stands behind it a strong public opinion, or at least a strong sentiment among those who have, in such questions, a powerful influence upon public opinion. The first requisite for any possibility of real progress in grappling with the high-price problem is a clear recognition that the chief cause of high prices is the enormous expansion of the monetary medium.

The New Labor Conference

THERE is more than one vital difference between the conference on industrial conditions that is about to assemble in Washington and the conference which ended in hopeless failure a month ago. The difference in organization is obvious; the members are not labeled as representing any particular element in the case—either labor, capital or the public. But the significance of this feature, if the conference is to be more successful than its predecessor, must be understood as going far beyond its immediate implication. On the face of it, the meaning is that each member is supposed to say and do what he himself thinks best and wisest. What President Wilson stated in his Labor Day announcement of the first conference was that he would bring about a conference of "authoritative representatives of labor and of those who direct labor"; and the outcome was a tug-of-war between the forces thus represented, culminating in deadlock and the break-up of the conference. Upon this particular rock the new conference will not split. But merely to avoid this danger is to go but a very little way toward assuring a valuable result. Indeed, taken in itself, the absence of representative character in the conference is a loss, not a gain; the gain can only come through something else of real power and import taking the place of what has been removed.

That something else can be nothing else than brain-power. Agreements, concessions, compromises—these things may be arrived at simply as the result of the interplay of contending forces. But this coming conference will be in no position to effect agreements or arrange concessions or compromises. It will either have to do a lot of hard thinking, or set in motion a lot of hard thinking to be done by other persons, specially chosen on account of their fitness for the task. In either case, it is upon the quality of brain that is to be found in the membership of the conference that the issue of success or failure will depend. This does not necessarily imply that it is essential that all the members shall come up to a high standard in this regard. But it is essential that there be a sufficient infusion of men having high mental power, together with capacity for leadership, to insure effective guidance for the work of the conference as a whole. Mere good intentions will go but a very little way. Whether the requisite combination of brain-power and capacity for leadership are to be found in the membership of the conference remains to be seen.

But there is another vital point of difference, hardly second in importance to this. The first conference was assembled with a view to obtaining immediate results, results that could be promptly applied to the relief of the grave situation with which the nation was contending. In Mr. Wilson's Labor Day announcement, the proposed conference was coupled with the measures that had been initiated by the Government to reduce the cost of living, both being held out as reasons why the discontented should not aggressively press their grievances until time had been given for these remedial measures to show their efficacy. Nothing of the kind is referred to in the present call. The conference is not expected, says the President, to "deal directly with any condition which exists to-day," but his hope is that it "may lay the foundation for the development of standards and machinery within our industries" which will result in justice and fair dealing in the conduct of our industries, encouragement to both workingmen and employers, and benefit to the general public. To do anything substantial toward the attainment of these ends is at best a difficult task, as all know now a little better than they did before the recent conference met. But in buckling down to their problem the new gathering will have an inestimable advantage over the old one in the circumstance that they are not expected to hand out a solution "while you wait."

The Farmer's Profit

THERE are very widely separated angles from which the question of the farmer's prosperity may be viewed. If you remind him that you are paying over seventeen cents per quart for his milk, he will quickly remind you that only about two-fifths of that sum gets back as far as the railway station to which he must deliver the milk. Talk to him of eggs at eighty-seven cents a dozen and chickens (minus only the feathers, and not quite all of them) at forty-five cents a pound, and he tells you first that a large part of this has never acquired the "back to the farm" tendency, and secondly that the chickens must be fed on grain worth over two dollars a bushel. Allege that he himself is raising this high-priced grain, and he demurs that the profit is eaten out of it by the exorbitant cost of fertilizers, agricultural machinery, and farm labor. Switch over to the fancy prices which the products of his orchards are bringing on the fruit stands, and he retorts that winter killing, late frosts, and the prohibitive price of chemicals and apparatus for spraying have left him only an inconsiderable residue of the small amount which the commission mer-

chants have seen fit to return to him on his fruit account. He would really feel tempted to cut the trees down, but for the outrageously high price of an axe. Talk of his automobile, and he may intimate that this is a matter of his wife's desires, not of his own financial resources.

And yet there is ample evidence that recent years have seen a substantial improvement in the financial position of the American farmer. The mortgage that represents the farmer's simple inability to keep his farm going and support his family out of its products is far less common to-day than thirty or twenty years ago. The bank records of country towns tell a story of farmers' accumulations in very pleasing contrast with anything that could have been shown then. The Liberty bonds in their safe-deposit boxes run into the hundreds of millions. Better methods of tillage, improved varieties of grain, fruit and live-stock, better roads, a wider diffusion of the results of agricultural research, a more general interest in agricultural education, have all contributed to the financial improvement of the farmer's position.

The fairly prosperous farmer, looking upon his farm as a home rather more than as a mere money-making investment, is an element so steady to the state, as well as so necessary, that no thoughtful person can begrudge him a handsome profit for his labor. There is room for such a profit without the consequence of an unendurable cost of living for the non-agricultural consumer. By the elimination of uneconomic methods of transportation and distribution much may be done to diminish the margin between the farmer's return and the consumer's expenditure. And there is another large resource for the improvement of the farmer's profits, without raising prices to the consumer, in improved methods of farming, which will increase the output per acre and at the same time reduce the unit cost of production. Every indication is that agricultural science, applied by intelligent and educated farmers, has not reached the limit in this line of progress, but is only getting fairly started.

On the whole, the farmer deserves congratulations. If he wants any really great wealth he must go elsewhere than to his farm for it; but for the renunciation of great material wealth there are many compensating advantages today, as in Horace's time, to him "who free from public cares, his own ancestral acres tills," not "with his own oxen," as in Horace's day, and with far too many of Horace's people in the Italy of our own day, but with his quick-stepping and well-bred farm horses, and agricultural machinery little less than human in

its handiness. He will complain today, as he complained in Horace's time two thousand years ago, sometimes with good reason, sometimes from mere habit, and often as the welling up of a sly humor which his city cousins are not always quick-witted enough to detect and appreciate as it is intended. But however he strikes us we must all cry, Long live the farmer! For certainly the rest of us cannot live long without him.

"Not Just Yet"

THE woman who fills her husband's tears with constant assertions that she has no thought of buying an expensive silk gown *just yet* is not as negative in purpose as in words. She is merely seeking to establish in his sub-conscious mind the fatalistic impression that some time or other the gown must surely come.

Professor Thorstein Veblen has been toying for years with the idea of a new gown for our modern Goddess of Liberty. By this time he has passed far beyond the stage of suggesting that the old gown is badly worn. Repairs may be attempted, may hide the nakedness of our civilization temporarily from eyes not yet wide enough open to see, but sooner or later the garment is sure to fall in pieces, and something structurally different, from head to foot, must take its place. In a series of articles in the *Dial*, delayed a little but now again in progress, he enters vigorously into the "not just yet" stage of the campaign. The general tone of these articles is well illustrated by the following words from the first of them, in which we have employed italics to call attention to certain phrases that get their emphasis in the original precisely from the fact that they are slipped in so constantly without emphasis:

The Guardians of the Vested Interests in America are plainly putting things in train for a capital operation, for which there is no apparent necessity. It should be evident on slight reflection that things have not reached that fateful stage where nothing short of a capital operation can be counted on to save the life of the Vested Interests in America; *not yet*. And indeed, things need assuredly not reach such a stage if reasonable measures are taken to avoid undue alarm and irritation. All that is needed to keep the underlying population of America in a sweet temper is a degree of patient ambiguity and delay, something after the British pattern, and all will yet be well with the vested rights of property and privilege, *for some time to come*.

On the basis even of these few sentences, and still more with the entire article in view, one might ask just why the writer speaks, in his title, of the "danger" of a revolutionary overturn rather than the "hope." The word was deliberately chosen. He is writing not merely to the already convinced, with whom "the Revolution" is an eager hope rather than a fear-inspiring danger, but still more to

those who are as yet a little doubtful, and might recoil from too unqualified a display of revolutionary purpose. It is better strategy, "just yet," to treat the Revolution, at least part of the time, as the alternative in case "the Guardians of the Vested Interests" will not make desired concessions. This may effectively frighten the conservative, and yet not seriously trouble the half-way radical, so as to tumble him off the fence on the conservative side. And yet it would not do to press the "danger" side too much. The masses will not take the leap if the ground on which they must light seems too rugged. And so Professor Veblen throws down a cushion, not in the form of a statement of his own opinion, which might be subject to discount as prejudiced, but by telling the reader that "the Elder Statesmen are in position to know, without much inquiry, that there is no single spot or corner in civilized Europe or America where the underlying population would have anything to lose by such an overturn of the established order as would cancel the vested rights of privilege and property, whose guardians they are." Of course these "Guardians of the Vested Interests" cannot *know* anything that is not a fact; and the smooth assumption that it is a fact, aided by the deft misuse of the odious word "privilege," is far more effective than would have been the mere statement that it was true in the opinion of Thorstein Veblen, sociologist.

Amid the indefinite "not just yet" that dot his paragraphs, there is once or twice a little closer grip with the question of time. There is an air of immediate possibility in the statement that "something of the kind is felt to be due, on the ground of the accomplished facts." Again, we are told that "it has been argued, and it seems not unreasonable to believe, that the established order of business enterprise, vested rights, and commercialized nationalism, is due *presently* to go under in a muddle of shame and confusion." On the whole, he thinks it quite hazardous to guess, "just yet," how distant may be "that consummation of commercial imbecility." Some argue that it is plainly due within two years, while others would leave the present system a probable duration of several times that interval. But he feels obliged to admit that "these latter appear, on the whole, to be persons who are less intimately acquainted with the facts in the case." The upshot of the time discussion is that "there is yet something of a margin to go on; so much so, that, *barring accident*, there should seem to be no warrant for counting at all confidently on a disastrous breakdown of the business system within anything like a two-year period." Let not the "Guardians of the Vested Interests," however, take too

much comfort from this allowance of two years plus, for in a previous paragraph he has shown how extremely easy it is for "accidents" to occur, and in the second article he presses the point at length. It is as if you had been exposed to the smallpox. Your doctor reassures you with the assertion that even if you take it at all it will be two days at least, and perhaps considerably longer, before you do. Enjoy yourself as usual in the meanwhile. And yet you cannot keep from looking fearfully in the mirror every half-hour. Such is the state of mind into which Veblen and his class of revolutionists would put the American people, for in just that unsettled state of mind revolution would find its profit if once it could be set on foot.

To go back to our figure, what is the texture of the new gown which Veblen would have our Goddess of Liberty put on? It is to be a soviet silk, of Russian pattern, but with a difference. He realizes that a revolution against the present system would be futile, and followed by certain reaction, unless there is some capable agency definitely ready to take its place in the production of the necessities of modern life. His common sense tells him that the ordinary workmen cannot meet this imperative requirement. As a substitute, then, for the "business management" against which he is so rabidly set in the present order, his hope lies in a "soviet of technicians." And since technicians of adequate ability and experience are not inclined to be revolutionary, but on the contrary are "a harmless and docile sort, well fed, on the whole, and somewhat placidly content with the full dinner-pail which the lieutenants of the Vested Interests habitually allow them," the "two years plus" grows again, unless the technicians can be sneered or argued or driven out of their conservative attitude of mind.

But there is a further obstacle, which Veblen does not recognize. The great majority of the technicians themselves are skilled and experienced not in the entire field of their particular industry, but only in some one of its many divisions. It is absurd to assume, as Professor Veblen continually does, that the business management of any successful industrial concern is virtually unrelated to, and a mere incubus upon, the work of its technical personnel. There are exceptional individuals on either side who could do the work of the other, but as a whole each group has its own indispensable place in the mechanism of the entire plant, a relation of which both are thoroughly aware. And so a soviet of technicians, to take industry out of the hands of business managers, is no more likely than a soviet of business managers to supplant the technicians; "not just yet."

A Republic Without Republicans?

WRITER in the London *Spectator* warns his readers not to believe in the republicanism of the German people. Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, it is true, has lost much sympathy by ignominiously taking to his heels, and the ex-Crown Prince is little better liked than his father. But "to infer that because the people do not care for a particular individual to reign over them, therefore they are republicans, is utterly illogical."

These words recall to mind the early days of the Third Republic, when France was reproached, in the very same terms, with dissembling her true nature. "Une République sans Republicanisme" was a current phrase in 1871, and few doubted that the name hit the mark. The National Assembly, though elected by universal suffrage, was an anti-republican body, for no French Legislature of the century had included so many men of rank and fortune. The monarchists were in the majority, and the Radicals, the advocates of the Republic, far from popular, in consequence of the excesses of the Commune in Paris, which had brought republicanism into discredit. There was a general belief, both in France and abroad, that the days of the new Republic would soon be numbered. The atrocities of the Commune were sure to bring about a reaction, and outside France the impression prevailed that the nation was too fickle to put up with any form of government for any great length of time. What stability could one expect from a people which, within twenty years of its Declaration of the Rights of Man had entrusted its destinies to the despotic soldier-Emperor whose entire career made havoc of those noble principles; which, after the Emperor's fall, had accepted from its conquerors the heirs of the old régime, obsolete exponents of the divine right of kings; had then turned away from these and chosen a Constitutional monarchy à l'Anglaise; to plunge, eighteen years later, into new revolution, and install another Napoleon as guardian over the Second Republic, which four years later was again to be changed for an Empire. Both the experience of the past and the political constellation of the present made the long continuance of the Third Republic seem an impossibility.

But what seemed impossible then seemed so no longer in 1873. The Monarchists, still in the majority in the National Assembly, were alarmed at the results of the legislative elections of April 27 and May 11, which revealed a rapid growth of the Radical party. The Duc de Broglie, speaking for the 302 signatures of an interpellation addressed to

the Cabinet by the Right, summarized the interpellation in these words: "What does the Cabinet stand for? For resistance to the radicals, or for concessions to that party?" By scrupulously avoiding the two words Monarchy and Republic he tried to veil from his listeners the real question at issue. It was not from radicalism that the Republic had to be saved, it was from republicanism, thus made odious by its identification with radicalism, that the monarchy had to be rescued. Thiers, in his famous reply on the following morning, stated that truth with unsparing directness: "What divides us here is the question of Monarchy or Republic; there is no other question. Do you know the reason why I, an old partisan of the Monarchy, have declared myself for the Republic? Because, at this juncture, the Monarchy for you and for me is, in practice, impossible. I need not tell you why impossible: there is only one throne, and three together cannot occupy it."

The old statesman saw better than his opponents who turned him out, and who thought to have found a Monk in Marshal MacMahon. They only ushered in an era of reactionary incompetence, and each recurring occasion helped to confirm a growing conviction that anti-republicanism was identical with political ineptitude. "Note the blindness of political passion," writes M. Hanotaux, "the Conservatives did not see that in turning out M. Thiers they turned out the last of the Conservatives." They refused to inaugurate the Republic and could not found the Monarchy. So they helped against their will to bring in the Republic of the radicals. They would not believe in the conservatism of Thiers, which was of the type extolled by the poet:

That man's the true conservative
Who lops the mouldered branch away,
and, having discarded that true conservative,
clung on to the mouldering branch
that would never blossom again. With the Septennate of MacMahon the Republic became established in spite of the Monarchists, who had hoped to use it as a bridge which might lead to the Monarchy. For nearly half a century the so-called fickle French nation has remained loyal to its Republic, and the war has been the fire in which the metal of that loyalty was tested, and proved pure gold.

Prophets are telling us now that the restoration of the German Monarchy is near at hand. The signs, they say, are unmistakable. In country churches, prayers are offered up for the Kaiser and the royal family, the country newspapers have not changed their policy, von Hindenburg is prevented by Pan-German students from giving evidence before the War Investigation Committee, and mon-

archists are plotting at Amerongen against the Government of Herr Ebert. Conditions, indeed, are different from those in France forty-eight years ago. There are no rival houses to split the Monarchist party into contending factions, there are no leaders of the talent of Thiers to point the right way. But on the other hand there is, instead of national unity, a variety of local patriotisms, Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, Rhine-landish, which may prove fatal to the hopes of the dethroned kings of Prussia. And there is a strong Social-Democratic party, far exceeding in power and influence the Radical party of Gambetta.

We are prone to exaggerate the importance of current events. Each little disturbance of the normal, an ovation to Ludendorff, an old pastor found signing himself *Hofprediger*, the flying visit of a "Kaisertreuer" at Amerongen, are deemed shadows projected by the imminent calamity of a monarchical coup d'état. But the history of the birth of the Third Republic makes one cautious in interpreting those alarming symptoms. Whatever men may scheme, the trend of history in these days is decided by powers beyond the control of individuals.

It is an error to imagine that we, bewildered readers of the daily newspaper, can gather from it a foreknowledge of the course that will be taken. The multitude of facts dims our perception of the main currents through which the fate of the world is moving on. Wishing to know a little of many events, we must be satisfied not to know much about anything. We touch with our noses the great canvas of time, to scrutinize the finesse of the divine artist, but in doing so lose sight of the picture as a whole, not knowing whether the landscape is overcast by the clouds of the thunderstorm or illumined by the break of a new day.

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"A Vehicle of Life"

ALMOST every feature of the Treaty of Peace and League of Nations Covenant has been exhaustively discussed, yet one important consideration, not without its bearing on several disputed points, has been largely overlooked. The settlement, in Mr. Wilson's phrase, should have been a "vehicle of life"; yet the treaty fails to provide any adequate method of achieving this ideal, and the arguments against various territorial adjustments and obligations are made possible, or at least are made more valid, by the absence of any provisions for improving the hasty work of the Paris Conference. If the treaty is a "vehicle of life," it is slow moving and likely to encounter trouble unless it is remodelled. There is a hint of the truth in the Taft and Root pronouncements, but, from this standpoint, they are concerned with the possibilities of Article X rather than with the general principle.

It is now the fashion to quote Mr. Wilson against himself, and in his addresses are to be found definite expressions of the ideal that has been since abandoned. One of the President's speeches in England, before the Conference began, admitted a greater doubt of complete success than he has ever hinted at in addressing Americans. He expressed his lack of hope that "the individual items of the settlement we are about to attempt will be altogether satisfactory." "And yet," he added, amid cheers, "if we are to make unsatisfactory settlements, we must see to it that they are rendered more and more satisfactory by subsequent adjustments which are made possible. So we must provide the machinery of readjustment in order that we may have the machinery of good will and friendship." When he read the first draft of the Covenant to a plenary session of the Conference, Mr. Wilson said that the Covenant was "not a straight-jacket," but that "a living thing is born and we must see to it what clothes we put on it." Later, still retaining this figure of speech, the President declared, before the International Law Association, that "we must weave out of the old materials the new garments which it is necessary that men should wear."

Extreme difficulty, nevertheless, will be experienced in making the treaty fit new conditions. With the exception of a few special arrangements, the obligations imposed upon Germany—and the other defeated states—are apparently for all time. Part II of the treaty, for example, dealing with the boundaries of Germany, contains no hint that any revision may be necessary. Changes could come by the unanimous agreement of all the signa-

tory Powers, but that would be difficult and could be achieved only after unpleasantness and "scrap of paper" charges. The secret treaties are sufficient evidence of the desire of states to insist, at any price, upon the fulfillment of international obligations that are favorable to them. To be sure, the League Covenant can be amended, but it will be difficult to arouse this international sovereign to action and even if aroused, it will be incompetent to prevent the world from remaining in a strait jacket. Nor does Article XIX provide an escape. To say that "The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties, which have become inapplicable" is not very helpful. For example, the veto of France in the Council is by express provision sufficient to prevent the union of Austria and Germany. The question of the Polish boundaries could be brought before the Assembly, but action must be unanimous. Even if the Council assumed jurisdiction, and decided unanimously for a revision, this could accomplish nothing, for there is no method provided of enforcing the award. The only stipulation (Article XV) is that a member of the League may not go to war with a party which complies with such a decision, and it is inconceivable that if the question were then taken to the Assembly, as is possible under this Article, and a majority decision were secured, it would be legally valid, since the concurrence of all members of the Council—including France—is required. Even so, no sanction is provided, and the static world thus achieved is made the more certain by Article X.

This consideration was hinted at, although not stressed, by Mr. Root in his first letter on the League Covenant. To attempt, he said, "to preserve for all time unchanged the distribution of power and territory made in accordance with the views and exigencies of Allies in this present juncture of affairs," would be both futile and mischievous. "Change and growth are the law of life, and no generation can impose its will in regard to the growth of nations and the distribution of power upon succeeding generations." As the British delegation said, when the Covenant was first published, "One generation cannot hope to bind its successors by written words"; in Lord Acton's fine phrase, there must be no "tyranny of the dead over the living." This, it seems to me, is a much more powerful argument against Article X than purely national interests and possibilities of trouble. The extent of Mr. Wilson's defeat in Paris is in part measured by the rigidity of this Article, for

the analogous provision in the President's own draft of the Covenant (Article III) would have made possible territorial readjustments which became necessary on account of changes in racial conditions or political relationships, and declared "without reservation the principle that the peace of the world is superior in importance to every question of political jurisdiction or boundary." Article X, however, would guarantee for all time the arrangements of the Versailles treaties—good, bad, and indifferent.

Mr. Root and Mr. Taft, therefore, suggest a time limit for the obligations of this Article. But John Stuart Mill—not a writer who is frequently cited on questions of international relations—long ago urged a solution which has, I think, considerable merit. Writing in 1870 (article on "Treaty Obligations" in the *Fortnightly Review*), Mill called attention to the prevalent disregard of treaty obligations, chiefly by Russia, and in some cases justifiable. Congresses had in 1814 and 1815 agreed upon a set of treaties which regulated the external, and some of the internal, affairs of European nations. These treaties were intended to last for all time. Imposed by the victorious states at the conclusion of the war—just as treaties are now imposed by the victorious Allies—the terms of the engagements "were regulated by the interests and relative strength at the time of the victors and vanquished and were observed as long as those interests and that relative strength remained the same." Alterations, however, took place in these elements; and the Powers began to refuse to regard such provisions as were displeasing to them. Public opinion in some cases sustained this action; in other cases, the violation of the treaty was not deemed sufficiently serious to justify a resort to war. "Europe did not interpose when Russia annihilated Poland; when Prussia, Austria, and Russia extinguished the Republic of Cracow; or when a second Bonaparte mounted the throne of France." No one blamed Prussia and Austria when, in 1813, they refused to live up to the treaties which bound them to Napoleon and pledged them to fight in his ranks. Since Mill wrote, there have been many additional illustrations of treaties that were torn up, without the general disapprobation of world opinion. In 1886 Russia withdrew from certain provisions of the Treaty of Berlin of 1878; only Great Britain protested. In 1908 Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina and in 1911 Italy declared war against Turkey in violation of the Treaty of Paris of March 30, 1856, by which England, France, Prussia, Russia, and Italy undertook to respect the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. These are

only a few of the many instances that could be cited and there is no reason to believe that the agreements made at the Paris Conference will prove any more satisfactory.

The problem, Mill said, was to reconcile, "in the greatest practical degree, the inviolability of treaties and the sanctity of national faith, with the undoubted fact that treaties are not always fit to be kept, while yet those who have imposed them upon others weaker than themselves are not likely, if they retain confidence in their own strength, to grant a release from them. To effect this reconciliation, so far as it is capable of being effected, nations should be willing to abide by two rules. They should abstain from imposing conditions which, on any just and reasonable view of human affairs, cannot be expected to be kept. And they should conclude their treaties as commercial treaties are usually concluded, only for a term of years."

Mill's first caveat against unwise conditions is a problem in itself; but if the treaty contains such provisions, it would seem the more necessary to allow for their amendment, not to speak of changes to meet new conditions. That would make less likely the use of collective force in order to prevent a disturbance and compel compliance with regulations that have become obsolete and whose enforcement would be an injustice. One trouble with previous international settlements is that they did not allow for any change; they sought to preserve for all time the then existing international order. And yet if there had not been change in international relations, we should have had no Belgium, no separation of Norway and Sweden, no united Germany, no united Italy. Racial problems in the Balkans have always been known to students; but who ten years ago would have prophesied that in 1919 we should determine what political recognition is due the Czechs and Slovaks and Ruthenians and Jugoslavs? The Holy Alliance did not allow for the forces of democracy and nationalism; other equally unforeseen problems will come up in the future; territorial adjustments will be necessary; protectorates and vassal states, created by the Conference, will be ready to cast off their swaddling clothes, and there is continually the necessity for change in economic arrangements. The truth of this is shown by the fact that commercial treaties are almost always for a definite term of years or are subject to termination upon twelve months' notice. The tension and resentment when a treaty comes to an end are not considered too high a price to pay for the abandonment of obsolete and unfair provisions.

It is true, of course, that many treaties

by implication, if not by express provision, include the clause *rebus sic stantibus*, and that the contracting parties reserve the right to refuse to be bound if the conditions obtaining at the time the treaty was negotiated undergo any material change. Some publicists deny that this clause is included in treaties. At the conference of London in 1871 the Powers declared that "it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagement of a treaty, or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable settlement." This would seem to deny the principle of *rebus sic stantibus*, but in any event there is the serious and delicate question as to whether such a clause can be implied in a particular treaty and also as to whether the conditions have in fact changed. These questions would be avoided by frankly recognizing that, like national constitutions and legislation, international enactments are not for all time. It may be wise to make change difficult and to be certain that hasty, ignorant passion is not translated into the public law of nations. But there should certainly not be an attempt to put international treaties in the same class with the multiplication table.

We hear much about a League of Nations involving an impairment of sovereignty and limiting national action, but the greatest impairment of sovereignty is a treaty made for all time. Frequently its existence is forgotten until suddenly, with no warning, a state is confronted by repudiation or by being held to arrangements that seriously oppose its national interest. Nor is there anything more deadening to an intelligent interest in foreign affairs than a series of treaties which assume a static world and do not provide for change. On the other hand it is difficult to have a greater stimulus to education than would result from the possibility of revising all international agreements. Constitutional changes achieving popular control of foreign policy are not all-important. It has been notorious that peoples have known little and cared less about international problems; and if there is hope for the future of international society it is dependent on a well-informed public opinion. In domestic affairs, through somewhat hard experiences, the people have learned that great power without knowledge does not avail them as much as knowledge with less power; and that knowledge is denied them if the world is put in a strait-jacket.

The contentions of those who would have the United States limit its obligations derive great force from the danger which exists when permanent treaties

can be appealed to, when injustices are legalized, when change is made difficult, and when apathy is encouraged. Obsolete treaty provisions are a greater international evil than the conflicting interests which would develop at revising conferences held in the future. Doubts concerning Shantung, the Saar Basin, and various boundaries; the objections of the Left to the punitive features of the Treaty, and the desire to put a time limit on America's obligations—all have the more force because the settlement is not "a vehicle of life." But Mr. Wilson's indispensable ideal should not be lost sight of, and efforts must be made to achieve it in the readjustments that will come when the League begins to function. International peace is dependent upon international change, and when it is certain that the dead cannot tyrannize over the living, perhaps Americans will be ready to enter without too many reservations a world organization.

LINDSAY ROGERS

England's Disillusion

DISILLUSION in this anniversary week of the Armistice seems to an observer the most marked national feature. Throughout the war the encouraging idea permeated the mentality of the English people that, the war over, men and women would return to the normal life of 1914. It was suggested by foreseeing persons, rather uncertainly perhaps, that things would not be as they had been, but in a time of such anxiety and uncertainty no one cared to analyze the days to come. So one prevailing comfort—that had much to do with the calmness and courage with which the ever optimistic Englishman endured the darkest days—was the vision of the past as the dream of the future, a future happy in a new and peaceful fraternity of nations sprung from the fraternization of the battle-fields; the old order, in short, in more ideal circumstances.

When at length the war came to an end, he began to expect his dream to become a reality. But another vision was before the eyes of the country. The Government had called on it, over and over again, for financial help. Millions were poured into the Exchequer, men of business and corporations positively advertised the thousands which they contributed. To the uneducated eye the wealth of England seemed at once enormous and unlimited. Thousands of persons were in receipt of wages, who had, before the war, hardly earned a penny, and the pay of others was doubled and trebled. If expenses were rising higher, wages had only to be asked for to be received. Disillusion has, however, now

set in from the war vision and the peace orgy alike. Probably the first real blow to both was the rise of six shillings a ton in coal: it was a high explosive bomb. It at once struck imagination and common-sense, and compelled a realization of facts. But just as Englishmen recovered, during the war, from shattering and disappointing military disasters, so they seem to have recovered from the first blow of peace. The country is perplexed and suspicious, ready to pounce on victims, and to be angry at administrative scandals and financial extravagance. Circumstances have combined to produce this atmosphere of disillusion: the books of military and naval commanders, revelations in Government reports, the slow progress at Paris, the international debate at Washington, the many social and economic problems at home which penetrate into the household of every citizen.

Yet high prices are beginning to be accepted as something wholly normal—disagreeable enough but, like a wet day, something to be put up with. Enormous hardship, and even suffering, caused by high prices is apparent in various sections of the community, but, taking the country as a whole, the disappointment of the peace time is being borne with the same national composure as the evils of war time. The social and economic changes consequent on a probably prolonged period of high prices and high wages are as yet visible only in their inception—changes in the ownership of land, of domestic life, of education, of manners and of dress and among manual laborers a higher standard of dress and a larger expenditure on amusement. Never, for instance, in the history of the British turf have race courses been so crowded, largely by the weekly wage earners, as during the last summer. Yet the idea of economy is certainly growing, it is in the voices in the street, and it will become more universal since the actual profits of war have ceased and as abnormal doles to manual workers come to an end.

Realization that increase of wages means an increase of cost to the community generally is gradually sinking into the mind of the masses of the nation and this will be more acutely perceived as the winter passes. In agricultural districts the increased wages of laborers will certainly mean a diminution during the winter in the employment of hands. Already an increase in the use of tractors for ploughing is observable in rural England. Again, both high wages and mechanical instruments in agriculture are likely to have a very serious effect on the schemes for small holdings, which were to be one of the blessings of the Utopia, which was—we were told—to succeed the war.

Englishmen have not, however, been called a nation of shopkeepers for nothing. The gibe is a tribute to their common sense, patience, and adaptability. They will show these characteristics in the post-war period as they did throughout the time of hostilities. As in the war, so in the peace age they are in advance of the Government and demand measures of sound finance and of economy, irrespective of political parties or political fortunes. A Coalition Government, such as now exists in England, cannot have a strong line of policy on these points, it must live by opportunism, and

sooner or later the national disillusion will extend to the whole political situation, if indeed it has not already begun to do so.

After the conclusion of the great European Wars of the Spanish Succession, when the victories of Marlborough were closed by the Peace of Utrecht, there came, opportunely, on the scene a figure exactly suited to the time and its task. The English people, in a critical and subdued temper, now look around but they do not yet see another Walpole.

E. S. ROSCOE

London, November 15

An Embargo on Talk

THE two fatalities that pursue what we are pleased to call democracy are talking and legislating. All the evil in the world comes from talking, and it began when the devil argued Eve into eating the forbidden fruit and Eve nagged Adam into joining with her in defying the law. Talking and making new laws will vitiate any scheme of government, however good, and as for democracy they are fatal.

A case in point is that of the President of the United States who apparently has talked himself to death in defense of a gross product of too much talking. Our fighting men won the war and our talking men lost the peace, and now a great river of more talk, from Congressmen and journalists and other orators, must be deflected from its original bed to cover the unhonored remains. Society is sick unto death, and no wonder, for nothing is immune before torrents of vocal sound, but what it needs is not words but acts. It is acts that count, not talk; that is one of the reasons why the soldier is more honorable than the lawyer, why the monk does more than the preacher.

There is nothing more grotesquely undignified than the sight of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation careering over the country and talking all the time, except the same practice on his own part when he was trying to talk the voters into electing him. It is a fad at present to amend the Constitution while the amending is good; let us go further and pass a new amendment debarring a Presidential candidate from making a public speech in his own interest, and a President from speaking publicly on any subject outside the walls of the Capitol.

The world is being talked to death, just as a perfectly good peace was talked to death. Instead of hundreds of expert professional talkers assembling from the uttermost parts of the earth to argue and debate and dicker for months while the devil got in his deadly and most effi-

cient work, the results of which are now increasingly in evidence, what should have been done was to lock Marshals Foch, Joffre, and Haig, Generals Pershing and Diaz, King Albert of Belgium and Cardinal Mercier, in the Palace of Versailles, give them good food and better wines, throw a military guard around the palace, disconnect the telephones, and allow them ten days in which to produce terms of peace, with a guaranty that they would be accepted by all the Allies without debate, and enforced on the defeated enemy without parley.

Had this been done the result would have been a short, sharp, decisive, intelligent, intelligible document, just, honorable, and righteous; nine months of peace with something accomplished towards recovery, the confinement of Bolshevism within narrow Russian limits (perhaps even its extinction), and for ourselves the marked advantage of a very capable President constantly at work at his proper job in Washington. Failing this, we have had the exact reverse in every particular, with Something unleashed throughout the world that may not be confined again until it has destroyed civilization—or given the whip-hand to "defeated" Prussia, which amounts to the same thing.

Parliamentary government has now conspicuously demonstrated not only its complete futility but also its grotesque absurdity. Etymologically the word should have carried its own warning. "Parliament," a talkshop. What we want is not a parliament but a "factament," a place where things are done, and with as few words as possible. We are suffering from chronic and acute logorrhoea, the most debilitating disease known (or unknown) to the pharmacopœa. Who shall deliver us from the body of this (logomachical) death?

There was once a superstition that free speech and plenty of it was a natural right and the palladium of our liberties;

that if we all talked long and loud enough we should, as a necessary consequence, elect the right men to office, pass the best possible laws, insure the most even handed distribution of justice, and compel our executives to administer the laws after a holy and impeccable fashion. What, in the light of the last fifty years of parliamentary (that is to say talking) government, is the reaction of intelligence to this interesting theoretical stimulus?

There is occasionally—not always—much truth in very common sayings. One of the true phrases is "Put up or shut up!" A very valuable and profound piece of advice. On the other hand "Talk never killed a cat" is indefensible in principle; it may not have actually killed a cat but it has been the source of untold domestic misery (beside which the evils of the demon rum are negligible); it has caused the death of decads of millions of men, women, and children, and it has brought several perfectly good civilizations to an end in black disaster, besides a number less admirable, including, incidentally, our own.

What we need at this juncture is a moratorium on language, particularly spoken, though writers (amongst whom I include myself) are not guiltless. As concrete measures I suggest that, as stated above, no candidate for chief executive of any city or State or of the nation should be permitted to argue in public for his own election; that the number of words allowed a candidate for office during his campaign should be rigidly limited by statute, and that he should be compelled to file a sworn statement of the actual number of words he has spent; that words should be rationed, and something like food cards issued to those who wish to use them in public; that proposed laws should be posted publicly, printed in the daily papers, and then voted on by the legislators without debate, and that the old laws and penalties against "common scolds" should be revived and made applicable not only to contentious ladies but also to males who display similar habits.

Perhaps, after we have returned again to civilization, something like this may be reported in the papers as an item of not extraordinary news:

The Judge (*putting on the black cap*): "Prisoner at the Bar, you have been charged with the wilful, cruel, and inordinate use of language, and you have been found guilty by a jury of your peers. This is the most heinous offence known in law, and very justly the penalty has been made as severe as the crime is abominable. It is always the desire of this Court to temper justice with mercy, but in this case the jury has found that the evidence proves you have matched in your prodigal expenditure of language that great verbal malfactor of the last century, William Jennings Bryan. Under the circumstances, and in the

light of this verdict, the Court has no discretion and is bound to inflict the utmost penalty of the law. Prisoner at the Bar, you are sentenced to penal servitude for life in the Congress of the United States, and may God have mercy on your soul."

An embargo on talk would play havoc with law-making, and this would be not the least of its virtues. In the good old days the object of government was to find out what was the accepted custom and then enforce it. New laws were seldom needed, and the necessity is but little greater to-day, yet by some crazy whim of "social evolution" (the thing known to philosophers as social degeneration) the function of a legislative body has come to be not only the authorizing of supplies but the proposing of as many new laws as human ingenuity can devise and the enacting of as many of these as the hours in the day will permit and the Star Chamber committees allow to get by. It is bad enough in the British Parliament, where there may be four hundred bills introduced in a single session, but what shall we say of Washington where this number is sometimes multiplied by thirty?

Congress has at last taken up the vital question of a financial budget and it will deserve well of history if it enacts the Good bill, or some other of similar nature. So will pass the most ridiculous and inefficient method (without method) of providing for the financial necessities of Government ever in practice anywhere or at any time. Ignorance, self-interest, and a doctrinaire "democracy" that was the negation of real democracy, intrenched behind almost invincible superstition, have fought the reform for years, and it is almost a miracle that the same legislative body that perpetrated national prohibition should have so far redeemed itself as to give promise of endorsing this admirable bill.

But the cognate reform cries out with equal emphasis for enactment. We need not only a fiscal budget but a legislative budget as well. Something like the following process should be established by law.

At the opening of each legislative session, whether it is municipal, State, or Federal, the Chief Executive should present a definite programme of such legislation as in his opinion is necessary. This should be in the form of bills accurately drawn by the proper officer, and until each such bill has been passed or defeated by the legislature, no private bill could be introduced. Further, no private bill should be introduced unless it had the endorsement of a certain number of legislators, or was supported by the petition of a certain number of legal voters.

Perhaps this is the basis for a new Party—an idea in itself not without humor—the Conservation of Language and a Legislative Budget.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM

Correspondence

A Letter from General Petliura

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

This letter from the President of the Republican Directorate of the Ukraine has a pathetic interest in view of the reported capture by Denikin of the Ukrainian liberator. It is dated at Kamenets-Podolsk on the 28th of September last. It is addressed to M. Jean Pelissier, the French diplomatic agent who helped to organize the anti-Bolshevik uprising in the Ukraine. It has been communicated to the executives of France, England, Italy, and the United States. The accusations against General Denikin are interesting as revealing the Ukrainian point of view, but should be regarded with all reserve. What is likely is that the monarchist minority supporting both Petliura and Kolchak have written heavy "reinsurance" with Germany. The letter illustrates vividly the present plight of the Ukraine and the difficulties of harmonizing the anti-Bolshevik factions. Its noble gravity and eloquence constitute it a historical document of exceptional importance.

AMERICAN

New York, November 22

Mon cher ami Pelissier,

I rejoice at the opportunity of sending you my ardent salutations and of thanking you and all the supporters of our just and sacred cause for the powerful aid which you give our people in its struggle for liberty. . . .

I should have every reason to rejoice profoundly if the incessant efforts which you exert for the Ukraine are crowned with success and if, after having triumphed over all the obstacles and broken all the bonds, we should see you in the capital of Ukraina as representative of the real interests of your glorious country. . . .

An epoch has passed since I last saw you. Since then we have undergone many ordeals, and many a white hair marks on our heads the grievous stages of the road we have travelled. We have many enemies, but they make the unity of our national will and arouse in us the ardent desire to conquer the sovereignty of our fatherland. At the present hour, our most dangerous adversary is General Denikin, who, instead of fighting the Bolsheviks, has turned against us the artillery and rifles which he has received from the Allies and thus has weakened the anti-Bolshevik front. We have every reason to believe that Denikin, while receiving money of the Entente, also receives some from Germany, and his officers announce openly that after having defeated the Ukrainians, their chief will begin the strife against the Poles and Rumanians.

We have had no aid from anyone: neither munitions nor technical apparatus, nor sanitary products, nothing. Ah, if you knew, Friend Pelissier, what tragic hours

we have lived in our abandonment! It often happens that our soldiers are without cartridges. Then they charge with the bayonet against the Bolsheviks. The examples of heroism which they give, the bloody sacrifices which they make, are unique in military annals.

Three-quarters of our men lack shoes, clothing, everything; but their *esprit* is not impaired. We have no medicines; typhus decimates our army; many fighters die for lack of medicines and blankets. Alas, the Powers of the Entente, which proclaim such sublime principles, do not even permit the Red Cross to come to us. We are dying, the Allies wash their hands like Pilate, there remains for us only to say, "Morituri te salutamus." No one knows better than you, my friend, that apart from political changes and combinations, there exist certain immutable principles of humanity and philanthropy. It is for the accomplishment of these principles that the Red Cross has been created and works. Their sections should have come into the Ukraine, to save the sick and wounded, and thus to bear witness that pity and love of one's neighbor are checked by no prejudice and do not divide men into good and bad, wolves and sheep.

I appeal in this matter through you to the great French Democracy, that her activity and zeal may be doubled. That she may sound the alarm. That she may force those who are concerned to obey the high laws of love and humanity. That your Government may suppress the blockade, and give us the possibility of buying for our army and our people the medical stores and remedies which we lack.

We have had rich harvests, and will pay with grain whatever is necessary to succor our people, smitten on the field of battle or exhausted by epidemics.

I firmly hope that my appeal will not be a cry in the void and that it will find in the democratic groups of France a mighty and sympathetic echo.

Our people have a horror of the Bolsheviks; they consider them as mortal enemies, as likewise we treat as enemies the Bolsheviks of a new sort—those of the Right, the despotic and ferocious partisans of Denikin. These last have the same methods as the Bolsheviks of the Left, and in some fashion there exists among them a strategic plan against the Ukraine and the Ukrainians. Denikin merely leads the water to the mill of Bolshevism, of which he is an accomplice. And the water is supplied by the Entente. What a deplorable point of view! It is a veritable political Daltonism. I most ardently hope that the directing classes of the Entente may be cured of that malady, and at length may see things as they are.

In the painful and pathetic condition under which we are compelled to build our future and continue our war for liberty, we are consoled by the knowledge that men exist who, despite the general blindness surrounding them, have a just comprehension of our situation and break through the restraints of prejudice and mistrust. That permits my friends and myself to bear more easily the heavy cross which has been placed on our shoulders by destiny. You, my friend, are one of those who "sine ira et studio" plead for justice to our nation, and have an unconquerable confidence that our just cause will triumph.

Permettez moi de serrer cordialement

votre main en témoignage de reconnaissance pour votre secours moral et pour votre noble labeur.

Votre toujours dévoué,
Petliura.

["General" Petliura's interesting letter bears testimony to the Slavic gift of eloquence, regardless of the intrinsic merits of the cause. There is no question as to the frightful suffering of the hapless population of the rich plains of the Ukraine, torn by civil war and stricken by epidemic disease. For this sad state of affairs, French policy is in no small degree responsible. Despite the patriotic periods of Petliura's letter, the fact remains that he is merely the bold adventurous leader who took advantage of the agrarian discontent following the successive German, Austrian, and French occupations, to form an army to champion an alleged nationalism. That it combatted the Red forces of Soviet Russia is to its credit, although it differed little from them in theory or practice. The charges of Petliura against Denikin and his army are but natural. Despite his accusation, Denikin's army is making the reconquest and liberation of Russia its first objective, while the mass of Russians regard the separatist campaign of Petliura and his attack upon their flanks as treacherous. They do not for a moment consider the possibility of a Ukraina separated from Russia. The charge that Denikin is receiving money from Germany and playing into the hands of the Germans requires more proof than Petliura's word, although there is no doubt that there are plenty of Russians with Denikin who feel very bitter toward the French and regard a future association with the Germans as unavoidable.

Eds. THE REVIEW.]

Paul Margueritte on Literary Prizes

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The other evening, just after putting down the November issue of Miss Monroe's *Poetry*, the "Prize-Award Number," where three young bards are given cash guerdon and over a score of others less resounding honorable mentions, I happened on one of the last letters of the late Paul Margueritte, of the Goncourt Academy, who examines this very question of moneyed recognition of literary productions—a matter, by the way, which has its enemies as well as its friends in both France and America. Here is what he wrote me:

Personnellement, je ne suis pas très partisan des prix en littérature. Mais il faut compter avec les difficultés, l'absence presque générale de critique littéraire et la vénalité de la Presse. Le prix Goncourt de cinq mille francs con-

stitue, par son caractère spécial, une réelle publicité aux jeunes écrivains qui l'obtiennent.

En second lieu, ce prix n'a eu nullement l'inconvénient qu'on aurait pu redoubter—candidats chercher une manière destinée à leur assurer le succès. La variété étonnante des livres primés est, à ce point de vue, rassurante.

THEODORE STANTON

New York, November 20

Who Killed the Treaty?

WHO killed the Treaty?

"Not I," says Lodge.

"Let 'em shift and dodge;

It was they, I say, who killed the Treaty."

Who killed the Treaty?

"Not I," says Hitchcock,

"They made it a spitchcock.*

It was they, I say,

Who killed the Treaty."

Who killed the Treaty?

"Not we," wail the eight.†

"Alas, 'twas too late.

It was they, we say,

Who killed the Treaty."

Who killed the Treaty?

"Which treaty?" says Wilson.

"I killed *theirs* with its frills on;

But 'twas they, I say,

Who killed the Treaty."

Who'll weep at its funeral?

"Not I," says Borah,

"Jawohl and begorra!

Come lift up the chorus:

The flag still waves o'er us!

O let us extol it

With Reed and La Follette!"

"America first!"

Cries Editor Hearst.

"John Bull, are you on, son?"

Says Senator Johnson.

"Da ist eben der Witz!"

Says Heinie and Fritz.

"Are we sorry? Yes—notsky!"

Says Lenin and Trotsky.

And each little Radical takes up the song:

"My country, O how I adore thee when wrong!"

HARRY AYRES

*Eels split and cut in pieces for broiling or frying.

†It is urged that the "mild" reservationists numbered no more than seven (and the reason why the seven Senators were no more than seven is a very pretty reason), one of the Senators, who voted on both sides of the question, may not unjustly be reckoned twice.

Book Reviews

England's Bit

FIELDS OF VICTORY. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE exists in this country a tendency more strongly marked in certain quarters and certain papers than in others, but far too wide spread to pass unnoticed and unchallenged, to belittle the part played by England in bringing the war to its sudden and successful close. How far this tendency springs from genuine and not unnatural pride in our own achievements, how far it is an artificial product of petty jealousy and political intrigue is not within the limits of a mere reviewer to inquire. But there can be no doubt that such a tendency is fraught with grave danger to that on which the hopes of the world depend, the mutual friendship and hearty coöperation of the two great branches of the English-speaking race. To all who believe in this coöperation and sympathize with every effort to strengthen this friendship, Mrs. Ward's latest book is warmly recommended as a frank, but by no means boastful exposition of England's achievements on the western front in the last phases of the war.

This third and final volume of Mrs. Ward's record was begun, she tells us, at the suggestion of Mr. Roosevelt in 1916, at a time when, under the double influence of ignorance and German propaganda, misconception and belittlement of England's part in the war were at their highest pitch in this country. It is in the form of a series of letters based upon a journey through the battlefields of France two months after the armistice, upon the published dispatches of Sir Douglas Haig, and upon conversations with officers of the General Staff, and soldiers at the War Office. Mrs. Ward motored some 900 miles in France, visiting the British and French fronts, Ypres and Arras, Verdun, Metz, and Strassburg. It is these fields of victory that furnish the title of her book. They are not all English victories, and Mrs. Ward has words of high praise for the heroic defenders of Verdun, and for the "crusading courage" of the conquerors of the Argonne; but her interest lies mainly and naturally with the armies of her own country.

In so far as Mrs. Ward's book is addressed to this country, and it is evidently written with a view to an American audience, it is a frank and brave attempt to protest against the supposed "loss of English prestige"—the phrase is that of an American journalist—as

a consequence of the events of the war. No such loss was admitted by the British Army, she tells us, which at the moment of the armistice was conscious of having risen to the very zenith of its striking power and military efficiency. Beginning with the German offensive of last March, Mrs. Ward points out that the British retreat, of which we have heard so much, was in reality a great defensive battle, long and anxiously foreseen as the German forces on the western front were steadily increased throughout the winter by the addition of forces from the east. The British withdrawal was deeper, their losses in men and guns far heavier than had been anticipated; but there was neither rout nor loss of morale under the impact of doubly superior forces. The enemy obtained neither of his main objectives, the severance of the British army from the French nor the possession of the Channel ports, and the bloody check inflicted upon the Germans at Arras and the Vimy ridge, of which we have heard far less, by the way, than of the break through near St. Quentin, effectively crushed their hopes of victory over the British armies.

During the pause from April till mid-July, while the German offensive turned southward upon the French, the British forces were rapidly built up, their loss in heavy guns more than repaired, and all things put in order for the counter-stroke. One immense gain had been conferred on the Allied armies by the German successes in the spring, a gain which in the end more than outbalanced their losses, that of unity of command. When the British turned to attack in July, it was not an isolated action that they fought, but a part of a great offensive conceived and directed by the master-strategist of the war, the Allied Generalissimo, Foch. The task that he assigned to the British was perhaps the hardest of all, no less than the carrying by storm of the great fortified zone of defense known as the Hindenburg line. But the British no longer stood as they had done in the spring on the outposts of the Hindenburg line. Four great battles had to be fought before the task assigned to them could even be attempted. They were fought in rapid succession, and won in each case with comparatively little loss, and with immense results in prisoners and captured guns. The battle of Amiens, August 8 to 13, carried the line twelve miles forward; a week later the battle of Bapaume swept the enemy clear across the old battlefields of the Somme; before this battle was well over the British First Army fell on the Germans along the banks of the Scarpe, and carried the famous Drocourt-Quéant switch of the Hindenburg line

and a little later in the battle of Havrincourt, Haig, stormed the outer defenses of this line, and pushed his outposts to the banks of the St. Quentin canal. In these four preliminary engagements the British had recovered all the territory they had abandoned in the spring, had taken well over 80,000 prisoners and 1,000 cannon, and had shaken the enemy's morale.

Of the Hindenburg line Mrs. Ward gives a graphic account. It had been planned by the best brains and constructed by the best engineers in the German army. It was from four to seven miles deep, "line upon line of defenses such as had never before been imagined; system after complicated system of trenches, protected with machine-gun positions, with trench mortars, manned by a highly trained infantry, and supported by artillery of all calibres." Yet in a terrific three-day battle this line was shattered to bits. Canadian troops stormed the heights near Cambrai, the Guards pierced the centre, the St. Quentin canal was crossed by troops in life-belts swimming under heavy fire and two American divisions led the attack near the great tunnel where the canal passes underground. The whole offensive, in the judgment of no less an authority than Marshal Foch, was masterly in conception and execution. "No attack in the history of the world was ever better carried out." This victory practically decided the war. From that time the Germans only fought delaying actions; their one hope was to secure a retreat across the Rhine.

Mrs. Ward's chapters on America in France show a fine and generous appreciation of our contribution to the great cause. The coming of the first American troops did more than anything else to restore the morale of France in the bitter days of 1917. The flood of American soldiers in 1918 enabled the Allied leaders to take risks that they would not otherwise have dared, and the actual fighting of our men on the Marne, at St. Mihiel, and through the Argonne contributed essentially first to halt the German offensive and then to send the enemy rushing back in hopeless defeat. The question whether the Allies could have won without American aid Mrs. Ward considers a rather unprofitable speculation: "Thank God," she exclaims, "we did not win without America. The far-reaching effect of America's intervention, of her comradeship in the field of suffering and sacrifice with the free nations of old Europe, are only now beginning to show themselves above the horizon. They will be actively, and as at least the men and women of faith among us believe, beneficently at work, when this generation has long passed away."

A Romance of Friendship

THE FORTUNE. By Douglas Goldring.
New York: Scott and Seltzer.

GREAT claims are made by the publishers for this newest of Britain's "new novelists": that he is the right successor to Messrs. Bennett, Wells and Co., that he is "the coming novelist," and so on. We seem to have heard this sort of thing before, but hope springs eternal. Moreover, the "Publisher's Note" which serves as preface cites and quotes a letter from Romain Rolland of so extraordinary an enthusiasm as to spur one to the opening of the first page with all speed possible. The first page does not greatly enlighten us, nor the first chapter, nor even the first "Part." It appears to be good stuff of its kind or school. We are at home with its theme: the story of the talented and ambitious youth of the lower middle class with his way to make and, perhaps, his soul to find. He is son of an unfrocked parson; his mother holds the purse-strings and the authority of a narrow and unpleasant family life in an ugly provincial town. He is clever, shy, impressionable: he longs to escape and to "rise." Success in a small public school gives the necessary leverage. Oxford, London, authorship, "life," follow in due course. Once again our memory of the topography and traditions of Oxford is brushed up—of the schoolboy patter and "ragging" and winning and posing of that undergraduate personality which renews itself with so little change from generation to generation. Once again we taste the joys of the cockney Bohemia, of Grub Street, and presently of more prosperous regions among a more presentable elect. Once again we enter the bosom and share the fame of that rising young playwright who appears twenty times in the year's fiction to once in the year's fact. Once again we fall in love with the dear girl of that boy's dreams, and see them properly wedded. And we are unobtrusively thankful that if he does not come to her immaculate there is yet no gross smear of sex across the past he brings. . . . This, to be sure, is a "romance of friendship"; his relation to Murdoch is the dominant influence in Firbank's life. Petronella, with her self-sacrificing love, does what a woman may, for his delight and solace. But Murdoch makes him.

It is in Part II that we see the full working out of this relation in a manner and to a climax which will satisfy the reader according as he acquires, or fails of, belief in Murdoch and his "philosophy." And here we see where M. Rolland's enthusiasm comes in. For the sake of Murdoch's philosophy, we must believe, he swallows the unpleasant pill

of Murdoch's personality. Nobody loves Murdoch but Firbank, and there are moments when we suspect that even he would not if he had the spirit of a slightly superior worm. Murdoch is a born-in-subordinate and individualist. He has a natural distrust for whatever is held to by the England which surrounds him and which menaces his personal freedom and egotism; with a vague and inexpensive leaning towards some wide world virtue which is about to emerge from somewhere and vindicate all the little egos in the act of taking them over for humanity. He despises the public school and its product, makes use of Oxford, without yielding her loyalty, carefully refrains from mingling thereafter with any of the vulgarities of an active maturity. He has "character enough to do nothing"—a real test. *Integer vitae*—the man whom nothing, not love, not business, not opinion or duress can budge from his stance. The Firbanks may be good fellows, brilliant even, but they are too ready to take color from their surroundings, to follow the crowd. It is the Murdochs who represent the hope of the world. . . .

Such appears to be his author's opinion of Murdoch and his status. Perhaps it is merely magnanimous of him—a yielding of a point—to make of Murdoch a person of disagreeable manner and supercilious attitude. In spite of all this, we are to grant his fine scent for Truth, his faultless taste in æsthetics, and his noble dream of a world purged of shams and shoddy—a world in which all individuals, freed of external control, shall miraculously move together towards the good of the whole. Would the Murdochs be happy in a cosmos of supermen? There is nothing to indicate it in their records to date. With zeal, in the name of mankind, they practise those tricks of singularity which mark their superiority to mankind. Disagreeable is the word for our Murdoch, since he makes a point of disagreeing with whatever the ruck of his fellow-undergraduates or fellow-countrymen consent about. And presently the war gives him his beautiful chance to demonstrate his quality. He protests against war in general, against England's going into this war, against English subjects fighting England's or anybody else's battle. Meanwhile Firbank drifts with the stream. For once the influence of patriotism or mob spirit or hysteria is stronger upon him than the influence of the mighty friend. Petronella's influence is, of course, upon the popular side. She triumphs for once in the failure of Murdoch, her rival, to turn Firbank his way. But she laughs too soon. The chronicler has no notion of letting the authority of his godling be flouted. Firbank becomes very much

disgusted with the reality of war. He disapproves of the sights and sounds at the front; and as a disillusioned and temporarily invalidated officer is easy game for the persistent Murdoch. Murdoch's moment of triumph comes when he calls to tell Petronella the facts of Firbank's death. Captain Firbank, on duty during the Easter Rebellion in Dublin, has betrayed his dislike for the whole business of the soldier, and has been shot by his men. This is unjust and altogether too bad, but, as Petronella says, there is no use in "seeking vengeance against individuals." This gives Murdoch his cue:

"No," said James. "It isn't the individual, it's the system. And the system is centuries behind modern thought, a horrible relic of the Dark Ages. As soon as the men of the present day reconquer their own mental liberty, the whole thing will fall to pieces. Democracy will then step forth unshackled—like a youthful giant!"

Peter covered her face with her hands, while James looked at her impassively out of his green-gray eyes. He knew what she was thinking, but he would not let her go until she had drained the cup which she and Harold had rejected two years back. . . .

"The saddest thing about Harold's death," he continued, "lay in the fact that not only was he on the wrong side—he knew it."

This, it appears, is not only sad but comforting to Petronella as well as to Murdoch. She parts from him with the promise that her son shall be brought up to hate all that his father has fought for. The only thing we miss in the pacifist Murdoch is the explicit belief in the disorganized and incidentally bloody business of worldwide Revolution which is to dispossess our capitalized militarism of its throne. But the war is still on when we lose sight of him.

One odd claim the publishers make for this story: that "the Irish question is here, for the first time, given adequate literary expression." Several recent novels have dealt as adequately (and inconclusively) with Britain's chronic ailment: for one, the "Changing Winds" of St. John Ervine, to which the present novel bears marked resemblance in material and personnel, down to the Easter Rebellion scene with which it closes—and from which it draws so different a moral.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Founder of the College Settlement

CANON BARNETT: His Life, Works and Friends. By Mrs. S. A. Barnett. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

QUOUSQUE tandem? In this case it extends to near eight hundred pages, when a third of that space would have told us all we need to know about the good man whose life furnishes the subject, and

would have left us entertained, perhaps even edified, instead of vexed with *ennui* and contradictions. How long shall biography in English remain the art of abusing patience? Canon Barnett, though a priest and a reformer, was no bore; why should his wife clothe piety in the long robes of tedium? For those who may be unfamiliar with his career it may be said that Samuel Augustus Barnett was born at Bristol in 1844, of sound evangelical stock. At the age of eighteen he went up to Oxford and was matriculated at Wadham College. He took no great part in the social life of the university, and indeed this part of the narrative (*mirabile dictu*) is altogether so brief as to be jejune. Shortly after graduation he traveled in America, with this result: "Born and nurtured in an atmosphere of Toreyism, what I saw and heard there knocked all the Toreyism out of me." Returning to Bristol he was ordained deacon, then priest, and in 1873 was appointed vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. Meanwhile he had fallen under the influence of Miss Octavia Hill, an ardent social reformer, and through his long service at St. Jude's, indeed for the rest of his life, he devoted all his strength and talents, not to say genius, to bringing wholesome conditions, even religion, into the sodden existence of the outcast and the very poor. His great achievement was the creation of Toynbee Hall, as a college settlement primarily for Oxford men in the purlieu of Whitechapel. It was the first establishment of the kind (though something very like it had been foreshadowed in Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"), and from it sprang Hull House and a host of other such centres in British and American cities. In 1893, being old in deeds if not in years, he was made Canon of Bristol, and years later was transferred to Westminster Abbey. Though relieved from immediate participation in the life of the poor, he continued his work of reform, and as a cathedral preacher rather irritated some of his more comfortable hearers by reiterated insistence on social questions. He died in 1913.

Canon Barnett's was a life of utter devotion. Of his great foundation, the college settlement, we offer no criticism. Those who know our city slums are convinced that it has been the means of bringing something of light and joy into dark places; those who know our universities fear that the slant given to education by this intruded ideal of social service has not increased either the light or the joy in those places of supposed illumination. Most things in this tangled world are mingled of good and evil. In his methods of dealing with poverty and crime the Canon was sound and in some respects even austere. He was a vehem-

ent enemy of promiscuous charity, and the beggar, as beggar, was ejected summarily from his gates. Personally he was one who understood the varieties of the human heart, and much of his astonishing success was owing to his skill in penetrating character and setting his assistants to the right task. The callow graduate worked under him wisely, and the great men of London always found time to answer his call for help. It is a pity that the misguided piety of his wife and biographer has so overloaded her pages with repetitions and has constructed a story with so little arrangement and selection, that the hero's own character is half buried in extraneous matters, like the body of a rag-picker under his sacks.

Behind the Ranges

NEW RIVERS OF THE NORTH. By Hulbert Footner. New York: George H. Doran Company.

TO plunge into an uncharted wilderness, without guide or reliable information, to embark on unknown angry waters which may break into rapids or cataracts round the next bend is foolhardy, if the reader please, but the bright eyes of danger and the whisper that there is something behind the Ranges are irresistible lures to the true explorer. Such an adventure was undertaken by Mr. Hulbert Footner and his friend, Mr. Auville Eager, during the hot summer of 1911. The *terra incognita* they explored was the "last West" of Canada, the Peace River district; their goal was north of the sixtieth parallel.

From Edmonton they started along the new railway line westward, with limited stores of food, a letter of credit and a collapsible canvas boat christened *Blunderbuss*. Their route ran westward to the Yellowhead Pass; they covered the distance by rail and wagon. Once through the Pass, they entrusted themselves and their fortunes to their fragile cloth coracle and the turbulent waters of Mother Fraser. This remarkable river flows north for several hundred miles beside the Rockies before turning abruptly to the south to empty into the Gulf of Georgia. It runs with speed and has drowned many a man.

After braving the perils of this fierce stream, they portaged across to the headwaters of the Parsnip, a river running north like the Fraser, inside the mountains. Flowing from the north, the Friday meets the Parsnip; their junction forms the Peace River, which flows through the mountain pass of the same name eastward, then north and east, until it falls into Lake Athabasca.

They followed the course of the Peace

as far as Fort Vermilion, becoming more and more deeply impressed by the majesty of that noble river, growing ever greater through its affluents and falling through the rich lone land to lose itself in the inland sea. At Vermilion is a H. B. C. post. It is the most northerly point at which crops, vegetables, and flowers are grown. From this point, the explorers transported their boat, their supplies, and themselves in a northwesterly direction across fine park-like country to the Hay river, which flows north and empties into the Great Slave Lake.

Hay River had, up to this time, never been explored. In 1872, Bishop Bompas discovered the wonderful cataract in its course and named it Alexandra Falls, after the Princess of Wales. In 1887, R. G. McConnell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, explored it from the mouth to the falls. He estimated the height of the falls to be eighty-five feet as against the bishop's one hundred and fifty. They have been formed by the same conditions as Niagara, hard limestone over soft shales. The supporting shales are eroded and the limestone breaks away.

Alexandra Falls was the goal of these inland voyagers. Information on the subject was of the vaguest; map they had none. They could only find it by going with the current until they were swept over the brink, or discovered that the so-called cataract was only a series of bigger rapids. Down stream they went, not in *Blunderbuss* now, but *Serpent*, a heavy cottonwood dugout, with scanty supplies, and the season waning. At last, almost at the end of their tether, they came upon it.

As at Niagara the bordering cliffs rose perpendicularly, as if hewn by a single mighty stroke, but here they were of cream-colored stone instead of gray. Fragments fallen from above in the course of ages buttressed each cliff along its base, making a steep and narrow shore, which supported a line of spruces. These spruces, protected from the winds of the world and ceaselessly watered by the spray of the Falls, grew to a superb height and perfection of outline. The dark, rich green of the branches made a striking and harmonious combination with the creamy-yellow rock behind. Between the walls the brown river went down, embossed with a rococo design in soapy foam.

The reality was more wonderful than the anticipation. The sudden leap of the river down the gorge, after the flat tame country, was dramatic. Under the spell of the *genius loci*, the colloquial style of the narrative takes a higher turn; and the author's eloquence is justified by the excellent pictures of the cataract. Perhaps "Rivers of the North" will be remembered as the account of the very last exploration of new ground in North America.

The Run of the Shelves

DICKENS had a capacity for friendship which, by the double test of range and intensity, is probably unexampled. Sometimes he reminds us of the gentleman in "Our Mutual Friend" who described each new acquaintance as the dearest friend he had in the world without unseating any of the former occupants of that post. Dickens called this gentleman Veneering; we shall be kinder and more just toward Dickens. The effect of warmth is increased by the fact that all the friends whom Mr. J. T. Ley marshals through the four hundred pages of his "Dickens Circle" (Dutton) appropriate the Dickens manner when Dickens is the topic. He is like a broad fireplace in one of his own Maypoles or George-and-Dragons, which makes every pot and pan on which its light falls retort and reënforce the generative glow. The odd thing is that Dickens, the creator of diversities, should seem in these glowing mutualities to write always of one person and to one person. Thackeray and Lytton were opposites, yet if Dickens had written birthday notes to each and interchanged the envelopes, it is doubtful if he would have found anything to regret or revise in either missive.

Of course, these fusions have their inconveniences. If you love deeply one person whom you call Thackeray or Lytton or Macready or Proctor or Stone or Milnes or Irving or Felton according to the hat he chances to have on, you may be upset some day by the jolt of some unexpected difference. Dickens is rather prone to misunderstandings, even to estrangements. He has a difference with Thackeray—finally brought to an end—in which Mr. Ley himself concedes that Thackeray's position was unassailable. Mr. Ley thinks, nevertheless, that Thackeray never understood Dickens. This is a little puzzling. Thackeray surely was not the least penetrating of men, and Dickens of all men was apparently the most penetrable. He had a public, a shadeless, character; his mind was a piazza. He is the glorifier of the hearth, but his homes, bright and sweet as they are, have no intimacy. He had friendships in rich, almost in riotous, abundance, but the friendship which creates a recess for two people in the privacy of tacit understandings was perhaps beyond his grasp, beyond his guess. In the effort to picture an interior Dickens, a Dickens alone, the imagination is defeated. After all abatements he remains a rare soul and a precious influence, though it is curious that he has so largely lost his spell with a public still eagerly responsive to the qualities that formed that spell.

In "The Army Behind the Army" (Scribners), Major E. Alexander Powell gives a clear and entertaining account of all the special services. Thus the Signal Corps, the Engineers, Chemical Warfare, Supply, Ordnance, Aviation, Intelligence, the Tank Corps, the Motor Transport Corps, and the Hospital Corps receive perhaps for the first time a comprehensive recognition of their essential contribution toward victory. Many secret devices are described, among the most amazing a mechanical coder and decoder for the telephone or telegraph, which is to be spy-proof. Major Powell has seen all the services he describes, and treats them with knowledge, vivacity, and humor. He is the chronicler and not the critic of our military effort. The book, with its numerous instructive cuts, may be cordially recommended to all who wish to learn what military preparedness involves. We could wish that the author had pointed some obvious lessons as to our future military duty. Luck and circumstances hardly receive due recognition as ingredients in our success. Another time we might not be able to improvise a military establishment behind the friendly bayonets and battleships of other powers. That is what should be read between the lines of Major Powell's entertaining and informing chapters.

While Sir Henry Newboldt's little book, "Submarine and Anti-Submarine," published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., is extremely interesting, the author (a member of the Council of the admirable Navy Records Society of Great Britain) labors under the disadvantage of having written it during the war. In consequence, some of the most important measures against the German U-boats adopted by the Allies are not touched upon, doubtless through fear of "aiding the enemy." For example, no mention is made of the value, in this connection, of the airplane or the wireless direction compass. Although telling little new, his well-written short stories of the thrilling operations of British submarines in the Baltic and the Sea of Marmora; of the work of the merchant sailor in trawlers, smacks, and drifters; of the "Q" or "mystery boats," and the like, make the volume well worth reading and preserving. The German successes are yet to be told in authoritative detail. Until then, it will be difficult to strike a balance of conservative appreciation. Sir Henry's opening chapter, "The Spirit of Submarine War," and his accounts of the inhuman brutality of the Huns afloat would alone condemn the latter for generations to come as wholly undeserving of any sympathy or forbearance.

What Are My Politics?

AS a returned soldier, I have recently tried to do some thinking about my politics. I want to feel that, politically, I "belong"—chiefly for my own peace of mind. I want to have a stake in the country, and for one thing I am going to go slow with what radical inclinations I have until I've got it. There isn't much glory in being a radical if you haven't anything to lose, and besides, it doesn't seem on the level.

I don't know exactly what I want in a party, but I do know that I want something on the level. Everybody, of course, wants something on the level, but personally I never felt the special value of that quality before I went into the army and I believe I feel it now so very strongly because I have been in the army. Why is that? Probably because my helplessness under the army rules and regulations made me feel so dependent on the character and will of my commanding officer and because a just commanding officer helped me to preserve my self-respect. You are apt to feel a little downtrodden in the army, but if your C. O. is honestly trying to be square and sensible in the way he applies the rules, you feel less down-trodden; you feel that failure or success is entirely up to you. That is one reason, I think, why "on the level" takes on a new meaning. There is something about the army, too, that shows men up beyond anything in civil life; socially the army makes its own laws, and there is no quality, when you get right close up, that you count on more than fairness.

Of course, that brings it down to a matter of persons more than party. As far as a "soldier vote" goes, if there is one after this war, I believe it will be a matter of persons with the soldier. I think as a soldier you believe intensely in the man, probably too much so. That has been my experience. But, then, you are so dependent on personality. Just the same, if this on-the-level thing is a touchstone of what I want, it can be applied, I think, to parties and movements as well as men.

I can't see myself with the Republicans, though I was a great Republican as a kid. They are too completely for the wealthy and the "nice people." The virtue about them is that they get things done, that they don't have an extra lot of hypocrisy, and that they are regular fellows, even if sometimes in the worst sense.

The trouble with the Democrats is that they are not regular fellows even in the best sense. They seem to me to have run the war somewhat as though they were the Ladies' Aid Society. They

would say, "That was splendid!" instead of "Good work!" Most of this feeling is prejudice, of course, and not worth much even in a meditation. They do seem to be the nearest to trying to be on the level. Only I wish they were simpler and knew more. I don't believe it would have made much difference in the army what party was in power, but since getting out of the army it seems to me that everywhere I have run against the public service it's been so poor and bad-natured that I have felt I wanted to help boot the Administration out.

While I believe that Bolshevism is a lemon, there are good things in radicalism that get condemned along with it. The trouble is that we are apt to get a lot of emotion out of a fine Americanism of long ago, simple and dignified and truly democratic, that does not exist now; and this makes us hostile to and uninterested in the problems of the newer Americans who make up so much of our labor, whom we use but want to curse out because they don't seem to appreciate the privilege of being Americans, when probably we are just as bum Americans ourselves. We certainly are that if we haven't got good will and simplicity, but merely rustle for money to buy fine clothes and cars and give our children snobbish ideas in place of well-bred ones.

The thing that gets me so sore, not only at Bolshevism but at the Radicals and Socialists, is that I don't think they have good will or that they have been on the level about the war. The war seemed to me a clear-cut issue between decency and indecency, between a fairly liberal and well-meaning civilization and a tyrannous and evilly disposed Power. All other questions, even the most poignant social questions within the different countries, I think, became nothing alongside of this struggle. Even if there wasn't this issue, the behavior of Germany in Belgium and France, the carrying off of women and girls, to speak of nothing else, would suffice to line up everyone against her on a straight-out human basis. To blink at an issue like this and concentrate on militarism or the rights and wrongs of the working classes, the freedom of Ireland, or the revolution in Russia seems to me to indicate that the revolutionaries are class creatures first and human beings afterward. I can't help feeling in their lack of decent indignation against the German outrages that the spirit of tyranny is not uncongenial to them at bottom. As the war has shown them up I don't believe they want an even break in life, but want to impose their order of things autocratically.

At the same time, I ask myself, Aren't the big social issues and questions of the

future, the ones that are coming and may be near, those very questions that the revolutionaries are so excited about, even if they have an ugly way of looking at them. Don't they demand a good deal of special knowledge as well as intelligence in the men who are to be in power? Is there any one that we talk about for office, or is any of the old parties primed enough with brains to meet these questions without making fools of themselves?

These thoughts bring me—where? I am sure of one thing: that I should have to change a lot before internationalism would seem the right thing, any more than "inter-familyism." I should like to see a healthy American solidarity, with an even-eyed feeling towards the rest of the world: no idea of holding a lamp aloft for the peoples—that's trying to put it over on them—but a good, worldly, neighborhood feeling with a normal sense of family privacy. Why isn't that good business as the basis of a foreign policy?

With ourselves, the main thing is to love justice and to have sense, and I suppose I mean by sense in connection with government that we can't rip things out of our life that have our feelings and beliefs all twined tightly around them, but we can begin to quit thinking in class ways, or what comes first, maybe, quit acting like classes. We can think of work as the law, as somebody said, and allow all work its dignity. I don't think that is capitalist bunk. The French have that dignity naturally, to judge from what I saw in the villages: girls wheeling laundry and garden truck in wheelbarrows with their forearms swollen like laborers but with their hair done up daintily and trim-waisted and quick-footed. They looked at you frankly and proudly and said, "Bon jour, Monsieur!" with a bright smile. In the army, too, you learn that overalls don't make any difference. You may get a ration detail or a K. P. job and look like sloppy weather all day, but you get all flossed up in the evening and breeze around to the canteen as good as anybody who works in the orderly room. To think of all men as your brothers and to make your politics like that; not to uplift so much as to get in with. Look for the party, I'm telling myself, that has the most on-the-level spirit of that sort. I believe there is more real social purpose in one like that than in all the class or socializing parties according to formula. They can't fight and smile. I think it is a deadly score against them. Maybe the party I am looking for is the Salvation Army. Something like their spirit might get into a political party. It's the kind of thing the soldier would go for.

A RETURNED SOLDIER

Drama Critic and Manager

THE PRINCIPLES OF PLAYMAKING. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE THEATRE THROUGH ITS STAGE DOOR. By David Belasco. New York: Harper & Brothers.

I LIKE Mr. Matthews best in the later and lighter papers in which he is not drawing up a charter for drama. Among the soundest and timeliest of the sixteen essays is "Shakespearian Stage-Traditions," a plea for the conservation in writing of that order of stage-business in Shakespeare of which tradition—flighty and shiftless tradition—is now the curator. "Hamlet with Hamlet Left Out" is a bright assemblage of examples of plays in which the leading personage, like the monster in Mr. O'Brien's famous story, is potent but invisible. "Irish Plays and Irish Playwrights" is a documented and valuable record of the shyness and hesitancy of Irish dramatists in the grapple with Irish themes. The "Simplification of Stage-Scenery" is an admirably judicious summary of an intricate and tantalizing situation. In "Matthew Arnold and the Theatre" the sanity of Arnold's mind, even in a topic which his genius barely flicked, is refreshingly evident. In the final paper, "Memories of Edwin Booth," the memories are few but firm; each fact is cut like a die; there is none of that "unnumbered, idle pebble" of trivialities or that gravel of unassorted reminiscence into which recitals of this kind are so prone to deteriorate.

I like Mr. Matthews less as doctrinaire and legislator in the "Principles of Playmaking" and the ensuing and related essays. He shows indeed, here as everywhere, his strong traits, an acquisitive vigor of the first order, and a faculty for classifying or coördinating facts of which the range is as notable as the facility. He has a mind in which ideas convene; they find the accommodations liberal. His mind has a mass and sinew which fits it for the seizure of dramatic values. Drama is no meat for invalids or diletanti. Drama is a bluff, stout, burly, insensitive, half-savage thing, which becomes literary, or poetical, or psychological, or profound only by a transformation or subjugation of its own nature. I concur with Mr. Matthews in the virilities of his judgment, in his emphasis on performance, in his view of the playhouse as the playwright's academy, in his hatred of a drama that is merely plastered with literature. I even agree with him, against Mr. Archer, with whom I am rather fond of agreeing, that action, not character, is primary and basic in drama. But he has the defects of his qualities. His love for

certified, solidified, and marshalled facts, and his removedness from intuitions have led him greatly to overrate the part played by disciplined knowledge, and greatly to minimize the part played by intuitive perception, in the composition of successful dramas. He fails to realize the tremendous part which a mode of perception, intuitive in its *form* and therefore not to be taught, but experiential in its *basis* and therefore undoubtedly to be acquired, plays in the dramatist's constructive process. Drama craves an educated instinct; Mr. Matthews wants a code.

In one respect, however, his mind is self-corrective. His conversation with the theatre, the playhouse, has been intimate for many years, and he is fortunate in the ownership of a mind in which theory does not garble observation. He would like the unqualified generality; he would say, if he could: "Never keep a secret from your audience." But as candid playgoer he sees that the dramatist may keep a secret from his audience, to his profit and their pleasure. Mr. Matthews wanted truths that should be universal and teachable; he finds, to his distress, that the teachabilities are contingent. He will not quite forsake his cherished universals; he retreats upon the curious and difficult position that the universalities, though absolute, are inscrutable. He talks about the "difficulty of perceiving the eternal principles" (page 9), about "principles of dramatic construction, *whatever they may be*" (page 6; italics mine). Now, right as Mr. Matthews is in broadening the scope of contingency, his recourse, in self-defense, to an impalpable sovereignty, an anchorite principle, a principle not to be coaxed out of its grot or lair, is only temporizing. A principle, in the constructive arts if nowhere else, is a utensil, and a utensil that you can not grasp is an anomaly without place either in logic or nature.

The meagreness of the teachable element in playmaking is evinced in the emphasis on commonplaces. Mr. Matthews finds it instructive to say that dramas should be fitted to audiences. In a lecture on babies' food, would he find it instructive to be told that the food in question should be adapted to babies, not to hussars or hippopotami? Is he trying to inhibit the closet drama? Mr. Matthews has a rather peculiar attitude toward the closet drama, which he despises as if it were impotent and hates as if it were powerful. But the closet drama, *being* in the closet, will not trouble us. The prevention of that kind of trouble is exactly what closets are for.

Mr. Belasco's seven essays make up a frank, informal, interesting book. The first essay, the "Theatre through its Stage Door," contains that sort of admo-

nation to actors which is very valuable to the very ignorant. Toward the movies, which he rather wittily calls the "Drama's Flickering Bogy," the author is benevolently contemptuous. He is equally contemptuous and less benevolent toward impressionism in stage-scenery; Mr. Gordon Craig has done little more than "ventilate his fantastic theories in an inexplicable book" (page 234).

Mr. Belasco is far from ignoring the actor. In the "Problem of the Child Actor," he has the disinterestedness to put the good of the child before the good of the stage, but thinks that the stage is a better environment for the child than the environment which it usually replaces. The man in Mr. Belasco appears to be unusually kind; only the artist is merciless. He has much to say of Mrs. Leslie Carter and Miss Frances Starr. The charge of dragging Mrs. Carter by the hair and beating her head against the furniture he peremptorily denies, but he is almost self-complacent in his confession that in the effort to extort an adequate shriek from Miss Starr in the "Easiest Way" he taunted and goaded her till she dropped in a swoon. He obtained his shriek, but sense and humanity both join Miss Starr in the vehemence of her outcry. Parrhasius, a Greek painter, in a once familiar poem by N. P. Willis, tortured a slave in his studio that he might verify and intensify the muscular contortions on his canvas. Mr. Belasco is perhaps sufficiently censured in the fact that his defense would have been available to Parrhasius. The painter doubtless made his victim famous.

Mr. Belasco, in "Important Aids to the Actor's Art" (a diplomatic title), denies that he is a mere technician. "The use of color, not for mere adornment but to convey a message to the hearts of audiences, has become my creed" (page 165). The sincerity of this is evident, and its truth is probable. One might ask, indeed, why Mr. Belasco is so copious on the mechanism and so laconic on the message, why a mechanism so subtle illustrates a psychology so ingenuous. "I set the stage in the picture of a gaunt bamboo forest, behind which was a great blood-red sun to symbolize ebbing day" (page 58). The exegesis in the last four words is not wrong, not dull; it might serve as a beginning; with Mr. Belasco it is the stopping-place. Again, when one surveys this elaboration of spectacle by which Mr. Belasco has almost literally dazzled his public, one is not sure of its necessity. Is the human heart so impenetrable? Are not the obvious means of penetration more powerful than the subtle ones? There is another mechanism available which an artist even more resolute than Belasco has perfected through an immeasurably longer and more strenuous probation. That

mechanism is the human frame with its accessories of voice and gesture.

Mr. Belasco does not slight that mechanism; on the contrary he loves, values, studies, fashions it. But I doubt if his homage, though great, is great in the measure of its claims, is commensurate with its real predominance. The points in voice and gesture which apparently interest him most, are the arduous points, points like Miss Starr's shriek, difficulties which nothing less than a campaign will overcome. They indicate the temper which loves to triumph even more than to excel. That temper, in another aspect, is Mr. Belasco's greatness. The papers on the "Evolution of a Play" and "Developing the Best in the Actor" have that very real value which belongs to every unaffected record of the victories of perseverance. David Belasco may not have the elevation of an artist, but he has the *morale* of an artist, and *morale*, in art or soldiership, is half the battle. The indomitable is our salvation; on any plane it is inspiriting; the day will come when it will climb upstairs.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News Children's Books

READERS may care to turn from the books upon serious problems which usually are mentioned here, and consider the purchase of books for Christmas gifts to children. The children's department of the New York Public Library has an exhibition of such books, and the titles mentioned in this article are chosen from the exhibition. All of these are of 1919 publication; many of them new books, the others are holiday editions of old favorites.

Among the beautifully illustrated books "The Boyd Smith Mother Goose" (Putnam) is notable, illustrated in color and in black and white by the artist who has made so many delightful books for children. "A Journey to the Garden Gate" (Houghton), by Ralph M. Townsend, with colored pictures by Milo Winter, is fanciful adventure on the order of Alice in Wonderland. George MacDonald's well-liked story, "At the Back of the North Wind" (McKay), has been adorned with pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. Translations from the Countess D'Aulnoy are given in "The Children's Fairy-Land" (Holt), with silhouettes by Harriet Olcott. Some amusing rhymes, similar to Edward Lear's, and good to read aloud to small children, are "Inklings and Thinklings" (Marshall Jones Co.), by Susan Hale, with her own pictures. "Czechoslovak Fairy Tales" (Harcourt), retold by Parker Fillmore, are
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(Continued from page 628)
suitably illustrated by Jan Matulka. Humorous rhymes, excellently illustrated, are in "News from Notown" (Houghton), by Eleanor and Lucy Perkins.

Five good books combine instruction with amusement. These are, first, two about airplanes: "The Boys' Airplane Book" (Stokes), by A. Frederick Collins, with technical information about making planes; and "The Romance of Aircraft" (Stokes), by Laurence Y. Smith. The admirable 'Burgess Bird Book for Children' (Little), by Thornton Burgess, is written in an attractive style, has been commended by naturalists for accuracy, and is further enhanced by Mr. Fuertes's colored pictures. Maeterlinck's famous work has been adapted, with colored pictures, as "The Children's Life of the Bee" (Dodd). A juvenile work on American government is "The Land of Fair Play" (Scribner), by Geoffrey Parsons.

For longer "story-books," which will not be read through before bed-time on Christmas, there is E. F. Benson's "David Blaize and the Blue Door" (Doran), with its imaginary adventure, somewhat in the manner of Carryl's inimitable "Davy and the Goblin." Four books about the war are W. A. Dyer's "Ben, the Battle Horse" (Holt), Mary Du Bois's "Comrade Rosalie" (Century), Flavia Canfield's "The Refugee Family; a Story for Girls" (Harcourt), and Emilie and Alden Knipe's "Vive la France!" (Century). A tale of an earlier era is Alsheler's "The Sun of Quebec" (Appleton). "Wee Ann" (Houghton), by Ethel Phillips, is "a story for little girls," while Joseph Jacobs, in "The Book of Wonder Voyages" (Putnam), retells myths and early legends. A kind of new Jungle Book, but dealing with animals and children of the North, is Olaf Baker's "Shasta of the Wolves" (Dodd), with Mr. Bull's fine pictures. Other children, besides the fortunate ones who first read them, will enjoy "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" (Scribner). In "The Book of Bravery" (Scribner), H. W. Lanier has made a second and excellent collection of true stories of heroism. Two books, also for older children, are "Joan of Arc" (Appleton), by Laura E. Richards, and "A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago" (Century), by Anne Sedgwick.

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MR. LANSING'S reply to the Mexican Government's note on the Jenkins case is a prolix and unimpressive document. If our grievance against Mexico in this affair is no clearer or graver than appears from this statement, nothing could be more unfortunate than that this particular matter should be made the basis of a serious clash between the two countries. The tone of the Mexican note was, indeed, highly objectionable; but Carranza should not be permitted to manoeuvre us into the position of making a mountain out of a molehill after years of persistent endeavor to make molehills out of mountains. If the whole character of the Mexican situation is such that the time has at last arrived when we must take a peremptory stand,

some way should be found to make that fact patent to all fair-minded men. To tie the issue up with a quarrel over the question whether Mr. Jenkins should be compelled to give \$500 bail pending a trial of the charge against him, or should be released without bail, would be one of the worst errors of tactics imaginable. How to deal with the case, in its present stage, without compromising the Government's dignity, and yet avoid making it the ostensible cause of a breach between the two countries is a difficult problem, to be sure; but it is precisely this kind of problem that diplomacy—as distinguished from argumentative note-writing—is under the most imperative obligation to solve.

THE indictment of Senator Newberry and 133 other persons, many of them prominent citizens of Michigan, for corruption, fraud, and conspiracy in connection with the election which put Mr. Newberry into the Senate, should lead to a fixed determination on the part of the public that the legislation of the last two decades for the prevention of such practices shall be made effective for that end. Upon the question of criminality opinion must, of course, be suspended until the evidence is in and the case duly decided by the courts. But that there has been a scandalous misuse of money, whether illegal or not, seems hardly doubtful.

Whatever the outcome of the judicial proceedings, the case must serve as a warning that, in spite of all that has been done since the campaign of 1896 centred the nation's attention on the question, we are far from having reached the condition which we have a right to demand in which we have a right to demand in the matter of the purity of elections. We should be much nearer that point, so far as Congress is concerned, if House and Senate could be counted on to fulfil in a judicial spirit the duty that rests upon them in the case of disputed elections. The Constitution makes each house "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." But al-

most every case, especially when there is a close party division in the house affected, is decided by a partisan vote.

The British House of Commons long ago discarded this mode of deciding election disputes. They are referred to the courts, and a judicial decision establishing fraud automatically deprives the member who has profited by it of his seat. In view of the provision in our own Constitution, we have to rely on such pressure as public opinion can bring to bear for a fair adjudication in Congress—a reliance that has thus far proved a very feeble one—and upon such deterrent force as criminal prosecution may afford. In this last direction there is no reason why we should not introduce real effectiveness, and the Department of Justice has a chance in the Newberry case of showing its mettle. That its exertions are invoked in behalf of such a ridiculous aspirant to a seat in the Senate as Mr. Ford is unfortunate, but of course it has nothing to do with the case.

IN one respect, the Soviet Government has shown ability, and that is in its military organization. Its methods of rule have not changed and there is no sign of any constructive ability to meet with production the needs of the millions who cower under its tyranny. Word has gone forth from Moscow that an effort is being made to form a coalition with the Socialist Revolutionaries and there is implied a promise to make the government in some sense representative. But it is evident on the face of it that this is merely intended to deceive and cajole the outside world.

The military successes of the Bolsheviki should be more disquieting to the world at large than to Russians. No matter what the immediate outcome in Russia itself, there can be little doubt that sooner or later power will be taken over by the disillusioned Russians themselves. But the rest of Europe is in a state singularly susceptible to the Red Plague, and Bolshevik victories in Russia, joined with the failures of Allied

policy, are fanning the flames of revolution in Central and Eastern Europe.

Meanwhile, the Bolshevik campaign of insinuating and lying propaganda goes on apace, and we are but slowly appreciating its menace in America and in Asia. In this connection a paragraph from "Soviet Russia" is fraught with sinister meaning:

The Russian workmen and peasants have overpowered the capitalistic armies of the whole world, and their Asiatic neighbors are watching their brilliant victory with astonishment and admiration. They understand well that in Soviet Russia they cannot behold the same black menace as in imperialistic Russia. They now look on Soviet Russia as on a giant who may protect them from their European oppressors and they hold out their hands toward this giant with the cry: We are with you! The approachment of Soviet Russia and Afghanistan is a great event in the history of Asiatic nations. We are prepared to see in this approachment the first step toward a new Euro-Asiatic combination, which may in the future decide the destinies of the old degenerated Europe.

When one realizes that the methods of the Bolsheviks are those of lying, treachery, bribery and corruption, and that they stop at no crime to achieve their end, it is possible to sense the menace expressed in this paragraph.

EVERYBODY, here and in England, seems glad that Lady Astor won her seat in Parliament. The feeling is general that she earned it. Her campaign gained for her the golden opinion of being a "reg'lar feller." Speculation now turns on what she will do with her hat—a very plain one. If her campaign is any guarantee of the future she will not use her hat, as too many legislators of the other sex have done, as the vehicle of her oratory. Nor does she seem of the sort likely to shed tears on any provocation whatever. The "Plymouth Mother" should not be long in making a home for herself in the "Mother of Parliaments." The working out of the experiment can for the present, however, be safely left in her hands.

"THE Italian Socialist leaders, after a long discussion, passed a resolution characterizing the Socialist election success as an act of complete solidarity with the Russian Soviet Republic," says a special cable to the Christian Science Monitor. The most interesting part of this bit of news is the fact that a long discussion was necessary for the leaders to arrive at this decision. Had the majority not made up their minds as to their own relations with the third Internationale of Moscow? Or did the discussion bear on the advisability of such a pronunciamento from the point of view of national politics? Forewarned is forearmed. The other parties will only be the stronger, because more inclined to

coöperate, in the face of this undisguised danger.

The French comrades are better tacticians than Machiavelli's countrymen seem to be. "There need be no fear of Bolshevism, which now means what radicalism meant in 1872," said Léon Blum, a socialist member of the Chamber of Deputies, in an interview with the Havas Agency. The Longuet of to-day is, apparently, an avatar of yesterday's Clemenceau. And isn't the Tiger a harmless animal? Tigers in Paris are not what tigers are in India. Lenin himself, said M. Blum, would have acted differently in France. He would, no doubt, have done what M. Blum said his party proposes to do: wait until "the socialist organization shall have reached the interior of society and attained a sufficient degree of maturity." The Soviet incubus of Moscow has evidently failed as an incubator, and, taught by the Russian experiment, the French Bolsheviks will employ time instead. In other words, Bolshevik revolution in France will be evolution, a process as imperceptible and gentle as the maturing of the radical Clemenceau of 1872 into the conservative of 1919.

THE constitution of a Coalition Cabinet in Hungary is a diplomatic success for Sir George Clerk, the emissary of the Supreme Council. The former Premier Stephan Friedrich, an ardent royalist and reactionary, has yielded to the ultimatum handed him by Sir George on November 11, in which he was notified that a Coalition Cabinet must be formed within forty-eight hours, or he must retire from the membership. The time limit was exceeded by twelve days, but compared to Rumania's tardiness in reacting to ultimatums from Paris, this may be called prompt compliance on Minister Friedrich's part. The new Premier, Karl Huszar, is a Christian Nationalist, and has given the majority of the portfolios to politicians of his own conviction. About a fortnight ago Minister Friedrich said, in a public speech, that a majority of the Hungarian people were royalist and wished their king back on the throne. The fresh experiment with communist rule must have converted many a half-hearted radical to monarchism. Karl Huszar's immediate task will be to send a delegation to Paris, fully authorized to sign the peace treaty with the Entente. His next may be the restoration of the monarchy, an event which is not likely to meet with disapproval from the side of France and England as long as the candidate to the throne is not King Ferdinand of Rumania. The constitution of a new Dual Monarchy is the ambitious dream of M. Bratiano, but the military rule of the Rumanians during their occupation of

Hungary was little calculated to make the Hungarians favor a political union with Bucharest.

SOUND common sense dominated at the annual meeting of the International Farm Congress, as reported in the November issue of the *Agricultural Review*. The Congress grew out of the consolidation of two earlier organizations, the Irrigation Congress and the Dry-Farming Congress. The resolutions, adopted with great enthusiasm and apparently without opposition, began with a proud reference to increased farm production during the war and a pledge to continue to produce in such measure as to meet any emergency. While expressing friendship and good will towards all kinds of labor, they deplored the turbulent conditions existing in the ranks of organized labor, and protested strongly against its attempts to curtail production, while demanding a more bountiful food supply of the farmer. Loyal workmen are called upon, in view of generally unsettled conditions growing out of the war, to join with loyal farmers in exerting a steadying influence, nationally and internationally, and specifically "the calling of strikes in times like these for any other reason than a grave emergency" was deplored. And the farmers at Kansas City further declared themselves without qualification as opposed to the unionization of policemen or other officials in public employ.

THESE resolutions get their importance, under present conditions, from the fact that they are the expression of the thought of a vast body of men who do not classify sharply with either the laborer or the employer, as these two classes are ordinarily conceived of in our large cities, or in manufacturing, mining and transportation centres. The great majority of farmers are both laborers with their hands and employers. In the farmer's case, then, the impression of present world conditions falls upon minds not obviously subject by habit or self-interest either to the capitalist's or the laborer's bias. It is reassuring to find that in so widely representative a convention of men of this class revolutionary radicalism excites no reaction but that of repulsion. "If the conservative and loyal element of organized labor still possesses the judgment and foresight heretofore credited to it," says the *Agricultural Review* in its editorial comment, "it will read the signs of the times correctly, and exert every possible effort to check the Bolshevistic influence within its ranks. The resolutions adopted by the Fourteenth International Farm Congress constitute a warning that cannot be misunderstood."

The "Passion for Justice"

IN one of Bernard Shaw's plays a burglar enters the home of a capitalist and, when asked what he is after, says he wants justice. "Justice!" exclaims the capitalist; "well, you can't have it. Justice is the last thing in this world that people get." Mr. Shaw has only added a touch of cynicism to the common-sense judgment which has all along known that this is true. Like "self-determination," justice when scrutinized too closely turns coquette and refuses to reveal her true self. The great problem for us is to create conditions in which justice may feel at home. Unfortunately, even in this new after-war world of ours, popular agreement on this score is far from achieved. The intellectual radicals are trying to make a fairy godmother of justice and are rounding up Cinderellas for her to work on. To satisfy conservatives she should be somewhat sterner than stern Portia. The liberals might imagine her as a winsome personage of honesty and tact. Is it any wonder that she has grown to be all things to all men?

The intellectual radicals have created the impression that they are the only group which possesses a passion for justice. They have discarded the old doctrine of "mine and thine"—in which economics is seen combined with ethics—for a mystic marriage of economics and religion. What their system of economics is it is difficult to determine. The radicals, while careful not to commit themselves to the principle of state socialism, are preoccupied with economic measures which could operate under no other system of government. Intellectually, they would be more honest if they came out frankly for state socialism; but by so doing they would lose many of their glowing adherents, who are stirred by a programme of reform when it is sufficiently vague.

Whether planted in them by heaven or by their own temperaments, radicals at any rate start with the fixed idea that the "plain people" must govern the earth, and then associate themselves with all organizations which by any stretch of the imagination offer them the possibility of a righteous brotherhood of man. That accounts for their tender treatment of the Bolsheviki. They hold no brief for these persons, Oh, no. But they say that "cold, naked, starving, dying Russia clings to an idea, while the Allied Governments fight that idea with the sword and the blockade, and the Government of the United States ostentatiously washes its hands in the presence of the multitude," and will endure no harsh criticism of

them. The steel strike, the coal strike, the activities of the I. W. W. bring to their spines the romantic shiver, and the lyric note bursts forth: "This is the revolution. We stand in its presence, understanding not whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

The real test of the intellectual radicals must be sought in their more sober words. If the spirit by which they are actuated is a passion for real justice, and not a romantic striving for the unattainable, we shall expect to find them dealing truthfully with facts, avoiding inferences which are manifestly false, and anxious to help a deserving underdog—even if he happens to be a thoroughbred.

The *New Republic*, in a recent editorial advising labor to form a political party of its own, argues the case of the workingman with what the writer doubtless persuades himself as well as his readers is the glow of righteous conviction. Half truths, under his skilful handling, shine forth like flaming moral lessons. The text is the mistreatment accorded labor since the war, and this is in effect the argument: Labor coöperated loyally with the Government during the war, its representatives sat on important national commissions, and were even used as emissaries to Europe. Therefore, organized labor had a right to expect that its principles (collective bargaining, the closed shop), its hours, its wages, would be immediately adopted, with Government help, and that labor in some fashion would acquire a new place in the control of industry. Nothing is said about the time and energy given by capitalists and clerks to war activities. Only labor unions are to be rewarded for loyalty; and they should receive without discussion the right to impose conditions over which controversy has raged ever since the advent of the union. We are told that labor unionists "are the only important group in America which is remaining true to the national traditions of fair play, free discussion and government by the consent of the governed," although Mr. Gompers himself at first refused to sanction the steel strike because the majority of the workers were opposed to it. We hear that the public is indifferent to the merits of strikes, though it must be known to *New Republic* editors that for decades the tendency of the public has almost uniformly been to side with the strikers. The *New Republic* refuses to prejudice the case of the strikers by admitting that just at present, owing to the activities of Reds all over the country and even in the ranks of labor, the public has good ground for alarm over labor's sweeping demands.

The *New Republic* will not admit that labor made a tactical mistake by attempt-

ing to inaugurate its semi-revolutionary programme so soon after the cessation of hostilities, when the task of getting back to a sound civil government was beset with difficulties. It draws the conclusion that the Government and the public have broken faith with labor. The *Nation* utters the same wail: "The course of the Government . . . serves to confirm the unfortunate suspicions of workingmen that in the real test the Government is the organ of the propertied classes." The *New Republic* disarms the reader's possible criticism that labor, in the present crisis, may be thinking exclusively of its own interest by a sneer at capitalists: Labor unionists "must beware of following the vicious example of the employing group, of yielding to the dangers and tempting psychology of industrial warfare." Because of the injunction brought against the chiefs of the coal miners, the same paper characterizes the Clayton act as "the most perfect example of a gold brick ever passed off by politicians on a group of credulous victims." Again not a word about the vast damage inflicted upon others than labor unionists by the present war-time conditions—the brewers, for instance, who, like the coal miners, are the victims of a technicality, and the whole tribe of railroad stockholders. The whole article is instinct with a "passion for justice"—abstract justice to be applied exclusively to one group of individuals! And yet the *New Republic* would hotly resent the charge that it and its kind are doing more than the "capitalist press" to create class antagonism.

The *Nation* has a proud past to fall back upon, and makes the most of it, for it has the hardihood to pretend that it has not departed from the spirit of the *Nation* of Godkin's day. These tactics began two years ago. In its issue of December 27, 1917, after insinuating a strong leaning toward socialism by the amazing statement that "Denmark is today a more completely socialized state than Karl Marx dreamed of," and by other sentences of a similar sort, it coolly said: "As for the *Nation*, it sees nothing in the present situation to cause it to change its attitude towards socialism." And then it quoted the following words of a former editor: "And as for other questions—we cannot believe that error will permanently prevail over truth. We are confident that individualism, in its main features, is the policy which has formed and which must preserve our institutions. But if we conservatives are mistaken we cannot but welcome a discussion which shall open our eyes and set us right. Our attitude towards this topic, as towards any other which touches the vitals of our nation, must be that of readiness to defend our faith in open

forum, to meet and conquer reason with reason." To use Hammond Lamont's declaration of honest warfare as a cover for the policy of promoting socialism by every means short of open avowal—to try to make two things seem the same which are as different as possible—is a kind of thing in which the present-day *Nation* has developed a curious, if ineffective, expertness.

On November 1, fulminating against the treaty, the *Nation* cried out, "no one shall ever say of *The Nation* that it consented to its country's dishonor." But when the Bolsheviki were surrendering their country to Germany, it burst forth with the salutation, "All hail, free Russia!" When the United States, quite within the bounds of well-established international law, requisitioned the Dutch ships, it railed, "If we must win this war by adopting the principle that might is right, let us prate no more of moral justifications, let us weep no more tears for Belgium and Serbia." In the dark days of February, 1918, it placed before its readers the cheering thought that famine was "The Only Advancing General." At the end of 1917, while admitting that "Germany's peace terms are a confession that she is at the end of her resources, and knows herself beaten and humbled," it drew so dark a picture of the Allied prospects as to justify the conclusion that "wise statesmen would be guilty, indeed, if they did not inquire if an honorable peace—not a pro-German one—is possible at the present time." To urge one's country to balk at hardships in a conflict as to which there was no longer any question which side was in the right, and to blind one's country to the mammoth distinction between the requisitioning of the Dutch ships and Germany's organized frightfulness in Belgium, are poor ways of safeguarding the country's honor.

The *Dial*, which in February, 1918, suggested as the proper reconstructers of the world, among others, Lenin and Trotsky, has in its issue of November 15, 1919, an editorial, prompted by the anniversary of armistice day, which is written, one may say, from the point of view of a cheated Bolshevik. The argument is as follows: "Guardians of the Vested Interests," without a thought of saving humanity from further bloodshed, negotiated a hasty peace in order "to avert a collapse of the German military organization" and the "German Imperial organization." This would have impaired the "vested interests of property and class rule" in the Entente. The Lansdowne letters—those precious documents formerly hailed with such delight by radicals—now prove to have been the voice of alarmed, organized capitalists. A further three months of the war would

have left Germany in no position to be a bulwark against Bolshevism, which is a "menace to absentee ownership."

Is it any wonder that an alien was impelled to cry out, in the New York *Tribune* on Thanksgiving Day, about the discrimination against foreign-language papers? "One of our most radical Yiddish newspapers has been translating editorials from 'The Nation,' 'New Republic,' 'Dial,' and others. A reader who inquired of the reason of such a practice has been answered that the authorities would not let such articles appear originally in Yiddish." The alien element, however, need have little fear that its interests are not being cared for. If the hordes of Soviet Russia were to camp in our midst the radical weeklies could be counted on to exclaim, "Here we have the spiritual descendants of our ancestors"—George Washington, for instance. But they should carefully weigh this question: Is not their inverted snobbery helping to establish an evil from which all good Americans are trying to escape—class rule: government, in this instance, by a strongly organized minority of working people?

The Issue of Free Speech

THE *New Republic* does well to call attention to the dangers which would attend upon the enactment of such a law as that proposed by Attorney-General Palmer for the purpose of curbing radical activities. It does well, also, to point out that no assurance that the law, if enacted, would be construed reasonably by the Department of Justice is sufficient protection against those dangers. A dragnet law, a law so loose or so sweeping in its language that it might be made the instrument of arbitrary suppression of free speech, or might be used to terrorize peaceful citizens in the exercise of other fundamental rights, is a law that ought never to be put on the statute books. A people whose immunity from intimidation is dependent upon the forbearance of executive officers is not a nation of freemen. Any law which, so far from protecting them against the danger of such invasion of their rights, is itself the source of that danger is a bad law. Whatever Mr. Palmer's intent may be, that would be the actual character of the law he proposes. Some of the things the *New Republic* says about it we most heartily approve:

The first section of the bill makes it unlawful, among other things, to commit "any act of terrorism, hate, revenge, or injury against the person or property" of any United States officer, agent, or employee, "with the intent to . . . cause the change, overthrow, or destruction of the Government, or of any of

the laws or authority thereof." The second section not only makes it unlawful to advise, advocate, or teach the commission of any such act, but imposes a penalty of ten years' imprisonment on any one who "makes, displays, writes, prints, or circulates any sign, word, speech, picture, design, argument, or teaching" which justifies such an act. . . . An overzealous champion of the Constitution, goaded to hatred by Attorney-General Palmer's ruthless campaign against free speech, publishes an article attacking the Attorney-General and demanding the repeal of the Espionage law. Clearly the publication is an act of hate against a United States officer, with intent to change a law of the United States. The editor of a newspaper publishes an article suggesting that the vote of the West Virginia electorate and the attack on Mr. Palmer were justified. He may go to jail for ten years. . . . The danger of the Palmer bill does not lie in these extreme examples. They merely illustrate its defective draftsmanship. The real menace to American liberty lies in the less extreme but more probable applications of the bill.

The bill ought not to be passed, and, unless greatly modified, we do not believe that it has the slightest chance of being passed.

But it is not upon the efforts of the *New Republic* or its kind that the preservation of the right of free speech, or of personal liberty, in this country depends. On the contrary, we are convinced that such danger as there may be of the impairment of those rights is in large measure due to the irrational way in which they are advocated by journals and public speakers of the *New Republic* type. In the opening words of this very article, for example, the *New Republic* declares that "Attorney-General Palmer seems bent on wiping out the last vestige of freedom of speech and press in the United States." This is nonsense, and everybody that keeps his eyes open knows that it is nonsense. There have been cases of improper suppression, undoubtedly, just as there have been abuses of every law on the statute books, and abuses of executive power, from that of the President in the White House down to that of the patrolman on his beat; and under the stress of war and after-war conditions there have been more of them than usual, just as there always are. But the right of free speech flourishes in our time to a degree probably never before known in the United States. Not only do scores of Socialist newspapers print, day after day, without molestation, matter that is distinctly aimed at the destruction of our existing form of government and of the institution of property, but the columns of the "capitalist press" are given over, with remarkable liberality, to the dissemination of the utterances of radicals and revolutionaries whenever this forms a natural feature of the day's news. When Rose Pastor Stokes—whose importance from an intellectual standpoint is *nil*, whose standing arises solely from the accidents of public notoriety—

thinks fit to free her mind about the Lusk Committee, her talk is "featured" in the great metropolitan dailies; and this without anything in the headlines or the presentation to break its force. When, at the annual dinner of the New York Academy of Political and Social Science, three speeches are made by men of eminence on the capitalist side of the railroad question, and one on the labor side, it is the labor man's, and the labor man's only—simply because it was the most interesting one—that is given *in extenso*, and featured in the headlines, in the *New York Times*. So far from radical opinion being suppressed, it enjoys enormous publicity, without a penny of expense, at the hands of the most conservative newspapers of the country. To talk about "the last vestige of freedom of speech and press," in this situation, is either unscrupulous or childish.

In extenuation of the offense of such misstatements, gross as they are, it may be pleaded that they are after all only an instance of the exaggeration which naturally attends passionate advocacy. But the trouble with the frantic advocates of free speech lies deeper. They constantly exhibit a fundamental want of intelligent understanding of the principle of free speech itself. What gives that principle its high place in the great body of liberal doctrine is the well-grounded conviction that liberty in the expression and dissemination of opinion is essential to the ultimate triumph of truth and to the continuance of human progress. To suppress what the current opinion of to-day regards as error is justly termed bigotry; it arises from considering as absolute truth that which is merely the accepted, and possibly erroneous, belief predominant at a given time, and treating it as sacrosanct. It has been one of the great achievements of the liberal thought of the last two centuries to overcome this bigotry; it is the distinction of latter-day radicals to have developed a new kind of bigotry, a bigotry of free speech—less dangerous no doubt, but not more rational than the bigotry of suppression. Instead of a noble and rational doctrine we have a mere blind dogma, every offense against which is indiscriminately branded as an outrage.

This degeneration of the doctrine of free speech into a mere fetish is most obviously manifested in cases where the so-called suppression of free speech is in reality nothing more than an assertion of the ordinary decencies of life. When a Bouck White is ejected from a church upon whose congregation he insists on inflicting a socialistic harangue, and is punished for the disturbance he had made, it may or may not be that the punishment was justified; but the question has nothing whatever to do with the prin-

ciple of free speech. The same doctrines which he thought fit to attempt to promote by his preposterous antics are taught every day in scores of publications, and by hundreds of individuals, with absolute impunity. Bouck White is punished for his antics, not for his doctrines. Yet the bigots of free speech wax just as indignant as though some real source of enlightenment or of discussion were being choked up and prevented from spreading its influence in the community. Half the feeling that underlies such wild statements as that of the *New Republic* about "the last vestige of free speech" arises from seeing in the punishment of a Bouck White, or in the breaking up of some unlicensed red-flag parade by the police, the same kind of invasion of the right of free speech as would be committed by the suppression of a radical newspaper or the imprisonment of an orderly advocate of socialism.

Less obvious, but not less significant, is the confusion of thought that is shown in the field of education. One of the most important outgrowths of the doctrine of free speech is the principle of academic freedom. There have been undoubtedly many deplorable violations of that doctrine in this country; though it should be noted in passing that so far from these violations being more frequent in our time than in the past, they are far less frequent and far less extreme. Such an event as the dismissal of Professor Ross from Leland Stanford University on account of his opinions in regard to railroad corruption in California would be almost impossible to-day; still more out of the question would be what happened to President Andrews of Brown University, at the time of the free-silver campaign, on account of his views on bimetallism. These cases and a few others have helped to educate the country toward an understanding of the principle of professorial independence, which a generation ago had hardly obtained even a footing in American public opinion. But while the principle of academic freedom is a legitimate outgrowth of the general doctrine of free speech, the notion that the same maxims are applicable to the case of teachers of children in the public schools is a morbid excrescence of it, the result not of thought but of want of thought.

That a competent professor, whose relations are with students well advanced toward manhood and possessing some maturity of thought, should feel that no restraint is placed upon him in the exercise and expression of his independent judgment, both in the class-room and elsewhere, is essential to the maintenance of a high level of thought, and to the full development of the intellectual and moral possibilities of the nation. No such con-

sideration applies to the case of teachers whose function it is simply to provide the children under their charge with the standard elements of an ordinary education. Those children, when the time comes, will have every reasonable opportunity of weighing such arguments as there may be in favor of the destruction of our form of government, the abolition of property, or, for that matter, the extinction of our accepted code of morals. To insist that their childish minds should not be deprived of the opportunity of determining for themselves whether the existing order of society is good or bad, that they shall be brought up with no prepossession in favor of the government, the laws, or the ethics upon which the community which maintains the schools is founded, is a notion so absurd that to discuss it ought to be regarded as a waste of time. Yet it is only upon the acceptance of this notion that the indignation which our radicals are so ready to vent at any failure to extend the doctrine of academic freedom to the kindergarten can be grounded.

We do not deny that in a time like this there is great danger of violation of the true principle of free speech. There is even danger that we may fall into the habit not only of violating it in particular cases, but of forgetting its cardinal importance in the abstract. With mischievous doctrines in the air, and with real peril to the community not only in sight but often actually realized, the temptation to resort to a short-cut to get rid of the evil is to many minds irresistible. And the short-cut of suppression will not only fail to remove the evil, but will certainly increase it. Bad teachings cannot be overcome by force; on the contrary, to persecute the disseminators of them for opinion's sake is to give them a hold far beyond that which in themselves they are capable of commanding. In large part, they will run their course by virtue of the native intelligence and the sound instincts of the people themselves. Everything, too, must be done that can be done to counteract them by argument and persuasion; but in the face of all temptation we must hold fast the great principle of freedom of opinion. But that principle is not in the keeping of those who in its name demand either absurdities or impossibilities. The plain man's common sense revolts at the requirement that he shall tolerate what is offensive to the instinct of decency or of propriety. Preposterous claims urged in the name of any principle do not elevate the principle but degrade it. The doctrine of free speech is a liberal principle; not the least of the dangers to which it is exposed lies in the discredit brought upon it by those who seek to convert it into a fanatical dogma.

Justice Holmes's Dissent

THE dissenting opinion written by Justice Holmes in the case arising under the War Espionage act, recently decided by the Supreme Court, has been widely hailed as a reassertion of the right of free speech. Coming from such a source, it is of the first importance that its exact character be clearly understood.

Three distinct elements go to the making up of this interesting paper. There is the plea for the principle of free speech as such, without special reference to the particular case in hand. There is the plea that the insignificance of the defendants, and the improbability of their actions resulting in any great injury to the Republic, should have protected them against the infliction either of any punishment at all, or at all events of any heavy punishment. Finally, there is the plea that the defendants did not in fact commit the crime contemplated by the law under which they were convicted. We shall take up these three elements in the reverse order of that in which we have stated them.

Upon the last point we see no escape from the conclusion that Justice Holmes is clearly and palpably wrong, for the question turns upon the plain meaning of ordinary words. There were four counts in the indictment. The decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the conviction of the defendants rests solely on the third and fourth counts. These counts deal not with the mere utterance of sentiments or opinions, however disloyal or abusive, but with actual incitement to disloyal acts. The question is whether in the pamphlets issued by the defendants there was or was not, as the law requires in order to make their conduct criminal, an intent "to cripple or hinder the United States in the prosecution of the war." The majority opinion says:

The plain purpose of their propaganda was to excite, at the supreme crisis of the war, disaffection, sedition, riots, and, as they hoped, revolution, in this country for the purpose of embarrassing and if possible defeating the military plans of the Government in Europe.

The dissenting opinion says:

I do not see how any one can find the intent required by the statute in any of the defendant's words. . . . To say that two phrases taken literally might import a suggestion of conduct that would have interference with the war as an indirect and probably undesired effect seems to me by no means enough to show an attempt to produce that effect.

About a dozen passages from the pamphlets are quoted in the majority opinion. It will be sufficient here to cite two. The first is one which Judge Holmes admits does "urge curtailment of production of things necessary to the prosecution

of the war within the meaning of the act of May 16, 1917"; but he denies that this was done "with intent by such curtailment to cripple or hinder the United States in the prosecution of the war." It is as follows:

Workers in the ammunition factories, You are producing bullets, bayonets, cannon, to murder not only the Germans, but also your dearest, best, who are in Russia and are fighting for freedom.

To the second of the passages we have in mind Judge Holmes makes no express reference. It is an incitement not to the mere curtailment of production, but to insurrectionary violence. Addressed to "Socialists, Anarchists, Industrial Workers of the World, Socialist Labor party men, and other revolutionary organizations" and calling upon them to "unite for action," it proceeds as follows:

Know, you lovers of freedom, that in order to save the Russian revolution we must keep the armies of the Allied countries busy at home.

As it is impossible to impute to Judge Holmes any intention to deal otherwise than sincerely with the facts before him, one has to take refuge in the hypothesis that when he speaks of "an indirect and probably undesired effect," he is confusing the question of motive with the question of intent. Interference with the war was palpably the direct and the desired effect which these appeals were intended to produce, though it is entirely possible that the original desire and primary motive behind them was something quite different. To prove motive in a case of crime may be necessary as part of the evidence that the crime had been committed; but in order to prove unlawful intent it is not in the least necessary to prove a wicked motive. Eugene Aram was none the less guilty of murder because he was animated not by greed for riches but by the desire to use the old miser's wealth for the good of his fellow men. But, whatever the explanation of Judge Holmes's position, the falsity of it is evident.

On the second point, that of the partial or complete immunity which the insignificance of the defendants, or their inability to do great harm, should have given them, the case is not quite so simple. A question of expediency is here involved, upon which no absolute rule can be laid down. It might have been wise, it might have been politic, it might have been humane, for the lower court to let these men off with a trifling punishment. On the other hand, it is equally possible that the wisest, the most politic, and even the most humane course in such a matter, is by severe punishment to serve notice on all prospective offenders that they cannot hope to escape terrible consequences if they deliberately defy a law enacted by the nation for its protection

from internal enemies in time of war. But though much might be said on both sides of this question as affecting the decision of the court of first instance—and still more as affecting the exercise of executive clemency—considerations of this kind have no place in determining whether the decision shall be overruled by a court of appeal. The court below inflicted no penalty that was not provided in the law under which it acted. As an *obiter dictum* it would have been quite proper for Judge Holmes to declare his opinion of the unwisdom of the sentence imposed. But if the Supreme Court were to make this opinion a ground for reversing the judgment of the court below it would erect into a principle of law that which ought obviously to be left a matter of judicial and executive discretion. We can think of no precedent more harmful, more calculated to rob the law of the vigor essential to its efficacy, than such a decision would establish.

We come now to the last of the three elements which enter into Judge Holmes's opinion. He has given impressive and, in the main, sound expression to the general principle of free speech. It is of the first importance for us all to remember—for we are many of us prone to forget—that "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death." It is well that we should be reminded from a high source that "the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." The unfortunate thing about it all is that these maxims, so essential to the vitality of liberal institutions, should be cited to justify that which in no rational view of the matter falls within their scope. What these men were punished for is not the expression of opinions. Their harangues to their revolutionary brethren had absolutely nothing to do with any competition in the market of thought. The opinions they expressed were at that same moment being expressed—expressed openly, with millions for an audience, not circulated merely among those who were already revolutionists or anarchists—without let or hindrance. It is as incitement to action, not as expressions of opinion, that their pamphlets are declared by the Supreme Court to have brought them under the operation of the criminal law.

Justice Holmes is a sincere and high-minded advocate of the principles of liberty. But a greater than he has had something to say on the subject. Never have those principles been stated in a form more uncompromising than in John Stuart Mill's great work. No one will accuse him of making any concession in the matter of free speech except such as is the plain demand of sanity and

common sense. In the essay "On Liberty" there occurs this passage:

No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, even opinions lose their immunity when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act. An opinion that corn-dealers are starvers of the poor, or that private property is robbery, ought to be unmolested when simply circulated through the press, but may justly incur punishment when delivered orally to an excited mob assembled before the house of a corn-dealer, or when handed about among the same mob in the form of a placard.

It should be particularly noted that what Mill here points out is that the mere expression of opinion, without any overt incitement to action, "may justly incur punishment" when the circumstances make that expression equivalent to such incitement. That punishment may justly be inflicted for plain incitement, such as is contained in the seditious pamphlets passed upon by the Supreme Court, was evidently to Mill's mind too obvious to need statement. But our dilettante radicals know better. The *New Republic* brands the Supreme Court as sanctioning by its decision a "barbarous persecution of opinion." Yet neither the decision nor anything in the opinion accompanying it militates in the slightest degree against freedom of opinion; it does not conflict in the least with the broad principles of free speech asserted by Judge Holmes; it is in perfect accord with the view stated by the foremost of modern champions of the doctrine of liberty. But all this makes no difference. Somebody has said something or printed something, and has been put in prison for it—that is enough and to spare. What, are we to see a man suffer for "free speech" and not cry out upon the persecutors?

Portrait of an American

BLOOD makes the American no more than the gentleman. The man to whom, desperate of definition, we have lately taken to pointing, saying, "There, at any rate, is an example of what we mean by Americanism," was never tired of analyzing the blood of his veins into a dozen national elements. The American is he who has America in his heart.

The children of the first comers, those who are not conscious of roots reaching even obscurely into other deep-soiled civilizations, are Americans only potentially. Every man's experience will furnish him with an instance of a Russian or some other who has come to us with America in his heart, whose feeling for America puts to blush those who have worn the name longer with less right. In such a man or woman America sees

herself more clearly than in those whose fascinated contemplation of other civilizations leads them to give back America chiefly as the reflection of her crude aspiration to culture or her stupid insensitiveness to it, her want of thrift and neatness, her slums and shanties, her negroes and her "foreigners" and her vulgar rich. To find the American it is idle to search the heart of such.

A specific instance is best, and a true one. If you would find the American, let a New Haven train carry you out of the city to one of the first villages in which there is some flavor of New England. You will find him just across the street from the station, and he is—an Irishman. At least his father was, coming here shortly after the first wave of immigration, say the middle of the last century. This father of Joe's went to work on the railroad for seventy-five cents a day. Raised a family on it, too, of which Joe in due course came to be part. For him there was the public school and at odd times a little reading of the law, just enough to enable him to perceive the kinship between it and his own large common-sense. Meanwhile the village grows. Estates line the shore, farm houses are converted into comfortable modern residences, the village people continue to prosper by virtue of a sort of ancestral momentum, and around Joe's office—"Real Estate and Notary Public"—there tumbles and laughs and chatters and brawls an Italian colony.

Nobody ever told Joe about Americanization. He was neither the victim nor the initiator of propaganda. But his steady eye fell on these turbulent Latins who had come to fill his Irish father's place on the railroad. How far did he consciously phrase to himself the paternal struggle? Why should he be the one to say to himself, "These people do not understand"? What was there to make him perceive that it was not enough to come to America, that it was necessary also to be American? Why was his the hand that went out to the men in greeting and in help?

Behold him clad in the gay stole and plumed hat of a ranking officer in Lodge Vittorio Emmanuele III! Not a word of their "soft bastard Latin" can he speak, nor ever will. He is not prying fascinated into their exotic life. "They seem to like to get me into this sort of thing. They are good boys." Votes, says some one, mindful of many things. But not at all; Joe holds these many years no office but that of a Justice of the Peace. But if there is land to be bought—and they thrive, these Italians—Joe does not, like the law, coldly leave the purchaser to look out for himself. If there is feud in the quarter, family or other, Joe compounds it. Was it a sol-

dier absent without leave? Joe searched him out and sent him back wiser and less sad. Themis dwells in the quarter, affably companionship with the poor—*Astraea redux*. Or, as a less classical posterity puts it when pressed for explanation of their devotion, "Joe, he fair."

Here, then, or nowhere is America—not a matter of time or place, but very clearly a state of the soul. And that quality of heart which most disposes it to be the dwelling place of America is precisely that which the Americans whom Joe is making out of his Italians instinctively recognize in him—fairness. It can be put with a hard brilliance as "a career open to talent." It can be put cynically as "each for himself and devil take the hindmost." It can be figured ridiculously as a blindfold justice with scrupulous scale and unrelenting sword, which it most emphatically is not. This fairness of the right American sort is not incompatible with a certain shrewdness, but it is impossible without a certain kindness, like Joe's. It cannot exist apart from the doing of things—big things, even—but the American is willing—not eager, mark you—to do some things, and big things, too, that are of no immediate personal profit to himself; that's Joe, too. It cherishes a well-nigh impossible desire to extend excellence without degrading it; but it does not aim to reform the world. If such an impression has got abroad, then America is unfortunate in her spokesmen and their hearers. Joe, if he could speak and be heard, would render a different account.

Behold him in the Columbus Day procession, led by the band—carnest individualists—with dubious regimentation everywhere wavering to a rag-tag of urchins in the rear. And Joe, poised uncertainly on a lurching float, clad in the motley of Uncle Sam. Bravo! Nobly borne! "Cristoforo Colombo we should have made him, too, but there is only one Joe! He shall play it next year!" Evviva! Good work! Cristoforo Colombo!

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EDITORS

FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Leonid Andreyev and the Bolsheviki

THERE is no longer any doubt as to the fact of Leonid Andreyev's death. Newspapers arriving from the other side have confirmed the previous report of his sudden death in Finland. He passed away almost on the eve of a visit to the United States, all the plans for which had already been made. He wanted to come to the New World in order to tell its people what he had already told them so tragically in his powerful appeal for aid to perishing Russia. But fate ruled otherwise, and instead of the commanding figure of a great writer, only the report of his sudden end has reached America.

Nowadays, whenever a Russian name is mentioned, the question immediately arises, "Where does he stand on the matter of Bolshevism?" In the case of Andreyev the reply is clear-cut, for his attitude followed inevitably from his political *credo*. Andreyev was a true Russian patriot, first of all. This means that to him his Russia was the greatest and the dearest thing there was. There was no publicist or writer in Russia more ardently desirous of a victory over Germany than he, for a defeat at her hands meant the enslavement of Russia and possibly even destruction. There scarcely was a more bitter opponent of Bolshevism in Russia than he, for to him the Bolshevik experiments, whether successful or not, would inevitably entail the country's passing through international treason, anarchy, and eventually becoming a prey to Germany. The Bolsheviki even attempted to buy him. Shortly before his death, an emissary from Gorky visited Andreyev bidding him to help on the Bolsheviki's "literary" work, in which case two million rubles would be placed at his disposal for publishing anything he wanted. Andreyev was starving. But he spurned this offer, refusing to treat with Gorky's emissary. Leonid Andreyev was not for sale.

Since the beginning of the Russian revolution Andreyev was invariably on the side of those who strove to establish in Russia a free democratic order to open the way for the country's development along the lines which were most imperative for her. He consistently opposed, with all the might of his powerful pen, all disintegrating elements. Among the many articles and appeals which he wrote during those first months of the Russian revolution, two stand out particularly. One is entitled, "To Thee, O Soldier!" It is an appeal to the army after the first defeats caused by propaganda. The second is called, "Ruin and

Destruction." It is an analysis of the misfortunes which were soon to grow out of the Bolshevik régime.

Andreyev began his appeal to the soldier of Russia with a recital of what the army meant in the people's eyes under the imperial régime:

Under Nicholas the autocrat you were a slave. And your people dreaded you. To whom did your gray uniform bring joy? To whom did your gun and your sharp bayonet bring peace? Only to the enemies of the people, the hangmen of the people. Whenever rows of gray uniforms would appear in the streets, we all knew what that meant; death was stalking behind! Death was moving upon the innocent, the starving, upon those who longed for a bright life, who dared to raise their voices of protest against the tyrant. Death was stalking, and in its wake, destruction, ruin, tears, and horror. Soldier, you were terrible then!

Then came the revolution, and the soldiers were no longer the enemies of the people.

Do you remember, O soldier, how the heart of the whole people quivered when the first blow of the Cossack sabre descended not on the head of a brother or a friend, but on that of a police henchman? How we loved you then, our soldier! And when . . . red flags swept and fluttered over the sharp points of the bayonets, and when, as blood to the heart, they all flowed towards the Taurida Palace, and when the music of freedom thundered forth, mingling its triumphant strains with the last dying whistling of the bullets, do you remember, O soldier, what you saw in the streets? Do you remember that black crowd of citizens, half-frenzied with suffering and sleepless nights? Do you remember how those eyes gazed with faith and love at you, at your gray uniform, at your bayonet?

But it was only during the first short months following the revolution that the soldier meant all that. With the first test of morale, in the summer of 1917, there was a bitter revelation. At the rear the soldiers, drunken with power and recklessness, were carousing in the streets of the cities, terrorizing the peaceful population. And at the front?

Oh, how you fled from the field of battle, Russian soldier! The world has never known or seen such flight, or such hordes of traitors. The world knew a single Judas. And here tens of thousands of Judases are rushing along, throwing away their rifles, and boasting of meetings. Whither do they hasten? They hasten to betray their native land, to deliver her to the amazed foe.

Andreyev ends his powerful picture of the betrayal of Russia by her soldiers who suddenly lost all sense of patriotism and opened the frontiers of the country to the inveterate enemy, with a stirring appeal to the soldiers to awake from their nightmare.

But this stirring appeal came too late. Elemental forces had already carried unfortunate Russia into the whirlpool. The army was not the only thing that had been affected by the poison of disintegration and the propaganda that finally destroyed Russia. Late in the summer of 1917, Andreyev gave graphic expression to the condition into which Russia had fallen in an article which he called "Ruin and Destruction."

"Our country is in mortal danger," are the opening words of this article. Declaring that the time has come for speaking out clearly, when it is the duty of every citizen to understand what lies in store for his native land, the author draws a pen picture of the misfortunes which he sees coming upon Russia with the implacability of fate. First, starvation. "It comes on irresistibly." The peasantry has lost faith in the efficacy of the revolutionary order and refuses to cooperate with the city. It starves the city. Second, the disintegration of the army. The propaganda of fraternization, spread by the Germans and the Bolsheviki, makes it possible for the enemy to transfer his troops to the front in France. Third, the possibility of separate peace and the consequent treason to Russia's Allies. Then, coming on behind, financial bankruptcy, and even the break-up of Russia herself. Finland and Ukraina are already talking separation.

Who is next? Who else hates Russia so much that he would not remain with her a single moment? Who else demands to be divorced from dying Russia? Go and strike her. Tear her to pieces. Steal whatever you can. Why should you pity her, when she does not pity herself? Why should you preserve her and try to save her when she herself does not want to save herself, when she walks straight into the grave and sings her own funeral march in a thousand voices?

The whole country is lost in a chaos of party disputes and wranglings. There is no unity of action or of purpose. What can save Russia under such circumstances?

I do not condemn anybody, for everybody is to blame. Who can be punished when all are at fault?

The storm is coming on. Things are becoming darker and darker. His eloquent appeal to the soldiers ends with a note of hope. "Ruin and Destruction" ends with a note of utter hopelessness:

And perhaps—perhaps there really ought not be any Russia? Perhaps this is merely an old-fashioned term it is time to destroy: If there is to be no "Russia," there will be something else; and "at the coffin's portal young life shall play anew." Does it matter, after all, whether it is Russian life, or young German life? The people, too, will not perish. You cannot destroy at one blow one hundred million people. They will get used to the new

conditions. Who knows, perhaps there really ought not to be any Russia?

The red terror of the Bolshevik régime drove Andreyev into Finland, and there he remained until his death. Living in poverty, in eternal torment over the fate of his native land, Andreyev could write little—only an unfinished novel, which is still unpublished. The proposal of the Prinkipo Conference, however, evoked from the exile his swan song, "S. O. S."

The attitude of the Allied Governments toward Russia is either madness or treason.

This is the question which Andreyev sets before himself for solution in the first part of his article. Proving conclusively that it cannot be madness, he leaves the question there and refrains from drawing the other conclusion. The second part of the article addresses to all civilized nations of the world an appeal for aid to Russia.

Andreyev compares himself to the telegraphist on a sinking ship who casts into the darkness and the storm his frantic appeal for help. The anguished cry of "S.O.S." has now gone through the world. Has it struck the hearts of men? Has it impelled the bows of the world's ships of state to turn towards Russia?

In his unpublished novel Andreyev represents Satan as coming to the earth to teach men how to lie. But he finds falsehood so highly developed among men that his own lies seem childish and pale. In the chaos of falsehood and dishonesty that inundated the world around him, Andreyev was appealing to the redeeming qualities of men. Death engulfed him while the tides of chaos were still rolling in. But as these tides subside, appeals such as his will sound stronger and more triumphant and will be the guiding music to lead men's wearied feet to a better world that must emerge out of the trials of our fearful days.

LEO PASVOLSKY

A Lesson in International Leagues

IN all the discussions around and about the League of Nations, and the search for precedents that might promise success or otherwise to the great experiment, we seem to have lost sight of the fact that for ten years past the United States and Canada have been giving a practical demonstration of the possibilities of such an international arrangement. In the International Joint Commission these two neighboring countries have what is in effect a League of Na-

tions limited to their common interests. Admitting differences in degree and complexity, the principles involved in both the North American League and the League of Nations are sufficiently alike to make the very real success of the former a subject for serious thought.

The International Joint Commission grew out of the Treaty of January 11, 1909, between the United States and Great Britain. The preamble of that treaty sets forth as its objects "to prevent disputes regarding the use of boundary waters and to settle all questions which are now pending between the United States and the Dominion of Canada involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along their common frontier, and to make provision for the adjustment and settlement of all such questions as may hereafter arise." Jurisdiction to settle such questions was vested in a Commission, consisting of three citizens of the United States appointed by the President and three Canadian subjects of His Majesty appointed by the King on the recommendation of the Canadian Government.

The treaty is too intricate to go into fully, but certain points are worth emphasizing. The first article provides that "the navigation of all navigable boundary waters shall forever continue free and open for the purposes of commerce to the inhabitants and to the ships, vessels, and boats of both countries equally." The same right of navigation is extended to Lake Michigan and to all canals connecting boundary waters. By article 2 each country reserves its national jurisdiction and control over the use and diversion of waters flowing across the boundary or into boundary waters, but "any interference with or diversion from their natural channel of such waters on either side of the boundary shall give rise to the same rights and entitle the injured parties to the same legal remedies as if such injury took place in the country where such diversion or interference occurs." Canadians under this article have the right to go into the United States courts and seek redress for injury sustained in Canada, and Americans have similar rights in Canadian courts. The third and fourth articles confer direct jurisdiction on the Commission, and create what is in effect an international court of appeal for the settlement of questions involving the use of boundary waters.

Article 9, on the other hand, makes the Commission an investigating body, to enquire into and report upon any question involving rights, obligations, or interests "along the common frontier." The Treaty provides that all such ques-

tions "shall be referred" to the Commission on the request of either one or other of the two Governments.

The tenth article goes much farther. It provides that "any questions or matters of differences arising between the High Contracting Parties" involving the rights, obligations, or interests of the United States or Canada in relation to each other or their respective inhabitants, may be referred for decision to the Commission. There is no limitation here, either in respect to the character of the question referred or to the place of its origin. It is not confined to the common frontier, nor is it confined to any particular class of questions. Both parties must consent to the reference to the Commission. In the case of the United States it must also be with the advice and consent of the Senate, and in the case of Great Britain with the consent of the Governor-General-in-Council of Canada, that is to say, the Canadian Government. Under this article the Commission becomes a miniature Hague Tribunal for the final settlement of questions of any character arising between the United States and Canada.

This Commission has been in existence for ten years, carrying on its very important work so smoothly and unostentatiously that probably most of the inhabitants of the two countries have never even heard of it. During that time it has disposed of a number of questions involving the use of boundary waters, principally questions of power development and questions affecting navigation interests, ranging from the St. Croix River in the east, forming the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, to the Lake of the Woods in the west. It is at present dealing with a large irrigation problem in the Far West affecting the people of Montana, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. It has investigated and reported upon several big questions along the frontier, such as the pollution of boundary waters; and the two Governments are now referring to it the very important problem of developing the St. Lawrence as an international waterway from the lakes to the sea. Up to the present time no questions have been referred under article 10.

The positive usefulness of this Commission has been repeatedly proved during the past ten years, but, as the writer has said elsewhere, "the true measure of its usefulness to the people of the United States and Canada lies not even so much in its positive as in its negative qualities, not so much in the cases it has actually settled as in the infinitely larger number of cases that never come before it for consideration, simply be-

cause the Commission is there, as a sort of international safety-valve, and therefore the sting is taken out of the situation." There are many pessimists who are convinced that the League of Nations can never be of any real service to the world. There were many ten years ago who predicted that the International Joint Commission would do more harm than good to the United States and Canada. The latter have been proved false prophets. Possibly the former may share the same fate.

L. J. B.

Poetry

Lavengro

Weary of Shaw and, O ye gods, how weary

Of rediscovering deities with Wells!
Unmoved by Conan Doyle's séances eerie,
And bored with young romance and wedding bells,

I turn—ah, Brother of the glade and highway,
How good it is to breathe thy braver air!

To make thy loitering, devious pathway my way,
To have but eighteen pence—and not to care!

Find in a mug of ale seraphic glories
But be content with water from a spring;
And while inspired postillions tell their stories
Forget that time—and plots—are on the wing;

To share thy crusty speech and hearty laughter,
To dabble with Armenian, Hebrew, Greek;
Translate Ab Gwilym 'neath a fitch-hung rafter
And glean wild Irish in the peat-fire's reek;

To sit down with thy dusky folk and hearken
To age-old songs of Romany, rome and dree;
Drift sleepward when the shadows stretch and darken
And wander footloose when the shadows flee!

Forever mayst thou weave thy magic olden,
Thy gypsy glamerie shot through with gleams
Of pulsing life and moments sunlit, golden—
Thou Celtic Fielding, Realist of Dreams!

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

The Backwardness of Italian Farming

ON the kaleidoscopic play of current events in Italy, and its relation to her future progress, one can not write with any feeling of confidence. The only certainty is that the boat is rocking too violently just now for speed towards any predetermined harbor of safety. Her prospects are deeply affected, however, by certain conditions not due to the war, and not subject to the jurisdiction of the Paris Conference. They are defects which must be dealt with at home, and in respect of which the outsider may only record observations and offer friendly suggestion. And yet in the successful solution of these problems outsiders have a deep interest, material as well as sentimental. Modern life has knit the civilized nations of the world into a whole which is sure to suffer when any single member is seriously ailing, and a derelict Italy would constitute a drag on American material prosperity as well as a sense of pain to the countless Americans who love it for its many memories of an intensely interesting past, and its varied charms of to-day.

It was my privilege, during the spring and early summer of the present year, to travel through large portions of Sicily and the Italian peninsula, not following the routes by which the tourist ordinarily hurries from point to point of historic or artistic interest, traveling always in daylight, and keeping my eyes open to conditions of life as well as to natural scenery. A farmer's son by birth and always interested in agricultural conditions, it was the life of the farmer folk of Italy that impressed itself most on my attention. And that impression was in the main a profound sense of depression.

There are certain features of Italian life which almost always present themselves to American travelers—did so present themselves to me on an earlier visit—as simply a part of the delightfully interesting novelties of Mediterranean travel. The man and wife with their donkey cart on one of the great public piazzas of Palermo, three cows tied to the rear of the cart and calves tied to the tails of the cows, waiting languidly through the forenoon for customers to come and buy their pitcherful of milk; the barefooted, sunburned old woman, hobbling down some rocky steep with an immense bag of forage on her head for her cow; the weakened farmer plodding homeward in the evening towards the high-perched town, only the head and tail of his little donkey visible from between the

great bundles of mingled oats and clover, cut with the sickle of his remote ancestors, and tied carefully together and strapped over the donkey's back; the yoke of big-bodied, long-horned, slow-moving oxen, drawing through the young corn a plow corresponding more nearly to that described in Virgil's *Georgics* than to any cultivator used by the wide-awake corn grower of to-day—all this is certainly very interesting to the traveler, and furnishes excellent snapshots for his kodak. And if these were sufficiently isolated cases we might be contented to let it rest at that. Many of them can be paralleled more or less closely in remote parts of our own land. The trouble is, however, that they are not isolated, but represent so large a portion of the present agricultural life of Italy as to constitute a very heavy drag on her material prosperity. Italy has a very dense population, a large proportion of land either completely or relatively non-productive, and a heavy handicap in manufacturing in her lack of fuel and raw materials. A large part of her population can live on a very low plane of existence from the produce of their little mountain farms and herds. But it is a plane of existence too low to bring personal contentment, or social and political stability. In Sicily and South Italy it has led to extensive emigration of the more capable and ambitious, the very men and women who are most sorely needed at home. In northern Italy manufacturing industries retain a larger portion of this element, but the problems of successful manufacturing are becoming ever more difficult as the cost of imported fuel and raw materials steadily grows. It is evident, then, that the situation calls for a supply of home-grown food as cheap and abundant as is possible. The use on a large scale of electrical energy generated by water power—white coal, *carbone bianco*, as the Italians call it—will do something to ease the fuel situation. And the water which generates this power can in many localities be still further used for the irrigation of tillable lands on lower levels.

But all this will not reach the root of the trouble. The methods of tillage itself, the tools employed, the mental attitude of the tiller towards his work, must be very materially altered if Italy is to keep pace with other nations in modern paths of progress. One may ride hundreds of miles in Italy, through the very finest of farm lands as well as the most forbidding, and see no hoe that is not far heavier than is needed for its

work, and few in which the handle is not so badly fitted as to add materially to the energy required to wield it. This worse than useless extra weight the tiller must lift some thousands of times in a day's labor.

Many of the most profitable triumphs of modern "efficiency" in great manufacturing industries have consisted in detecting and eliminating just such elements of wasted energy, whether human or mechanical. What I have said of the Italian hoe will apply with equal or greater force to the scythe with which most of the hay in Italy is cut, a tool heavier and clumsier than the bush scythe, or "brush hook," used to clear the locust sprouts and blackberry briars from the cow pastures of the West Virginia mountainsides. I do not, of course, assert that there is absolutely no modern agricultural machinery, or tools, in Italy. I saw two self-binders, a few years ago, in the broad wheat fields near Syracuse, but both very inefficiently drawn by two or three yoke each of those slow and awkwardly moving Sicilian oxen. They are picturesque animals, I admit, and possibly a justifiable instrument for the work which you see them doing about the docks at Messina. But the farmers of America have long ago learned that such an "unhastie beaste," as Edmund Spenser would have put it, will not do for modern farming. To talk of supplanting the Italian ox teams may seem to some little less than Bolshevistic radicalism; but when one passes through the rich cornfields between Milan and Turin, with their loose and easily tilled soil, and sees farmer after farmer plowing the corn one row at a time with two of those immense oxen drawing the plow, and often an extra man or woman at their head, one realizes, or certainly should realize, what a disastrous waste it all involves. In a long journey through that region, I saw just one fairly sensible outfit for plowing corn: a plow not more than one generation back in pattern, drawn by a light-weight, briskly-stepping horse, with a bright young woman at the handles. She was plowing more corn than two of those lumbering ox-team outfits, and if I had seen a dozen like her in all Italy, where I saw hundreds of the other, I should feel more hopeful for the immediate future of the Italian farmer.

There is a very serious retarding influence also in the absence of even a fair beginning of an adequate system of country roads. To thousands of Italian wheat fields even a two-wheeled cart, to say nothing of a really efficient two-horse wagon, can not make its way. Consequently you see the sheaves of wheat tied together and slung over the donkey's back to be carried to the stacking place or to the

threshing floor. And then the wheat itself must be conveyed in little bits by the same slow method to the granary. And when it is sold, a very large amount of it goes the usually long distance to the nearest railway by the same conveyance. Almost the whole of it, too, was harvested not with the modern reaper, even when grown on great level plains, nor with the "cradle" of a generation ago, but with the sickle that the founders of the Roman Republic received from their forefathers. I said to a business man in Palermo without contradiction, "America can take its wheat as it stands in the fields of the great Northwest, harvest it, send it to seaboard by rail, and finally lay it down on the decks here in Palermo, at a less cost per bushel, when estimated in units of human labor, than it takes to place in your Palermo markets a very large share of the wheat grown right here in Sicily."

But, I am told, labor is very cheap, and the cost in money is not so great after all. Yes, labor is cheap in Italy, or was until the abnormal conditions of the war supervened, and cheap chiefly for the reason that this retention of ineffective tools and methods makes it relatively so unproductive. And because of this, the most promising young men of large portions of Italy have hardly any other ambition than to save up money enough, by rigorous self-denial, to purchase passage to North or South America. I am aware, of course, that able Italian scientists are giving their attention to agricultural problems, under Government patronage, and I know something of what public-spirited individuals are doing. I have seen in Italy countless farms and gardens and orchards so cleanly kept and so abundant in yield that I should be glad to have them shown as models almost anywhere in the United States. But all this does not alter the fact, or remove the economic and social implications of the fact, that even in most of these very cases the same amount of physical energy, with suitable tools and methods, would have brought a greatly increased return. I know, of course, that there is a shameful amount of wasted effort in our own land, too; but Italy is about the last great country in the world to be able to endure safely a conspicuous amount of wasted effort in this particular line. If she had a Cavour to resort to for guidance to-day, I am convinced that he would look, for the salvation of his country, not to Dalmatia, or Africa, or outside expansion in any other direction. He would turn his attention rather to the development of Italy's magnificent potentialities in water power, so as to remove the costly dependence of her manufacturing industries upon imported fuel. He would

begin at once a thoroughgoing system of farm roads, bringing the whole of Italy's tillable land into connection with markets, and at the same time furnishing better avenues for the penetration of modern enlightenment into all parts of the realm. And especially would he be interested—as the Cavour of actual history was interested, until other pressing problems took the lead—in the modernization of Italian agriculture. In these lines, with the application of scientific knowledge already in existence, backed by orderly government and wisely directed state assistance, financed by American capital where, and only where, home capital should not prove sufficient, lies ample and remunerative employment for all the brawn and brains that Italy can furnish. Here lies her best hope of liquidating her crushing indebtedness; and schemes of external expansion, drawing her best blood away, can only retard that hope and increase the chances of disaster.

What I have said in these paragraphs springs from no lack of sympathy for Italy, no spirit of censoriousness. Affection for her began with my college days and has increased with every year that has passed. And my inability to believe in her "rivendicazioni" following the war, whether embodied in the formulæ of Orlando and his successor, or in the wild dreams and escapades of D'Annunzio, rests upon the firm conviction that they too, in the long run, point, not to happiness, prosperity and power, but to weakness, adversity, and regret.

W. H. JOHNSON

Correspondence

Syllogisms and Presidents

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the good old days, in those much-abused private schools, we learned something about logic. We learned about the syllogism, for example—that neat little logical formula in which the conclusion comes out all right if you get your premises straight. Your premises must fit perfectly into each other; if one of them is turned round the wrong way, all is lost. An approved example was: "All men are mortal; Socrates was a man; therefore Socrates was mortal." But if your minor premise had been stated in this way: "All men are mortal; Socrates was mortal; therefore he was a man," you were all at sea; for Socrates might have been a horse or any other animal, and he would still have been mortal. Plainly a syllogism does not always hold logic.

The unconditional admirers of President Wilson have a favorite argument,

which they have used since 1916. At that time, indeed, they put it up on posters in public places. They thought it was an argument. In syllogistic form it would have run like this: "All great men are criticized; President Wilson is criticized; therefore he is a great man." This sounds very well, and could bear being turned round almost any way. Unfortunately, however, there is one adjective too many qualifying the major premise. To be strictly true it should have read: "All men are criticized; Lincoln and Wilson were men; therefore they were criticized." This may be true, but it proves nothing further. You and I are criticized; so are Tom, Dick, and Harry; hence greatness is really beside the question.

To many minds, however, the fact that Lincoln was criticized is a perfectly good argument for Mr. Wilson's greatness; though you and I and poor old T., D., and H. have an equal right to avail ourselves of it. Such are the difficulties of logic. The case, in fact, is an admirable specimen of the efficacy of a single lone argument for any cause. If they had any more they might get still further tangled up.

When you come to think of it, however, there is another argument. It is simply that all opposition to the Administration is a play of party politics. This is a time-worn argument, but it is still good. You can take it out, like a last year's coat, and shake it, and wear it in spite of the odor of tar-camphor. But, as a matter of fact, it must be taken seriously; for in these days it amounts to a bitter accusation.

No earnest, honest man, it would seem—not even if he be deluded—is playing mere party politics to-day; unless it turns out that a question of party politics automatically resolves itself into a question of patriotism. If the question is one of nationalism against internationalism, as the terms are popularly understood, you go at once beyond party lines. Dark forces threaten on every side; and vistas of sinister possibilities open up before us. The question at issue is: What is best for America? As to that, you may differ; but the man, whoever and wherever he may be, who is thinking below the level of that question, can have no real part in its just settlement.

We may say, as the *Villager* said a while ago, that we are beginning to realize that we cannot have a League of Nations and at the same time have nations. Or we may believe that any kind of League of Nations is better than none; or that a properly guarded and qualified League of Nations is best of all; but in none of these assumptions are we merely following party lines. The winds of Des-Any have blown us out beyond them; and

the few who may still be huddled together behind party fences will be shut out of the real contest. Just one thing is left to think of, as regards party; which fence has an open gate into the broad fields of progress, justice, and wise provision for the future—which means genuine idealism? Idealism, to be sure, is a much-abused word. It may mean blinding fog or clear vision. The great men, in the present crisis as in every other, are those who will see beyond their own wills and their own fancied interests.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

East Orange, N. J., November 29

Rumania in Bessarabia

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In spite of Russia's enormous sacrifices in the war, sacrifices which, in the judgment of military experts, exercised a decisive influence on the outcome, there was throughout the negotiations at Paris an apparent inclination to disregard her claims and rights. The Big Five seemed to consider Russia as a helpless outsider, to be dismembered and parceled out as if it were enemy territory. In fact, the suspicion has arisen in the minds of Russians that it is the deliberate policy of the Allies to take advantage of Russia's present position to draw her teeth, as it were, and render her helpless and at their mercy for years to come.

With this in mind Russians cannot assent entirely to the premises or conclusions of the editorial article entitled "Bessarabia," in your issue of November 8. In this article you give the impression that there is some historical and ethnical justification for Rumania's seizure of Bessarabia. I trust that you will open your columns to a discussion of this important matter, a matter perhaps vital to future peace in eastern Europe, from a slightly different point of view.

When we examine the matter closely we find that the historical and ethnical bases alleged as an excuse are far from what the Rumanians represent them to be. Bessarabia was never a part of Rumania. When, in 1812, Russia acquired Bessarabia, it was ceded to her by Turkey by the Treaty of Bucharest. At that time Rumania did not exist, and the province in question, a part of Moldavia, was rescued from the overlordship of the Sultan, the first of the Christian provinces of the Balkans to be liberated. The Treaty of Paris, following the Crimean War, returned a portion of Bessarabia to Turkey, but Russia recovered this in 1878.

The status of Bessarabia was therefore established by regular treaty and its inclusion in the Russian Empire as a matter of public right has not been

open to question. Whether or not there might be an excuse on ethnical grounds for appealing to the Peace Conference to raise the issue of taking this territory from Russia and giving it to Rumania is an entirely different matter. In this regard the pronouncement of the Russian Political Conference at Paris was clear and unequivocal. Questions concerning the disposition and future status of nationalities included within the limits of the Russian Empire of 1914, with the exception of ethnographical Poland, can only be decided with the consent of the Russian people. While they were ready to declare that the new Russia would be disposed to satisfy legitimate desires of autonomy, and even independence, and to admit under certain conditions the uniting of a national fragment with a state of which this people considers itself a part, no such solution can be adopted until the Russian people are in a position to manifest freely their will and to participate in the settlement of such questions.

But leaving aside for the moment this vital consideration of the participation of the Russian people, what do we find? The population of Bessarabia is about 2,000,000; of these 45.5 per cent. are Moldavians, 27.75 per cent. are Russians, and the remainder divided among Jews, Bulgarians, Germans, Gypsies, etc. It is therefore far from homogeneous, and there is a Moldavian preponderance in but four districts out of eight.

Rumania claims that the people desire to be united with her, and base their claim on the action of the "Sfatul Tseri," a revolutionary assembly, growing out of councils of soldiers and workingmen. This assembly could not claim to be representative and even at that did not declare for annexation to Rumania until after Bessarabia had been invaded by Rumanian troops and the assembly was under their domination, protesting members of which had been shot. As a matter of fact, when the vote was finally taken only 46 out of 162 members participated, and of these 8 voted in the negative. There is not the least foundation for the claim that the people of Bessarabia desire to be annexed to Rumania, and there is good evidence that the opposite is the case. No stronger testimony to this need be adduced than the fact that the Rumanian Government has declined the proposition to hold a plebiscite under neutral auspices. Were Rumania content to leave the question of Bessarabia to be settled on the basis of ascertaining the real wishes of the population and of securing the peaceful consent of the Russian people, she would avoid grave perils in the future.

H. TERRAGER

New York, November 24

Book Reviews

A Textbook for the "Liberal"

THE REMAKING OF A MIND. By Henry de Man. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS is a book that every young "Liberal" in America should read. His reaction to it will determine for him whether he actually possesses that open mind which he regards so highly or a mind that resolutely shuts itself to everything that does not chime happily with what is in it already. Let him measure his mind with that of Henry de Man and decide for himself whether his own is worth remaking. Henry de Man's most certainly was.

There was nothing of the parlor play-boy about De Man, he was no amateur of revolution, no pathological sensationalist in the social realm. A Fleming to whom Belgian nationality made faint appeal, he had made of himself not so much an "international" man as a genuinely European man. Germany, France, England, and even the lesser countries of Europe were as much his home as Belgium, not because he had set himself the negative ideal of not loving one country more than another, but because he had intimately led the life of each of these countries, knew their languages, made his own the best their several cultures had to offer, and lived on terms of intellectual comradeship. His cosmopolitanism was the reverse of naïve, his hatred of war reasoned on firm historical and biological grounds and not sentimentalized in an ethical quagmire.

Socialism was the goal of his endeavor, but Socialism within the realm of actuality, something to be striven for methodically and with an alert sense of the responsibilities involved. The war found him at the head of the Socialist Young People's Federation, in a position to take definite action looking toward its prevention in the company of the German Socialists, whose organization he had greatly admired, and of the French, with whom, like the Germans, he was on an intimate personal footing. The first stage in the reëducation of his mind began, at tense conferences in Brussels and in Paris, with a realization of the paralysis that had fallen upon the German and Austrian Socialists. He will not believe in their duplicity; lack of personal courage on their part and a pathetically German confidence in the good intentions of their Governments combined to produce in them a state of "funk" when faced by a situation that cried for initiative.

When De Man bade good-bye to Müller at the Brussels station on Sunday, August 2, the last link between the Socialists

of Germany and France was severed. The next day the invasion of Belgium began and by afternoon he had volunteered for service in an active infantry regiment. His instinct in so doing—for it was largely instinct in spite of his ability to reason clearly about it afterwards—is excellently illustrative of the soundness of his mind. Casuistry concerning the desirable course of action in the event of a ruffian attack upon one's wife could not entangle a mind like his. The outrage is committed and it makes no difference whether the victim is your own wife or somebody else's or nobody's. In a world that could passively tolerate such an outrage what hope is there of realizing the things implied in any theory of Socialism?

Once in the army the physical activity and a sustaining sense of having chosen the right course gave him strength to wrestle with the lingering doubt, encouraged by the arguments of the internationalists, that this was purely a capitalists' war, in which labor everywhere had no interest save to stop it. The merciless self-examination to which he subjected himself during two years served to tear from his eyes the veil of doctrinaireism. The inability to distinguish between facts and categories, the tendency to apply to actual conditions abstract doctrines derived from quite other conditions, he came to regard as the fault of his earlier thinking and of all the thinking that through various stages eventuates in Bolshevism. Admitting with the internationalists that the war had arisen in an imperialistic and capitalistic world, as it undoubtedly did, he came to be willing, as they did not, to consider the case on its actual merits, refusing to find consolation by throwing the blame for the war upon a purely theoretical category—capital—and by pretending that the threatened destruction of political freedom at the hands of a Germany at once militaristic and servile meant nothing to a cause which demanded political freedom as the first prerequisite to normal development.

De Man deeply and comprehendingly loved Germany and the German people. He loves them still. When he remade his mind he did not remake it in the image of Chauvin. He is ready to argue at length against any rigid conception of a national psychology: he believes that a people like the Germans, largely of peasant tradition, if they could be rapidly and successfully exploited in the interests of militarism, can in not too great a course of time be successfully organized upon some other and better basis. De Man is still a Socialist, but a Socialist, fundamentally, in the sense in which most thinking men are Socialists, that is, he dares to believe

that political democracy—in his opinion American political democracy especially—contains within itself the power to purge itself of the faults while retaining the many virtues with which its capitalistic origins have conditioned it. Toward this event he will work. But not with formulas; he is done with them.

Linda Condon

LINDA CONDON. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

AMONG the severe or agitated numbers which dominate the concert of our after-war fiction a plain tune of the old time comes welcome on the ear. Indeed, so confused and oft cacophonous is the prevailing ditty that even the more labored strains of yesterday take on the artless charm of a milkmaid's song at dawn. If only we may not have to speak or listen, this time, in terms of world-consciousness and so on, ask what you will of us! We *will* be good, we promise to enjoy "The Golden Bowl"; we agree not to go to sleep over "The Valley of Decision." Give us the old safe troubles of a world we knew, the pleasant distress of our heroine trying to find her self so that she may be it, the solid comfort of our hero fumbling and grumbling along like any of us, whether towards an understanding of his particular job or a definition of his own soul.

In "Linda Condon" Mr. Hergesheimer has done what is for him, in a sense, a "first" novel. Here for the first time he waves his special magic wand: that of a conjurer bringing the past to us in his two hands, a live thing unimpaired in texture or color or perfume, yet indubitably ensphered in the crystal microcosm of his art. Here he abandons his chief material assets, the two localisms in which his fancy has seemed to possess a natural and in a way proprietary dwelling. One neither hears the rustle of crinoline nor smells oakum in these pages. The "black bang" which introduces Linda and her story takes us back a generation; but we are to grow up with Linda, to the very threshold of that house of war beyond which Mr. Hergesheimer's imagination has not yet stepped. Our study of her is uncomplicated by considerations of the direct relation of the individual to society in the large sense. This is a study of what Linda Condon is and means, in herself and as a type. Heredity plays here an important part, as in Mr. Hergesheimer's earlier stories. Linda adores her blowsy, plebeian mother, born daughter of joy whom only accident differentiates from the dingiest "professional" siren of the streets. Her child Linda adores her. In their wayfaring hotel life her mother's men and her

mother's drink and philosophy are alike acceptable as being her mother's. But as the child merges into adolescence another strain in her asserts itself, against all influences: the blood of her father, the cold fastidious aristocrat whose momentary madness has yielded even a legal name for Linda to his passion. She has never known that father, but he lives and grows in her. By instinct she chooses what is decent and comely in dress and bearing, and arms herself with sheer distaste against the amorous approaches of the animal man. Then comes the man to whom her heart answers—a sculptor of great powers which he has not yet realized in marble. She is all his if he will in that first hour of meeting, but he goes his way and for a long time they do not meet. She has taken possession of his fancy, however, and he returns; presently to become her accepted lover. But he is an untamed viking of a man; and before they can be married shocks Linda out of love by a burst of the kind of passion the atmosphere of which has revolted her throughout her young life. For safety she marries the honest, devoted, and by no means stupid Philadelphian cousin who represents her father's point of view. So there is our triangle: Linda's romantic love has gone out of her forever towards the sculptor, and her husband's romantic love for her can never bring it back.

So passes half a generation. Linda has "everything"; a comfortable place among her own kind, money enough, a husband who is also a companion; and two attractive children. In all outward ways she is a success as housekeeper, wife, and mother. But there remains always something cool and aloof about her. She seems still to be waiting for some sort of home-coming or fulfilment. She is always something of the alien in her own house: not even her children touch her nearly. And always, of course, there is the sculptor in the background of her consciousness. He has become famous, has found himself. And he has vindicated his love for her by founding his best work upon it. She has been his inspiration: he makes no concealment of the permanence of his feeling for her. So comes the hour when Linda believes that she sees her destiny, her way home. It is the aging, lonely sculptor who needs her, not the husband to whom, after all, she has given so much. How she is disillusioned of this dream and how later she comes to see that in the indirect service to beauty through her influence upon a great maker of beauty she has fulfilled her own higher destiny, makes up the moving conclusion of the tale. "She had been his power. Linda smiled quietly, in retrospect, at her years of uncertainty, the feeling of waste that

had robbed her of peace. How complete her mystification had been!" So we leave her turning quietly back to life, the decline of life, beside the man who has really loved her—to "a region without despair." . . . The performance, as we hinted at the outset, is of the "sophisticated" order, an affair of nuances and compunctions; but all, as we perceive at last, bearing steadily enough towards our main objective. Linda is the least lovable of Mr. Hergesheimer's women; but this is neither her fault nor his. It belongs to that mad moment of her father's, to the fastidiousness which that moment betrayed, and to the devastating vulgarity of the mother who choked the garden of Linda's youth with weeds.

No useful comparison can be made between this and Mr. Hergesheimer's earlier stories. He is, as always, a careful artist in a period when few story-tellers take time or pains to be that.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Veto Power of Conscience

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

AS Israel had her prophets, so we have ours; and Mr. Babbitt is one of them. Like other prophets, he draws no flattering picture; his task is one of admonition and denunciation, tempered a little by the cool reflection of the scholar. The chief topic of his book is American romanticism, Rousseau and other historic figures being the *corpora vilia* which reveal the nature of that capital vice. For we Americans are, as we have long known, more than anything else romanticists. Mr. Babbitt's message is new in that he shows how our devotion to science and mechanical efficiency, as well as our inordinate cult of sympathy, are of the same spirit which blossomed in the emotionalism of Rousseau and the will-to-power of Nietzsche. All these are arrayed against the genuine classicism which counsels spiritual equilibrium. "A thing is romantic when it is strange . . . intense . . . unique, etc. A thing is classical, on the other hand, when it is not unique, but representative of a class" (p. 4). The thrilling is the goal of romanticism, the normal and orderly that of classicism; and the thrill may be of bodily sensation, of emotional ecstasy, or of financial or political power—but in any case it breathes excess.

Classicism, checking the lust for sensation, feeling, or power, emphasizes the denying faculty, the "veto power of conscience." Socrates and Plato, as well as Christianity, have stood for this veto power, while romanticism would abolish it. Did not Goethe call the devil "the spirit who always denies"? For the ro-

matic, inhibition is ever bad, all instincts and impulses are inherently good and to be given free play. Let the search for knowledge, pleasure, and power have no limit! Let science, arrogant from material successes, apply its criteria of truth to religion and art; let the instinct of sympathy construct a state which shall so care for the interests of the individual that he will have no need to guide and control his life. Rousseau cultivated his emotions to the extreme in solitude; we exhaust ourselves by excess of social activity. Having failed of happiness in the quest of passion, man seeks happiness in the quest of action and power; the one course is as intemperate as the other. Science, with its universal law of cause and effect, has no use for free, responsible choice. Biological and economic determinism are its last word. "If a working girl falls from chastity, for example, do not blame her, blame her employer. She would have remained a model of purity if he had only added a dollar or two a week to her wage" (p. 156). "The upshot of the whole movement is to discredit moral effort on the part of the individual" (p. 163). Modern education, laying stress on spontaneity, strives simply to unfold the child's nature, and loses sight of the negative factor of discipline. But "the very heart of the classical message, one cannot repeat too often, is that one should aim first of all not to be original, but to be human, and that to be human one needs to look up to a sound model and imitate it" (p. 65). Classicism is thus the only true humanism. But humanism, in turn, cannot live without religion. In contrast to the self-admiration of the romanticist—which Mr. Babbitt finds related to our cult of advertising—is that humility which admits the need of guarding impulse and motive, and which looks up to the great leaders of the past. Such humility grows only in the soil of religion. "In the dark situation that is growing up in the Occident all genuine humanism and religion, whether on a traditional or a critical basis, should be welcome" (p. 379).

All this is brought out in a most interesting way by examples drawn from the history of romanticism. Mr. Babbitt traces that history from the initial self-adoration of the romantic genius to the bitter fruit, romantic melancholy. Certainly the essay reads to the American, consumed with eagerness to advance indiscriminately the cause of the "oppressed," a much needed lesson. One's only fear is that a certain romantic quality in the author may weaken the force of his attack. His utterances do not always show that impartiality of judgment which we expect of a classicist. Thus, his treatment of the love of nature—a ro-

matic trait—is quite unfair: he contemptuously dubs it “mixing one’s self up with the landscape” and he grants to it in the economy of life but a recreative function—“a holiday or week-end view of existence” (p. 289). Must the humanist thus make light of the beauties and sublimities of nature? Does not morality become mere asceticism when it denies serious import to that contemplation of the lilies of the field to which the author of Christianity invited us?

WILMON H. SHELDON

Foolish Old Songs

THE QUEST OF THE BALLAD. By W. Roy Mackenzie. Princeton University Press.

IT has been hastily assumed that the ballad was a closed book. Long ago and far away were the folk poems made which are now so precious even in their ruins. The art died with the last old man or old woman who sang or recited for Walter Scott. Yet the truth is that the ballad crossed the Atlantic and found its way into remote nooks of the new world, and the art of ballad-singing was practised within living memory. The latest investigator to light upon such literary treasure-trove is Professor Roy Mackenzie, and he has unearthed it in what Tom Moore called “chill Nova Scotia’s unpromising strand.” Lighted is hardly the word. He sought diligently till he found it; he digged for it as for buried gold and his quest has been crowned with success.

Pictou County is unique in reputation among the territorial divisions of Canada. In population it is pre-eminently Scottish; and its ability to furnish brains for the rest of the Dominion is a family joke. This, his native county, has been Professor Mackenzie’s happy hunting-ground. For the last six or seven years he has been scouring it for ballads and ballad-singers. His self-imposed task has not always been free from difficulties and hardships. Tact, perseverance, powers of endurance were necessary parts of his equipment. His quest led him into strange places and brought him into contact with some fine old crusted characters. The account of his adventures is pervaded with quiet humor, and will be a shock to those people who are always naively surprised to discover that a professor of English can write the language.

Only a portion of his findings is to be seen in this fascinating volume. Old favorites like “Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard,” “The Cruel Mother,” “Captain Wedderburn’s Courtship” have borne transplantation to the new world well. Popular taste is unchanged for these classics. But Professor Mackenzie impresses one as having vast stores of material in reserve and displaying only a

few of his choicest discoveries. Not only did the native ballad-singers treasure up the old; they had the faculty of inventing new. This investigator has brought to light ballads on the battle of Waterloo, the Alma, the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, and, more interesting still, ballads on local tragedies like the murders by the *Saladin* pirates, dating from 1844.

Perhaps even more important than the recovery of so much rich material is the light Professor Mackenzie is able to throw on the psychology of ballad-singers and their audience. He himself refrains from theories, but all interested in the ballad will draw certain conclusions from the facts presented in this book.

There is, in the first place, a distinction between the song and the ballad. The oral ballads are always known as “songs”; only the printed broadsides (which also prevailed in Pictou County) were known as “ballads.” In the next place, ballads and ballad-singing are under a ban. Here as elsewhere religion is the enemy. The popular muse was apt to go rather high-kilted. No doubt Professor Mackenzie’s repertory includes such ballads as one of Lever’s characters proposed to sing after supper, “that would give you a cramp in the stomach.” Another enemy is respectability. Ballad-singing was fashionable in the primitive community still unblighted by modern education, newspapers, and magazines. Now the ballad-singer is looked down on, and feels the popular contempt. Only with difficulty could Professor Mackenzie induce rich custodians of tradition like Easter Ann to part with their treasures, or even to admit possessing them. The bar was fear of ridicule. The songs were “foolish old songs,” and the visitor’s object was to make fun of her for singing them.

Another interesting discovery is the attitude of the ballad-singer and his audience towards the ballad. To both the ballad is not a mere literary recreation; still less a fiction, as it was to Autolycus. It is not only true, but intensely real. In “singing,” the singer is carried away by his feelings. He wishes he had the villain by the throat; he is ready to weep for the victim, the unfortunate maid. The “audience” punctuates the “singing” with ejaculations or comments which excite the “singer” to greater efforts towards tragic or pathetic effects. It also seems a lawful inference that the ballad-singer transmits only what he believes to be true and valuable for edification.

The question of correctness receives severe punctures. It seems that there cannot be one correct or original form of any ballad. Unconsciously the singer introduces variants into his recitation, even when going over the same material

on different occasions. His attitude towards his song is generally uncritical. He transmits without rationalizing strange terms and unaccountable incidents, and he is willing that the auditor should piece out imperfections, and solder the “holes in the ballad” for himself.

Gummere thought it was “impossible to watch a ballad in the making; that merry art is dead.” But, in the case of the *Saladin* songs, Professor Mackenzie is able to “demonstrate the relationship which pretty constantly exists between the actual ballad and the incident from which it springs.” “Here was a tragedy known to the community; and the community forthwith made woful ballads on it.” “Its avowed aim is to present a true story of an important incident from a point of view as near as may be to that incident.” While the scholars considered the merry art of ballad-making dead, ballads were being made in the good old fashion about the unpromising strand of chill Nova Scotia. The *Saladin* songs are perhaps the most important discovery of Professor Mackenzie. No future discussion of the origin of ballads can fail to notice them. The “Quest” is a valuable contribution to the study of the elusive literary form which has engaged the attention of so many scholars and charmed such diverse natures as Sidney, Addison, and Scott.

ARCHIBALD MAC MECHAN

The Run of the Shelves

MR. MacGregor Jenkins, publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a rapid, vivacious, expansive, and fraternizing gentleman, with a strong impulse to flout or scourge anything that prevents a rueful world from remaking itself in his own jovial and cordial image. “Fellow Travelers,” the second of two essays in an exiguous volume, (“Literature with a Large L”; Houghton Mifflin), is an agreeable and sanative paper, preaching fellowship so gaily that the age of the lesson is counterpoised by the youth of the style. This is a theme in which discriminations are scarcely called for. They are called for most emphatically in the subject of “Literature with a Large L,” in which Mr. Jenkins, who wants literature to simplify itself, proves conclusively that criticism may simplify itself too much. So far as the large “L” goes, Mr. Jenkins’s position may be summarized in a word: he is afraid of the *capital*, lest it should destroy the *interest*. When the magazine he publishes began to live, its earliest number bore the inscription: “A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Politics” (Literature with a Large “L”). The spirit that provides Literature with a large “L” will be all

the dearer to lovers of vivacity that it numbers among its good works in our day the provision of an income for Mr. MacGregor Jenkins.

The sponsors for that periodical, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, made no secret of their profound and affectionate respect for the thing called literature. There is hardly a sentence in their prose (to mention poetry would be inhumanity towards Mr. Jenkins) which does not show that literature was to them something better than printed speech, a little dearer than bound journalism. In effect, our author's rough-and-ready criticism would reduce the alternatives in literature to two—informality and affectation. This is the trend of his philosophy; Mr. Jenkins very possibly neither sanctions nor perceives that trend. He says that literature "is not—except indirectly—an art." This is quite true in precisely the same sense in which a married man is only indirectly a husband. He was born a bachelor. Literature in the same way was born, not as literature, but as speech or communication. Does that lower, or threaten, its equality as art?

Criticism of the Jenkins school should learn to discriminate between four different things: the sincere, which is vital to all literature; the spontaneous, which is a largesse of nature to favored persons (including Mr. Jenkins); the simple, which, though a merit, and as such always desirable, is often rightly exchangeable for equal or greater merits; and the conversational, which is a matter of occasion and circumstance, like dancing slippers or tennis shoes. There is no obvious place for Milton and Burke, for Tennyson and George Eliot, in Mr. Jenkins's literary scheme; on his shelves they doubtless hold a place. On the subject of Meredith and Pater he maintains a polite silence. Indeed, he scarcely mentions names; in the critical war it is so much safer to attack battalions than individuals. There is an author whom towards the end of his essay he does name with idolatrous homage after tantalizing delay. The reader breathlessly awaits the name of this eminent exemplar of literature that is not markedly or obviously literary, of literature with a small "L." It is Robert Louis Stevenson.

The fine critic, A. E. Gallatin, does a good service in making the handsome quarto "Art and the Great War" (Dutton). His introductory essay is an authoritative guide through a vast maze. The hundred cuts give the reader the chance to judge for himself. It is startling to note how imperfect and inferior our American record is. From the

fighting front we have little of note save the painting of S. J. Woolf. It should be no offence to the competent illustrators officially attached to the A. E. F. to say that the theme transcended their powers. They simply couldn't see the thing with the requisite intensity. Either no sufficient artistic counsel was taken in making the appointments, or else the suitable artists were for one reason or another unavailable. What Glackens, Bellows, Sloan, or Luks would have done with the task is now a matter of idle and melancholy speculation. The fact remains that while we have a sheaf of fair illustrations from France, the best work was done at home. Here Luks, for one or two splendid street scenes, perhaps holds the honors, though Childe Hassam and George Bellows and Reuter dahl, each in his kind, are admirable.

A surprise is the marvellous showing of the British. They had the artists, and they made use of them. Orpen, Brangwyn, Nevinson, Muirhead Bone, Eric Kennington have turned out to be military painters of the first rank. D. Y. Cameron, James McBey, Spencer Pryse, Charles Pears, and P. Wyndham Lewis are also notable. We had badly underrated the British in art, as in other regards. If the war is stirring and visible to posterity, the thanks will be to such British artists as we have here named.

The French were too much occupied to make any systematic effort at artistic record. The emergency was such that an artist was just a bayonet. Except for the remarkable air pictures of Farre, the best work was done far from the front, and chiefly in posters. Here, with Forain, Steinlen, Willette, and Lucien Jonas, the French amply maintained their superiority in the field. Holland, with Raemaekers, holds a high place apart. Here if anywhere is the completest moral record of the war.

A fine taste has made the selections in this book, and it will be as welcome to lovers of modern art as to enthusiasts for the war. Considerations of space and convenience have crowded out Russia, Italy, and the new republics of central Europe. Germany's pictorial war record would also be interesting to her conquerors. There must be something worth preserving in these fields, and we hope that Mr. Gallatin will garner it for a companion volume.

The war is responsible for many unexpected juxtapositions, among which may be cited the appointing of an American journalist and world wanderer as lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve; assigning him to duty as an official correspondent with the Great Fleet, and,

later, on the staff of the Allied Commission charged with carrying out the naval terms of the armistice. Lieutenant Lewis R. Freeman's "To Kiel in the Hercules" (Dodd, Mead) proves how well he used his trained vision while thus employed. Visiting soon after the close of hostilities most of the North Sea and some of the Baltic ports of Germany, together with certain aeroplane and Zeppelin stations, he gained a first-hand impression of actual conditions. "Starving Germany," so far as he could see, he pronounces arrant humbug. As a rule, the Germans with whom he was thrown were, as might have been expected, bullies one moment and bootlicks the next. At some of the commission's inspections, doubtless where there was nothing worth contending for, every assistance was freely offered; at others, all sorts of delays and subterfuges were used to hamper the work. It is difficult to say whether the chief interest in this fascinating book lies in the writer's experiences and observations, his drawing aside the veil which has long hid the bases and methods of hydroplanes and zeppelins engaged in the atrocious work of bombing defenceless communities in Great Britain, or in the confirmation it affords of the essentially brute nature of the Hun.

Of the splendid work recently done by Great Britain's navy fresh accounts appear at short intervals. The latest to come to our notice is "The Heroic Record of the British Navy" by Archibald Hurd and H. H. Bashford (Doubleday, Page). Mr. Hurd has long been before the world as a writer on naval topics. His name on the title page is a warrant of accuracy; one is certain of a good account of the leading incidents at sea of the Great War; of Beatty in the Bight of Heligoland, Craddock off Coronel, Sturdee at the Falklands, the anti-submarine campaign, the Battle of Jutland, and so on. Two defects mar the volume. The first is the contention that Jutland may be classed among England's great naval victories, a contention which is by no means universally conceded; the second is a total and unpardonable lack of maps and plans. Without these, the chapters on Gallipoli and Zeebrugge make heavy reading. The style is clear, simple, and commendable even if falling short of Bennet Copplestone's *élan*. The facts as stated can be accepted unquestioningly but not the author's views on the naval strategy and conduct of the war, which are unduly partisan. As to these subjects, the British Navy and students of naval warfare are divided into two opposing schools. The final solution of the problem must be left to later days and cooler judgments.

New Singers in Old Operas

THE latest opening of the Metropolitan is always hailed as the most wonderful on record. It matters little who the singers may have been. It matters less what work may have been played and sung. One opening must have outdone all the rest. And that one must, of course, have been the latest. But there was something this year just a trifle forced, I thought, in the loud pæans of the loyal daily newspapers. The "chain gang" of the pressroom (as James Huneker has named the unhappy critics who keep tab on opera) seemed less convinced. Their praises here and there seem rather strained.

I hate your kill-joys. But I dare not lie. And truth forbids me to admit that the first week or two of opera this season seemed as brilliant as they might—and should—have been. I could not rave over the performance, on the first night, of Puccini's well-worn "Tosca." Nor did the appearance of the artists in the cast—which included Scotti, still an incomparable Scarpia, Caruso as Caradossi, and Geraldine Farrar as the *protagonista* of the story—excite me greatly.

Society was out in force as usual. The "fans" (and *claqueurs* who frequent the standing spaces) clapped and shouted. But, on the whole, the opening seemed the least bit dull. So did the programmes of the first and second week. Too old and dull. The visit of the Prince was a delightful incident, a splash of red to warm a drab-hued background.

As years run on, and no second Hammerstein appears to challenge the management of the Metropolitan, the taste and judgment of New Yorkers in the opera house do not improve. The same stereotyped applause rewards the same pet "stars"; while strangers have to fight their way to fame, though they are gifted, as some are, by art and nature. For example, Gabriella Besanzoni, a mezzo-soprano of great charm and skill, with a most lovely voice, aglow with warmth and feeling and blessed with temperament. In Buenos Ayres and in other cities which love opera la Besanzoni is a popular idol. But on the evening of her debut here, almost unheralded, as Amneris, it took the audience, and some critics, a long time to realize that they were listening to an unusual singer and an exceptional artist. The friends and partisans of this or that Amneris crept into corners and did their worst, poor dears, between the acts, to undo the debutante. To some who heard her, though, she gave great joy, by the mellow beauty of her tones in the middle register, by the fire and vigor which informed her act-

ing, and by the authority with which she trod the boards, as to the manner born. She will, I am sure, delight us more and more, as she grows easy in her new environment.

The addition of the American tenor, Orville Harrold, to the company at the Metropolitan is also welcome. When he has overcome his tendency to force his upper notes and when he phrases perfectly, Mr. Harrold will do credit to himself. We need a first-rate tenor to alternate in the casts with the sublime Caruso. Martinelli is not always quite ideal in the parts he sings. In "Aida" he was not a flawless Radames. Had he offended at the Scala, as he did here on a certain night—more especially in his "Celesta Aida"—he would have heard of it. Here only a few critics seemed to mind his frequent faults of intonation and betrayals of the composer's plain intentions.

A fact, of more than incidental interest, has been the appearance at the Metropolitan of Albert Wolff as Pierre Monteux's successor. It would be less than fair to judge the new French conductor by one test or by a second test. Mr. Wolff put spirit into "Faust" and brightened "Carmen." But, like all strangers, he has still to adjust himself to the vast spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House.

As for the repertory vouchsafed us in the first fortnight of the season, with one exception it was drawn from works too hackneyed to need comment. We have made our minds up, in our many different ways, as to the merits and defects of "Tosca," "Faust," "Aida," "La Bohème," and "Trovatore," which were unblushingly all packed into the opening week. Nor need we waste much space or time on the discussion of such work as "Boris Godounow," "L'Oracolo," "Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Madama Butterfly," and (heaven preserve us) our old friend, "Lucia," which, with "La Forza del Destino," were provided for the second week. It may be hoped that things will not stick in old ruts long. For that would mean that the once famous Metropolitan had lost its position in the world as the chief home of opera. The Metropolitan must not stand still. It must go forward—or it will slip backward. But this is less apparent to the insiders and frequenters of that opera house, than to those friendly but unprejudiced outsiders who are not hypnotized by names.

The popularity of the Metropolitan rests far too largely, as some think (and I believe), on the prestige of two or three much vaunted singers. Of these the most important is Caruso. And though, at forty-six, he may still charm, it might be wise not to trust blindly to one magnet—even a Caruso. Great opera houses live, not by stars only, but chiefly if not wholly by their repertories. This is the

truth, which should not be forgotten, even when the Metropolitan seems rich and prosperous. It was through ignoring it that the late Heinrich Conried provoked the fight with the late Oscar Hammerstein.

The repertory. What has been added to it this season? One work, so far, a revival of "La Juive," the much over-rated effort of the French Jew, Halévy—or, to give him his real name, Jacques François Fromental Elie Levi. "La Juive," composed at a time when Meyerbeer was idolized in Paris, apes in a way the Meyerbeerian methods. But Halévy had not his rival's power, and, though the theme with which his librettist, Scribe, supplied him was melodramatic to a point that approached absurdity, he found it easier to write music for that theme, which was more suited to the needs of opera-comique than to the purposes of "grand" opera. There is little or no grandeur in "La Juive"; and, in its most tragic-seeming moments, it is only lachrymose. The general tendency of Halévy toward bathos, when one expects poignancy or pathos, soon grows tedious.

And yet the librettist had accomplished his part well enough. He had drawn his characters with no small skill. His tale was lurid and its end sensational. A heroine boiled in oil, to please the Church. A Jew who avenges Israel's wrongs on a weak Cardinal. The Ghetto and a Catholic Court at Constance. A lover who betrays a proud Princess while, as he fancies, he goes courting a fair Jewess. The Inquisition and the Hebrew Passover. Love, hate, and doubt, and jealousy and death. Scribe mixed these things as he knew how to mix them, allowing opportunities for thrills, and—ballets. But Halévy failed to provide the thrills, and what he invented in the way of ballet was, let us say, negligible. Yet, thanks to a few songs for the two tenors who are prominent in the cast (the Jew Eléazar and the Christian Leopold); thanks to the florid airs for the Princess, and a few more airs for Rachel, who, as the supposed Jewess, is condemned to death by her real father, the red Cardinal; and thanks, maybe, to the many chances it allows for pageantry, "La Juive" has long maintained its place in opera in France and Germany. For years it charmed the New Orleans opera-goers. It was first sung here, in September, sixty years ago, at the Academy of Music, by what was quaintly called the "Grand Historical and Romantic French Opera Company" (under the management of Dryane & Company). The Eléazar was on that occasion a singer named Tabardi; while the Rachel was Madame Faye-Fauschette. In after years "La Juive" was often given at the Metropolitan, by the Germany company which sang

there in the '80's. And later still a New Orleans company revived it—for one night or more—on Broadway (if I mistake not, at the Casino).

With that we could have laid "La Juive" aside. It was not kind, though it was clever, of the Italian management at the Metropolitan to dig up the dead bones of the old opera and hand them back to us. The Italians, as we know, play their own game well in the world of opera; and if it does not always suit the French game, *tant pis* for France. But, in this instance, what harms France harms us. We have been hoping to hear modern styles in French as in Italian forms of opera.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Drama

"The Rise of Silas Lapham" at the Garrick

I WISH to put together four facts which show the value put upon authors in dramatic circles. Mr. W. D. Howells is the author of the novel on which the "Rise of Silas Lapham," the latest offering of the Theatre Guild, is based. Mr. Lee Simonson is the designer of the scenery and costumes. On the programme Mr. Simonson's name appears in capitals, Mr. Howells's in small type. The declared object of the undertaking is the manifestation of respect to Mr. Howells.

In Mr. Howells's excellent book Tom Corey and Penelope Lapham, aristocrat and parvenu, love each other. Both are in a sense the children of "paint," but the palette has scruples about the pot. To the social barrier is added a moral hesitation. The young man was supposed to have been courting the girl's sister, a supposition in which the two girls and the two families coincided. Another moral question disturbs the Lapham family. The father's fortune is imperiled, and in the tottering of his fortune his honor reels. He is offered a large sum by an ignorant buyer for a worthless property—an offer which his resurgent manhood finally rejects. The only real bond between these two situations in the book is that the protagonists are father and daughter. Now Miss Lillian Sabine's treasure-trove, the fortunate discovery that creates the play, is the articulation of these plots by making the father's surrender to temptation necessary to the satisfaction of the daughter's heart. The ease with which this ligature is made is proof enough that the failure of Mr. Howells to make it is wholly voluntary, but that fact does not hinder Miss Sabine from scoring as playwright.

The success, however, has its price. The question of sisterly conscience, dra-

matically and ethically paramount for Mr. Howells, is almost superfluous for Miss Sabine. Its deposition from the primary place almost subverts the novel, and its retention in the form of prologue or episode disintegrates and embarrasses the play. One might call the first two acts a kind of attic in which Miss Sabine, leasing a mansion from Mr. Howells, has stowed away that part of the furniture and portraits which was useless or obstructive to her own purposes. Her drama is all in the third act: the first two acts, though bright in parts, are logically mere introduction; the fourth is after-piece.

I revert to the main situation. Penelope Lapham is engaged to Tom Corey; Silas Lapham's fortune totters. Silas promises Mrs. Corey, the mother of Tom, that the engagement shall be broken unless the fortune is retrieved. The chance for retrieval presents itself with diabolical timeliness in the form of a corrupt bargain. The battle is on between conscience and paternity. To be sure, he might evade this battle by retracting his pledge or rather vaunt to Mrs. Corey, and marrying his penniless child to her not unprosperous suitor, but the whole sense and significance of the death-grapple between honesty and fatherhood rests on the assumption that his pride is adamant, that no third exit is available to a man of Silas Lapham's character.

In the fourth act the impossibility has become possible. Silas Lapham, reduced to poverty by honor, telegraphs for Tom Corey. Pride is not adamant, and the stringency of the third-act alternative—in other words, the whole life of the play—vanishes like smoke. When characters get down from their high horses, plays, too, become pedestrian. Miss Sabine is too fond of reconsiderations. Penelope refuses Tom Corey in Act II; this is undone between Acts II and III. She refuses him again between Acts III and IV; this is undone in the fourth act. The Penelope of the Odyssey, it will be remembered, always unraveled at night the web she had woven in the daytime.

The morality of the play (putting aside the novel) is of two formations, a new and an old. In the last act Penelope cries out against sacrifices which one isn't strong enough to live up to, and exclaims, in contempt of tradition, when it is suggested that her lover may be happy in her absence: "I hope not." These rearings and demi-voltes are very much in the modern vein, very much in the Howells vein, for on this topic Mr. Howells is modern. But nothing can be older or more cloying than the confectionery to which the Laphams are treated in the beginning of the same act as a recompense for their honesty. In real life one doesn't fall from Golconda into Arcady.

Moreover, the moral screw which the uncompromising Persis Lapham applies to the conscience of her husband grates a little even upon minds to which that terrible old morality is dear. Morality is inexorable, we grant, but much else besides morality is inexorable. Even the upright may shrink a little from the narrowness and severity of a point of view which turns life into a gymnasium for the conscience.

After all criticisms a value finally inheres in the play. Silas Lapham, in the Howells book, is a sound American type in a genuine American situation, and Miss Sabine, whom so many of the delicacies in the novel have eluded, has been fortunate in the power to arrest and retain this fact of paramount significance. That suspension between good and evil, which is perhaps the moral state of the majority of the men in Silas Lapham's situation, is scarcely imagined by a public by whom extremes of probity and wickedness are so readily imaginable. Let us be just to Miss Sabine. Her play is, artistically, a crude affair, a rough product of the dilapidation of a strong novel; but, after all, it tells us something, and that is what plays are for.

Mr. James K. Hackett's Silas Lapham may be described with some qualifications as successful. He paints the manners of Silas much better than his passions, and he is not thoroughly alive to the fact that the manners of such a character are designed largely as a muffler for his passions. It is impossible to believe, for instance, that Silas Lapham would have spoken three-fourths of Act III in the vibrant bass, by no means ineffective in itself, which Mr. Hackett has taken over from his romantic parts. Miss Marjorie Vonnegut destroyed Mr. Howells's Penelope at a stroke, and put in her place a bright, fluttered, attractive creature with a quaintness that seemed to have crept upward from her flounces into her face and voice. Miss Grace Knell was winning as Irene, and Miss Grace Henderson put as much life into Persis Lapham as was able to draw breath within the chain-mail of her invincible morality. The very elementary subtlety which Mr. Walter Howe was able to impart to his agreeable Bromfield Corey would have afforded the real Bromfield Corey some genuinely subtle delectations.

O. W. FIRKINS

Mr. Eugene Walter's ultra-conservative labor-play, the "Challenge," is peculiarly fortunate in its entourage. It remains in Boston presumably long enough to participate in the triumph of Governor Coolidge. It returns to New York in time to pasture its soul on the arrest, in a single raid, of a thousand persons by the Lusk committee.



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This article on THE MENACE OF INFLATION, written by George E. Roberts of The National City Bank, formerly Director of the Mint, appeared in THE REVIEW November 22, 1919. Frederick Strauss, of J. & W. Seligman & Co., New York, says of it:

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Books and the News

Gift Books

THE old-fashioned gift-book, which nobody cared to read, and nobody with taste cared to look at, has vanished. In its place the publishers offer books which make pleasing Christmas gifts, with interesting text and suitable illustrations in color, in line, or in half-tone.

The following books may appeal especially to motorists who are planning trips for the summer: Helen W. Henderson's "A Loiterer in New England" (Doran), John T. Faris's "Seeing Pennsylvania" (Lippincott), Robert Shackleton's "The Book of Philadelphia" (Penn. Pub. Co.), Octavia Roberts's "With Lafayette in America" (Houghton), with its historic interest; Albert G. Robinson's "Old New England Doorways" (Scribner), mainly a book of plates, and James R. Simmons's "The Historic Trees of Massachusetts" (Marshall Jones Co.). The last should attract tourists, lovers of historic towns and of arboriculture.

An example of beautiful book making is Joseph Pennell's "Etchers and Etching" (Macmillan). Two volumes on household decoration are: "The Practical Book of Interior Decoration" (Lippincott), by H. D. Eberlein, and "Color Schemes for the Home, and Model Interiors" (Lippincott), by H. W. Frohme and Alice and Bettina Jackson.

For travel or sport in distant countries there are Leo E. Miller's "In the Wilds of South America" (Scribner), Wilfred N. Beaver's "Unexplored New Guinea" (Lippincott), and Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas" (Century). All are elaborately illustrated. "The Gelsa Girl" (Lippincott) is written with unconscious humor by T. Fujimoto, and adorned with Japanese pictures. The title of Warren H. Miller's "Canoeing, Sailing and Motor Boating" (Doran) suggests its proper recipients, while Zane Grey's "Tales of Fishes" (Harpers) describes adventures with the big game fish of the Florida coast.

Ernest Peixotto, a captain during the war, has given an artist's description of "The American Front" (Scribner). For the lover of dogs Gergette Maeterlinck describes "Maeterlinck's Dogs" (Dodd), and the book is furnished with amusing pictures. A book of solid reading, of the most entertaining kind, especially for men who care for hunting and life outdoors, is J. G. Millais's "Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous" (Longmans). Selous, the original of Rider Haggard's "Allan Quatermain," was linked with America through his friendship and correspondence with Theodore Roosevelt. Admiral Fiske's autobiography, "From Midshipman to Rear-Admiral" (Century), is another book with an especial appeal to men. "Rudyard Kipling's Verse; Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918" (Doubleday) contains all of his poems I have ever seen, some which I have never seen in a book before, and one or two which are new to me.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Anderson, David. The Blue Moon. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.60 net.
 Bertrand, Adrien. The Call of the Soil. Lane. \$1.60 net.
 Branch, Stephen. The Burning Secret. New York: Scott & Seltzer. \$1.25 net.
 Cannan, Gilbert. Pink Roses. Doran. \$1.75 net.
 Couperus, Louis. Ecstasy. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.
 Goldring, Douglas. The Fortune. New York: Scott & Seltzer. \$1.75 net.
 Irwin, I. H. The Happy Years. Holt. \$1.60.
 McKenna, Stephen. Sonia Married. Doran. \$1.75 net.
 Raymond, R. L. At a Dollar a Year. Marshall Jones. \$1.50 net.
 Rolland, Romain. Colas Breugnon. Holt. \$1.75 net.
 Vaka, D., and Brown, I. In Pawn to a Throne. Lane. \$1.60 net.
 Walpole, Jeremy. Doran. \$1.75.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Cram, R. A. Walled Towns. Marshall Jones. \$1.25.
 Grant, Robert. Law and the Family. Scribner. \$1.50.

- Middleton, P. H. Industrial Mexico. 1918 Facts and Figures. Dodd, Mead. \$2.
 The Labor Situation in Great Britain and France. Dutton. \$2.50 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

- Frank, Waldo. Our America. Boni & Liveright. \$2 net.
 Peixotto, Ernest. The American Front. Scribner. \$3.50 net.
 Sloane, J. M. The Smiling Hill-Top. Scribner. \$1.50.

POETRY AND DRAMA

- Burr, A. J. Hearts Awake. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 Franc, Miriam. Ibsen in England. Four Seas Co. \$2 net.
 Mathers, E. P. Coloured Stars. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.
 Scott, Temple. The Silver Age. New York: Scott & Seltzer. \$1.75 net.
 The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. Dutton. \$2.50 net.

ART

- Ferguson, J. C. Outlines of Chinese Art. Univ. of Chicago Press. \$3 net.
 Gallatin, A. E. Art and the Great War. Dutton. \$15 net.
 Hoppin, J. C. A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. Vol. II. Harvard Univ. Press.
 Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Vol. I: School of Classical Studies, 1915-1916. Yale University Press.
 Van Dyke, J. C. American Painting and Its Tradition. Scribner. \$2.50 net.

EDUCATION

- Chancellor, W. E. The Health of the Teacher. Chicago: Forbes & Co.
 Winship, Dr. A. E. Danger Signals for Teachers. Chicago: Forbes & Co. \$1.25 net.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- Chamberlain, G. A. Not all the King's Horses. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.75 net.
 Ellsworth, W. W. A Golden Age of Authors. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75 net.
 Ley, J. W. T. The Dickens Circle. Dutton. \$6 net.
 Maeterlinck, Maurice. Mountain Paths. Dodd, Mead. \$1.75.
 Winsor, G. McL. Station X. Lippincott. \$1.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

- Denis, Léon. Life and Destiny. Transl. by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Doran.
 Ideals of America. Prepared for the City Club of Chicago, 1916-1919. McClurg.

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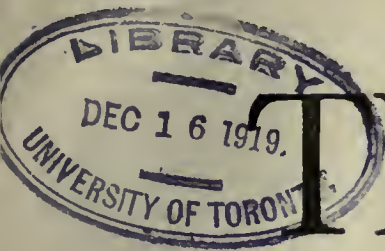
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A weekly journal of political and general discussion

Vol. 1, No. 31

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THE Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, in common with the businessmen of the whole nation, believes that as a people we are now confronted, in the world of morals and in the world of trade, with a crisis similar to that which we faced on the 6th of April, 1917." Such is the opening sentence of a statement upon the Treaty situation, which is in every way a model of what such a statement should be. As the declaration appears in full in our advertising columns, it calls for little comment here except that of unstinted praise. It makes no effort to adjudicate blame. It states so impressively the awful need with which the whole world is confronted, and brings home so forcibly the duty of the United States in relation to it, that it is difficult to see how any man, unless he is radically and irreconcilably opposed to the Treaty, can fail to be stirred by the appeal. We

trust that the example of this great body of New York businessmen will be followed in all parts of the country. The statement closes with these resolutions:

That some form of international covenant which seeks to prevent war is a moral necessity;

That the differences between the President and the Senate should be composed without delay by such mutual concessions regarding reservations as may be necessary in the Treaty to secure ratification.

There can be no doubt that this faithfully represents the dominant sentiment of the country; let no time be lost in translating that sentiment, as the New York Chamber of Commerce has for its part done, into an unmistakable and overwhelming demand.

PARTICULAR offense to the pure minds of Republican Senators has been given by Lloyd George. Speaking in England of the need of keeping party politics in the background until peace was placed on a solid foundation, he referred in his slapdash and indiscreet way to the United States. There partisan motives had asserted themselves, he declared, in an attempt to undo the work of the Peace Conference.—New York *Evening Post*.

The British Premier may have been "slapdash and indiscreet," and it may also be true, as the *Evening Post* says, that his remarks have caused the Republican Senators to "hold up hands of holy horror." But Lloyd George was not so slapdash or so indiscreet as to undertake to lay the blame of what has happened exclusively upon one party. He was talking about the inestimable advantage which England had derived from the suspension of party wrangles during the war, an advantage which had been attained by means of a coalition instituted at the very beginning of the conflict. He was urging the continuance of the party truce until the crisis was completely over, and was pointing to the danger that an abandonment of it would bring on, as exemplified by our experience here. The implication was that not the superior virtue of British public men, as compared with Americans, but the actual and formal coöperation of all parties in the conduct of the Government was the secret of the harmony which had been attained. "We

got the League of Nations through the House of Commons . . . in a single night," he declared, "while months of burning and bitter conflict have been spent upon it in America." And he pointed to the contrast as "a warning against the danger of renewing party conflict." The *Review* would be the last to say that the spectacle of party conflict that has been witnessed in the Senate is one that can be thought of without severe censure and bitter regret; but it would hesitate a good while before asserting that the blame for it attaches in any greater degree, all things considered, to the Republican side than to the Democratic.

UNDER our governmental system a coalition of the character of that which obtained in England is out of the question, owing to the separation of executive and legislative powers. But Mr. Wilson, throughout the war, went to the extreme limit of possibility in the opposite direction. He made no attempt whatever to give Republicans the feeling that they had any part in the conduct of affairs. It is possible that the President felt that only in this way could he attain that efficient control which he thought necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. Whether right or wrong, however, his attitude was accepted as final by the Republicans, and from the declaration of war to the armistice they gave as loyal support to the President as did the members of his own party. Without any formal coalition, there was a virtual suspension of party conflict for eighteen months. The first overt break in this understanding was made by the President himself, in his memorable appeal to the voters, on the eve of the elections of last year, to support his policy by the election of a Democratic Congress. But serious as this break was, it might have involved no grave continuing consequences had the President in his dealings with the negotiation of peace manifested any desire to obtain the coöperation of Republican leaders—whether in or out of the Senate—or even in a general way to cultivate their good will. And on top of all this he and his upholders persistently

ignored the existence of any honest difference of opinion upon the fundamental questions involved in our acceptance of the League of Nations—questions which involve a radical change in the relation of America to the rest of the world, quite unlike anything that England has had to consider. If men were angels they might be wholly uninfluenced in their conduct by the circumstance that their existence had been steadily overlooked, and that when at last it was recognized, everything that they said or did was incontinently dismissed as either fatuous or dishonest. But if men were angels there would be no war, and consequently there would be no trouble about treaties of peace.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S admirable statement of the character of the Government's proposal to the miners, and of the reasons for it, has just been made public. As we go to press, it seems probable that the mine workers will accept the proposal; the operators appear already to have done so. The exact ground upon which Mr. Garfield's determination of the wage-advance at 14 per cent. rested is now made entirely clear to the public, as well as to the parties most directly concerned. It is not only that 14 per cent. covers, as nearly as may be estimated, what remained to be covered in the advance of the cost of living, but also that the operators find themselves able to meet this advance without a rise in the price of coal. Over and above this, there stands the offer to have the whole question of mine operation thoroughly and impartially investigated. To refuse a temporary cessation of conflict, with the prospect of a sound permanent adjustment, at a time when such obstinacy would mean unspeakable distress to all the people of the country, would be such flagrant defiance of public sentiment as few labor leaders, we imagine, will be willing to make themselves responsible for.

THE New York *Globe* protests in strong language, but none too strong, against the action of the Post Office Department in refusing to the New York *Call* the privilege of admission to the second class of mail matter. The Department bases its refusal upon the assertion that the *Call* is not a "newspaper or other periodical publication" within the meaning of the law governing mailable matter of the second class, it being in conflict with the act of June 15, 1917, the espionage act as amended by the act of May 16, 1918, as well as Section 211 of the penal code as amended.

Whether the laws referred to afford justification for this denial or not, the cutting off of the usual privileges of circulation of a newspaper by mere administrative fiat is an outrage not only against the principle of freedom of the

press but against the elementary instincts of fair play. If the law does justify it, it ought to be changed; like more than one other thing that has happened recently, this is applying to comparatively normal conditions what nothing but the clear necessities of war furnished a real warrant for. It is well to remember, however, that arbitrary power in this matter of the second-class privilege was exercised by the Post Office Department long before the war. A notorious instance of it occurred a dozen or fifteen years ago in the case of a little Socialist magazine published in California. It is such sporadic acts of bureaucratic folly that do more than anything else to give color to the extravagant charges made by radicals of the sweeping suppression of free speech.

WITTER BYNNER, Percy Stickney Grant, Frederic C. Howe, David Starr Jordan, Dudley Field Malone, Glenn E. Plumb, etc.—it's the Committee of Forty-eight we mean—have taken the lot of the "plain people" into their own exclusive hands. The only thing that is left for the rest of us is to hope that the "liberals" in their overzeal may make the present conditions of the plain people appear so disreputable that the plain people will rise up and smite them.

THE issue of the closed shop is sharply joined in the building trades of New York City. The Structural Iron Workers' Union demands nothing short of a hundred per cent. union basis in both the fabrication and the erection of iron and steel work. Added pressure, under threat of sympathetic strikes in other trades, comes from the Building Trades Employers' Association. The Iron League Erectors' Association stands firmly for the traditional open shop, under which for thirteen years New York has avoided labor trouble, with wages, it is claimed, above union rates, and with increased economy in the cost of erection amounting to something like twenty-five per cent. Reports from cities like Chicago and Cincinnati, where the closed shop is established, clearly indicate that whatever may be gained a good deal is lost through continual squabbles between the different trades, between carpenters and iron workers, plumbers and steamfitters, between any two, indeed, of the many groups that must cheerfully cooperate if a building is to rise. In a business so organized the closed shop appears at its worst, giving rise to trouble for which the responsibility can not be placed nor effective remedy applied. To judge from the past, such control as would be exercised by the Iron Workers' Union is not of the sort that the public may look forward to without misgiving.

DR. SCHIFFER, the German Minister of Justice, does not believe that Prussian influence on the nation should be curtailed. "It would be an act of injustice to destroy Prussia, without which German thought would not have blossomed in the past." With all due reverence to Dr. Schiffer's clear discrimination between just and unjust, guaranteed by his holding that particular office, we venture to differ with him in the appreciation of Prussia's share in the development of German thought. It seems more just to say that the failure of the early blossom to bear its promised fruit is due to that blasting spirit of Prussia under which individual thinking shriveled. But apart from the question whether Dr. Schiffer is right or not, his statement is a bold disavowal of the spirit of the new Constitution which, according to its maker, Professor Preuss, contains provisions intended to facilitate the formation of new free German states and thereby to promote the process of decomposition of the one Prussian State, whose hegemony proved so fatal to the nation.

PROFESSOR PREUSS is no admirer of what he calls, in characteristic German jargon, the "*einzelstaatlichen Sondergeist*," the particularism of the individual states. But knowing that mere legislation can not, by one stroke of the pen, drive out that spirit from the minds of the various German races, he tries to slacken the tension which it causes between them by creating the possibility of fresh divisions and combinations. Prussian particularism he holds chiefly responsible for the tenacious survival of these interstate animosities, and he trusts that, as a consequence of Prussia's disintegration, state particularism will gradually yield to a general feeling of the oneness of all German lands. In other words, the chief obstacle in the way towards the one and undivided German Republic which the maker of the Constitution had in mind, is the continuance of Prussia. It is strange, therefore, to hear the man at the head of the Department of Justice utter thoughts so entirely at variance with the spirit of the Constitution for whose maintenance he is responsible.

A STILL more flagrant disavowal of solemnly pledged obligations is the statement made by Baron Kurt von Lersner that "the Germans would never consent, protocol or no protocol, to give up the officers accused of war crimes." If by "the Germans" he simply meant the people, the remark was uncalled for, as the head of the German Peace Mission is only the *chargé d'affaires* of the German Government and not the spokesman of the nation. If he meant to imply that the Government, in compliance with

the alleged demand of the people, will in any case refuse to carry out a provision of the Treaty which that Government itself has duly signed and the people's representatives have ratified, he either slandered his mandators or, if he had authority for his statement, showed them once more lacking in the sense of honor. It is not for the German Government to refuse to carry out the obligations of the Treaty on the plea that the extradition of the officers would stir the indignant people into revolt. If there were strong evidence for the justice of that fear, it might be wise tactics on the part of the Entente not to insist on the handing over of those men, but it could never exonerate the Government from its duty of compliance. Noske, by declaring his intention to recommend a refusal, is evidently trying his hand at the game which Scheidemann played without success in the days immediately preceding the signing of the Peace Treaty.

INTELLECTUAL radicals are a curious tribe. Some of them tried their best to keep this country out of the war, and all of them strove to bring about a negotiated, inconclusive peace. So far the logic is impeccable, for they sincerely believed that talk could put up a better fight than arms. But their advice was not followed, the conflict was prolonged to a military decision. And now they, who were constantly saying that war, the greatest of evils, could not beget good, are railing because a perfect world has not emerged as the result of it. Their case becomes still more curious when it is remembered that they are internationalists to whom the idea of a nation means nothing, except for the right to exercise self-determination, and are at the same time, in their own conceit, the only element in this great broad land that is striving to restore the spirit of "old America." Yet if there is one thing which was characteristic of old America it is pride in our achievements as a self-contained nation.

THE action of the trustees of Columbia University in declaring what is apparently a fifty per cent. increase in salaries beginning July 1, 1920, is remarkable in several particulars. Whatever may be the disadvantages of committing the educational destinies of a great university to a group largely composed of businessmen, none but businessmen would have had the courage, or the vision, to take so long a step forward. No group of professors, however underpaid and the reverse of humble, would have thought of asking for so much. A scale which starts Assistant Professors at \$3,000 and Associate Professors at \$4,500, and according to which the salaries of Professors range

from \$6,000 to \$8,000, and even \$10,000 in certain cases, is quite sufficient to enable them to keep their heads above the risen tide of prices. If the tide later subsides the professor will find himself endowed with that measure of release from small material worries which, it has always been granted, is necessary for the effective discharge of his proper work. If the added burden to university finances results in rearrangements of work by which an increase in the number of students will not tend quite so rapidly as in the past to multiply the number of professors, that too will be a gain. The method by which the funds necessary for the new salaries are to be obtained seems sound. The student will get full value for slightly increased tuition fees.

MR. HENRY C. FRICK'S will forms a splendid continuation of what America can unhesitatingly point to as peculiarly her own tradition in the uses of great wealth. It was George Peabody, more than any other one man, that made familiar to all the world the idea of wide philanthropies being the natural object of the accumulation of great fortunes, though of course there had been notable examples before his time. The scale of this munificence has been growing by leaps and bounds, but the devotion of money and art treasures to an aggregate amount of something like \$120,000,000 in value is still an event of exceptional moment. Of greatest interest in New York is the bestowal upon the public of Mr. Frick's great art collection; but hardly second to it is the bequest of \$15,000,000 to Princeton University. The possibilities of this sudden enlargement of Princeton's endowment, coinciding as it does with the movement to raise a similar sum by general subscriptions, is calculated to fire the imagination. What will Princeton do with it? Mr. Frick appears to have imposed no restrictions on the use of the money. What superb results might flow from putting it all into *men*—the biggest men that can be got, and with the fullest opportunity to make the most of their powers!

THE "Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten" reports that "Professor Gustav Eberlein has completed his colossal busts of Marx, Lassalle and Bebel." Even the imperial artists, official immortalizers of the Hohenzollerns, are obeying the new demand for re-orientation. The wooden, nail-studded Hindenburg has been hauled down from his pedestal, and the red generals of a former generation are resuscitated in white marble. The images of the defender and the assailants of monarchism have nothing in common except their size. The Teutonism which unites these four can only be expressed in forms colossal.

The President's Health and Democratic Duty

THE visit of Senators Fall and Hitchcock at the White House has cleared the atmosphere. It has set at rest all question of the President's ability to fulfil the necessary duties of his office. There is no longer any doubt that he is mentally as capable as ever of deciding any question upon which he may undertake to pass judgment. All talk of devolving his authority upon the Vice President, or upon any one else, is at an end. And indeed that question, though it has been more or less agitated during the past ten or twelve weeks, has never reached an acute stage. What has been gained by the recent interview with the two Senators is that the country is, for the time at least, relieved of the manifold rumors which, in the absence of authoritative medical information, kept springing up, as they were bound to do. Such information is still absent; but the Senators' visit has doubtless been more conclusive, upon the public mind, than any formal assurance from his medical attendants would have been.

But the question of Mr. Wilson's ability to discharge the duties which of necessity devolve upon him as President is far from being the whole of the question raised by his continued illness. It is evident—indeed, more evident than ever—that he can not, except at imminent risk to his health and perhaps his life, undergo severe or prolonged strain. This does not make it impossible for him to continue to exercise the full authority of President of the United States; but it does make it impossible for him to continue to bear, in any real or proper way, the burden that he had of his own will assumed, and which until his physical breakdown he had consistently borne. Throughout the proceedings at Versailles he was the sole repository of his country's power, the sole arbiter of his country's policy; and since his return, the action of the representatives of his party in the Senate—with the exception of a handful of dissenters—has been the faithful reflection of his will. This state of things has been dependent, of course, not upon the authority inherent in his office, but upon the voluntary assent of the Democratic Senators. That assent may have been wholly creditable to them, or it may not; but in any case it must have been supposed to rest upon two assumptions—first, that the President's judgment was based upon complete command of the facts and possibilities of the situation, and secondly, that as the situation developed he would be able to exert the full measure of his personal powers in coping with its difficulties.

To allege anything of this kind now would be manifestly absurd. That responsibility for their own action which the Democratic Senators so completely threw upon the President, they are now under the clearest possible obligation to assume themselves. And it is the words of no other than Mr. Wilson himself that furnish them with the most imperative reason for assuming it. Nearly half a year has passed since his return from Europe. No man's warning of the dangers of delay in completing the war settlement was more solemn or more emphatic than his. Those dangers have not diminished with time; on the contrary, at no moment have they been more acute than they are to-day. The condition of Europe is more involved politically, and more serious economically, now than it was six months ago. There is no telling what new trouble any day may bring forth. Mr. Wilson would be the last to say that the prolongation of unsettlement is a matter of indifference, or a thing to be looked upon otherwise than with the gravest misgiving. The question for the Democratic Senators—as for all of us—is not what we might wish *had* been done a year ago, or six months ago, but what *can* be done now.

The Senate, in the exercise of its unquestionable Constitutional right, has refused assent to the Treaty unless accompanied by important reservations. Even if this position were due solely to perversity or partisanship, it would be a fact that has to be reckoned with; in reality, however, the resistance to unqualified acceptance owes the great strength it has manifested to the support of men as sincere in their estimate of the dangers of the Covenant as are its advocates in their estimate of its benefits. But that is not the point; the fact that stands out too plain to be disputed is that the only possible way in which the Treaty can be ratified is through the acceptance of nearly all of the Lodge reservations.

It seems plain that the President will make no move toward a settlement on this basis. And it must further be admitted that negotiation for any kind of compromise is impossible unless there be some kind of understanding as to what the President's attitude will be in the event of the compromise being adopted by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. In the face of the prediction so confidently and defiantly made by adherents of the Administration, in the face of endless abuse and ridicule, Mr. Lodge has become master of the situation—made so by the obstinate refusal of the Administration forces to respond to any advances on the part of Republican moderates. Naturally enough, he will decline to enter into a parley that may lead nowhere. But from all this

it does not follow that nothing can be done. On the contrary, it seems clear to us that one thing can be done with great prospect of success; a thing which demands of the Democratic Senators only the resumption—than which nothing could be more natural in the circumstances—of their individual responsibility and their individual functions as Senators of the United States. Let them determine, according to their best judgment, what modifications of the Lodge resolutions are on the one hand the least that would make the President's assent reasonably possible, and on the other hand the most that the majority of the Republican Senators would be willing to concede. And then let them place the situation before the President. Let them say to him, in effect:

"We have loyally done our best to get the Treaty ratified without reservations, as you desired. It has proved to be impossible. Nor is it now possible to obtain ratification by means of those reservations which you yourself, three months ago, declared to be unobjectionable, provided they were not made an integral part of the act of ratification. It is now certain, beyond peradventure, not only that reservations must be included in the act of ratification, but that they must be made more drastic than the ones you then contemplated.

"We have given to the whole question the most careful consideration. The reservations we have formulated represent, we are fully convinced, the utmost deviation from the Lodge reservations upon which there is any possibility of securing a two-thirds vote of the Senate for the Treaty. We are convinced, too, that, however they may impair the force of the Covenant, they still leave it with great potentialities for good, and that they will not be objected to by any of the great Powers with which we were associated in the war.

"We do not wish to interfere with your prerogative, or to dictate your decision. We simply lay the facts before you. It is for you to decide, according to your own judgment, whether you think it best to have the Treaty ratified with these reservations or not to have it ratified at all. If you decide for the latter alternative, that ends the matter; and for this conclusion you will have assumed full responsibility. If, on the other hand, you signify your willingness to accept these reservations rather than abandon the Treaty altogether, we will place the proposal before the Republican Senators, in the confident expectation that it will command the approval of enough of them to assure a two-thirds majority for the Treaty. We believe that this would be their spontaneous response; but if it were not, they would be impelled to it by the consciousness that rejection of so reasonable a pro-

posal would bring upon their party the overwhelming condemnation of the country."

Is this not the course which a manly recognition of Senatorial responsibility clearly dictates? Can there be any reasonable doubt that it would accomplish the object for which it was designed? And is it too much to hope that Senators will at last rise to the level of their duty and their opportunity?

Money and Prices

AMONG the comments called forth by Mr. George E. Roberts's article on "The Financial Situation," in the *Review* for November 22, is a criticism by Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, who is a well-known opponent of the quantity theory of money. His objections to Mr. Roberts's article, and to the editorial on the same general subject, which appeared in the next following issue of the *Review*, under the title "The Chief Cause of High Prices," are objections to that general theory, rather than to any special points in either of the articles upon which he comments. In attempting to meet these objections, therefore, it seems best in the first place to indicate, with such clearness as is possible in a brief space, what that theory says and what it does not say.

In its simplest form, the quantity theory of money asserts that, given the nature and extent of a country's industries, and the business methods and habits of its people, the value of money in that country—that is, the purchasing power of a unit of that money—varies inversely as its quantity; that an increase or diminution of the quantity of money in any proportion, unaccompanied by a change in the country's productivity or in its methods of doing business, involves a rise or fall of prices in the same proportion. In modern conditions an enormous share of all business transactions is effected not by the direct use of money—even if we include under that term not only basic money (gold, say), but also notes which circulate in its place—but through the operation of the vast system of banking and credit. Owing to that system, a given number of dollars in the country's circulating medium is capable of effecting a far greater volume of business transactions—as measured in dollars, not in commodities—than could be effected without it. Nevertheless, given the state of development of this mechanism of banking and credit, a country will require, upon a given scale of prices, a definite quantity of money with which to transact its business; and according to the quantity theory, if the quantity of money is increased or diminished, other things remaining unchanged, the general level of prices will correspondingly rise or fall.

Having thus—briefly and imperfectly, to be sure—stated what the theory does say, it will be well to point out some things that it does not say. It does not say that the volume of money is the *only* thing that affects the level of prices in a given country. Anything that increases productivity tends to lower prices, and anything that diminishes productivity tends to raise them. In so far, for instance, as productivity today is less than it was two years ago, or four years ago, that lessened productivity accounts for the rise of prices in that period; no quantity-theory man would deny that. When any one asserts—as does Professor Copeland in the remarks we quoted from him in the editorial above referred to—that “the inflation of our currency is unquestionably the greatest factor” in the causation of high prices, he does so because in his opinion there has been no such diminution of productivity as would account for more than a minor part of the rise, while in the volume of the circulation there has been an increase so great as to account for most of it.

Another thing that the quantity theory does not say is that when the volume of money is increased the rise of price of any particular commodity is caused simply by that increase. The mere existence of the money does not raise the price of the commodity; some specific demand for it must be brought into play. At all times there are fluctuations both in supply and in demand which tend to raise or to lower the price of any particular commodity; but when the volume of the monetary medium (including the resources of the banking and credit system) keeps pace, and no more than keeps pace, with the volume of production and business, the general level of prices does not rise or fall. When there is a great fall in the general level of prices—as in 1873-97—the monetary medium has grown less rapidly than production; when there is a great rise—as there has been for the past dozen years or more—the monetary medium has grown more rapidly than production. But whether the general level of prices be rising, or falling, or stationary, the price of each particular commodity is determined by causes affecting the supply and demand of that commodity as well as by the volume of the monetary medium. When the Bolshevik printing press makes a hundred rubles grow where one grew before, everybody sees that it will take a vastly greater number of rubles to buy *anything* than it did in the old days; but if you look at any *particular* thing you will find that the reason *that* thing fetches the number of rubles it does, is because there are people willing and able to pay that price in rubles for all of it that is forthcoming. But if the

rubles had never been printed, all the willingness in the world would not have enabled them to pay it.

Now the essence of Professor Laughlin's criticism is to be found in his insistence that what caused the rise of prices all round was the raising of the price of one thing after another, not because there was more money to be had, but because the particular thing in question was in acute demand. Above all, so far as this country at least is concerned, he finds the raising of wages, *i. e.*, the price of labor, to have been the prime cause of much of the general rise of prices that we have witnessed. Citing Mr. Roberts's reference to the fact that the Government set this process in motion on a great scale in order to attract labor to the war industries, he says that this is “an admission that wars directly against his general principle,” because here “a cause working on production-costs is admitted to have a direct effect in raising prices.” Unquestionably it has, but the “production-costs” here referred to are production-costs measured in dollars; and nobody denies that when more dollars are offered either for a commodity or for the necessary means of producing that commodity, the price of the commodity will be greater than before. It would be going only a step further than Professor Laughlin does, if one were to say that the real cause of the price of anything being raised is that more money is paid for it. No contradiction whatever of Mr. Roberts's general position is involved in the fact—if it be a fact—that the way in which the greater supply of dollars was brought to bear upon the price-level was chiefly through an advance of prices of wages followed by an advance of prices of commodities, rather than the reverse, which Professor Laughlin says was the order of events in England.

The point is that in whatever way the rise of prices is initiated, it could not be maintained, and spread throughout the whole range of commodities and services, without something like a corresponding expansion of the medium of payments. In a normal state of the monetary medium, the limitations set by its aggregate amount tend to keep the general level of prices steady, in spite of possibly very great advances in the prices of particular commodities; but no such steadying force exists when that medium expands indefinitely to meet the necessities, real or supposed, of the situation. Whether it was wise or unwise to bring about the great expansion of the monetary medium which has taken place—indeed whether it was possible or impossible to do otherwise—the fact that the expansion has taken place affords, from the standpoint of the quantity theory, a sufficient explanation for the major part of the rise of prices that

has occurred; and whether this explanation is correct or not, there is nothing in the facts to which Professor Laughlin refers—and which, as he says, are matters of common knowledge—that is in the least contradictory to the quantity-theory view.

The matter is of course enormously complicated by the consideration of foreign demand. So long as the chief nations with which we were dealing were strictly on the gold standard, and especially so long as we were receiving from them—as we did in the early years of the European war—great quantities of gold, this demand was perhaps the most important of all the influences bearing upon the rise of our level of prices. It is impossible here to do more than mention this point, and to make in connection with it two elementary remarks. One is that expansion of monetary medium has been taking place in those countries on an even greater scale than with us. The other is that under present conditions, with none of the great European nations keeping their currency redeemable in gold, the United States is substantially the sole repository of the gold standard. No one can say absolutely how large a volume of currency we can maintain in this country and still keep all of it redeemable in gold; but so long as that redeemability is maintained, the expansion of our monetary medium has the same kind of effect in depressing the value of gold—its general purchasing power—as would an addition to the stock of gold itself. In ordinary times such expansion would drive gold out of the country; at present it has but very little tendency to do so.

One source of confusion in dealing with the whole subject is the ambiguity of the word “inflation.” By some it is used in a general way to mean any kind of expansion of the circulating medium, by others it is confined to such expansion as endangers the parity of the currency with gold, and still others use it as covering something more than this last meaning, but not so much as the first. When Professor Laughlin refers to a big rise of prices before “inflation” appeared in this country, he evidently does not mean by “inflation” simply an increase in the monetary medium, for upon that point he would not need the assurance which he states that he received from “highly competent bankers.” The quantity theory of money is not an exhaustive explanation of all the phenomena of prices, but its fundamental correctness in accounting for the main facts of such a general rise of prices as we are now living through, or such a general fall of prices as came to an end twenty years ago, is not impugned by any of the considerations which Professor Laughlin has brought forward.

The Parlor Bolshevik

"Won't you walk into my parlor?
It's sweetly done in pink,
And there we'll talk and talk and talk,
And think we think we think."

MR. JOHN SPARGO, in the *World's Work* for December, makes an interesting effort to penetrate the psychology of the "parlor" Bolshevik. Under his analysis several types emerge, some of which we may briefly indicate as Victims of a Capital Obsession, Victims of Religious Hysteria, Earnest Supporters of any Worthy Cause, Intellectualized System-makers, Ascetics, both Christian and Secular, and Disappointed Idealists, together with Romantics, Furious Dissenters, and a vague fringe of those whose shattered nerves are merely in search of tonic excitement.

It will not do, however, to dismiss these people as mad; for one thing they quite naturally refuse to be dismissed. Any fruitful study of them must begin with the assumption that they are not so very different from the rest of us. Their like has always been with us. If they have defects they have also the qualities of those defects. They have greater warmth and range and energy of thought and expression than your smug citizen. On many topics they are better informed. They are more "alive," protesting against the tiniest evil, and promoting even the smallest good, with an intensity to which the "bourgeois" in no circumstances rises. They radiate an atmosphere of freedom, of large views, of fresh and final approaches. So, at least, they appear to themselves and to their young imitators. They have a glowing sense of belonging to the sort of people by whose virtue the world moves forward.

In a way they are right. Without these qualities it would be a sad world, indeed. The mistake comes in imagining that a vigorous exhibition of such virtues in a large and public way proves the possession of them in any really supereminent degree. The truth is that in the great mass of mankind there is to be found an abundant store of sympathy, of fair play, of a desire for personal and general betterment. Most people weave these threads into the varied patterns of their own lives. But inflamed with a "cause," dieted on a "grievance," cut off from its natural expression in living, even a feeble desire to love good and hate evil, to remove oppression and establish justice, may acquire a spasmodic energy so great as to persuade its possessor and some of his beholders that here is one who has come not to live life, but to mould it.

The world has had a share of those who were in sober truth moulders of life, though not many of them. But what made these men great was a sense of

responsibility. Responsibility cast aside, it is not difficult to appear, or to be, clever; it is not hard to glimpse a perfection that contrasts with a world whose every flaw we have made ourselves painfully aware of; the plainest citizen can be a hero in a world of dreams unvaleted by facts. Anybody can take an intellectual night off in Utopia, and many do, returning with a recognition of their folly and refreshed dedication to their proper business.

There is much that is amusing about the parlor Bolshevik, much that is fair game for satire, but there is also a great deal that is lamentable. A deplorable waste and inefficiency is involved in the withdrawal from a normal relation to society of a large body of people who by their means, their intellectual equipment, and their sensitiveness to the good and the beautiful are precisely the ones whom society most needs. Their extravagant behavior brings all proposals for betterment under suspicion, and they thus do what in them lies to make reaction seem the only alternative to revolution. It might indeed be argued that in America they are the only serious menace. For nothing can be done with them directly; they can not be deported to the land of their dreams; they can not, while things proceed as they are going, be "Americanized" into a different mind. They represent a permanent and double loss, a loss of what should have been a gain.

The peculiar menace of the parlor Bolshevik resides in the fact that for the moment there is some sort of recognizable agreement between the world without and the world as they have fancied it within. For the first time there is something definite for them to get together on. For the first time they can say, "We are the people who recognize the facts, the great fact of impending proletarian revolution." Not till the Russian revolution got under way had anything so attractive in its completeness and concreteness come into their ken. Up to that time some of them had been highly useful members of the community, others had ardently and successively espoused each new cause as it arose, others were still too young or too vague to attain to anything resembling coherence. But old ideas given fresh expression in the Russian formula came upon them with stunning force. Never mind the facts—the idea behind the facts was better than any dream. "Dreamers forsooth! Behold what the dreamers are *doing!* Here is a world into which we too may step forth, humble the proud, brush aside the dishonest, the solemn, the routine, the sordid, the baffling, the irrational, the unjust, and start fresh. See now what a dreamer can do! Thinker, rather! A whirlwind which I can ride, a storm which I can

direct, more powerful than I, but doing my will, since its will is mine."

The problem before America, of which the existence of such a thing as the parlor Bolshevik is a pressing reminder, is one simple to state though difficult enough to solve. It is to build up in society a "resistance" to those morbidities that have produced the parlor Bolshevik. There, if one is disposed to dream, is something worth dreaming about. Imagine a society in which not everybody, to be sure, is reasonable, but enough are reasonable to set a fashion for the rest; in which there is just as little excuse for private efforts to regulate other people's affairs as for private warfare or private judicature; in which everyone gets a fair chance to subdue for himself so much as he can of life's wilderness; a society in which individuals count for more than groups of individuals; a society, in short, in which an important rôle is played by some of the positive virtues possessed by these same parlor Bolsheviks, but controlled, as theirs are not, by a sense of responsibility for results. This is a dream beside which the revolution cheered on by the parlor Bolshevik looks like a mere phantasm born of class jealousy.

European Neutrals and the League

THE treaty fight in the Senate is followed with keen interest in the neutral countries of Europe. Before the United States went into the war, they looked upon this country as their spokesman and champion in cases where the right of neutrals had to be vindicated against arbitrary encroachment by the belligerents. America's abandonment of her neutrality, though it gave them hope of an ultimate removal of the German scare, threatened, for the duration of the war, to weaken still further their precarious position between the hostile powers. The Entente's gain of a powerful ally was a gain also to them insofar as the cause for which the Entente stood had the moral support of most neutral nations, but that gain involved a temporary loss of safety. Hence it was with mixed feelings that America's entrance into the conflict was commented upon by the organs of the neutral press, the event being hailed or lamented according to the writer's greater concern for the future peace of Europe or for the immediate safety of his own country.

A similar conflict of opinions is noticeable to-day in their appreciation of the Senate's treaty proceedings. Hardly anywhere, outside the Entente countries, has the Treaty received unqualified praise, and the coupling of the Covenant with the Treaty has been severely criticised, as it seemed to involve, in the event of their accession to the one, the

implication of their approving the other. They lost faith in the sincerity of the Covenant because of many a perverse application of its tenets. Still, they would not hesitate to join the League of Nations if the United States, of whose disinterestedness there is no doubt, would safeguard the high purpose of the League by its own accession.

So the debate in the Senate is the subject of conflicting criticism in the neutral press, Mr. Lodge being praised by those whose disapproval of the Treaty is stronger than their faith in the efficacy of the Covenant, but finding slight favor with such as ardently believe in the latter, however misapplied its principles may appear to them in the Treaty of Peace. But of these two groups the second is undoubtedly the stronger. The majority of the neutral nations would deeply lament America's decision to remain outside the League. It would face them with the difficult question whether their accession, in such an event, would not impair rather than insure their future safety.

It is widely felt that under a League of Nations with the United States left out, the after-war Europe will for small peoples be a worse place to live in than when her peace was, however imperfectly, maintained by the much-abused balance of power. They would not regret the disturbance of that equilibrium if, in its stead, a strong League of Nations, with America among its members, were to maintain the new-won peace and the principles of international law. But a league controlled by France and Great Britain alone would not compensate for the loss of the balance of power. Britain's interests, it is declared, lie outside Europe; she will wash her hands of the Continent when the situation there has ceased to threaten her own safety. France will be left in full control of European affairs, and the small countries, freed from the fear of German imperialism, will live under the obsession of a revival of ambitions such as actuated the France of Louis XIV and Napoleon. There may be little foundation for these apprehensions, but, whether groundless or not, the fact is that they exist and are bound to play a part in the decision as to the attitude to be taken towards a league which does not include the United States. Significant of this state of mind is the interview, in the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, with Mr. J. Limburg, the head of the Dutch delegation at the Brussels Conference of Promoters of the League of Nations. This strong advocate of the League admits that "the entrance of neutrals depends largely upon the attitude of America. If America does not join, the position of the neutrals will become difficult, though I do not contend that it would be impossible for them to join."

Es ist nicht Wahr

AMONG the winged words that took flight in the war few will, no doubt, survive it longer than the notorious dictum of the ninety-three: *Es ist nicht wahr*. When the charges it denied will be but vaguely remembered, the curt phrase in which the denial was couched will still be quoted as a jocose negative formula. It will throw a pleasant cover over the bareness of a straightforward "No," the surprise at hearing the German used by a non-German speaker giving an additional charm to the device.

An uglier blot on German honor than even the crimes which the manifesto of the ninety-three unblushingly denied was the publication of that document itself. "It is not true that Germany is responsible for the War, it is not true that we wantonly violated Belgium, it is not true that our soldiers attacked the life and property of Belgian subjects, it is not true that our soldiers acted brutally at Louvain." One hears the bang of the professorial fist on the desk at every fresh iteration of the statement. But they were giving voluntary evidence on occurrences of which none of them knew any facts. To believe implicitly in the integrity of their Government may to the unsophisticated crowd have seemed a patriotic duty, but the first duty of science is silence, unless it is sure of its facts. But these savants rushed in where they should have feared to tread, attempting to shout down truth with no better argument than the authority of their names. Never were names, honorably won, more dishonorably abused by their own bearers. And when they learned that what they had denounced as lies was the truth, they failed to do what a man of science should regard as his imperative duty—to make public confession of his error.

Wer die Wahrheit kennet und saget sie nicht,
Der ist fürwahr ein erbärmlicher Wicht,

says the poet of a students' song which all these men must have sung in their younger days.

There were, indeed, a few who sought to relieve their scientific conscience in the privacy of a confessional. Professor Max Planck, of Berlin, writing, says the *Handelsblad* of Amsterdam, also in the name of Adolf Harnack, Walter Nernst, Wilhelm Waldeyer and Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, poured out his guilty heart in a letter to the Dutch Professor Lorentz of Leyden, disavowing most of the letter and the spirit of the manifesto. But for men thus publicly disgraced, a private admission of sin is no rehabilitation. Not until the world has read it, in black print, and signed by all the survivors of the ninety-three will it reconsider its verdict.

Fifteen have gone to the grave with their name unredeemed. And how the surviving seventy-eight now feel about their disloyalty to science we know, not from their spontaneous confession, but from an "enquête" undertaken by one of their colleagues who always condemned the war and their vindication of it—Dr. Hans Wehberg, the famous authority on international law. The results of his inquiry were published in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and are worth recording as a precious document of twentieth-century German culture. Sixteen, including Siegfried Wagner, the son of Richard, the historian Eduard Meyer and the writer Paul Lenz, were unrepentant sinners. Twenty-three, neither daring to maintain nor to forswear what they signed, refused to reply. The remaining thirty-nine admitted that they could no longer vouch for all the assertions contained in the document. Some of them even confessed, what for a man of science is a still graver crime than to speak without knowledge of the facts, that they had signed the document without a knowledge of its contents. What a pitiable spectacle: the man of letters, the appointed champion of individualism, debased to the level of the gregarious crowd, joining in its irresponsible, inarticulate roar. Carl Hauptmann realized, too late, what obligations his better knowledge involved: "I feel with horror," he wrote, "my aberration from personal responsibility; and I am warned for life against the headlong rush of the herd which throughout the ages has fooled humanity."

In justice to German professors, it should be remembered that we have little information concerning the number of them who may have refused to sign the preposterous document; and it is a special pleasure to be informed that a protest against it was signed by the man whose name is associated with one of the most magnificent achievements in the history of scientific thought—Dr. Albert Einstein, a Swiss indeed by nationality and a Jew by blood, but an honored professor in the University of Berlin.

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Editors

FABIAN FRANKLIN

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

“Lest We Forget”

SINCE President Wilson signed the Peace Treaty with the League of Nations woven into it, the attitude of the Senate and the expression of public opinion in the United States have given rise to an amazement abroad which Americans have been at a loss to understand.

The proceedings in Washington, while the Peace Treaty was under discussion, were closely followed all over the world, and, in some aspect or other, caused disappointment to all, no matter which side of the various controversies the individual observer favored. That mistakes have been made on all sides can hardly be denied; and that reproaches and re-cremations have followed is quite natural. The Treaty of Peace, although now rejected, will very likely again be taken up for consideration at the present session of Congress, and it would therefore seem desirable to attempt to clear up some of the misconceptions which have arisen, while the facts can still be easily verified. In this manner it may be possible to prevent, at least in a small measure, continued misunderstanding among the peoples of the world.

The European nations seem grievously disappointed that this country did not closely follow the lead of its President. Even in our own country, some writers have intimated that our attitude in this respect has given cause for just resentment. The universal assumption in Europe that President Wilson voiced the opinion of America appears to have spread the belief that there had been fastened upon this country an obligation to live up to this misapprehension.

Nothing could be less warranted, nor less in accordance with the notion of great masses of the people of this country, as repeatedly expressed by their constitutional representatives and through the press. Whoever attempted to ascertain the sentiment of the country, must have quickly discovered a great lack of unanimity and a very decided opposition to the President's views. While during certain periods of the peace negotiations the censorship may have prevented the general public from keeping in immediate touch with all of the currents of thought, foreign statesmen have at all times had access to the daily expressions of public opinion, and should have given consideration to the peculiar provisions of our Constitution. No blame for their oversight can possibly attach to the people of our country. Americans would be highly negligent if they permitted any such misapprehension to gain currency, because it would obscure a perfectly clear situation.

In October, 1918, on the eve of elections to Congress, President Wilson is-

sued an appeal to his countrymen in which he said:

... If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives . . . The return of a Republican majority to either House of Congress would, moreover, be interpretative on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership. . . .

In November, the country answered this appeal by overturning the Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress. In the President's own language, this constituted a repudiation of his leadership. It was a clear notice to all the world that the country did not stand unitedly behind him in his negotiations for peace with Germany.

Some weeks thereafter, the President decided to go to Europe, to assist in the serious work of the Peace Conference. In addressing Congress on the subject, the President said:

... the conclusion that it was my paramount duty to go has been forced upon me by considerations which I hope will seem as conclusive to you as they have seemed to me. . . .

Did the considerations appear as conclusive to the country as they had seemed to the President? The *New York Tribune* said on December 2, 1918,

... the net result of President Wilson's "personally conducted" peace programme has been to shatter American unity. . . .

The great conflict of opinion and the lack of all unity is clearly shown by the extracts from leading publications which may be found in the *Literary Digest* of December 14, 1918. The case is in no way weakened by the fact that these are extracts from newspapers unfavorable to the President's programme; it is to them that the foreign observer should have looked for signs of friction. And they did, indeed, serve as a true index of the attitude which later clearly emerged as that of the Republican party.

Was there any change in the attitude of Congress and the press after the President returned from Europe with the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations in his pocket? Did anything occur to change the impression which careful observers of the feeling in this country should have gathered?

On the eve of his departure from France, on February 16, 1919, the President sent a message to every member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and to every member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, in which he said:

... Each article was passed only after the most careful examination by each mem-

ber of the Committee. There is good and sufficient reason for the phraseology and substance of each article. I request that I may be permitted to go over with you, article by article, the constitution before this part of the work of the conference is made the subject of debate in Congress . . .

On February 24, 1919, after his arrival from France, the President delivered an address in Boston, in which he said:

... Any man who resists the present tides that run in the world will find himself thrown upon a shore so high and barren that it will seem as if he had been separated from his human kind forever. . . .

... Any man who thinks that America will take part in giving the world any such rebuff and disappointment as that does not know America. I invite him to test the sentiments of the nation. We set this up to make men free, and we did not confine our conception and purpose to America, and now we will make men free. If we did not do that, the fame of America would be gone, and all her powers would be dissipated. She then would have to keep her power for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon. I should welcome no sweeter challenge than that. . . .

And on March 4, the President delivered an address in New York in which he said:

... and when that treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the covenant that you can not dissect the covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure. . . .

Did the country join in the sentiments so clearly enunciated, or did a part of the people accept the challenge? The answer was promptly delivered. On March 4, Senator Lodge, on behalf of thirty-seven Senators, read in the Senate a resolution to the effect that

... it is the sense of the Senate that while it is their sincere desire that the nations of the world should unite to promote peace and general disarmament, the constitution of the League of Nations IN THE FORM NOW PROPOSED to the Peace Conference should not be accepted by the United States; and

... that the negotiations on the part of the United States should immediately be directed to the utmost expedition of the urgent business of negotiating peace terms with Germany satisfactory to the United States and the nations with whom the United States is associated in the war against the German Government, and that the proposal for a league of nations to insure the permanent peace of the world should then be taken up for careful and serious consideration.

In spite of the fact that the President, in a speech delivered in New York on March 4, said:

... The first thing that I am going to tell the people on the other side of the water is that an overwhelming majority of the American people is in favor of the League of Nations . . .

is it too much to say that this announcement by thirty-seven Senators of the United States was again clear notice to all the world that the country did not

stand unitedly behind the President in his peace negotiations?

The debates in the Senate since that time have shown the greatest divergence of opinion. The suggestion that the people of this country have repudiated any binding agreement made in their behalf which other parties to the agreement had a right to rely upon is erroneous and mischievous. A lack of understanding of our form of government on the part of foreigners is regrettable, but not justly chargeable to us. The President is supreme as far as the negotiation and final disposal of treaties is concerned, but ratification by the Senate is essential to make them binding. While the words in our Constitution "with the advice and consent of the Senate" are now rarely construed to mean that the President is compelled to seek the advice of the Senate during his treaty negotiations, they would undoubtedly imply that in certain circumstances coöperation is necessary. This, President Wilson has consistently avoided. Yet the Peace Treaty with Germany, with the League of Nations superimposed or intertwined, is the most ambitious piece of work of its kind in which this country has ever participated.

The feeling of uneasiness regarding the President's aloofness in this matter, and the knowledge which gradually spread over wide circles that he did not even consult his associates on these very vital and decisive questions, gradually developed into resentment, which found expression, for instance, in an editorial in the *New York Tribune* on March 5, as follows:

. . . He refused to consult. He would not appoint members of the Senate as members of the Peace Commission. He would not say in any definite way what he wanted, making the impossible demand that whatever he saw fit to agree to must be accepted without debate or amendment.

This tactlessness, to use no stronger word, put the Senate in a suspicious mood. The Senate, quite as much as the President, has its duties under the Constitution, and as he would not consent to a serious invasion of his prerogatives, he ought to know that the Senate would not consent to abdicate. . . .

There is no need to carry detailed analysis further. The proceedings in the Senate since the President submitted the Treaty are clear in every one's memory. After that step had been taken, the Senators had a double duty to perform. They not only had to conclude whether, and in what form, the adoption of the Treaty seemed in their conscientious judgment desirable, but also had to guard against an overwhelming encroachment by the Executive upon the legislative branch of the Government. To what extent each Senator was moved either by one or the other of these considerations, it is impossible to say and

purposeless to discuss. They did their duty as they saw it, and the country may well be grateful that they had the courage to live up to their convictions.

If the system were once approved in this country that the President, no matter what his legal rights, could inaugurate or consent to radical departures from well-known and long accepted policies, by his refusal to have the most thorough exchange of views with the

leaders of the coördinate branch of the Government, then the latter would indeed have abdicated in favor of personal government and of a form of autocracy not wholly unlike the one which the war is supposed to have destroyed. There is no more time-honored maxim in American political history than this, that the American Government shall be "a government of laws and not of men."

CHARLES ALTSCHUL

What Makes High Prices?

Comment Evoked by Mr. Roberts's Article

Enthusiastic Approval

I WAS so impressed with the article of George E. Roberts on the "Menace of Inflation," which I read yesterday, that I sent for a number of copies of the *Review* in order to give them to friends interested in the subject.

I think that this article ought to have the widest possible circulation, as it is a clear exposition of the present situation, so simple in form as to be capable of being understood by any one having the slightest knowledge of the subject. I hope it will be published in pamphlet form.

Mr. Roberts might in truth say of his article what Dryden is supposed to have said of his "Alexander's Feast"—that it was the best ode that was ever written or that ever would be written; but then Mr. Roberts is too modest to claim this for his article.

FREDERICK STRAUSS

Points About Bank Credit

I HAVE your letter of November 22, asking my opinion on the views expressed by Mr. George E. Roberts in your issue of that date, in his article "The Financial Situation." I find myself in agreement with his view that diminishing gold production and increasing gold consumption should ultimately bring prices down, but I think he is overpessimistic about certain phases of the matter.

For one thing, there is an enormous difference between Civil War greenback issues and the present expansion of bank credit. Greenbacks were non-interest bearing, and were not, in fact, redeemable in gold. There was thus no automatic force to lead to their retirement. Our bank loans, on the other hand, are interest bearing. When the Government borrows on short-term Treasury certificates it does so in anticipation of taxes and funding loans which will retire the Treasury certificates. When business men borrow at the banks, they do so for commercial reasons and pay off their loans when they no longer need them, to reduce their interest

charges. Moreover, we are on a gold basis and expansion is checked by diminishing gold reserves.

The decline of Government borrowing in the second half of 1919 has, it is true, not led to a decline in the volume of bank loans. Mr. Roberts ascribes this fact to speculation, holding that speculators have taken up the credit which the Government released.

There is, however, another great factor which has been responsible for the pressure on our money market, and which has prevented the decline of bank loans and deposits. I refer to our immense export balance of trade which has been growing so rapidly since the armistice. Somebody has had to pay for this. Down to June, the export balance was financed in a very considerable measure by long time credits granted by the United States Government to our European Allies. Our Government got these funds largely by borrowing from American banks on short-term Treasury certificates. Part of the exports, however, even during the first half of the year, went on "open account" and since June 1 virtually all of the exports have gone in this fashion. There is thus an enormous volume of short-term current unfunded debt due to the United States from Europe, and the foreign exchange rates have broken violently.

This debt is being carried in part by banks making loans to carry it; in part by American exporters accepting payment in foreign currencies which they have allowed to pile up in European banks. Also, American exporters have withheld their exchange from the market, allowing open accounts to run; also, American speculators and American business men engaging in speculation have purchased foreign exchange and still have it. All of these methods of meeting the situation tend to expand bank loans and to make a drain upon the money market.

The foreign situation, therefore, by creating a great demand for bank accommodations, has prevented the decline in bank credit expected. The foreign situation has, moreover, been the pri-

mary cause of the great speculation which we have seen. It has drained our markets of goods, has prevented a decline in commodity prices and even forced them higher—a fact which has led to the belief on the part of many that present prices are permanent. This belief has naturally led to speculation in commodities, stocks, and also in farm lands.

This abnormal export situation must speedily be corrected. It is impossible to keep the export balance going at anything like the present rate for very long. The ominous day-by-day breaks in the exchange rates are evidence enough on this point. When our exports and imports come into normal relation, and when we have goods destined for export thrown back upon our markets, we should see commodity prices decline, and the volume of bank loans and deposits contract.

I thank you for letting me see Mr. Roberts's article. I have very high regard for his opinions and am always interested in what he writes. In the case in hand, I am in full agreement with him that liquidation must come and that prices must come down.

GUY EMERSON

A Dissenting View

IN the very illuminating study on "The Financial Situation" by Mr. Roberts, in your issue of November 22, an account is given of the expansion of credit due to borrowing operations by our Government. This account is clear and convincing, except in his statement of the relations between inflations and prices. On this point every one, of course, should be ready to find out the truth; or at least to try to find it. In the belief that in this article, and in one on "The Chief Cause of High Prices," in your issue of November 29, not all, nor the most important, of the causes affecting prices have been presented, I am impelled to suggest that your readers, in the interest of truth, should have an opportunity to consider some other and very practical elements affecting high prices and the cost of living.

Mr. Roberts seems to be inconsistent in different parts of his study. Following the stereotyped formula of the theorists dating back to Hume and Ricardo, he says: "Prices are the result of the relation between the purchasing medium and the supply of commodities, and the volume of medium having been inflated without any corresponding increase in the volume of commodities, the price level naturally has risen." Here we have the error of supposing that demand is necessarily expressed by the monetary medium ("whatever its form, whether gold, circulating notes, or bank credits transferable by check," as stated in your

article on "The Chief Cause of High Prices").

A medium of exchange is a means to an end, that is, to save the inconveniences of barter. It is not a cause in the price-fixing process; for it follows a preceding price-fixing. For instance, in the time of scarcity induced by the war, when the Government fixed the price of wheat, a carload of wheat at a station in Iowa was paid for by a medium in the form of a check to an amount exactly conforming to the number of bushels multiplied by the price per bushel already fixed upon. And, in general, the great mass of commercial discounts at our banks arise from notes or bills drawn on the movement of goods from dealer to buyer, the figures rising or falling with the preceding price-fixing of the goods. Indeed, all bankers recognize the well-known fact that the figures of our exports and imports, and the items in our bank accounts, are doubled merely because prices have been doubled. Moreover, the combined figures of our bank clearings can not be used as evidence to show a general increase of demand for goods, since these clearings arise from offsetting checks on deposits, due mainly to loans on the movements of goods. They show only the extent to which goods (expressed in terms of money) are exchanged conveniently against each other. They do not indicate a demand out of the blue for all goods, but only a result of a shifting of goods against each other by specific demand and supply. There is, therefore, much more to the fixing of prices than is implied in making demand synonymous with the amount of the medium of exchange. Nor is it correct to say that the price of anything is fixed directly by the quantity of the medium compared with the supply of goods; for this method of stating the matter pays no heed to forces affecting prices which are axiomatic to every practical business man.

Indeed, an admission that wars directly against his general principle as laid down above was made by Mr. Roberts in another part of his article, when he said: "It seemed to be necessary, in order to get labor for the war industries, to make wages attractive enough to draw men from other work, and when the other industries, in self-defense, also raised wages a competition was begun which lifted the whole level of costs." That is, a cause working on production-costs is admitted to have a direct effect on raising prices. This is obvious to every one. Even the politicians in Washington have been obliged to show that an ever-increasing rise of wages for the same or a less labor-effort must inevitably result in higher prices and a higher cost of living. The practical working of such a force was so

clear that the President was compelled to protest, in the interest of the public, against any further increase of wages. Certainly as to the inevitable effect of the force on prices there can not be any question. It is not necessary to argue it.

If the operation of this element on the level of prices is so self-evident, where do we come out on the main question? Without doubt something else besides the quantity of the medium of exchange and the market supply of goods has an influence on the level of prices. And yet, in your issue of November 29, you say: "It is to the inflation of the monetary medium that Professor Copeland, like substantially every competent authority, chiefly ascribes the rise of prices." As one of the incompetents I beg to differ. It is not a question as to the number of authorities for or against a dogma, but whether it can stand up against logic and fact, even as to authority. However, one could mention the leading banking authorities as against the academic theorists on this question. But that is not to the purpose. A principle must explain ascertained facts, or be discarded. Price is the ratio of any article to gold (our present standard). How about the various forms affecting production-costs on the goods side of the price-ratio?

Of these the outlay for labor, for materials, and for taxes are the most in evidence. In my judgment they far outweigh any other causes at work in producing the high level of prices; and our public policy should be shaped accordingly. No one denies that speculation and abnormal credit can temporarily raise prices above competitive production-costs; but we are faced with conditions which began to show themselves before inflation appeared in this country. As practical business men, what do we know of our own experience as to the causes leading to higher prices? Mr. Roberts casually mentioned the cause which disposes of his own general theory. Long before we entered the war, long before our credit could have been unduly expanded (in a time when highly competent bankers personally assured me there was no inflation), industries engaged in making munitions of war for the Allies had contracts which enabled them to raise wages for their workers to a height that drew them from other employers. The makers of all other goods had to raise wages correspondingly. That is, in this country (contrary to the order of events in England) wages rose first and prices afterwards rose to meet this initial increase in production-costs. These are facts of common knowledge. By April, 1917, when we entered the war, wholesale prices had risen above the level of 1914 by at least 83 per cent. (see Federal Reserve Bulletin, June, 1918). Labor

was scarce and high. Wages, even of unskilled labor, had risen incredibly.

But war conditions magnified the effect of high wages. Materials were not only raised in price by a higher range of wages, but coal, machinery, and all materials of manufacture became scarce, due to the European demand. Without question, long before the inflation of the medium could possibly have been brought in as a serious cause, production-costs had risen enormously. Would any one who followed the railway situation, the passage of the Adamson act, the increase of wages which added hundreds of millions to expenses, the prodigious rise in cost of operation and maintenance due to the rise in prices of materials, have ascribed the higher cost of transportation to the inflation of the medium? Did high prices of food, wheat, etc., wait on the rise in the quantity of the medium, when even price-fixing by the Government did not satisfy farmers? Men could hardly be bribed to remain on the farms when they could get five to eight dollars a day in the war factories. What regulated the price of cotton? Was it a scarcity of medium which put it to six cents in 1914, or the stoppage of the European and domestic demand? And what led later to its great rise in price? What caused the rise in the price of wool? A superabundance of the medium or a scarcity of shipping and supplies? How about the scarcity of sugar when the European supply was cut off? And so one might go on indefinitely, dealing with the known facts of each individual commodity. For out of the combined quotations of specific goods the general level of prices is computed. The causes affecting particular prices are those which determine the final result in the general level of prices.

The matter of high importance lies in the public policy adopted to "unscramble" the high cost of living and its entanglements. It certainly will do "incalculable mischief" to "follow false scents." The concentration of the attention on the speculative hoarding of necessities and on "profiteering" are not likely to produce much effect on high prices. They do give the politicians a satisfying element for convincing the public that they are "doing something," and that strikes should be put off until their measures for reducing the cost of living have had time to work. Clearly, as you say, these are false scents. But is it not true that the politicians are shy at hitting upon the one active, direct cause of high prices and high cost of living? That cause, apart from scarcity, is the higher wages paid for the same or less labor effort than in 1914. If we accept the appeal of humanity and refuse to lower wages while prices remain high, what is the remedy? The public will continue to suffer, unless the high

wages are justified by a greater efficiency of labor, a larger number of units of coal, materials, and food for the present high scale of wages. And yet it is at this very juncture that organized labor seems to be insistent on shorter hours and less production. Inflation, therefore, does not seem to be a very practical solution for the high cost of living.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

A Neglected Pioneer

AT the tomb of Colonel James I paused and paid the reverent tribute of a tear. In reverie I traced again his troubled life and the circumstances of his tragic death. How soon forgotten by an ungrateful world, I reflected, is the social pioneer! Though the idea lives, the being who wrought and proclaimed it sleeps in an unregarded grave.

Such a pioneer was Col. Jesse James, once of the Mississippi hinterland. Misunderstood, criticized, even reviled during his lifetime by persons of influence and authority, persecution followed him even to the far recesses in which he sometimes sought refuge. The Federal Government, the States, the counties, and the municipalities pursued him with armed bands; they urged his capture by the offer of large monetary rewards, and finally they compassed his death. He was ahead of his time, and not until long after his martyrdom were his theories taken up and embodied in comprehensive schemes for social salvation.

Unquestionably he never clearly formulated his social philosophy. He was not, in the classic sense, a scholar; he was a man of action. His deeds, however, which throughout his life were rigidly consistent, reveal certain fundamental principles of belief. Chief among these are the following:

1. Futility of the ballot.
2. Direct action.
3. Group autonomy.
4. Individual initiative and self-employment.
5. Forcible expropriation of wealth.
6. Responsibility of society as a whole for any wrong or unpleasant action committed by any one of its members; and conversely, responsibility of each unit of society for the acts of society as a whole.

His scorn of the ballot was extreme. He did not even look to it, as did the militant suffragettes some time ago, as an ultimate good to be obtained by burning houses, smashing windows, and destroying other people's mail. In his judgment the ballot was slow, cumbrous, and inefficient. The war-cry of the I. W. W. and of the Syndicalists, "Strike at the ballot-box with an axe!" would have won his judicial approval. His

judgment regarding the ballot fitted consistently with his judgment regarding democracy, which indeed anticipated, in a measure, the attitude of the I. W. W., the Syndicalists, the Bolsheviks, and their allies of the metropolitan coteries by many years. Less sophisticated than his modern disciples, he could hardly have expressed the formula in terms now current. Sovereignty is not for the mass, which is fickle and slow-witted and blind to its interests, but for the special few, gifted with the revolutionary vision, who know best what the mass needs. And yet, allowing for differences in environment and cultural development, the substantial agreement of his own with the modern view is readily discernible. He would warmly have sanctioned the purely political side of the Lenin-Trotsky régime, though he would have had to dissent emphatically from some of its socio-economic vagaries.

He rejected the collectivist ideal of social control. The group was his unit of social organization. He had much the same ideal as have the Syndicalists and the Communist-Anarchists; much the same as that professed by the Bolsheviks, but wholly violated by them through their rigorous and sweeping nationalism. The group must be autonomous; its components must determine all questions of work and recompense that come before it, uninfluenced by considerations of other groups or of society as a whole. These groups might, indeed, be federated, but only by free consent and for temporary occasions only.

His theory of recompense was only partly communistic. He divided the formula, "From each according to his ability (or his means), to each according to his needs." The first part he endorsed and rigidly carried into practice. The second part he seems to have rejected; among the immediate gleaners of wealth in his group there appears to have been usually an equal division of the product, regardless of real or imagined needs. Yet his philosophy was essentially pragmatic; and understanding the circumstances he could not have disapproved the Bolshevik amendment to the formula, "To each according to his usefulness to the régime."

Society, he held, though in some sense an organism, is but an aggregation of units; and the correction of its evils is to be accomplished by pressure upon both the individual and the organism. His views on the mutual responsibility of society and its components were emphatic and brooked no qualification. He held organized society responsible for the treatment visited upon him and his family by Federal soldiers. The harsh conduct of the Government in attempting to regulate his mode of industry was repeatedly answered by the seizure and rifling of the first express or mail car

on the railroad nearest at hand. Banks, too, by reason of their quasi-public services, were always regarded by him as a legitimate object for expropriation. On the other hand, anticipating the I. W. W., he held to a strict accountability such individuals as seemed to him perniciously active in the support of the social system. Perhaps he carried this principle to an unreasonable extreme, for it is recorded of him that in a great number of cases he severely punished certain persons on the mere suspicion of their having known, or spoken to, other persons regarded by him as Government agents. It must be constantly borne in mind that he was not a reformer, but a revolutionist, and that he held, as his modern disciples hold, that a revolutionary act is its own justification.

It can not be said with certainty what views he would have held on the current question of sabotage. He believed in self-employment. The act of sabotage involves, as a prerequisite, the relation of wage-earner and capitalist. It is not likely that any one ever suggested to Colonel James the constant extension of the system of wage-employment, and the unusual and even abnormal mode of employment which he himself favored and followed. The probability is, however, that had the matter been explained to him, he would have given to the practice of sabotage his hearty endorsement. There is nothing in the practice vitally inconsistent with the principles known to have been held by him.

As has already been pointed out, Colonel James's philosophy was essentially pragmatic. This pragmatism, moreover, was one that prompted to self-action and not to counsel. With the vicarious pragmatism which satisfies itself by urging, through megaphone and typewriter, the propaganda of the deed to other men, he can not have been in strong intellectual accord. Still, he may have understood. What he would have said of some of the gentle sybarites who loudly proclaim his doctrines, but who hesitate at any overt act, can not be guessed; and yet it is probable that in his large charity and tolerance he would have divined the difficulties of these disciples and extended his sympathy.

It can not be said that outside of a limited circle, Colonel James employed any of his time in propaganda. Among his immediate followers he enforced his principles with stern rigor. Outside of this circle he forbore to proselytize. He recognized that there were, and would always be, thousands of men who, indisposed themselves to undergo discomfort, would yet eagerly espouse the work of persuading others to do what they dared not themselves do. He seems to have realized that even the most flaming revolutionist may become too preoccupied with chafing at the crumpled rose-

leaves on his couch to take upon himself the burdens and risks of militancy on the field. He was therefore content to live according to his own principles and precepts and to trust to the slow progress of civilization for a wider acceptance of his beliefs.

How justified was his faith can now be seen in the many evidences of the world-wide extension of his theories. They appear, in one guise or another, in a score of professed "journals of opinion"; in more uniform guise, frankly revolutionary, in some ten score other journals; from a thousand forums they are fervently preached; in a thousand places they are assiduously practised. Perhaps no school accepts them in their entirety. But everywhere they increasingly permeate the thought and feeling of our time.

So the world moves. Current reputations fade into oblivion, and the maligned of one generation become the honored and revered of another. It is an obligation laid upon all of us to see that honor is given where honor is due; and in penning this account of the protagonist of certain current modes of thought and action I am but seeking to obtain for him the just recognition which his principles and his activities should long ago have received.

W. J. GHENT

Correspondence

The Labor Question in Japan

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

It will sound as if Japan is still something like that Land of the Blessed, when I say that we have no labor movement yet in the western sense. The strikes for better wage, of which the war has produced plenty, are not part of a labor movement strongly backed by a philosophical insistence on lifting the laborers to an equality with the capitalists.

I think it is perhaps a piece of cynicism that the Western countries ask Japan to send a representative of her laborers to Washington, when no labor union is recognized by the Japanese Government. It was a piece of innocent farce that Dr. Iwasaburo Takano was afterwards elected to represent the Japanese laborers at Washington. But his conscience and wisdom made him resign in favor of a certain person, half capitalist and half laborer, the engineer-in-chief and also one of the directors of a shipbuilding company. Dr. Takano is a student of the labor question the world over and a professor in the Imperial University. He would have brought to the work great knowledge and great sympathy with the laborers. It is fairly

clear that there is some distance between the point of view of the Government and the desires of the working class. Yet the working class in Japan, powerless and uneducated, was obliged to select their representative from among the unsympathetic students.

As a class, compactly amalgamated, Japanese laborers have no existence; it is only natural, therefore, that their strikes, from the lack of organization, always fail, or succeed half-way under the Government's kind-hearted interference or the employers' humanitarianism. There are many reasons for Japanese capitalists to keep up an old custom of treating workmen as members of the family of their employers; although it is doubtless beautiful as a custom, it is difficult to practise when factories become large and industries lose their personal character. I think that only a few capitalists in Japan understand how to use properly their sudden wealth. And when the laborers are given such wages as are barely enough to procure food and clothes, it would be natural for them to look upon an intermediary between capital and labor, if there is any, with indifferent thanks. As a practical question in Japan, it remains to be seen how the humanitarianism of the capitalists will work, and how the working class can check their own unrest. Yet it may not be altogether a dream that Japan alone may be the country where the Government and capitalists and laborers, all three of them, will become humanized.

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Isn't it possible to combine the excellent contributions made by Judge Rose and Mr. Ralston Hayden to the last number of the *Review* on the subjects of "Treaty Reservations" and "The Rights of the Senate," and conclude that our only choice is to have it emphatically understood that our representative on the League Council must keep in touch with and be guided by the Senate through the ready channel provided, viz: The President and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations? In such an event there need arise no embarrassing divergence of action in the conduct of our affairs under the League.

The Treaty would have been ratified long ago had the President obeyed the mandate of last November's elections and governed his conduct of our foreign affairs in accordance with our Constitution, setting thereby a sadly needed example of coöperation.

W. E. DEAN

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 29

Book Reviews

Industrial Democracy

MAN TO MAN. The Story of Industrial Democracy. By John Leitch. New York: The R. C. Forbes Company.

IN "professional" circles it is common to disparage salesmanship as a phase of commercialism—a specious art by which people are induced to buy what they do not want—and yet publicity, preaching, propaganda, and other forms of salesmanship are needed to overcome the natural inertia of mankind and to persuade them to mend their ways. In this sense clergymen, physicians, lawyers, statesmen, teachers, artists, writers, philanthropists, engineers, and all other "professional" people have something to sell, and while some decline to accept remuneration, they are usually glad to have their wares accepted and appreciated. Even the Gospel has to be sold, though without money and without price.

Mr. John Leitch, himself a sort of industrial engineer, makes no bones about this matter, but thinks it quite "professional" to sell the Square Deal—a commodity which people could have for nothing if only they saw its importance and knew how to use it. He sells the basic ideas of fair play between man and man, preaches the gospel of goodwill in business relations; and it must be confessed that these simple principles are much needed and that any man who should bring about the widespread use of them would do a great service to the business world. Mr. Leitch says that we do not secure in manufacturing—to say nothing of merchandising—more than 40 per cent. of our labor efficiency, and he attributes this great waste chiefly to the ill-will that pervades the industrial atmosphere. The mechanism of industry has attained a high degree of technical efficiency, and would be enormously productive but for this noxious by-product that poisons the men who run the machine and makes them want to injure and even destroy their very means of livelihood.

In their saner moments both employers and employees are glad to hear of a remedy for this condition, for they know that industrial relations are in a bad way, and that half measures and palliatives no longer serve. Welfare work and other expressions of benevolent feudalism are received with suspicion and ingratitude by the workers, who resent patronage and will not be made objects of charity. Besides, as Mr. Leitch says, a policy which abandons profit in order to give contentment to employees creates an eleemosynary institution and not a permanent, going concern, based on sound business principles. Efficiency

engineering largely fails because of lack of coöperation on the part of the workers, who dislike speeding-up and excessive supervision, and do not wish to become what G. K. Chesterton calls "a race of healthy, docile work-horses." Piece rates are unpopular for similar reasons, and when cuts are made the average worker makes a game out of beating the rates. Profit-sharing, even, is only moderately successful, as the workers do not understand the complicated methods of computing profits, the dividend periods are too remote, and frequently there is little or no profit to divide. Indeed, profit-sharing, in the opinion of Mr. Leitch, is basically unsound, because the laborer is not a co-manager, and profits are not to be mixed with wages. Stock purchasing also is ineffective, as the employee can not buy enough to give him any considerable interest in the business. Nor does trade-unionism improve matters, for it cultivates ill-will, builds upon it, and seeks to divide employers and employees into hostile camps, working at cross purposes even when not in open conflict.

To this situation, which in some cases is almost intolerable, comes Mr. Leitch with a well-considered plan of industrial democracy, and when he is given a free hand he proceeds to put it in operation. First, he prepares the mind of the employees by a series of weekly mass-meetings in company time, at which he discourses on the four corner-stones of the golden rule—justice, coöperation, economy, and energy—with a final address on service, the capstone of all. Meanwhile, he does personal work among the members of the force, and when the time is ripe he launches his scheme of self-government, which is modeled after the Constitution of the United States, and is usually adopted with enthusiasm. The Cabinet consists of the executives of the business, with the president of the company as chairman. It is primarily an executive body, with the power of veto, which in practice is seldom, if ever, exercised. The Senate is made up of under-executives, department heads and sub-foremen, and has coördinate powers with the House of Representatives. The House is the popular body, elected by secret ballot, with a representative for each department of 20 to 40 employees. Meetings of the Senate and the House are held weekly and always in company time, but business is largely transacted through committees.

As to the powers of the legislative bodies, the author is not very clear, but he says that no definite limits to their jurisdiction should be fixed. Apparently, they are expected to concern themselves chiefly with the betterment of conditions within and without the plant, and the general well-being of the

workers. For example, the employees of one company drew up a set of rules for their own guidance, dealing with such matters as hours and overtime, holidays, advancements, punctuality, care of materials and tools, diligence in work, grievances, use of washrooms, lockers and library—all showing a fine spirit of coöperation, with as much regard for the company's interests as their own. Questions of wages, also, come within the jurisdiction of the legislative bodies, and their help is of especial value in the fixing of scientific piece-rates. In every case the recommendations of the House and Senate have been approved by the Cabinet. Nor do the representatives always ask for higher rates, for in one case the reduction of a piece-rate from 42 cents to 11 cents was recommended because of certain labor-saving improvements, with the result that the workers earned more at the lower than at the higher rate.

An essential part of Mr. Leitch's plan, which has doubtless contributed much to its success, is the bi-weekly division between management and men of the "collective economy dividend"—a payment on top of wages which represents in money the interest in better work. This is determined by taking the cost of a unit of production in the period preceding the introduction of industrial democracy as compared with the cost after the plan has gone into effect. If there is a saving, one-half is the economy dividend, and is paid to the workers as an added percentage to wages at intervals not exceeding two weeks. Such a payment Mr. Leitch considers much more just than profit-sharing, on the ground that the compensation of workers should depend only upon factors under their control. Of course, many savings are due to the management, but Mr. Leitch has found that the majority of improvements are suggested by employees, and even where they are suggested by the management the hearty coöperation of the workers is needed to put them into operation. The question might arise as to how dividends should be calculated in a time of rising costs, but there is no insuperable difficulty here, as dividends may be based on relative savings in cost of production when, for instance, wages and materials have risen 50 per cent. over a former period, while production costs have risen only 30 per cent. It might also be objected that economies will soon reach their limit, but Mr. Leitch thinks that it will be a long time before this occurs, and if the day ever comes, some other plan for calculating dividends can be devised.

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Mr. Leitch is most enthusiastic over the success of his plan, which has been introduced in more than a score of factories—including the Packard Piano Company, William Demuth & Company,

the Printz-Biederman Company, and Sidney Blumenthal & Company, of the Shelton Looms—and given up by only two. Everywhere there has been a gratifying decrease in the cost of production, a notable reduction in the labor turnover, a marked improvement in the morale of the force, and highly satisfactory dividends, ranging from 5 per cent. to 17½ per cent. of the bi-weekly pay checks. Among the other benefits may be mentioned immunity from strikes and other labor troubles, abolition of the petty tyranny of foremen, increase in wages, reduction of hours, increased production without speeding, improved quality of output, and elimination of soldiering through the social pressure of the workers themselves. In general, there seems to be a fine spirit among the employees, who have come to regard the factory and the interests of the employers in perfect harmony with their own. This spirit affects not only internal relations but the quality of the product and the reputation of the company. As Mr. Bond, president of the Packard Piano Company, puts it, "If there is no harmony in the factory, there will be none in the piano."

Of course, there is little that is new in all of this. Yet Mr. Leitch's plan of workers' representation seems to have antedated the British Whitley Councils, and he has made a contribution toward the solution of the labor problem by the particular combination which he has suggested and by making himself one of the chief prophets or evangelists of industrial democracy. In all conscience, both employers and employees need the gospel of the square deal, but how shall they hear without a preacher? Socialists, syndicalists, and anarchists have done their best to spread the doctrines of class hatred and social revolution, and it is high time that those who believe in the possibility of industrial harmony and good-will should have a propaganda of their own.

Perhaps Mr. Leitch is a trifle too optimistic about the experiments which he has inaugurated. The good results which he reports may have been due as much to the stimulus of the war as to the scheme of representative government and economy bonuses. Possibly, too, the bonuses may have to be reduced when competition reduces profits to the pre-war basis, especially in the case of the less prosperous or marginal firms. The author says that there has never been a strike under his system, but the recent experience of William Demuth & Company shows that strikes are possible in the best regulated businesses. Hitherto the workers have been satisfied with very limited powers, their House of Representatives being obviously subordinate to the Senate and the Cabinet, but the time may

come when they will ask for more, and even interfere seriously with the management, as some of the Whitley Councils are said to have already done. These and other objections may occur to the reader of this most interesting and suggestive book, but the fact remains that bad feeling between employers and employees has markedly increased in recent years, and that if something is not done very soon to bring about a better understanding, there may be disintegration in the morale of the industrial army with far-reaching and disastrous results.

J. E. LE ROSSIGNOL

Notes on the New Girl

HELENA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE GROUND-SWELL. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

ALL contemporary fiction is more or less a note on her. As our own unique creature she holds the centre perhaps not of the action but certainly of the scene. Where'er she walks, men crowd into the shade. The spotlight gloats upon her, she adores herself, and there is no doubt that the young male, her playmate, accepts her delightedly. Whether she wears well as a spouse is a matter still to be tabulated, but the young fellows seem unafraid. . . . It is the old fellows, or perhaps rather the middle-aged fellows and their enslaved females who are afraid, or bored, or enraged, by this new protagonist of change. The enslaved females take the phenomenon more coolly, on the whole—whether as a fashion that has a right to its day, or as something inevitable and therefore acceptable, might perhaps be argued. Both views are represented in these two novels by well-known women writers of the older generation. The new girl has been edging into the foreground with Mrs. Ward for some time. Like many of her contemporaries, this observer has had it borne in upon her, slowly but firmly, that there is such a person as the new girl—a being actually existent outside the works of Mr. Wells and the plays of Mr. Shaw and the manifestoes of a noisy feminist minority. Some years have passed since the author of "Robert Elsmere" first yielded her heroine a cigarette, as a special privilege. Now that young person wears it (according to the novelists) as a matter of principle.

And so do her sisters and her cousins and her aunts; it is a point of breeding with the fastidious Buntingford of this story never to smoke in a woman's presence without offering her (as Pope might have called it) the frail nicotian lure. Other manners. . . .

And yet how far, with all her honest

effort, does Mrs. Ward really get away from her comfortable feminine Victorian heroine! Comfortable is not the word, since the Marcias and Lady Roses were always quivering on edge about something or other—uncomfortable variants from a comfortable type, let us say. Go to, she says, I know not gladly, but too well, what has been happening in the world since Victoria died. This new girl—I face her bravely, in all her outrageousness and all her charm. I see how these years of war have suddenly forced her growth, given her at once the freedom and power she has craved. But I do not and can not see that these things are of much use to her or, for that matter, are of too much real importance to her in her own deeper consciousness. Here is our Helena, beautiful, nineteen, with a year or two of ambulance-driving to her credit and a flock of advanced theories fitting about in her highly ornamental belfry. The war ends, her mother dies, leaving her in the hands of a middle-aged lord with a mysterious past and a hidden sorrow. Helena consents (at her mother's death-bed) that Buntingford shall be her guardian for two years, and prepares to be a handful in his hands. She must, she assures him, be free while living under his roof to follow her own code and receive her chosen companions. A tussle comes at once over the reception as her week-end guest of a notorious man about London (also a lord of the wicked kind). Buntingford wins, Helena expeditiously succumbs to his conquering generosity, and we seem well on the way to the revival of a very ancient performance. This, we believe, is really what Mrs. Ward would have liked to bring off. But she sees that it won't do. Just half way through, we get warning from the lips of the officially cynical Horne: "Isn't it one of the stock situations?—this situation of guardian and ward?—romantic situations, I mean?"

No—it won't do; middle age with a past may no longer fitly mate with glorious youth. Wherefore the mutual attraction of Buntingford and Helena is checked in time, and young Geoffrey French has the older man to thank for having turned the new girl into a fairly recognizable relative of the old one. Buntingford goes not unrewarded by his maker, being paired off with an old girl of his own generation. On the whole, the old girl "has it"; and for all Mrs. Ward's attempt to be impartial, she plainly enough sees the new girl only as a phenomenon or a phase which time will take care of very comfortably. Some years ago, if we remember rightly, Mrs. Deland expressed much the same view of her in "The Rising Tide"—where, however, she actually married the middle-aged guardian, or his equivalent.

Mrs. Foote takes her, one may say, but less to heart and more seriously. Her musing chronicle, "The Ground-Swell," is supposed to be written by a mother of brilliant mind and broad sympathies, wife of an American officer retired from active service early in 1914. The elderly, not yet aged pair have arrears of comfort and independence to make up, and set forth with zest upon the pursuit of happiness in a remote and carefully chosen corner of the Pacific coast. They camp, they plan to build the house of their dreams, and to be at home at last. But the mother's thoughts are much with her three grown daughters. Two are married, the first to a rich and dissolute Californian, the second to an average man with whom average happiness seems to be in store for her. What we hear of these two is not notably to their or our advantage. They are types endlessly harped upon in recent American fiction. And we do not see that Mrs. Foote's handling of the rich waster and his emotional wife is superior to that which, say, Kathleen Norris would give them. One episode drops to plumbless depths of melodrama. The book's value, apart from its merits of style, lies in its study of the third daughter, Katherine, the "new girl," who is so pathetically a changeling in her own household, and yet, for all we know, the legitimate daughter of these times. Her mother, like Helena's, looks with distrust and fear upon the revolutionary currents among which Katherine's bark exultantly dances. She wants her child for an everyday companion.

But being a daughter at home is not remotely within the plans of Katherine. She is full of the doctrines of freedom and self-expression and economic independence and the rest. She will "live her own life" in the thick of the biggest city she can find. In despair the mother tries to entangle her in love for a man, the romantic youth whom Providence has placed at hand, there on the Californian shore. In spite of herself Katherine takes the bait. It is her natural mating-time and she hears the call. But she is not a Helena. The spirit of the new-girl cult is in control. She has no notion of giving up herself, her work, to the dubious business of marriage. So it is as a "bachelor girl," laboring with a sort of violence among the poor of New York, and later as a nurse in France, flinging herself at death, that she lives out her brief span. "It is best to let things rest; but it grieves me to know there will never be wife or child for Tony": such is her mother's epitaph upon her. The honesty and ardor of the young creature, her Diana-like beauty and flaming egotism, are conveyed with uncommon vividness. Death snuffs her out unconquered by love. . . . The ep-

itaph is a good one. And good is that glint of comment on the whole sex-defiant, or, if you will, marriage-defiant movement, the bachelor ménage wherein Katherine and her room-mate can think of no better names for each other than "husband" and "wife."

H. W. BOYNTON

Literary Paris

THE PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE FRANCE I KNOW. By Winifred Stephens. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MISS STEPHENS and Mr. Maurice both know their Paris well. The latter says in his Introduction that "this book has been in my mind and in hand for many years. The writer first saw France as a boy of eight. He was there many times in the course of the impressionable 'teens. It was when he was in the early twenties that the literary associations began to take hold of him." Miss Stephens's book is more ambitious and she has not had Mr. Maurice's long preparation for her task—"this book tells among other things of seven visits to France in War-time," she says in the Foreword. Both have fallen under the irresistible charm of France and its capital, and though we may not always agree with some of their comments and conclusions, may discover a slip here and an omission there, these defects are rare and not serious and only slightly mar two books worth the reading even by old stagers of European travel.

Mr. Maurice has a chapter on Zola's Paris. He takes us to many of the haunts and lodgings of the "Father of Naturalism," but when he comes to the fatal night in 1902, all we are told is that "the sudden and tragic end came in an apartment of the Rue de Bruxelles." Here Mr. Maurice lost an opportunity to give us an interesting picture of the last home of Zola, in a rather pretentious old *hôtel* in a quarter full of residences of the Louis Philippe period. He might have described the little waiting room on the left of the big entrance door hung round with framed color prints; he might have said a word of the main staircase littered with old wood carvings and bric-a-brac, of the dining-room and billiard-room on the second floor cluttered with large pieces of antique furniture and showy porcelain, but with nothing very choice or artistic about them.

What Mr. Maurice says of Henri Barbusse and "the questionable but powerful 'Le Feu'" would have been strengthened if he had informed us that this one-time hard-pushed reporter of the *Matin* now lives on the top floor of a modern house in a new street in the

rather uninteresting quarter behind the War School, and that when you get up to the top of the staircase and enter his cosy little flat you find there not only a tall, willowy man, cordial and sympathetic, but also a pretty, attractive blond wife, the daughter of that leonine-headed Catulle Mendès, the once-famous *littérateur* of the Boulevards. Mr. Maurice might have stated, too, that one of the first veterans to recognize this rising young writer was this same Catulle Mendès who praised in print a thin volume of poems, the only time that Barbusse has courted the Muses; and then, if he could have satisfied our curiosity as to whether this praise led up to the marriage or whether it was in consequence thereof, his two lines on the author of "Clarté" could have been expanded into two or three delightful and instructive pages.

Mr. Maurice tells how one day in the streets of Paris, Victor Hugo was pointed out to him riding on the top of one of the old two-horse omnibuses; but he says he always remains skeptical as to whether he had seen the real Victor Hugo. If it was on the *impériale* of one of the horse tramways of that time, it was most certainly the poet, for he preferred the tramway to the omnibus, and shared a very general habit of those days for seeing Paris for three sous from a high seat. One of Mr. Maurice's most unfortunate lost opportunities is also in connection with Victor Hugo, when he mentions the modest little house in which the poet spent the last years of his life and where he died. There were so many things to say of this spot! He could have told us of the side entrance through the other little *hôtel* which stood next to it on the south, on whose site rises to-day a towering *maison de rapport*. Here dwelt the deputy and ex-minister Edouard Lockroy, the stepfather of Victor Hugo's two grandchildren. And if you wished to get a peek, without any fuss and feathers, at the great man, M. Lockroy would take you in through the door which joined the two houses, where, in the little drawing-room, after lunch or dinner, you would find Victor Hugo standing up with his back to the mantelpiece, allowing himself to be courted, and now and then vouchsafing an Olympian utterance.

And think of Mr. Maurice mentioning Maeterlinck and never taking his readers into that quaint old residence in the Rue Raynouard, on the heights of Passy, where the sturdy peasant-like Belgian lived in and around 1900. This odd-looking *hôtel*, cut in two by a colonnade, with its sloping garden, its wide view over Grenelle, the Champ de Mars, and the hills beyond, would have been a fine subject for Mr. Maurice's pen.

And why, while presenting us to Tur-

geniev did he not take us to the Viardot house in the Rue Pigalle, lead us up to the study on the second floor, where, back in the eighties, we should have found this superb Russian, superb in thought and stature; Berlioz, Alfred de Musset—both at one time *habitués* of the *hôtel*—these and so many other celebrities would have come upon the scene?

One of Miss Stephens' sins of omission is so flagrant and unjust to a noble Frenchman that we can not refrain from pointing it out. She says that Maurice Barrès, in 1915, in the Chamber of Deputies, was first to propose a national holiday in honor of Joan of Arc, whereas the real author of this movement was the late Senator Joseph Fabre, who brought up the question in the French Senate in the summer of 1894, after having agitated the subject many months before in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Fabre, who was one of the authorities in France on everything pertaining to the Maid of Orleans, called his proposed innovation "a patriotic *fête*," but M. Barrès and his friends have belittled the idea, and to-day this celebration on the second Sunday in May, the anniversary of the deliverance of Orleans, has really degenerated into an attack by ultra-catholicism on modern republicanism.

THEODORE STANTON

The Run of the Shelves

MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT has sprayed with ink some of the leading characters in Bohemian London—that tempered Bohemia which culminates in knighthoods and dines at the Savoy. Her subjects are usually, her facts sometimes, interesting; but her work, like other works of its class, makes one realize how little the memory holds, how little even the perception grasps, of recordable interest in interesting people. Mrs. Scott spares no pains to animate her subject. She writes a vivacious style, a girlish style, a style with crisp, crinkling paragraphs, and a frou-frou of exclamatory phrases. Expressions like "awful come-down" and "perfect scream" furnish proof enough that Bohemia does not truckle to Oxford. She can rise to seriousness, however: "The adamant hand of Death gripped him in his icy clutches." This would congeal any reader. In her dedication, which, though ungrammatical, is rather good, she complains that her friends do not understand her—a remissness for which every reader of her book will admit that her friends are inexcusable.

The little notes that Mrs. Scott has wisely saved often tell us more than the glancing, but shredded narrative. Here is one from Ellen Terry:

I send this, which wants no answer, to

say I much hope you are not going away because you are really ill, and to wish you every good thing on your journey. Will you take me to Japan?!!! Oh! I want to go there! By Jingo! You'll be missed here. I may chance to see you before you start, but, if not, I pray God be with you, and God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ELLEN TERRY

The mixture of fermentation, affection, piety, and swagger in this curvetting little note is human, feminine, histrionic, and Ellen-Terryish—the four things that a note from Ellen Terry ought to be.

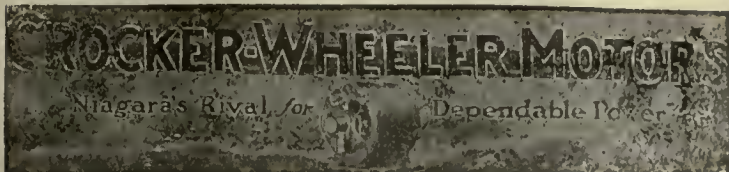
There is a good deal, naturally, about the dramatic critic himself. The writer of this comment does not know a great deal about Clement Scott; he has always felt that Clement Scott was a person about whom he could wait to be informed. This book offers no basis for a final judgment; the tentative impression that it leaves is that Clement Scott was a Triton of the minnows, a dictator of the revels, taking his own work with a seriousness which he required everybody else to share. Mr. Bernard Shaw's undoubtedly sincere opinion that Clement Scott was sensitive to art in acting should be set down to the credit of the critic's insight and the author's liberality. It is curious that in the satire of Mr. Shaw's alleged portrait of Clement Scott in the "Philanderer," the man should be more likable than in the apotheosis to which he is exalted by his wife.

When Dr. Solf, Colonial Secretary under the Imperial Government, was in charge of the Foreign Office after the revolution, he allowed Dr. Johannes Lepsius to examine all the documents in the archives relating to the Armenian atrocities. The results of his investigation are contained in a volume of over 500 pages, entitled "Deutschland und Armenien, 1914-1918, Sammlung Diplomatischer Aktenstücke" (Potsdam: Tempelverlag). The author does not shrink from admitting the terrible extent to which the Turks have carried their wholesale massacre of a subject nation. He reckons that of the 1,845,450 Armenians living in Turkey before the war, about a million succumbed under the sufferings inflicted on them by persecution, murder, disease and starvation. Of the surviving 845,000 about 200,000 are left in their own homes. An equal number are scattered, 250,000 have fled to the Caucasus, and 200,000 are living or starving in concentration camps, where they have to pay for their shelter with the renunciation of their creed. Dr. Lepsius has the less reason for concealing or extenuating these facts as the documents which he prints bring convincing proof, as he believes, that the German Government was not guilty of complicity in this systematic exter-

mination of a whole people. He has printed long notes and remonstrances addressed to the Sublime Porte by the German Ambassador, Freiherr von Wangenheim, and his successors, which were invariably answered with the excuse that the Armenian question was a purely internal affair, which should be exempt from interference by a foreign Government. Dr. Lepsius' clemency is all too readily extended to the Imperial ally of the Sultanate. It may be pleaded, in extenuation of the German Government's guilt, that it could not have substituted coercion for remonstrance without risking a breach of the alliance, but that very excuse implies the confession that Germany was willing to pay the Armenian blood-money for the continuance of Turkey's support. And, though officially, as these documents printed by Dr. Lepsius prove, the Germans have done their diplomatic best to stop the cruelties, they have individually been accomplices of the Turks by connivance and commission. Though Dr. Lepsius had been able to multiply his official material a hundredfold, the German Government would still stand condemned by the evidence of four German eyewitnesses of the massacres, all teachers at the "Deutsche Realschule" in Aleppo. That evidence is contained in a moving appeal addressed by them to the Foreign Office at Berlin, dated from Aleppo, October 8, 1915. One of them, Dr. Graeter, wrote: "The Germans, with rare and laudable exceptions, look passively on, excusing their inactivity by saying: 'We need the Turks.' I also know that an official of the German Bagdad Railway had orders from his superiors not to assist the Armenians, and that German officers brought complaints against the German Consul at Aleppo for showing sympathy with the wretches." And when the Armenians of Urfa refused to evacuate their town, "the German commander, Count Wolf von Wolfskehl, ordered the place to be bombarded, and a thousand male inhabitants who had surrendered themselves were shot at his command." This active coöperation with the murderers in a "purely internal Turkish question" shows to what limitations the argument for non-interference was subject.

Most persons believe that clouds get the bulk of the moisture for rainfall from the ocean. In reality they get more of it from the forests, which absorb and evaporate incredible quantities of water. "The largest steam boiler in use, kept constantly boiling, could not evaporate more water than one large elm would in the same time," says Inez N. McFee, the author of "The Tree Book" (Stokes). There she has brought together a number of facts which will

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This article on THE MENACE OF INFLATION, written by George E. Roberts of The National City Bank, formerly Director of the Mint, appeared in THE REVIEW November 22, 1919. Frederick Strauss, of J. & W. Seligman & Co., New York, says of it:

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make the reader regard with greater interest the largest forms of vegetation which seem, like the elephant and the hippopotamus, survivals of ages when it was fashionable to be gigantic. Fruit trees are not included in the author's scheme, but she has chapters on oaks, maples, elms, willows and poplars, beeches, walnuts, and a number of other tree families, whose life stories are told in simple style, for both children and adults.

'L'Italiana in Algeri'

WHEN, in the Metropolitan prospect a few weeks ago, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the director of that house, announced "L'Italiana in Algeri," a few, if not most, opera-goers smiled and scoffed. I confess that I was one of them.

"Why," they commented, "should so archaic an example of opera-buffa be unearthed at this late day, when modern operas, of much greater fame, shrieked for production at the Metropolitan?" And they were right enough, at least in theory, in preferring modern operas to opera-buffa.

But, after hearing (and, above all, after seeing) this particular work, like many, I felt grateful, not incensed. There is no harm in this "L'Italiana in Algeri." Indeed there is a great deal to admire in it—a sprightliness of style, a melodic grace, a touch of sentiment and humor of a brand which, though now ancient, still has power to make us smile and even laugh. Apart from its own worth, which is quite real, it has historic interest. Rossini wrote it at the early age of twenty. And, though in places it showed Mozart's gracious influence, it had enough merit of its own to be almost a miracle.

The story which it tells is an invention of the librettist, Angelo Anelli, who did not care how much he strained plausibilities to devise a comic scene or situation. The heroine, Isabella, has been shipwrecked on the Algerian coast. There, with her middle-aged and unwelcome suitor, Taddeo, she is captured by a pirate, known as Haly. He has been ordered by Mustafa, Bey of Algiers (or some province in the neighborhood), to bring him an Italian for his harem. The former favorite of the Bey, Elvira, appears to have palled on him and he has commanded her to wed his slave, Lindoro.

Mustafa, though a tyrant, has good points. He has an eye for beauty and a pretty wit, which Taddeo fails to see when the Bey threatens him with impalement for disturbing him with the heroine. In Lindoro, Isabella finds a lover whom she had lost and mourned in Italy as dead. From that moment she

sets all her wit to work to beguile the Bey into releasing his three captives.

The way in which at last she gains her end need not be told. It has the guileless imbecility which marks most opera-buffa. The Italian wife at last persuades her heathen master to allow her to return to her own land with Taddeo and Lindoro, while Mustafa, slightly fuddled, soon consoles himself with his despised Elvira.

The plot allows the singers opportunities for quips and cranks, for grotesque invention and at times for serious love-making. Except at moments, in the long recitatives, with piano accompaniments, the music, though old-fashioned, seldom tires. The orchestration here and there is less perfunctory than one might have feared it would be. One passage (for French horn) is Weberesque. And the finales at two points are quite inspiring.

A ballet, introduced in the third act, will charm the uncritical, although it may distress some by the antics which pass muster at the Metropolitan as examples of African dances. For the musical there is the much talked of Rossini "crescendo," which the composer had already used in his first opera, "Tancredi." It is worth noting that in "L'Italiana," as in other works, Rossini made his heroine a contralto. For at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as we have read, the high solo parts in some Italian operas were still sung by male sopranos.

"L'Italiana" should do very well indeed here, for a season or two. It gives rare chances for the florid style of singing which was once so popular. And, of the artists in the cast, a few are equal—or at least not quite unequal—to the calls upon them. If less successful in this frivolous kind of work than in the sustained dramatic music of "Aïda," Gabriella Besanzoni (Isabella) has ease and vivacity, marred now and then by a slight lack of the distinction one expects in the chief characters of even opera-buffa. Adamo Didur, as Mustafa, has the grotesquerie permitted by the part. His Bey has been inspired by Bolm's exhilarating Czar in "Le Coq d'Or." The Lindoro of the young American tenor, Francis Hackett, has much grace; and, as Taddeo, de Luca again proves himself an accomplished baritone. Rosina Galli, no doubt, does the very best she can with the absurdities of her "Algerian" dances.

But the most admirable features of this revival of the old Rossini opera have been contributed by the scene-painters and costumers of the Metropolitan. The Mauresque interiors, some of which are really beautiful, delight the eye; while the picture of the shipwreck charms by its strangeness and its brave barbaric color. The costumes, on the other hand,

enchant one by their artistic vividness. The blues and grey blues of one group of dances, more especially, are exquisite. And in arranging certain tones of rose and saffron, worn by the Bey's eunuchs, the costumers and designers of the opera house have shown rare taste.

There is nothing in Rossini's score to worry the skilled Metropolitan orchestra; and the conductor, Mr. Papi, was quite easy in his direction of the musicians.

To what mocking critics have denounced as "date hounds," it may seem worth mention that "L'Italiana in Algeri" was produced at the Venetian Fenice in 1813. It was performed for the first time here at the old Richmond Hill Theatre, in 1832, and revived in 1844 at what was known as Palmo's Opera House. The last revival of this pleasing work took place at the Academy, sixty-one years ago. Since then "L'Italiana" had been very comfortably laid away in lavender.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News American Books of 1919

THE question was: Will you name about fifty representative American books of 1919, or books published approximately within the past twelve-month? The answer, as I give it, names a few less than fifty, in order not to repeat juvenile books and gift-books previously mentioned here. This list should be useful in selecting gifts, but it consists of books chosen primarily for their contents rather than as fine editions.

In biography: "The Education of Henry Adams" (Houghton), which antedates 1919 slightly; W. R. Thayer's "Theodore Roosevelt" (Houghton); Seitz's "Life of Artemus Ward" (Harper); Ellsworth's "A Golden Age of Authors" (Houghton); Admiral Fiske's "From Midshipman to Rear Admiral" (Century); Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," Vols. 3-4 (Houghton).

It has not been a good year in American fiction. Among the best books are: Hergesheimer's "Java Head" (Knopf); Alice Brown's "The Black Drop" (Macmillan); Mary Watts's "From Father to Son" (Macmillan); Tarkington's "Ramsey Milholland" (Doubleday); Black's "The Great Desire" (Harper); Zane Grey's "The Desert of Wheat" (Harper); and Van Loan's "Taking the Count" (Doran).

For the stage, and dramatic criticism: Mayorga's "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors" (Little); Belasco's "The Theatre Through Its Stage Door" (Harper); Brander Mat-

thews's "Principles of Play Making" (Scribner); Nathan's "Comedians All" (Knopf), and Baker's "Dramatic Technique" (Houghton).

Four volumes of poetry and its criticism: "Starved Rock" (Macmillan), by Masters; "Pictures of the Floating World" (Macmillan), by Amy Lowell; "The New Era in American Poetry" (Holt), by Untermeyer and "New Voices" (Macmillan), by Marguerite Wilkinson.

In art and architecture: Van Dyke's "American Painting and Its Tradition" (Scribner), and "Architectural Styles for Country Houses" (McBride), by H.

H. Saylor. In history and politics are some important titles: Rhodes's "History of the United States From Hayes to McKinley" (Macmillan); Charles Edward Russell's "Bolshevism and the United States" (Bobbs); Glenn Frank's "Politics and Industry" (Century); Professor Sloane's "Powers and Aims of Western Democracy" (Scribner); Edward A. Ross's "What Is America?" (Century); John Spargo's "Bolshevism" (Harper), and Judge Grant's "Law and the Family" (Scribner). Our part in the war is described in Brand Whitlock's "Belgium" (Appleton); Frederick Palmer's "Our Greatest Battle"

(Dodd); Powell's "The Army Behind the Army" (Scribner); Simonds's "History of the World War," Vol. 4 (Doubleday), and Woolcott's "The Command is Forward!" (Century).

Essays and miscellany include: Charles S. Brooks's "Chimney Pot Papers" (Yale Press); "Mr. Dooley on Making a Will" (Scribner); E. W. Howe's "Ventures in Common Sense" (Knopf); Dreiser's "Twelve Men" (Boni); Mencken's "The American Language" (Knopf); W. L. Phelps's "Reading the Bible" (Macmillan), and William Beebe's "Jungle Peace" (Holt).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

[SECOND EDITION]

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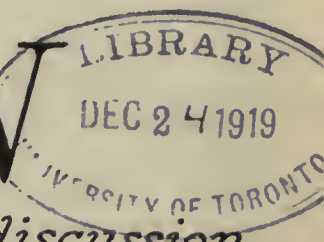
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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion



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CAN anyone point to a word or act of President Wilson's from November 11, 1918, to the present day, that was designed to gain the good will of the members of the majority party in that body whose consent is necessary for the ratification of treaties?

WE ask this question not with a view to fixing upon the President the blame for the present deadlock. As has been well said, there is blame enough to go round. The one thing for which the *Review* is anxious, and which all along

it has done its little best to promote, is that all sides should get together in a reasonable spirit and effect speedily as good a settlement as is obtainable. But there are at the present moment two things which bring acutely to the front this particular aspect of the treaty story. Dispatches from France have brought expression after expression of the feeling there that America has failed to live up to what Europe had every right to expect. Thus Monsieur Lausanne, editor of *Le Matin*, says:

The man who landed upon our shores a year ago, escorted by a great fleet of battle-ships and accompanied by a sumptuous staff of Generals and experts, was the President, elected and in full power, of the United States. We could not consider him as other than the representative of the American people. And when outside of the mysterious chamber where he closeted himself with his two partners to shape the fate of the world the President of the United States spoke to us, we were bound by all the laws of international decency to listen to his advice and to take account of it. We have not the right, we French, to interpret your elections, to shape your affairs nor to arbitrate between your political parties.

Now it may be urged, and perhaps justly urged, in behalf of Mr. Wilson's course, that it was only by representing himself as the unchallenged spokesman of his country that he could hope to play an effective part in the shaping of the terms of peace and of the character of the Covenant. But if it was necessary for him to assume that rôle in his dealings with the representatives of foreign Powers, the assumption clearly carried with it the correlative duty of making sure by every means within his power that the expectations which he thus inevitably aroused would not be disappointed. Whether the French knew it or not, he himself knew that without the assent of the Senate he could do nothing, and that that assent was not to be counted upon as a matter of course. Yet it would be difficult to name a single movement on his part—whether in the choice of his associates, in the announcements of his purposes, or in his relations with the members of what had become the majority party in the country—that was calculated to secure that co-

operation upon which the fulfillment of the great engagement that he had taken upon himself necessarily depended.

THE other thing that compels attention to this phase of Mr. Wilson's relation to the treaty is the authoritative statement given out from the White House in which it is declared that the President intends "that the Republican leaders of the Senate shall continue to bear the undivided responsibility for the fate of the treaty, and the present condition of the world in consequence of that fate." This may be merely a strategic move; but it is bad strategy, and the sooner it is abandoned the better. The primary responsibility for the fate of the treaty is upon the President himself. It would be so even if his endeavors to promote its acceptance had been of ideal excellence. It is doubly so in view of his having failed to take those measures which the accepted rules of human intercourse prescribe as necessary for responsible statesmen. Plenty of blame rests upon others, it is true; but his own share, so far from being removed, is immeasurably emphasized by the adoption, at this crucial stage of the country's need and the world's, of an attitude of defiant aloofness. It was not necessary for him to make any public statement; if he did make one, it should have been directed towards the promotion of friendliness, not hostility. Fortunately, the hope is not precluded of a movement on the part of the Democratic Senators to bring about a settlement which, though not instigated by the President, may command his approval. His words do not explicitly shut out such a conclusion. But if he means more than he says, if he really stands in the way of the only possible solution of the difficulty, let him not imagine that there will be any possible escape from the awful responsibility for failure which his mistaken self-confidence will have concentrated upon him.

AMERICANISM is a good thing, but not everything is good that is said or done in its name. Silly and mis-

chievous are the adjectives that come most readily to hand when one reads of the pledge that it is proposed to require the children in the public schools of New York City to take as a protection against revolution. "I will actively oppose all revolutionary movements such as Bolshevism, anarchism, I. W. W.-ism, or any movement antagonistic to the laws of the United States, or tending to subvert the Constitution of the United States." A child whose parents are good Americans does not need to take the pledge, and a child whose parents are the other way will, in nine cases out of ten, be a liar and a hypocrite if he takes it—supposing, of course, that he understand what it means at all. We know of no better way to make patriotism odious than to force this sort of pill down the throats of little children.

IT is much to be hoped that Princeton's campaign for funds, which opens this week, will take no harm from the announcement, first, that Mr. Frick had bequeathed fifteen millions to the University and, later, that this splendid gift would be very considerably reduced through the operation of the tax laws. Just how much will eventually come to Princeton does not yet appear. The best thing she can do is to leave wholly out of consideration for the present Mr. Frick's nobly generous intention, go out for the whole sum that she may need in order to continue her usefulness, and get it. She deserves it.

SOMETHING of that spirit which, until the treaty tangle got us all to quarreling, most Americans hoped would emerge directly after the war is to animate the exposition next week at the Grand Central Palace in this city. There, beginning Monday, the Community Recreation Associates, in coöperation with 146 public-spirited organizations, will point the way, by a great diversity of exhibits and activities, to the realization of a neighborly feeling towards our fellowmen and to the possibility of revivifying American life in accordance with its sound traditions. The common sacrifices of the war and the fine spirit of coöperation which they generated make the task seem not impossible of perpetuating beyond its special season at least a modicum of the Christmas cheer. At this exposition, as at the Armory of the Seventy-first Regiment under the auspices of the Liberty Chorus, there will be entertainments for thousands of children of poor families, with professional clowns to caper in their midst; and, in more sober ways, young, aspiring America will see manifold outlets leading to good citizenship.

One of the most important features at the Grand Central Palace will be the American Central Committee for Russian Relief. With such persons in

charge as Charles W. Eliot, Elihu Root, Princess Cantacuzene, Mrs. Rockhill, and Mrs. McAllister Smith, one may be certain that the relief contemplated is sober and solid. The multiplicity of demands upon our sympathies should not blind us to the fact that by helping Russia now, under wise direction, we may be shaping the course of events in a momentous degree.

IT was to be expected that there should be some falling off in the country's response to the Red Cross Roll Call, which, it was planned, should come to an end on Armistice Day, but which in many localities has been continued until Christmas. The Red Cross, in a process of transition from a war basis to a peace basis, was scarcely able to make its most effective appeal to a country which was inclined to excuse its very natural lassitude on the ground that the war was over. The falling off, however, which may prove to be very small indeed, will still leave the Red Cross, with upwards of twenty million members, an organization of tremendous power, and as it gets into the full stride of its peace work more and more may be expected to respond to its appeal for universal membership, such an appeal as no other organization would dare to make. The Red Cross is faced with the problem of making good in time of peace, as it triumphantly made good in the war, not merely by speedy response to great and sudden calamity, but by steady constructive work in upbuilding the health and well-being of the community. With its tradition and its experience behind it there can be no doubt of the issue.

MR. HOWELLS is entitled to a full share of the fun that arises from a blunder in the circulation department—or was it clever publicity?—which sent to his address a circular offering to teach the art of the short story in forty lessons. They are amusing, these modern sophists who will teach anything for a price, and no money down at that. It would be pathetic if they were merely exploiting the human desire to be wise, to be beautiful, to be skilled in the arts, to receive greetings in the market place. Such desires are honorable to their possessors, and it is a pity to have them destroyed. But the lure held out, the lure which brings in the business, is the cash value that will accrue to the possessor of all these teachable commodities. On this basis a large part of the people is apparently willing to be fooled a large part of the time, and hardly deserves much sympathy.

UNDER the pressure of economic needs in Germany, the right of self-determination is in danger of being perverted by the voters into a means of es-

caping from their duty as taxpayers. The Danish Government is faced by the difficult problem how to prevent the creation of a German irredenta on the country's southern frontier. This is a queer world. Germany began the war, her rulers professed, to safeguard German soil against foreign aggression, and now that the war is lost that German soil is not too precious to be bartered for a lighter income tax.

TO the dead who have not died in vain, Maurice Maeterlinck has dedicated some beautiful pages in his latest book, "Les Sentiers dans la Montagne." "Far from being a loss, those dead are our treasures, because they reveal and adorn the national conscience, and because, in order to attain to them, to equal them, we must rise, we must lift ourselves without ceasing. There are dead whom the living could not replace, and the thought of whom achieves things which their bodies could not accomplish. There are dead whose *elan* overcomes death and recovers life; and nearly all of us are at this hour the mandatories of a being more great and noble and grave and wise and living than we."

IF to the making of books there is no end, there seem to be very definite limits to the public's willingness to buy books. These limits are set less by considerations of quantity than by considerations of season. Most people, apparently, buy books in December. Does that mean that they buy them only to give them away? A dangerous practice in these days, when every man as never before needs brains and the wisdom born of experience. Books are distilled brains; books are condensed experience; books are not merely pretty gifts, they are the necessary equipment of the big game we all have to sit in, willy-nilly. Or is it at this season that people make literary provision for a sort of desert isle betwixt Christmas and summer? This, too, is a practice not unattended with danger. Events move with greater rapidity than before, and books as never before keep pace with them. The world of January and February is not the world of December, and the books of January and February teach us what December did not know. Teach us, if one insists, what March and April will prove to have been but inadequate knowledge; but no one ever said that these were easy and comfortable times. Yet they are times with a challenge which the vigorous mind rejoices to accept, times in which only the vigorous mind, the mind willing at some effort to keep itself informed, can hope for effective survival. So much depends on the willingness and the ability of great numbers of people to think straight and to some end. Books offer at once the guidance and the materials.

The Position of Labor

AN aftermath of the abortive Industrial Conference of October was the gathering of representatives of more than a hundred labor unions, including the four railroad Brotherhoods, which met at Washington last week upon the call of Mr. Gompers. The result of the meeting is embodied in two pronouncements of widely different character. The country has received with a warm welcome the short and emphatic resolutions which "repudiate and condemn the policy of Bolshevism and I. W. W.-ism as being destructive to American ideals and impracticable in application." This satisfaction is lessened but not destroyed by an examination of the voluminous "bill of rights" issued at the same time, although in it there are many things which will not stand examination, from the standpoint either of American principles or of sound economic thought. In such a document—for the term "bill of rights" is a misnomer—one expects to find some crude and extravagant assertions, both of principle and of fact. Taken as a whole, the declaration does not impress us as manifesting an extreme or bitter spirit.

In particular, it should be noted that what is said about the relation between the cost of living and the rate of wages is essentially sound and reasonable. Protesting against the "belief that wages should be fixed on a cost-of-living basis," the declaration says:

This idea is pernicious and intolerable. It means putting progress in chains and liberty in fetters. It means fixing a standard of living and a standard of liberty which must remain fixed. America's workers can not accept that proposition.

Labor has a perfect right to aim at as high a standard of living as it can, by a legitimate use of the opportunities which industrial conditions present, acquire for itself. While the belief thus protested against may not be so widespread as the declaration implies, there are no doubt a great many people who imagine that some kind of natural equity fixes the remuneration of labor at about its accustomed level.

With another protest against a current opinion on the connection between wages and cost of living, we are also largely in sympathy. The labor men refuse to accept primary responsibility for the present high cost of living, and, though they commit the corresponding error of ascribing it in undue measure to profiteering and the like, they justly give the first place in the process of causation to the "inflation of money and credit." They do not mention—what is nevertheless notoriously true—that many large classes of workingmen are in the enjoyment of wages advanced upon a scale far beyond that of the cost of living; but in saying that "labor has been

compelled to struggle desperately to keep wages in some measure up to the cost of living," they are right, provided it be understood that this applies not to all of "labor," but to a large part of it.

Of very different character, however, are the declarations relating to more fundamental questions. The demand "that the judges of our Federal courts shall be elected by the people for terms not exceeding six years," and the denunciation of the power exercised by those courts to pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress as a usurpation of authority, are in essence a demand that the Constitution, instead of being modified, if necessary, by an orderly process, shall be warped in the special interest of a class. The proposal that control over credit "should be invested in a public agency, able to administer this power as a public trust in the interest of all the people," is a wild project for which the only excuse is that its proponents have little idea of what it really means. The sweeping accusations against the forces of "reaction" which "seek to reduce wages and thus lower the standard of living," are largely the product of an inflamed imagination.

But the most important, as well as the worst, of the objectionable features of the declaration, is the stand it takes in relation to the right to strike. There might possibly be some doubt as to the absoluteness with which that right is asserted, were it not for the declaration that the right of persons employed "in national, State, and municipal service . . . to organize and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, must at all times be fully safeguarded." It is absolutely essential to the vitality of government that its command over those directly engaged in public service be complete and unchallenged. No one is compelled to enter the public service, and if he does, he must accept the conditions upon which alone that service can be made to perform the functions for which it is instituted. Nor can there be any doubt that some restriction will have to be placed upon the right to strike in services the paralyzing of which is almost as destructive of the public weal as that of the Government itself. Yet no glimmer of recognition of this principle is to be found in the declaration.

It would be idle to deny that capitalists and employers have in the past shown a deplorable blindness in ignoring the rights both of labor and of the public. But it is equally undeniable that they have now been brought to a better mind. The signs of it are all round us; and the part of wisdom for labor is to recognize what has been gained and make the most of it, rather than to perpetuate antagonism, and to alienate public sympathy by an unreasonable attitude. In a "Statement of Principles Which Should Govern the Employment Rela-

tion in Industry," submitted by the employer group to the Industrial Conference at Washington in October, there is clear evidence of a liberal spirit. Thus on the subject of the open shop:

The principles of individual liberty and freedom of contract upon which our institutions are fundamentally based require that there should be no interference with the "open shop," that is, the shop in which membership and non-membership in any association is not made a condition of employment. While fair argument and persuasion are permissible, coercive methods aimed at turning the "open shop" into a "closed union shop" or "closed non-union shop" should not be tolerated.

The statement also recognizes the need that "each establishment should develop contact and full opportunity for interchange of view between management and men, through individual or collective dealing, or a combination of both, or by some other effective method;" and it recommends the study of plans "for adding to the fixed wage of the worker" by such plans as "bonus premiums, profit-sharing, and stock ownership." We are living in a plastic time, and it should be the endeavor of all who realize how much depends on the right use of its opportunities to find whatever is good on both sides, and thus bring about a real advance in the whole industrial situation—an advance which shall rest both upon good will and upon a genuine understanding of economic facts.

The Truth and the Newspapers

UPON no subject has the *New Republic* been more passionate in its exhortations than upon that of the alleged suppression of freedom of opinion in this country. In a recent issue it referred to the danger that a particular bill—which, in our judgment, it justly opposed—would "wipe out the last vestige of freedom of speech and press in the United States." In that same issue, an editorial under the head "The Call to Toleration," closed with a warning to "American educators and lawyers" that "if they begin by sacrificing freedom of speech to what is supposed to be the safety of Constitutional government, they will end by sacrificing Constitutional government to the dictatorship of a class." Surely, if the *New Republic* is right in its diagnosis of the situation, the matter is about as serious as anything can be.

It is a little disconcerting, therefore, to find one of the leading editors of the *New Republic* declaring that the issue of freedom of opinion is but "a subsidiary phase of the whole matter"; that, so long as people are "content to argue about the privileges and immunities of opinion," they are "missing the

point and trying to make bricks without straw." We hasten to add that in Mr. Walter Lippman's articles in the *Atlantic*, from which these quotations are made, there is nothing that is inconsistent with the position of the *New Republic*; the point we are making is one of psychology rather than of logic: if the state of things about suppression of opinion is half so bad as the *New Republic* represents, it is a little difficult to imagine any one in the thick of the fray calmly referring to it as "a subsidiary phase of the whole matter," and turning his mind to quite another phase of it as being the only one worthy of really serious attention.

We are far from saying that the trouble to which Mr. Lippman draws attention is not a real one; and indeed, except in a few statements scattered here and there through the articles, he hardly exaggerates it. The difficulty of finding out the truth, in the endless maze which the complexities of present-day news presents, is no less than he represents it. And, since "true opinions can prevail only if the facts to which they refer are known," the great thing to do, according to Mr. Lippman, is to go "behind opinion to the information which it exploits"; to make "the validity of the news our ideal."

So far, so good, but how are we to go about it? Has Mr. Lippman anything to offer which gives fair promise of meeting what he represents as so desperate a need? If liberty is really in danger; if the problem that he poses is, as the title of his first article puts it, "The Basic Problem of Democracy"; if "everything else depends upon it"; if, furthermore, as the *New Republic* is constantly telling us, we are in imminent danger of losing even such poor liberties as we have enjoyed in the past; then the great question is, by what means is that protection to liberty to be obtained which is thus seen to be doubly indispensable to the continued working of democracy?

All that Mr. Lippman says about this is interesting, and much of it is perfectly sensible; but it gets nowhere. And it gets nowhere because, with a superficial appearance of dealing with the practical difficulties of the problem, it misses the very heart of the difficulty. Mr. Lippman wants better trained journalists; he wants men who have had a genuine discipline in the weighing of evidence, so that they may distinguish between what is trustworthy and what is doubtful or incredible; he wants men who will exercise a due sense of proportion; he wants impartiality in the presentation of news. We all want that; and though some of us think we are getting it in a far greater degree than he thinks we are, we all admit that we are not getting it so completely as is to be desired. The chief point, we take it, at which the man who really knows

the nature of the difficulty will diverge from Mr. Lippman relates to the possibility of its being removed either by training, or good intentions, or systematic precautions. All these things may help; but they will leave the main difficulty just about where it was.

Let us glance at one or two of the requirements that Mr. Lippman lays down for the ideal reporting which is his aim. "Closely akin to an education in the tests of credibility is rigorous discipline in the use of words. . . . Just so long as big words like Bolshevism, Americanism, patriotism, pro-Germanism are used by reporters to cover anything and anybody that the biggest fool at large wishes to include, just so long shall we be seeking our course through a fog so dense that we can not tell whether we fly upside-down or right-side-up." Now it is very rarely that reporters talk about Americanism, or patriotism, or the rest of it, on their own hook. They use these words, either in direct quotation or otherwise, in stating the views of public characters of one kind or another. Are people in general to abstain from the use of these terms until an accurate definition of them has been arrived at and has commanded general assent? The history of any of the moral sciences affords impressive warning of what may be looked for in this direction. With the best will in the world, and with a vast amount of the keenest intelligence and the most sincere effort, economists, for example, have been unable to agree upon the definition of those terms upon which half the controversies of economic sciences have turned. But the difficulties in this case are as nothing in comparison with those that affect terms so wrapped up with emotional content as are such words as Americanism or patriotism. Desirable as it undoubtedly is that we should all of us, from the President of the United States down to the cub reporter, use words more definitely than we do, it may be set down as certain that if our ability to tell whether we are upside-down or right-side-up depends on our getting rid of *that* fog, we shall have to go on in this state of uncertainty to the end of the chapter.

Mr. Lippman also wants the reporter not only to desire to tell the truth, and to be equipped with such a sense for evidence, and such an accurate command of words, as to enable him to do so, but to have that kind of insight which is necessary for the detection of the true significance of news. So say we all of us; and in point of fact the most successful and most sought-after reporters of to-day owe their prominence to their possession, in one way or another, of this faculty. The trouble is that any man's estimate of the significance of news is essentially dependent upon that man's own point of view. Mr. Lippman, for

example, is sternly and honestly anxious to have the news reported without bias; yet this is his ultimate formulation of the ideal reporter's attitude:

While the reporter will serve no cause, he will possess a steady sense that the chief purpose of "news" is to enable mankind to live successfully towards the future. He will know that the world is a process, not by any means always onward and upward, but never quite the same. As the observer of the signs of change, his value to society depends upon the prophetic discrimination with which he selects those signs to place before his readers.

Is it quite certain that the world will get a more accurate representation of what is going on in it by trusting to the "prophetic discrimination" of gifted super-reporters than it manages to extract out of the mass of mere ordinary reporting which the instinct of the news-gatherer now provides?

Mr. Lippman does make one practical suggestion which may quite possibly bear important fruit. He is fully conscious that the reform for which he is pleading can not come about through mere exhortation, and he proposes a definite method of compelling it:

Change will come only in the drastic competition of those whose interests are not represented in the existing news-organization. It will come only if organized labor and militant liberalism set a pace which can not be ignored. Our sanity and, therefore, our safety depend upon this competition, upon fearless and relentless exposure conducted by self-conscious groups that are now in a minority. It is for these groups to understand that the satisfaction of advertising a pet theory is as nothing compared to the publication of the news. And having realized it, it is for them to combine their resources and their talent for the development of an authentic news-service which is invincible because it supplies what the community is begging for and can not get.

That such a news-service as is here indicated would have to be reckoned with, and that it might contribute much to the public knowledge of vital facts, may be admitted. But the idea that "organized labor and militant liberalism," acting through the agency of reporters whose highest function it would be to "select" the signs of the times with "prophetic discrimination," would supply an absolutely "authentic news-service" is a notion whose naïveté makes criticism superfluous.

The trouble about getting at the truth lies deeper than reporting, and deeper than anything connected with the organization of the newspaper press. To try to improve these is a worthy and important task; but fortunately it is not true that the preservation of liberty or democracy is dependent on any such improvement as Mr. Lippman contemplates, since that improvement is out of the question in any foreseeable time. We do have to fumble our way through a vast mass of meaningless and misleading reports and assertions; but though

this impedes progress, no fatal damage will befall us through the presence of this obstacle.

The direction in which important betterment may most reasonably be looked for is that of the ascertainment of facts quite different in character from those which Mr. Lippman seems to have chiefly in mind—the specific facts which affect our daily life. To deal with these things demands no superlative insight and no prophetic discrimination; but it does involve enormous difficulty, and the means of grappling with the difficulty are exceedingly meagre. In spite of all the vast apparatus of statistical bureaus, it is almost impossible to get the vital facts involved in any economic controversy. So simple a matter as the cause of the high price of milk or eggs is involved in endless doubt, not because the papers do not want to tell the truth about it, but because apparently nobody knows. When the Government tells us about the practices of the big packers, the public is left altogether in the dark as to the degree in which those practices have caused the high prices of meat, or whether they have had any part at all in causing it. When a great strike occurs, it is next to impossible to find out the vital facts about comparative wages on which, if known, the public would make up their mind as to its merits. The “high cost of living” has been with us a dozen years or more, and yet hardly anybody knows whether it is really high cost of living or merely high prices—or even knows that the two things are to be discriminated, one from the other.

We believe it would be possible to organize some kind of bureau of information whose business it would be to give out illuminating bulletins on all such questions. We do not believe that the world will perish without it; and we are fully aware that it will be an extremely difficult thing to institute it, and when instituted, to conduct it as it should be conducted. But it would be a very real and great contribution to public enlightenment—a preventive of many hysterical and futile agitations and a help towards the prosecution of genuine measures of improvement. It would need the service of a small staff of men of extremely high personal and scientific qualifications and of course of a considerable body of trained subordinates. It ought to be organized by private initiative, and its authority would have to rest entirely upon the character of the men who were placed at the head of the work. It would not be a panacea, but it would be a mighty help towards clearing out a portion of the jungle. And its example might even afford some help towards substantial improvement in the wider and more perilous field of general political and social news, over whose sad condition Mr. Lippman is so painfully concerned.

Alden Weir

THE late Alden Weir carried into American painting a quality of æsthetic conscience akin to that of Mr. Howells, and Henry James in his early phase. To make a precise and delicate record of observation was his aim. Whether his theme were a New England factory village, a bunch of roses, or a finely bred American girl, he sought to tell the true truth of the matter. While insisting on its main characteristics, he neglected none of its shades and overtones. Thus his painting, while technically austere, was mentally very rich. He saw more than most painters, and he saw better. While he had the best training of the Paris schools, there never was a more American spirit, but American in a peculiar and limited sense. From the new America of immigration and quantity production he stood quite apart.

His task was to fix the survivals of an older America. His little towns that nestle quietly in their river valleys, amid maples, are such as Thoreau loved to sketch in prose or Whittier in verse. They have a frail, intense charm. Similar is the character of that notable gallery of young girls. They are fine and earnest, trained in scruple and nicety of thought and conduct. They are the descendants of Miss Catherine Sedgwick's heroines, and of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's—as rare in their somewhat brittle perfection as a Colonial meeting-house rising amid blast furnaces of yesterday. An observer of any imagination will ask: Will their daughters be like them? or are they the last wintry flowers of a summer forever past?

Alden Weir was too much the artist, too good an eye and too fastidious a mind, to obtrude such legitimately sentimental considerations. These things are implied rather than underlined in his painting, but they are always there. And they give to his art a quality of race, which makes it unique. No one not an old American can understand the element of delicate truthfulness in his portraiture whether of persons or places.

To express this vision he made the fullest and most discreet use of all the resources of the new impressionism. Born May 30, 1852, at West Point, he had his first training from his father, an excellent painter and instructor in drawing at the Military Academy. Alden Weir early followed the new current to Paris. From 1872 his talent and his extraordinary masculine beauty, as of an athlete by Polyclitus, soon made him a marked personage. He worked under the best of the academic teachers, Gérôme, and soon attained a style of great ease. In the age of the *morceau bien fait*, few could handle the brush with more elegance. Occasional flower and game pieces survive to show that Alden Weir could have rivalled Chase in the

creation of lovely surfaces and textures. But there was something to express that could not be compassed in that fashionable mode.

Returning to America in 1876, Alden Weir undertook the long task of reshaping an established style in the light of the new luminism. His mature pictures are built in an infinity of strokes and tones. The surface constitutes a restrained iridescence between the observer and the object. Unlike the Parisian luminists, he never forsook the determined contour and the well calculated pattern. His method was often unfavorably criticized. People complained of the kneaded and dissociated quality of his textures. The same objection was made to the very similar technic of George Frederick Watts, who in the decorative, as Weir in the luministic field, built up his pictures by insensible increments reflecting his own thoughtfulness. Current criticism never is quite just to pictures that to attain their end must be much thought over and worked over. All the world loves a juggler, in whatever art.

To Alden Weir came a slow and solid recognition. The National Academy made him an associate in 1885, and a member in 1886. He was a leading figure in the Society of American Artists, and later in the Ten American Painters. He was for several years President of the National Academy. While his practice was early crystallized, his taste remained liberal. He was unafraid of the new experiments and eccentricities, having a quiet confidence that in the long run the more excellent methods would prevail. Probably no artist of our day in America was more generally respected or more genuinely admired by both conservatives and radicals.

Among his peers he was at once an imposing and a winning personality—strong, sensitive, resolutely honest, courteous without affectation or compromise. His pictures are in the Luxembourg and our best American galleries. He had full and deserved meed of honor, and regarded it modestly as merely an incentive to new endeavor. Even in his latter invalidism, he retained much of that classic beauty which is perpetuated by Orrin Warner in one of the greatest of American portrait busts.

It is too early to appraise Alden Weir's accomplishments justly. No one but his friend Twachtman has expressed so well certain evanescent appearances in our American landscape. His series of women's portraits breathe training and discipline in pictorial intimations which are paradoxically precise and subtle. Whatever his final position as a painter, he has been immensely significant to us of older America. It is not likely that he will be neglected by the new America which is about to fulfill or supersede us.

The Russian National Movement

THE energetic correspondent of the New York "Times," Mr. Walter Duranty, has recently communicated much interesting information concerning affairs in the Baltic, but it is unfortunate that from that isolated point of observation he should also have indulged in generalizations concerning the national movement in other parts of Russia. If these generalizations were to be accepted as true, it would appear that the campaigns led by Kolchak and Denikin were attempts to restore a Tsarist régime in Russia and were not based upon popular support, whereas exactly the contrary is true.

No one can trace the history of these two great movements of the constructive forces in Russia to restore the national Russian state without feeling a thrill of admiration at what has been accomplished in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. Admiral Kolchak raised an army out of the sparse population of Siberia, drove back beyond the Urals Red forces that outnumbered his own at least three to one, and only succumbed when his troops found themselves almost entirely without munitions and supplies. There is a double tragedy in this, in that the Allies and America, entirely satisfied with his liberal policy and aims, had promised him support, and this support was not forthcoming. The result has been the overrunning of all Western Siberia by the Bolsheviks, and all that that means of suffering and degradation for the Russian people. In the South, a little body of but four hundred men, led by the indomitable Alexeiev and his successor, Denikin, kept alive the struggle against the Bolsheviks. Out of this nucleus grew the Volunteer Army, which suffered incredible hardships, cut off from all support, until finally it won through to the Black Sea after the armistice and then, for the first time, learned of Germany's defeat. Receiving substantial aid from England, this force grew rapidly, and, by its remarkable campaign of last summer, swept north and liberated some thirty million people from the clutches of the Soviet Government. The enthusiasm with which the Russian people welcomed them may be judged from the fact that on the freeing of Kiev, over 19,000 volunteers from that city joined Denikin's colors. But Denikin is dependent upon an area of territory that is utterly disorganized and incapable of furnishing military supplies, whereas the Bolshevik power has at its disposal the vast reserves of munitions left from the war, and has not had to manufacture any.

That either of these two branches of the Russian national movement is in any sense an attempt to restore the old ré-

gime is entirely false. It is undoubtedly true that among the supporters both of Denikin and of Kolchak are many conservatives and reactionaries, but they do not in any way direct the policy, nor are they indeed so numerous as the officials and supporters of the old régime that are to be found in the ranks of the Bolshevik forces.

It is important to us in America to know the probable effect of a failure of these national movements. The Bolshevik experiment has entirely failed to obtain popular support in Russia, and rules by terror. It has likewise brought economic ruin and put an end to production. It has, however, built up a strong military machine, which, according to the best available information, now has at least 450,000 soldiers of the line. Not more than 100,000 of these, and at that the least efficient, are engaged on the northwestern front. Although much has been made in the press of the prowess of the Letts, Esthonians, and Poles, the real work of detaining the main body of the Bolshevik army has been done by the poorly equipped but devoted forces of Denikin and Kolchak, and this in the face of disappointment and discouragement. If these movements fail and the Soviet Government is able to dispose of an army of nearly half a million men for the purpose of spreading the Bolshevik revolution by force of arms into Eastern Europe, the outlook is indeed dark. There is no force in Poland or Czechoslovakia that could withstand the onslaught, and Germany, cherishing bitter resentment toward the Allies, and in desperation over her own situation, would welcome a coalition with such a formidable military force. Indeed, the preliminary steps for such a development have undoubtedly already been taken by Krasin, the pro-German Commissar of Trade and Industry, and by the host of German officers serving in the Bolshevik army.

The question arises as to whether we have, at such a terrible cost, defeated German Kaiserism only to fall victims to a still more dangerous imperialism. Kaiserism, hateful as it was, did not purpose the destruction of culture, whereas the new imperialism threatens the very foundations of our civilization. In its present form, the question is primarily one of military force. Common sense says that if we can sustain effectively the liberal Russian national movements until the autocracy at Moscow shall have collapsed or have been overthrown from the inside, we may thereby, at no human cost to ourselves, avert the menace of a still greater war than the one brought to a close a year ago. Strong and speedy support of the Russian people in their present crisis may save Europe from the conditions of the Thirty Years War and spare us enormous sacrifices in the future.

The Peace With Bulgaria

WHEN the peace terms, which Premier Stambuliski, a fortnight ago, signed at Neuilly, were presented to Bulgaria, we gave as our comment at the time that their most striking feature was their lack of finality, as the questions how to dispose of the Dobrudja and of Western Thrace were left unsettled. The difficulty that faced the conference was chiefly that the only enemy of the Entente in the Balkans was also the most promising among the States. Bulgaria had to be punished for her complicity with the Central Powers, but also she had to be spared as the chief importer of Western culture in those untutored parts. A liberal educational system has carried the Bulgarian far ahead of his Serbian and Rumanian neighbors. Punishment without clemency would have sacrificed the future.

The United States representatives were the advocates of the lenient policy. The upshot of the deliberations was unavoidably a compromise, but the compromise is of the worst nature: a decision not to settle the most vexed issues. The Dobrudja was taken from Bulgaria by way of punishment, but not straightaway ceded to Rumania, as there seemed to be ethnical reasons for assigning at least part of it to Bulgaria after all. This half-hearted procedure was repeated with regard to Western Thrace. It was not given to Greece, but the principal Allied and Associated Powers reserved to themselves the right to dispose of it at some future date by transferring part of it to Greece and incorporating the remainder with Eastern Thrace as an international state or by returning all or part of the territory to Bulgaria.

This scrupulous avoidance of a decision will, in its effects, be more disastrous even than the cocksure handling of the same material by the Conference of Berlin in 1878. The indefinite status of those two contested territories will prove the source of new unrest and war. This is the more regrettable as the present conjuncture offered a unique opportunity for arriving at something like a definitive settlement. Of the four principal factors that made for war in the past, three have lost, temporarily at least, their power for evil: Turkish misrule, Austrian distrust of Russian Pan-Slavism, and Germany's "Drang nach Osten." It is only the rivalry between the Balkan States themselves that has survived the conflagration. It should have been felt as an imperative duty by the Great Powers assembled through their representatives at Paris, to quench that smouldering fire by the vigorous exercise of their power definitely to prescribe the future boundaries.

In one instance, indeed, they have

done so: by assigning to Serbia the Strumitza district of Macedonia, a measure evidently destined to safeguard the Saloniki railroad from a Bulgarian attack. But this strategic gain is obtained at the cost of something more precious: the good neighborhood of Bulgarians and Serbs, between whom the Macedonian question has been a bone of contention, since the Treaty of Berlin provided that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be occupied and administered by Austria. From that time on, Serbia, balked of her hope to achieve a union with those Serbian lands, sought to make up for the disappointment by extending the limits of Serbian nationality to the south. In 1889 Serbia even concluded a treaty with Austria under which she waived her claims to Bosnia and Herzegovina in exchange for Austria's support to Serbia in penetrating the valley of the Vardar. The world war, however, has realized the Serbian aspirations towards a union of all Serbian and Croatian nationalities, and thus removed the chief cause of discord between Serbia and Bulgaria. But the Peace Treaty of Neuilly, in establishing Serbia's right to part of Bulgarian Macedonia, threatens to keep the old conflict alive.

Even more dangerous than this decision on strategic instead of on ethnical grounds is the postponement of a decision as to the fate of Southern Dobrudja, Western Thrace, and what is left of European Turkey. The Dobrudja was forced upon Rumania in 1878, as compensation for that part of Bessarabia which the Berlin Conference assigned to Russia. The Bulgarians hold that since Rumania has annexed the whole of Bessarabia, the Dobrudja should revert to its former owners. The southern part, the district between Silistria and the sea, is unquestionably a Bulgarian land, and the Powers, by leaving its fate uncertain, furnish the Bulgarians with food for anti-Rumanian agitation. Nor is the animosity between Greeks and Bulgarians likely to subside as a result of the peace of Neuilly. The Greeks have a strong claim to the whole of Thrace and, on historical grounds, to the city of Constantinople, and if they were allowed to expand their territory at the expense of the hated Turk, both in Europe and along the Greek coast of Asia Minor, their gain would bring a two-fold advantage—it would rid Europe both of her Asiatic intruder, and of Greco-Bulgarian hostilities. The redemption of their brethren under Turkish rule would reconcile the Greeks to the Bulgarians receiving a corridor to the Aegean Sea, as promised them under the Neuilly Treaty. But the Powers have made this promise without at the same time creating the conditions which alone can prevent its execution from arousing fresh animosity and strife. The Thracian question, together with that of

Constantinople, has been left pending in the apparently ill-founded expectation that the United States would accept a mandate for the city, and an area of some extent outside.

The difficulty of dispensing justice all round is no sufficient excuse for this failure to arrive at a definite settlement. The great Powers together formed an imposing alliance which could have prescribed its will to all the rival states. The creation of a fixed status, even at the risk of injuring here or there some national susceptibilities, would have been preferable to this continuance of uncertainty which keeps ambitions hopeful of their satisfaction, and rivals envious and suspicious of each other.

A French View of the Treaty

M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX, the French historian and former Minister of Foreign Affairs, appears to have exercised great influence on the conduct of affairs during the war as an unofficial adviser of the Government. In a recent book on the Treaty of Versailles he has printed a memorandum submitted by him to the French Headquarters on November 11, 1918, in which he unfolded his ideas as to the course that should be taken. "As a necessary premise," he wrote, "be it stated that we must conclude a 'grand' peace. A 'grand' peace implies the organization of Europe. In order to bring about that organization we must first of all form a nucleus of closely allied nations, three Powers on a similar level of culture. That will constitute a certain ascendancy over the other allies, and also a certain disjunction from the United States. It would be a great danger if we put America out of temper. We owe her our gratitude for the help she has given us in evil days, and she represents a great power which can counterbalance the power of others, and can form a court of arbitration. In her, also, is embodied the ideal and the democratic principle. But that does not alter the fact that it is the Powers of Europe that are especially concerned in European questions. Those affairs are our proper domain."

The meeting in London of M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and the Foreign Minister of Italy seems the beginning of that nucleus which M. Hanotau had in mind when he addressed himself to the French Headquarters. America's voluntary disjunction from Europe has, from M. Hanotau's standpoint, the beneficent effect of impressing the Governments of the three great Entente Powers with the need of removing all disruptive matter that may thwart its growth. The Fiume tangle seems to be nearing a settlement, thanks to this renewed consolidation of the signatories

of the Treaty of London. If recent dispatches from Italy present the situation correctly, the United States will be confronted with a *fait accompli*, France and Great Britain having given their sanction to the annexation of the city by Signor Nitti's Government. Europe is taking the management of her affairs into her own hands, and, unhampered by American interference, sets out to restore her domestic peace herself. Thus indirectly Mr. Lodge, by his opposition to the peace of Mr. Wilson's making, appears to become the pacificator of Europe in the manner M. Hanotau would like to see it pacified.

From the French point of view, this development of events has certainly much to recommend it. Domestic peace is best secured where the master of the house has undivided control. But the difficulty is that the European family will not recognize France as its master. It wants a League of Nations in which each member of the family has a voice which safeguards the national right of self-control, it does not want to be controlled by a League of Conquerors. For to that the Alliance amounts which M. Hanotau would charge with the organization of Europe. By its present authority it doubtless can pacify Europe more effectively than the cumbrous machinery of the League of Nations could, but its temporary efficiency in the curing of present evils does not prove that the lasting welfare of Europe, and the world at large, would be best secured by the continuance of this tripartite government. It may answer its purpose as a maker of peace in the present emergency; if it were to become permanent it would tend to the undoing of its own work. Germany having recuperated her strength would never brook its control. The neutral nations, though powerless to resist it, would resent their enforced obedience to its rulings. No peace can be lasting which is not the object of the joint control of all its participants. A triple Alliance for the organization of Europe can not fulfill the function of an international League, with the United States as a disinterested partner, for the peaceful maintenance of a Europe thus organized.

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FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

Labor Not a Commodity

What might be toward, that this sweaty
haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with
the day,
Who is't that can inform me?

WHEN Marcellus thus queried as to the bustle in the war industries of the Danes, he gave a simile of the union of labor and capital of our time. They are in essence as different as night from day, and yet are as irrevocably bound together as are night and day by the rotation of the earth. Labor is the effort of human beings in industry; while capital is the outcome of an abstinence from consumption of past production, in order to have a fund with which to enlarge the efficiency of labor—provided they can work together coöperatively. Impersonal capital is transferable at a price by its owner to another's use, as when a farmer hires out his horse: but labor can not be detached from its personal author, and is offered at a price only in company with the laborer himself. Thus, these two factors of production belong in entirely different categories; they are entirely different in kind; but both are absolutely necessary to the common end. Therefore, we are apt to be led into some confusion when we pass on to the question of the relative remuneration for their services to production.

Wages are paid for human effort; yet the laborer remains a freeman; he does not sell himself, but he sells his mental or physical qualities during a specified time, for wages. If a drainage ditch is to be dug and there are legions of unemployed men ready to work, the physical labor required is certain to be offered in competition at a less price than if men were scarce. This truth is demonstrated every day, in many a country. What else keeps wages low in India, or in China? On the other hand, if war sucks up men into the army and carries them off to France, taking away machinists and hired men at will from shop and farm, a feverish demand for a diminished number of workers sends up their price. This is a matter of common knowledge. We can not escape the facts of our every-day life. Moreover, trade unions are formed on the very assumption that wages can be raised by a limitation of competitors. Still further, the main reason for the higher remuneration of skilled workers is that they are, by the very fact of possessing superior skill, less numerous relatively to the demand for them than the unskilled. That relative scarcity or abundance affects the rate of wages does not imply that human beings are like commodities, but only that human effort at any given time or place may vary in supply and conse-

quently in price. Doctors of philosophy were at one time so numerous in Germany before the war that they commanded little more than starvation wages. Therefore, to rant about the crime of treating labor as a commodity is like making a crime out of the law of gravity. And for employers (as was recently proposed) in the give and take of the industrial conflict to grant that labor is not a commodity is like trying to get credit for a compromise by admitting that gasoline will never run an engine. Whatever our casual words, the forces of nature go on just the same.

This new philosophy of labor, however, goes farther. It proposes to put labor on "a new footing." Sitting in his chair of state King Canute forbids the waves of the sea from rising up the beach. Observing that natural forces prevent unskilled labor from getting the rewards of monopoly it is valiantly proposed to make a thing so by saying that it is so. With our itch for overcoming nature, and the imperfections of human beings, by legal enactments, in the Clayton Act of 1914, Congress, at the behoof of Labor leaders, announced "that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce." Did that law make it so? Certainly it did, but only in the purely legalistic, not in the economic, sense. For legalistic purposes it was intended to exclude combinations of labor from the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. That is, illegal combinations organized to deal with impersonal goods were forbidden; but organizations dealing with human labor were supposed not to be engaged in trade. Of course, organizations of labor had not been, and could not be, forbidden; and even now, if unions or any other combinations violate the law, they can be indicted.

This theory that labor is not a commodity, however, is being pushed for reasons quite other than legalistic ones. To obtain sympathy for a cause, an appeal to sentiment, when argument fails, is generally effective. Covered by the catchword that labor is not to be treated as merchandise, is the intent to insist that the wages of labor should not be affected by the operation of a relative abundance or scarcity of labor; that is, that wages should be paid without any regard to scarcity or abundance of labor relatively to the existing demand for it. It follows as a corollary that skilled labor, occupying a position of relative scarcity over unskilled labor, has no claim to higher wages. There is, after that, only one short step to equality of wages for all men, that is, to communism. The descent to Avernus is easy. If the wages of labor are not to be re-

garded as affected by its abundance or scarcity, by what supplanting principle is it to be regulated when on its new footing? Nothing definite has been proposed on this point. When pounding the table of Senator Kenyon's committee, Fitzpatrick roared only for "justice, decent justice."

But it is unfair to expect the builders of the new social order, while so busy in tearing down the old fabric, to have had time and gray matter to give to so unimportant a question as the principle regulating wages.

In a large and vague way, however, it has been proposed to keep wages as high as ever, even if goods fall in price, or to demand a share in the control of industry. Thus, if seated at the head of the table as carver of the roast, labor could determine the size of its own slice and leave the bone to the other partners. And why not? Has not capital been giving labor only the bone in the past? In the new order there is to be a change in the president of the feast. In such a proposal they are reckoning without the cook and the provider. Where did the roast come from, anyway? To claim that labor produced it all, is to talk unadulterated Marxian socialism; that labor is the sole cause of value. By way of a trial marriage, let labor and risk try out living together alone, leaving despised capital to a silent solitude. As soon as they find they can not get on without shelter and furniture, without factory and machinery—to say nothing of daily bread and materials out of which to fashion the product to be placed on the table before the carver—they break out with a tirade on the existing social system; that the rights of property are the main cause of crime; and that capitalists are robbers, whose savings should be taken over by the state, so that the unthrifty may share the results of thrift. That way madness and Russia lies.

Partnership and a share in the control of industry, of course, can come only by an arrangement through which the possessors of factories and equipment voluntarily agree upon coöperative action with labor and expert management, and a full understanding as to where the risk of success and failure falls. Some of the clamor for a solution of the labor problem by granting a share in the control of industry is probably intended by a few honest minds to place the labor contingent in a position where they can see for themselves in competitive industries that there are not excess profits to share. Certainly, for one instance, the railway Brotherhoods know they could not enlarge their wages out of the profits of the railways; hence their demands on the Government that will lay the increase on the weary taxpayer.

Nevertheless, apart from a justifiable

desire to have a voice as to working conditions, the main demand for a share in the control of industry—when it is not purely revolutionary socialism—is based on a hope to create a form of productive coöperation. Such a form of industry is easily obtainable, where labor itself can furnish the capital and management.

But it is asking the impossible, when labor can not provide the capital and management, to ask those in established industries who possess these essential factors, to agree to grant their results to those who have them not, and who are relieved from all risk of success or failure.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

The Ukrainian Kaleidoscope

IT is indicative of the confusion of Eastern European affairs and of the size of the problems presented by them that a vast territory containing perhaps the richest agricultural lands and natural resources of Europe, and inhabited by some twenty-five million people, should constitute for us a veritable *terra incognita* at the present moment. There is, indeed, less accurate information coming out to us concerning what is taking place in the region known as the Ukraine than from Soviet Russia. Yet this region and its problems can not but exert an enormous influence on the settlement of European affairs, and indeed it may be asserted that the restoration of agricultural and industrial production in the Ukraine is a fundamental necessity for the resumption of normal economic life in other parts of Europe.

The situation is confused for many reasons. There are cross currents, political, social, and economic, and various intermixtures of all three, so that it is impossible to draw general conclusions based upon developments in any one field. There are, however, certain basic facts upon which must rest any analysis by which it is hoped to clarify the present situation.

The basic problem of the Ukraine is and has been the economic problem as related to the land, in other words, the agrarian question. The people of the Ukraine constitute simply a branch of the Russian stock. The Malo-Russ dialect is, to be sure, slightly different from the Great Russian, but there is not connected with this, in the minds of the mass of the people, the slightest sense of nationalism or any feeling of separatism. If you ask a Ukrainian peasant his nationality, he very likely will say: "I am a peasant." The word "Ukraina" simply means "border-land" or "frontier region," and while the region includes the earliest Cossack settlements, the mass of the peasant population is perhaps more purely Russian in descent than the Great Russians themselves.

It is necessary to bear this clearly in mind as a corrective to the extensive propaganda carried on for a number of years in the attempt to develop a nationalist and separatist Little Russian movement. This propaganda was in accord with the policy laid down by Bis-

marck, looking to the weakening and dismemberment of Russia, and it was vigorously pursued by Austria for at least two decades preceding the war. There are in the Ukraine three general classes: the peasants, and among them the industrial laborers; the land-owners and public officials, and the intelligentsia, or professional classes. As stated above, there was among the peasant class, which forms the bulk of the population, absolutely no separatist feeling; their economic interests bound them closely to Russia. The land-owning class, like the officials, were Russian in their sympathies. It was the small class of intelligentsia upon whom the Austrians worked, and who saw in Ukrainian independence an opportunity to satisfy their political ambitions.

The revolution of March, 1917, was welcomed by the Ukrainians with the same general rejoicing as by the rest of Russia, and was regarded by them as an action in common for the winning of democratic liberty. Not much time passed, however, before a group was formed of the intelligentsia which carried on an active agitation to secure from the Provisional Government Ukrainian autonomy. The Rada fell under the influence of this group, and when the Provisional Government decided that the question of autonomy must be left to the Constituent Assembly, this Rada, on June 24, 1917, itself proclaimed Ukrainian autonomy. As a result, the Provisional Government consented to establish a special ministry for Ukrainian affairs, under Vinnichenko, and made concessions to the Rada which, in general, encouraged the forces that made for separation. In spite of this, it must be noted that the movement for independence was entirely artificial, and that Ukrainian opinion was in favor of autonomy within a united Russia, as was definitely shown when a Pan-Ukrainian Congress of peasants' delegates at Kiev, in September, 1917, adopted a resolution to this effect. The proponents of independence, however, were not satisfied, and started an agitation among the other nationalities, calling a Congress later in September, composed of representatives of the Ukrainians, Tatars, Georgians, Cossacks of the Don, Lithuanians, Jews, and Letts. This Congress, while not

declaring in favor of independence, resolved that Russia should become a Federated Democratic Republic, and that the Russian delegation at the future Peace Conference should contain representatives of the nationalities interested, that the Russian army should be reorganized on nationalistic lines, and that separate national legislative assemblies should be convoked in order to determine the relations of the different members of the Federation to the Central Government.

It was while this agitation was going on that the Bolshevik *coup d'état* took place at Petrograd, and this changed the situation materially. Immediately the Rada proclaimed the Ukraine an independent republic and chose Golubovich as premier president.

Two dangers threatened the Ukraine: on the one hand, the spread of Bolshevism, and on the other, an invasion on the part of Germany. It so happened that the Rada, in order to rid itself of the pro-Russian, land-owning and official class, had encouraged the peasants in the seizure of estates. Now they saw before them the prospect of a coalescence of their own population with the Bolshevik movement in Russia. Their fear was heightened because of the formation in industrial centres of workmen's and soldiers' Soviets. When they themselves entered the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, they found themselves confronted by the delegation from the Soviets, contesting their right to represent the Ukraine.

Presently the Soviet authorities drove them out of Kiev, and Golubovich called in German assistance. It was, of course, the expectation of the German-controlled Rada that the Germans were there to back them up in the dismemberment of Russia, and only too late did they realize that the chief object of Germany was to secure food. To this end the Germans, first of all, started to restore the land-owners as a means of increasing the food supply. This naturally alienated and infuriated the peasants, and the Rada found itself between the upper and the nether millstone, hated by the land-owners, against whom they had abetted the peasants, and hated by the peasants for bringing in the Germans. The feelings of the peasant class may be realized when it is remarked that by a clause of the agreement with the Germans the Ukraine promised to furnish 576,000 tons of wheat before the next harvest. As a matter of fact, they obtained, up to the time of the armistice, but 64,000 tons. Golubovich was obliged to resign, and the law and order crowd gathered around Skoropadski, who, in April, 1918, was proclaimed Hetman. This choice met with the approval of the Germans, and Skoropadski became their willing co-worker. Although he carried out harsh measures for the res-

toration of order and for the elimination of the local authorities that had been chosen in the towns and in the country districts, Skoropadski did not show any particular capacity for government, and conditions did not improve. It must be remarked, however, that in spite of their requisitions, the Germans handled the local food situation with skill, and the inhabitants were far better provided for than under later administrations.

With the defeat of the Central Powers, another quick change took place. Skoropadski endeavored to shift quickly to a pro-Entente orientation, but did not succeed in winning the confidence and support of the Allies, although he went so far as to publish, on November 14, a declaration of federation with Russia.

Shortly afterwards a revolution broke out against him, and there is little doubt that the leaders of the German occupation played an important part in inciting it. At this time, Petlura was under arrest in Kiev. These military chiefs demanded and secured Petlura's release, and presently he made his way to Belaia Tserkov, where he placed himself at the head of a regiment of Ukrainian troops, some eight hundred in number. This movement, which had in reality been carefully prepared in advance, grew rapidly, and presently succeeded in overthrowing Skoropadski and taking possession of the capital. A Directory of five members was formed, and on December 17 took up its headquarters at Kiev. The assumption of power by the Directory was accompanied by a mass of arrests and executions, and stringent orders were issued forbidding all agitation and propaganda unfavorable to the new Government.

Meanwhile Petlura and the Directory found considerable difficulty in dealing with the Bolsheviks in their midst, who carried on an active agitation in the army. A number of these agitators were shot, and Petlura telegraphed to Denikin, proposing a programme of common action against Bolshevism. The Soviet Government, however, pretended that it was ready to recognize the independence of the Ukraine, and Petlura, deceived by their friendly words, entered into agreement whereby in return the Directory legalized the existence of a Bolshevik party in the Ukraine and authorized its propaganda, provided it were not directed against the rule of the Directory. This was a fatal mistake, and in a short time the clever and lying propaganda of the Bolsheviks developed serious difficulties for the Government throughout the entire extent of the country.

While Petlura professed the doctrines of the Social Democratic party, and sought their support, it must be said that in general, in the absence of any popular support, his actual programme

and policy differentiated him but little from the Bolsheviks of Russia. He succeeded, indeed, in putting down the Bolsheviks within his borders, and carried on war against Bolshevik Russia, but there was little to choose between them. It soon became evident that he was in reality only an adventurer, taking advantage of the unrest and disorders arising from the agrarian situation, to lead a horde of Ukrainian marauders against a similar crowd of Russians.

On December 11, 1918, he succeeded in occupying Odessa, a city entirely Russian in its sympathies and relations, which could not properly be connected with any purely Ukrainian movement, but Odessa and its surrounding territory had been occupied only a week when a detachment of the Volunteer Army, supported by the French and other Allied troops, reoccupied it. The disgraceful story of the French occupation, with its profiteering in foodstuffs, its machinations against Denikin, and its shameful evacuation of the city to the Bolsheviks, forms a black chapter.

Petlura's subsequent movements and changes of policy are difficult to follow. The only part of the Ukraine which has had any real interest in separatism and independence is Galicia, and Petlura himself is of Galician origin. Naturally, he counted most of all upon the support of the agrarian populations, and played up their desires to seize land and retain the properties that they had taken from the land-owners. He looked with jealousy upon the rapid successes of Denikin and the Volunteer Army, because he knew that this meant the reuniting of Russia. Under these conditions, it was not possible to find a basis for common action against the Bolsheviks, and the further advance of Denikin led to open conflict with Petlura's troops. Common action would very likely have resulted in the crushing of the Soviet power, but Petlura, as an ambitious adventurer, must needs play his own hand and appeal to a factitious nationalism in the Ukraine. Of the latest developments definite news is lacking. Apparently, however, Petlura's forces are disintegrating, and only Denikin's difficulties in his struggle against Soviet Russia prevent his bringing the whole Ukraine under the South Russian Government.

That one day the Ukraine must again become part of a united Russia, albeit with proper reservations as to autonomy, seems unavoidable, both because there is no real desire for independence on the part of the people, and because it is completely bound up with Great Russia by economic ties. The natural course of action to restore peace and prosperity in the Ukraine, with all that this means to troubled Europe, is the support of the forces led by Denikin in their struggle for the Russian national state.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Old Worlds and Young Doughboys

IT was actually a new world that opened its arms to us who were fortunate enough to be sent across in 1917 and 1918—a new world not in the sense in which we usually apply the term to our bristling western hemisphere, but new to everyone of us who had either forgotten or never known its quality. The grey age of its port towns, the hoary Brittany buildings, the gnarled trees grotesquely pruned of their branches to provide the meagre maximum of firewood, the long white roads lined with poplars and sycamores, all these aged things were new to us. New also was Paris, beautiful beyond describing, though it was centuries old when our land was still unborn. And newest of all, behind and beyond the loveliness which man had created to adorn the land, was the rhythm of a great spirit, a spirit drawing strength from millions of past lives well lived, a spirit which is the real France, which upheld and inspired all the Allied peoples through those dark days of waiting after August, 1914.

With all this new atmosphere to sense and experience, with the gates of Europe open as never before to two million young, eager, and observing Americans, it is curious that the great lessons of life that were to be learned have not yet been more clearly understood, though it is perhaps too soon to appraise the effect of France and England on the migratory A. E. F. The things of the spirit are not always easily evaluated and unconsciously much has doubtless been tasted that has not yet been perfectly digested. It seemed the opinion, however, of practically all Americans, that even the tiniest suburb outside Newark or Chicago was preferable to the romantic though unsanitary villages and cities of France. Of course, over there everybody was thinking mainly of getting home—that is something to our credit—and so it is perhaps not wholly fair to say that we have permanently failed to get at the meaning of France and England.

However that may be, it was an almost unanimous verdict that was handed down, for little was favorably commented upon that had real worth. To be sure, everyone wanted to see Paris, Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, and Nice; all wanted to visit London. But *seeing* rather than understanding and interpreting was the dominant desire, just as sending a postcard from the other side of the border of Spain or Italy seemed far more important to the average doughboy than visiting the ruins of Fréjus, or the old town of St. Jean Pied du Port. The American wished to see the France he had heard of in America, not France as

she could reveal herself to those whose eyes were clear. The France of beauty and art, of cathedral and chateau, of homely peasant life, the land of deep family devotion and loyalty, yes, even in the grip of war, the land of peace of the spirit, was judged by the standards of America.

We sailed from New York, giant victory of modern technical skill, and landed at Brest or Bordeaux, grey and twisted, with their ancient streets and their thousand years of history and tradition. Of course, there was no heat in any of the buildings, there was no such thing as plumbing, the people evidently did not bathe, the streets were badly cobbled and dirty, the tram lines were archaic and we did not quite understand the idea of having the manure pile in the front yard. The contrast with America was very marked, for we had to change the dynamic of the new world for the subtlety of the old, and we were all far too sure of our own superiority. To leave America and land in some half-broken old village in three weeks was a severe shock to the average doughboy, and the loss of every vestige of material comfort rather closed what might otherwise have been an open eye.

The truth is, we did not go over to learn. We went over to help finish up a nasty mess in our usual vigorous and speedy way, and incidentally to show the Britisher and the *poilu* what America could do. The tragedy of the war is that we did show them, because just when the scales were balanced, when both sides were panting and worn, we poured in three hundred thousand fresh reserves a month, the pick of a nation of one hundred and ten million, and, of course, "we won the war"! And in doing so we were unfortunately confirmed in our original idea of American superiority; we came back without any conscious sense of our failure to read England as she is to the English or France as she is to the French.

And yet, now that we are back, many of us feel a tremendous sense of unrest, for we are back in an atmosphere that has somehow become strange to us. Unconsciously the sense of perfection, the simplicity, the beauty, the lingering atmosphere of past ages, the spiritual halo that hovers over France and England, all those subtle, charming, and gracious qualities of life have become a part of our new experience, and though we can not define it, we feel uneasy in our tense American cities. We do not know just what is wrong with us, but somehow life's values seem inverted. Are quantity production, speed, complexity, and the amassing of wealth the things really worth living and dying for, we ask? And we wonder if our vague national altruism can ever really spiritualize these material things.

It must be admitted that three cen-

turies of Puritan ancestry and thirty years of Boston upbringing and Harvard training were perhaps not the ideal preparation for an appreciation of France, except possibly by contrast. For there is not much over there that suggests anything of the type of thought dignified for years in this country by the title of New England puritanism. However, it is certain to me, as never before, that the French with all their unattractive though necessary thriftiness, their somewhat childish acceptance of old theories, their readiness to say "it never has been, therefore it can't be done," have come nearer the answer to life than any other western people, save, in their equally distinctive though different way, the British.

The French do not care for speed or great factories, though they were forced to accept the latter by the pressure of war. They do not care for the dazzling recreation of our Broadway. They are simple in their tastes, find delight in real conversation, devoted to their families, gracious in hospitality. On the faces of the refugees fleeing from their burning villages with their few heirlooms piled high on the ox-cart, was written the depth of tragedy; but to see them returning to their pile of crumbled stone and charred wood, as soon as the invader was again driven back, was to realize the true heart of France, devoted till death to the ancestral hearth.

We thought they were provincial, untraveled, unacquainted with all our modern marvels. We thought them foolish not to want such things for themselves. Perhaps they are. But we too were very provincial in our own way. Most of us failed to see the real charm of the life of France, its depth of feeling and emotion, its simplicity, its graciousness, which in living deeply far outbalances express elevators and plumbing.

But those who did sense the heart of France, who drew close to its charm, its peace, its beauty, are now filled with a desire to go back. It is not that we love America less than before our participation in the war, but because we love life more. We want to see these real things a part of our own culture and tradition, and we want our fellow countrymen to appreciate and love those things we felt in France, and to graft them into the scheme of life. Because we have begun to realize and to believe that they are really worth living for, because we know there is a way of life more gracious and charming and pleasant which can not be found amid rush and noise and muddle, and because we deeply need and desire that same peace of spirit and that sense of the true values of living which we found in those lands which have learned that in beauty and simplicity one touches life at the source.

KARL SPRINGER GATE

Correspondence

Mexico and the League

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

What makes the Mexicans behave so? Is it just pure devilishness, or is there some outside influence egging them on? There may be some truth in both suggestions, but it is very far from being the whole story. The bottom fact is that they hate us and fear us—hate us because they fear us.

But why should they hate us? We don't mean them any harm. It would seem as if that were evident from the almost pusillanimous treatment they have received from us ever since the fall of Diaz. Haven't we borne with humiliating patience insults and injuries that we would not have endured for a moment from a nation of our own size?

Very true. But we do queer things to Mexico which the Mexicans regard as harm to them, and which we should regard as harm to us, if we were Mexicans. And we mean them as much in peace as in war. Most of us mean them, without knowing it.

How so? Just this; we feel that, not only there should be sufficient law and order in Mexico so that our citizens on the frontier shall be secure in their lives and property, but also that they should be free to go and come in Mexico, and to take their part in the development of its natural resources. There is where the shoe pinches. For what does this development of natural resources mean to the Mexican? Servitude, does it not? They will inevitably become the subordinates, the employees, while the Gringos buy up the land and own the country. Nor will these Gringos, Americans mostly, be of the type of which we are most proud. Few will go into Mexico, except on the chance of making "big money." Consideration for the rights and aspirations of the "Dagoes" and "Greasers" will not be their prime characteristic.

On the other hand, of course, the Mexicans do not want war with us. They realize well enough that war means not only defeat, but something like permanent occupation. It is the same fate they see before them whether it be peace or war. Is it any wonder they do not like us?

What they really want is that we shall keep out, and leave them alone; so, more or less of set purpose, they are making it as hot as possible for all foreigners who try to do business in their country. So far as I can judge, about every conceivable method has been tried to this end.

But, how about our side of it? Can we continue to permit border raids, and the maltreatment of our citizens in Mex-

ico, even if it be under the forms of law? Evidently not.

But do we want to go in there with a big army of occupation and hold the country in subjection for an indefinite number of years in order to secure the advantages named? Evidently that is what would be involved. Undoubtedly we could do it, but it isn't altogether an attractive prospect.

We have many real grievances; but it doesn't look quite right that we should constitute ourselves the complaining witness, prosecuting attorney, judge, jury, executioner, and residuary legatee all in one. We might go in with the highest motives; but the rest of the world would never believe it, and after a while the residuary legatee end of the business would loom large in the minds of many of us. The rest of the world would never have any doubt of it from the beginning. In particular, all Latin America would regard us with fierce hatred, not likely to die out for many generations. They would say: "So this is what the Monroe Doctrine means. It is just what we have known for some time, and here is the proof of it." And the other Latin nations of the world would chime in, Italy doubtless with a jeer or two about Fiume, and a suggestion about straining at gnats, and the rest.

France would remind us that we objected pretty strongly when she tried something of the same kind. Japan would certainly feel aggrieved, and England would not like it any too well, though she might in some measure understand our attitude.

Then some one would be sure to say, "So this is why you wouldn't join the League of Nations." Of course it wouldn't be true as to most of those who have opposed the League, but it would look unpleasantly like it. Provided the Senate continues to make it impossible for us to join it, there would seem to be a rather unfortunate coincidence. Some might even go so far as to compare the case of Mr. Jenkins with that of the Crown Prince of Austria at Serajevo. It wouldn't be fair, of course, but there would be something almost devilish in the parallel.

So, if we went into Mexico, we should have to be on our guard against most of the other nations of the world, and we should have to keep it up as long as we were in there. Doubtless we can "lick all creation," but the prospect of being ready to do so at all times for many years to come isn't altogether to our minds. We are good fighters, but we don't enjoy perpetual military discipline. It goes against the grain, and the cost is enormous.

Is there then no other solution of the difficulty? Why should all these other nations turn against us, when all we want is to protect our frontiers and the rights

of our citizens? Does not the main source of the difficulty lie in our constituting ourselves judge, jury, and all the rest, in our own cause? Civilization got beyond that method with regard to individuals many centuries ago. It worked badly. Several centuries later it got beyond that method as between barons and other subordinate potentates. Now it has begun to look askance at it even between sovereign states. This was really one of the issues of the Great War, when we come to think of it. The fact that other nations did not like the way Austria proposed to settle her difficulties with Serbia, was what began the trouble, and the question was not altogether lost sight of up to the end. And it is we who have done much to bring the world to this conclusion. It is not only that we fought in France, but we have been pretty strenuous advocates of international arbitration for some time past.

Would it not then be well for us to obtain judgment, before we proceed to execution? "But the case is absolutely clear," will be the reply. Even so, a judgment from some one not directly interested would be of value. But the case is not altogether so clear in every respect, as we have seen. There is no doubt about the grievance, but there is grave doubt and difficulty about the application of the remedy. It is because of Mexico's very weakness that any application of force is so difficult a proceeding, and of this Mexico herself is well aware. If there were no alternative we must sooner or later brave all these troubles; but there is. The League of Nations has been constituted partly to meet just such circumstances. Its judgment would preclude interference and unfair condemnation of us on the part of other nations. It is conceivable that it might even bring home to the Mexicans a sense of the intolerable nature of their conduct, and it would at least warn them that they must not count on the sympathy of other nations if there is no improvement in the lot of foreigners in their country. The judgment of a court in which members of Latin nations took part would have weight with them. It is quite possible that means of some sort could be provided that would bring her to terms without the necessity of an American occupation.

THEODORE D. BACON

Salem, Massachusetts, December 3

A New French Periodical

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

We are on the point of carrying through a project which I have had at heart for some time. Our best-known writers, the most distinguished profes-

sors at the Sorbonne and even our more educated public men are anxious to see prevail in France one of the most necessary things among all free peoples—a true and thorough knowledge of foreign lands. In order to help bring this about, our plan is to found an organ which will instruct and address itself to the grand mass of the French public and to all those foreigners who read our language. For many years, too many in fact, our literary publications have, because of a sort of intellectual flaccidity—your late President Roosevelt would have called it mollicoddleness, I think—been taking no interest in trying to enlighten and instruct their readers. In these periodicals history, geography, customs, morals, laws, ideas are all ignored, and we are told nothing of the feelings and aspirations of other generations and other peoples. In a word, everything is neglected that has made and still makes the world about us, the result being that the France of to-day does not sufficiently understand anything beyond its own borders. Nor is this ignorance confined to my own countrymen. The discussions at the Peace Conference showed how poorly informed was even the intellectual and political *élite* of the present day in all parts of the globe. Consequently, it is the desire of the best minds of French university circles to create a review which will present in an entertaining and varied form, illuminating and attractive at one and the same time, the common results of universal erudition to a vast public which asks nothing better than to be instructed, provided it is done in a pleasing fashion. I may add that among our stockholders is a member of the French Academy as well as a great manufacturer, which shows how our idea appeals to various classes of our society.

LEON CHARPENTIER

Formerly Editor of the *Revue Hebdomadaire* and the *Revue Mondiale*

Paris, November 30

The American Philological Association

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The usual joint meeting of the American Philological Association and the Archaeological Institute of America will be held this year, December 29-31, at the University of Pittsburgh, and not at the University of Toronto as originally planned. A large gathering of representative college men, from both Canada and the United States, is expected. The Philological Association celebrates this year the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and a programme of unusual interest has been prepared to honor the occasion.

G. M. WHICHER

New York, December 10

Book Reviews

The Human Side of the Labor Problem

INDUSTRIAL GOODWILL. By John R. Commons. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company.

THE writings of Professor Commons upon questions relating to labor always command attention. They do so for a variety of reasons, chief of which is an earnest desire of the author to clarify the discussion for the man in the street by presenting both the theory and the practice of the matter in as simple and direct a fashion as possible.

His latest book is no exception to the rule. There is nothing in it that the least gifted of intelligent persons can not understand. There is in it, also, a wealth of common sense and clear thinking.

The labor problem as it exists to-day may be discussed either from the point of view of the practical man who finds his evidence in actual experience or from the point of view of the theorist; a view that may be really more practical than that of the practical man, but nevertheless a view that is based upon a study of the problem in a detached, scientific way as an interested spectator rather than as an actual actor. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy" is an example of the first view; Commons's "Industrial Goodwill" of the second.

The first three chapters of "Industrial Goodwill" are devoted to an abbreviated but lucid discussion of the various theories respecting labor which have held sway in the United States since we became a manufacturing nation. There is the commodity theory, determined solely by demand and supply without reference to outside factors of any kind; there is the machinery theory in which labor is not a commodity—its value determined by demand and supply—but each laborer is a machine, the value of which is determined by the quantity of its product. This is the so-called scientific management theory, brought into such prominence a few years ago by Mr. F. W. Taylor. As Professor Commons points out, the commodity theory is the merchant's theory of buying and selling. The machinery theory is the engineer's theory of economy and output. Man is, after all, the most marvelous and productive of all forces of Nature. He is a mechanism of unknown possibilities. Treated as a commodity, he is finished and ready for sale. Treated as a machine, he is an operating organism to be economized. But is that all? To organize the needs of industry in accordance with either or both of these theories leaves to the laborer a bleak outlook of hazardous, unremitting toil such as even the most ignorant might refuse to tolerate. And it indicates to

the employer that, having organized along the foregoing lines, nothing further need be expected in the way of reducing costs, cutting labor turnover, and avoiding the general dislocation of the business household when machine-made human nature suddenly reverts to type and starts smashing the industrial furniture. Now the trouble with both these theories is not that they are false but that they are incomplete. They do not tell the whole story. It is perfectly true that you can not alter absolutely the law of supply and demand. You cannot afford nor do you care to give up the lower costs that come from improved machinery and economy of manual operation. But you can modify these laws and these theories so that they will fit not only the cases which you devise but a greater number of cases of which perhaps you have never thought. If you consistently underpay labor, if you always consider the worker as a machine fit for your endless number of time and motion experiments, you will make profits so long as no outside conditions arise. But such conditions often do arise. Prosperity comes, labor is in more demand and becomes correspondingly more aggressive. The cloud of grievances, unknown and unaccounted for in your scheme of things, finally settles down upon you. It bursts, and the strike deluge swirls through your labor ranks with devastating effect. When the storm is over you view the wreckage with amazement. Your theories collapse and all and more than all which has been gained in the days gone by is lost as a result of this sudden, mystifying behavior of your workers.

For what reason was this behavior so mystifying? Because the goodwill theory of labor had been overlooked. Practical-minded employers will be inclined to scoff at this theory. It is intangible, it operates unseen, it can not be cut, dried, measured and sold. Yet its force is greater than any other pertaining to labor and its wilful disregard hastens disaster with remarkable regularity. Why? Because the goodwill theory of labor is based upon a study of the motives and feelings of men. And there are no forces in human nature that react quicker upon men's actions than those forces which govern their instincts and their desires. Thwart them—and trouble begins to brew. Give them free play—those, of course, which are worthy—and hidden abilities of incalculable strength are loosened to come to your aid. So it is that the goodwill theory of labor assumes its position along with the commodity and machinery theory. It is not complete in itself. Neither are they. It supplements them and, with its aid as with their aid, we are enabled to meet the labor situation in a broader way, a more scientific way and ultimately, therefore, a more profitable way.

The problem of industrial goodwill is not alone concerned with the laborer. It is a matter of public importance as well. It permeates our whole social structure and touches the lives of each of us. Our national Government recognizes this fact, as shown by its creation of the Federal Trade Commission, a body organized to help eliminate unfair competition and thus safeguard commercial goodwill. State governments recognize it also by the passage of many goodwill measures, such as workmen's compensation, limiting the working hours for women, abolition of child labor. Legislation supplements goodwill and the goodwill of enlightened employers blazes the path for legislation.

This is, in brief, Professor Commons's explanation of the goodwill theory as it affects the laborer and the public. The rest of his book, excluding the last two chapters, is devoted to an explanation of goodwill as it affects the thoughts and acts of employers, and its practical application by them in their industrial relations.

For instance, if, as employers, we accept this theory, we immediately concern ourselves with the question of unemployment. Recognizing the value of a trained force we do everything possible to keep this force intact in bad times as well as good. We make an intensive study of the labor market and lend a hand towards helping any concerted movement that has for its aim the employment of the full labor resources of our community. In addition, we seriously consider and adopt, if possible, such beneficent plans as the insurance of our employees against the four great hazards of industry, death, disability, disease, and old age. We establish courses for our employees to make them better Americans and better workmen. We listen to their grievances and act upon them if they are just. We try to buy their loyalty and their enthusiasm, not by pretentious-looking, paternalistically endowed libraries and hospitals, but by genuine every-day fair play. In short, we treat them not as things, but as men.

There is one more step to be taken in discussing the goodwill theory. It is the way in which our nation itself is concerned in its application. To quote Professor Commons:

"No nation hereafter, not even America, can live to itself alone. America has come out of the war the one great industrial power of the world. Other nations are bankrupt. America is their creditor. America has the capital, the resources, the shipping, the man-power. America may use its power as Germany tried to do. It may subsidize its capitalists and trusts and make a science of dumping. It may make other nations eventually its enemies. Or it may submit its excessive power to be regulated in partnership and equality with other

free nations. The struggles of the future are industrial. The world may be governed by supply and demand, and America will win by superior control over supply. Or the world may be governed in partnership and America will take an equal chance of winning in the face of international goodwill."

This book does not pretend to be an exhaustive treatise of the subject. It merely points the way. But in spite of its brevity it proves with conviction that goodwill in industry, as indeed in every other walk of life, is a factor of first magnitude. The religious maxim of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" is not only good morals, it is good business. Nothing releases the surging forces that struggle for expression in each man's heart so effectively as the feeling that each separate bundle of cares, desires, and abilities are being properly recognized and dealt with. And a release of these forces into the proper channels, a study of the creative ability of each individual means more work, better work, loyalty and enthusiasm beyond measure.

The President's Methods at the Peace Conference

WHAT WILSON DID AT PARIS. By Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

MR. BAKER has the distinction of outliving Colonel House in the intimacy of the President, being, at the close of the Peace Conference, the most eminent American who remained in his confidence. The American journalist, after Colonel House fell into disfavor, played repeatedly the part of Councillor of the President, as well as that of emissary from and to the American and other newspaper correspondents, and sometimes to and from statesmen.

Mr. Baker had a remarkable position: he was in charge of the American Press Bureau. He had access at all times to the American Delegation at their headquarters at the Hotel Crillon, and he visited the President once or twice a day. As one of the correspondents who dealt with Mr. Baker daily (I represented the *New York Tribune*), it gives me pleasure to record his eminent fairness and generosity. He and his assistant, Arthur Sweetser, never failed to treat the correspondents liberally. But while I hold Mr. Baker in high personal esteem, I can not regard his statement of the case of the Peace Conference as just.

For example, it is known that the Allied statesmen, after President Wilson left Paris to visit the United States for a month in February, were alarmed at the attitude of the Republican Senators, and persuaded Colonel House to agree to a preliminary treaty with Germany

which excluded the League of Nations Covenant. Colonel House took the document and agreements down to Brest when he met President Wilson on March 13. After that day, the fact that Colonel House was no longer in the confidence of the President was fully realized in a certain inner circle in Paris. Mr. Baker says:

He (President Wilson) had been absent from the deliberations for exactly one month. When he arrived in Paris on March 14 he discovered to his amazement the impression everywhere prevailing that a preliminary peace with Germany would soon be made which would contain no reference to the League of Nations. Certain newspapers, and all the opponents of the League, were saying quite openly that the League was dead; for they well knew that if it were left for discussion to some future conference, after all the essential questions in the war with Germany had been settled, it would come to nothing; it would be talked to death. These opponents of the League were jubilant over the prospect.

When President Wilson found out what the situation really was he acted with stunning directness and audacity. On March 15, just twenty-four hours after he set foot in Paris, he authorized the press bureau of the Peace Conference, of which I was director, to issue at once the following statement:

"The President said to-day that the decision made at the Peace Conference in its Plenary Session January 25, 1919, to the effect that the establishment of a League of Nations should be made an integral part of the Treaty of Peace is of final force and that there is no basis whatever for the reports that a change in this decision was contemplated."

This bold act fell like a bombshell in Paris; and in Europe. A shot from Big Bertha could not have caused greater consternation.

Mr. Baker does not, can not, of course, give all the facts. He does not say that the President took this action apparently without consulting the Allied statesmen or even informing them, nor does he say that Colonel House was dropped because he came to sympathize with the points of view of many of the European diplomatists, against whom the President had determinedly set himself in his fight, as it was put, for his Fourteen Points.

Mr. Baker says nothing of the fact that scores of members of the President's Peace Commission, for one reason or another, turned against him and that at the conclusion of the Conference he had no man of the four he had personally selected as delegates who was willing or whom he would permit to remain in Paris as his representative. The President could not or would not delegate Colonel House, nor Mr. Lansing, nor Mr. White, nor General Bliss, but had to come back to America and send Mr. Polk to take his place—though he withheld authority from him to make serious decisions. It was a sorry situation when the formerly crowded Hotel Crillon was deserted by dozens at a time of the hundreds of men who had come to Paris

six months earlier in the highest hopes. With radicals like Bullitt and conservatives like Lansing the situation was the same. Mr. Baker, obviously, could not put any of this information into "What Wilson Did at Paris," holding this, as he does, a great victory.

The last paragraphs of Chapter 7, dealing with the President's threat to leave the Conference, are characteristically graphic:

But in spite of his illness—and a terrible kind of aloneness, for it seemed at that time that everyone in the world was against him!—he would not give in. His physical illness seemed only to harden his determination. I went to see him the first day that he was up. I found him in his study, fully dressed, but looking thin and somewhat pale. A slight hollowness of the cheeks emphasized the extraordinary size and luminosity of his eyes. It was clear, from what he said, that a crisis had been reached, and that he was determined now to stop further delay and bring the questions in the Conference to a final issue. The Allies had agreed among themselves and agreed with Germany upon certain general principles of justice to be observed in the settlement, and the whole course of the Conference up to that time had been made up of a series of attempts to break over these agreements, to impose harder terms, get territory, levy impossible indemnities. The time had now arrived when there had to be a decision as between the two struggling purposes of the Conference.

He was very quiet in expressing his final decision, but gave an impression of unalterable determination. I felt, at the moment, that nothing but a supreme faith in Almighty God and in the rightness of his course, could have sustained him at that moment.

And when he has made up his mind, he can strike—as he did a number of times at Paris—with stunning boldness, audacity. On April 7 he acted—and the action fell like a thunderbolt. It was so unexpected, so challenging, so final, that half the newspapers would not at first believe it. He ordered the *George Washington*, which was then under repair at Brooklyn, to sail immediately for Brest. Our Press Bureau was directed to make the bare announcement without explanation. But no explanation was necessary; it was clear to everyone that the President had reached the extreme limit of his patience and that he was demanding a showdown. It was no bluff; either the settlement was to be on the principles laid down, or else he was prepared to sail for home.

And this statement symbolized a turning point in the Conference. There was an immediate toning down of the demands, and a new effort on every hand to get together. Above all, there was a marked change in the attitude of the press towards the President. His bold gesture had cleared the air, and from that moment forward the progress was much more rapid and decisive. A week later, on April 14, so advanced was the work on the Treaty that the Germans were summoned to Versailles.

From the final paragraph it would appear that the capitulations were made mostly by the Allies, but, as a matter of fact, they had come pretty nearly to the end of their concession-making, and it was really the President who made most, indeed a formidable series, of surrenders. The President and the American

Delegation had tried for a long time to make it appear that he was the great new world knight-errant battling against cunning and selfish opponents. There was all too much of this, an amazing amount of it, given the correspondents daily. It was hoped and expected that when the President tacitly gave his ultimatum to Lloyd George and Clemenceau, they would capitulate and all America would rise behind the President. But neither of these things happened. Stocks did not fall in New York and, as one prominent paper stated editorially, the President couldn't expect America either to back him or repudiate his action, because America did not know what he was definitely contending for in the interpretation of his indefinite Fourteen Points.

Mr. Baker makes it appear that the loss of point one, "Open covenants openly arrived at," was due to the European practice of diplomacy behind closed doors. But there was no reason why the President, who the author correctly says was a tower of courage, should not have caused Mr. Baker to deal in complete confidence with the American press instead of doling out, as he says, capsules of information. And the President was even less considerate of Congress, which he had promised to keep informed. Mr. Baker attempts a hopeless task in trying to whitewash the President on "open diplomacy." Frequently Colonel House and Mr. Lansing did not know exactly what he was doing.

The book criticizes the French press and a part of the British (that which is not called "Liberal") for its veiled and unveiled attacks on the President. Mr. Baker appears to have forgotten the merciless attacks, in which he participated, that were daily launched, to the end of the President's stay, by most of the Americans against the French, the British, the Italians, and others. In one or two places in the book the work of the Germans is denounced. So it was at the Hotel Crillon—once in a while. Most of the time, however, one or other of the Allies, particularly the French, was the enemy of the towering representative of America and the new world order of things.

The book has apology in places for the failure of its hero to accomplish the full measure of his ideals. But consider what the situation in Europe would be to-day if Woodrow Wilson had succeeded in forcing his ideas on the hundred or more of the ablest statesmen in the world who were gathered there in Paris. There can be little doubt that the peace would have been a German and a Bolshevik peace. The blockade of Germany would have been lifted immediately, though it is still a necessary instrument in bringing Germany to terms. The President sought that on his first arrival in Paris. Germany would have been left intact if

the President had had his way, and would have incorporated Austria, making the German "block" the largest national factor on the European Continent, especially menacing to France and Italy since the destruction of Russia as a military factor. Germany would have had a place at the peace conference had Mr. Wilson's desires prevailed, participating in the early discussions of the numerous settlements that had to be made.

He struggled to get the Bolsheviki recognized in fact, if indirectly, and to have negotiations started between the Allies and them—although on his return to this country he argued in various speeches in the West that unless the treaty was ratified promptly, Bolshevism would be a serious menace.

Mr. Baker speaks of the ceaseless labor of the President, who strove to get at the bottom of all questions, and of his numerous engagements and how he met all sorts of people. On one occasion, while on the same day having some twenty meetings and conferences, and composing a message to Congress, the President found time to receive two peasants from the frontiers of Poland, clad in sheepskins and distinctly odorous. Had the President's practices been fundamentally sound, he would never have attempted to perform such a mass of work himself, but would have chosen the ablest staff of assistants that America could produce, instead of an oddly mixed group with serious disagreements at its very top, between Colonel House and Mr. Lansing and the President, for example, and radical differences of view between its so-called Liberal elements and the serious-minded men of experience. On one occasion early in the peace negotiations at Paris, a leading English statesman, who seemed to have no doubt of the President's personal ambitions, said quite frankly, "We have enough of the President's dictations here in Paris and do not want to inflict ourselves with a perpetuation of them." A man willing to labor with, instead of against, experienced and honest diplomats (American and Allied), could have had a practical, effective league of nations now in operation; instead of which the whole international cause has certainly been seriously impaired by Mr. Wilson's personal methods.

The treaty which President Wilson brought back from Paris is by no means a Wilson peace. Most of the treaty is sound because able Europeans had a hand in its drafting. It was serious work those men had to perform—to bring Mr. Wilson to terms against his will: to risk antagonizing America, from whom their countries need so much assistance; and at the same time to lead their own people, through their newspapers, to skip lightly over the dangerous doctrines which the President and his agents (notably Mr. Creel) had sought to propagate. It

was no mean work that they had to perform. But Mr. Baker gives them credit for scarcely anything but sinister, designing motives.

FREDERICK MOORE

"Troubles of Our Own"

ALL ROADS LEAD TO CALVARY. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

POLLY MASSON. By William H. Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE unhandiest thing about the late slump in civilization is that all the troubles of the world seem suddenly to have become "troubles of our own." Our more ambitious fiction of the hour is trying to help us reckon what all these troubles come to, lumped together, and how we are to deal with them. We must, it is clear, be up and on our way, but whither?—in pursuit of what,—grail of faith, or star of personal destiny, or one's nose of self-interest, or cross of service, or banner of some new régime, or perfumed taper of aesthetic response?—or will-o'-wisp of sensualism?

Here are two sober and thoughtful attempts to see things as they are and have been and will be in these forcing years. "All Roads Lead to Calvary" is written in the mood of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." But the earlier story sprang from the period of stagnant, yet uneasy calm which preceded the great storm. The note of it was, What are we, and what is going to happen to us, without Love? The note of the later story is, "What *has* happened to us, and how are we to rise from it, without Love?" . . . It is odd that though Mr. Jerome is older than the group or school of novelists whom we recognize as more than anything else "Wellsian," though he came into the Victorian world some years earlier than Mr. Wells himself, and found it a far more congenial place, he has gradually acquired the Wellsian or Georgian method. A chief trait of this method is that it produces the narrative as a sort of informal talk issuing, for our benefit, from the inner consciousness of the protagonist, who is theoretically not the author. The Britling book is one continuous emission of impressions; so, in its more trifling vein, was the Mr. Polly book, long since. So, with the girl Joan as recorder, is "All Roads Lead to Calvary." Our opening situation is purely Wellsian: the modern girl who has cut away from her stodgy, dissenting provincial household (Liverpool or thereabouts), and gained foothold as a journalist in London. She is Girton-equipped, of course; beautiful, intelligent, and with ears attuned to almost every zephyr of modernism. She plans to reform the world, falls in love with a married man, plays suffragette, says farewell to love;

"carries on." . . . We can see Messrs. Wells and Company dealing with these materials. Joan would promptly and almost carelessly come to terms of physical mating with her man. After a while the connection might prove worth eloping for, or might cease to seem of any particular importance, and thus quietly lapse with no harm done to either party or his wife. Mr. Jerome does not "see it that way." He has a very different idea of what a Joan is. It does not occur as necessary to create either a Woman or a God in his own image, in order to feel at home with them. He has no special scunner against marriage or other sacraments. He does not see the world saved by theory or law or the most ingenious and latest of specifics with the Wellsian trademark. He is, we confess, reactionary and sentimental; and as well content to make the breast swell with human kindness and the eye dim with pity as ever was the absurd and deathless caricaturist Dickens, or the notorious sentimentalist Thackeray.

However, like the other novel before us, it is chiefly interesting as a story which in some degree embodies the spectacle of our time. Through Joan's eyes we behold the confusion and hysteria and manifold "unrest" that prefaced the war; madness of self-seeking and madness of world-propaganda:

They were to be found on every corner: the reformers who could not reform themselves. The believers in universal brotherhood who hated half the people. The denouncers of tyranny demanding lamp-posts for their opponents. The bloodthirsty preachers of peace. The moralists who had persuaded themselves that every wrong was justified provided they were fighting for the right. The deaf shouters of justice. . . .

This Joan is, after all, safe in the confusion, with her old-fashioned amulets of conscience and right feeling. She remains clean of body and soul, she suffers and serves; and her journey is not in vain: "The road to Calvary! It was the road to life. By the giving up of self we gained God."

The meretricious feature of "Polly Masson" is its title. The book is clumsy and inert in so far as its "heart interest" is concerned, and very much alive in other respects. Polly herself is hardly more than a suggestive sketch of a recognizable type. We don't quite believe in the part she is supposed to play in the development of the action. That action is slight and loose-knit, despite the author's evident wish to concede his readers their due commodity of "plot." But many of the people in the book and all the ideas are singularly alive. The egregious Benjamin Body with his schemes for world-domination by the "Anglo-Saxon" may be a fantastic and almost farcical figure. But Larned is a credible and interesting person in himself, as well as an illuminating commentator.

The most salient and not the least influential figure upon the scene, however, is the "Man With the Sponge," the old farmer, whom, with Larned, we meet but once as if by chance, on a train, but who is more genuinely than Polly Masson an awakening influence for Larned. Throughout the book we feel the spirit of the old enthusiast hovering, and not in vain.

The time is supposed to be the near future, with the war well behind, and the special disturbances following the war safely weathered. Nationalism still exists, old issues of private rights and public welfare are still being fought out, the no-race, no-class millennium is still appreciably beyond the horizon. In Canada, our immediate scene, the old antagonisms of farmer and manufacturer, of capital and labor, of the two racial stocks, of the national and the imperial ideas, are still unadjusted. In Larned's conversion from the rôle of practical politician, rising steadily on the tide of personal and party advancement, to that of humble and honest seeker for truth and justice, we see a hopeful omen. His star has set as a figure of public authority and power, but his day of real service has dawned. To two special causes he has given his allegiance, the rights of the French-Canadian, and the rights of the farmer. He is convinced also of the beneficent uses of capital, of the competitive system, and of free trade.

And as the basis of his creed he has adopted the article urged upon him by the old "Man with the Sponge": that the State is sick under the politicians' inoculations of privilege. Special privileges cast as sops to capital, or labor, or agriculture, are alike breeders of disease. Especially deadly to the workers on the land are the special privileges wrested from the State by organized labor; yet upon the land all stable society must rest. The matter is summed up in Larned's reply to the deputation of strikers who are threatening to paralyze industry if their arbitrary demands for privilege are not at once granted by the Government:

The hundred-acre farm is the foundation of all our industry. You of the shop cannot compete with the men of the shop elsewhere. At present, fully thirty per cent of your wages is not earned out of your product; it is contributed by men in unprotected industries under laws passed in the belief that diversified industry is in the general interest of the State. But is any Government justified in compelling men who work ten hours and twelve hours a day to hand over a part of their earnings to men who refuse to work more than eight hours a day?

A pregnant question, surely, for the radical American of our own latitude and period to answer for himself, in all candor.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

MR. PUNCH'S History of the Great War" (Stokes) contains 170 cartoons and the best occasional verse and prose from the war issues. Of the British spirit this is a significant document. There could be no more resolute and successful endeavor to smile down grief and care. In morale *Punch* must have been a potent factor. Bernard Partidge maintains the tradition of the serious political cartoon with distinction. "Ghosts at Versailles" is worthy of Tenniel himself. For the more intimate humors of the struggle Raven Hill is an admirable interpreter. Bateman, relatively a newcomer, is capital in burlesque and fertile in invention. Nothing better shows the imperturbability of Mr. Punch than that the intervention of the United States passes almost unnoticed. Britain had grown too used to doing for herself to waste words on a new ally. It is precisely the absence of the international mind, a pretty cheap commodity at present, which makes this album refreshing. It will be doing an intelligent guest a good turn to put it on the guest-room table.

"When I Come Back" (Houghton Mifflin) is the brief record of the military life of a young American soldier, a lawyer of infirm physique, sensitive appetite and shrinking habits, who, after a few months of arduous drill and a few weeks of manly service, died from the sliver of a flying shell on November 1 in the Argonne. The story is quiet and the man taciturn, and it requires some art and a great deal of feeling on the part of Henry Sydnor Harrison, the narrator, to make this opacity transparent and this silence articulate. Mr. Harrison, whose command of English and of better things than English is unquestionable, has done his work with an art which can not hide his tenderness, and which his tenderness veils but does not hide. One would like to have been the author of such a book; one would like to have been its theme.

Stories of this kind are valuable to us at the present moment; they *rescue* the war. We have seen what negotiators and Prime Ministers and Senators have made of the fruits of other men's unstinted sacrifice; it is good to get back to the simple valor of the trenches. What would the knapsack have thought of the green bag? The question is not one to be hastily or rashly answered. Perhaps men like this young lawyer, who faced the terrors of the work without flinching, would have faced with serenity the imperfections of the result. The deductions which human nature is sure to make from the just rewards of sacrifice are one of the things by which sacrifice is

intensified and ennobled. We pay twice for liberty. We pay in blood at Yorktown and Gettysburg, at Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel. We pay in futilities, procrastinations, relapses, and bickerings at the conferences of diplomats and the sessions of Legislatures. After all, what choice have we? What if the price paid on the Meuse and in the Argonne be terrible, if the price paid on the Quai d'Orsay and in the Senate chamber be ignominious? *Liberty* is worth them both.

Mr. Frederick Fairchild Sherman's eight essays in "American Painters of Yesterday and To-day" are an agreeable by-product of his editorship of *Art in America*. Mr. Sherman is not an analytical, hence not a very penetrating critic, but he has the grace of good taste and trained enthusiasm. In particular he has a knack in the choice of a subject, and often brings out neglected aspects of his themes which are worth while. He treats, for example, the delightful miniature landscapes by Francis Murphy and Winslow Homer's early figure pieces which have a quality of color often lacking in his marines. A sketch of Dwight Tryon carries one from the Cazin-like solidity of his beginnings to his later evanescent style. George Fuller, Wyatt Eaton, Arthur B. Davies, Harry W. Watrous, and the patriarch Benjamin West are similarly hit off with brevity and discretion. The book is fastidiously made at Mr. Sherman's own press, has thirty-one colotype illustrations, and the edition is limited to five hundred copies.

A believer in reincarnation and multiple personality might well imagine that the souls of Nietzsche, Ignatius Donnelly, and the evangelist Moody had formed an *entente cordiale* in the person of Mr. Snell Smith, the author of "America's Tomorrow" (Britton Publishing Company). Mr. Smith sets up a theory of mechanical expansion for nations. After just three hundred years of preparation, every great power will have reached an ambition which can only be satisfied by conquest. Its dominion will reach to precisely three hundred years when it in turn will give way to the next. This is a providential process which can be proved out of history. America's climax will come in 1938. If shortly thereafter she manages to create a world state, internationally governed, she may avoid her otherwise inevitable decline. All this is demonstrated out of the book of "Revelations," by skilful inference from "the number of the east," etc. Amateurs of this sort of prophecy and cosmology will doubtless find the book stimulating. To doubters it will merely seem raw and extravagant.

The Established Church of England

IT is difficult to turn from the absorbing political and economical events of the day to the less urgent subject of the Established Church of England. Yet, if one would keep in view the entire field of contemporary English life one must—for the moment, at any rate—include in a survey, however cursory, certain suggestive movements in the Established Church. To put it shortly, there is now before Parliament a measure popularly termed the Enabling Bill. Before these notes are printed it may have become a statute, for it has already passed the House of Lords, and it has been read a second time in the House of Commons. The object of this legislation is to establish a representative Church Assembly, and also some smaller local bodies. To the first is transferred many of the powers of Parliament itself in relation to the Church of England. Those who are in favor of the Bill urge that the change will increase the efficiency of the Church of England as an organization, those who are opposed to it regard it as the beginning of the separation of Church and State—a dangerous, from their point of view, thin end of a wedge. Be that as it may, one thing is clear; that the proposed enactment is a clear recognition by the Church of its own present inefficiency as an organized body, a fact which has been clear for a long time to impartial observers. That it has been out of touch with national feeling has also been apparent, never more so than during the Great War. But this Bill, though it may improve organization, is in no sense an attempt by the Church to enlarge its influence as a spiritual force. The hostility of great numbers of the English people to the Established Church, which was a noticeable feature of much of the Victorian age, has almost disappeared.

In this survey one should not omit to notice that the change has occurred, chiefly, because the Church of England has now but little share in the elementary education of the country, whether in towns or rural districts, whilst at Oxford and Cambridge its influence is very slight. Nonconformist grievances, whether in regard to elementary schools or the ancient universities, have been remedied, with a consequent decrease in the influence of the Established Church. If the Church is no longer attacked it is also no longer defended. The Oxford movement has become only an historical event, and the tendencies of the High Church party towards Romanism no longer drive many good people into a panic nor produce bitter religious strife. Evolution which was so disturbing a factor in the last century is accepted as something almost

commonplace and only stimulates ingenious preachers to show how it can be reconciled with revealed religion. The Established Church thus exists to-day tolerated good-naturedly by the nation as a whole, which maintains that it performs useful social and moral functions, and regards it as part of the English polity just as the ancient cathedral and the mediæval parish church is a feature of the English landscape.

The truth is that a national Established Church is a complete anachronism. The Church of England has had its day and can not be resuscitated as a national Church. It is, if we regard it from the point of view of the work it does and of its religious influence, already disestablished in fact. Bishops and other high ecclesiastical functionaries are appointed by the Crown. No one objects because the practice hurts no one. It is not yet disestablished because for the most part its revenues are provided by owners of land only and so to the great mass of the nation its maintenance is no financial burden. If those revenues were diverted from the Church they would be transferred to other public purposes, so that those who support the Church compulsorily have no practical reason to agitate for a change. It remains in relation to the national welfare a minor beneficent force, to-day characterized by the lack of enthusiasm which was so remarkable in the eighteenth century. It produces no great divines, such as Warburton and his predecessors of the seventeenth century, who, whatever might be the value of their forcibly expressed opinions, gave an intellectual lustre to the Established Church. Nor has it the simple emotionalism which is the chief support of the Nonconformist Churches, nor the simple-minded and unquestioning devotion of the Roman Catholic Church to its faith and to its purpose. The Church of England appeals now, whole-heartedly, neither to reason or feeling; it has neither an intellectual nor an emotional influence.

The system which is created by the Enabling Bill may possibly make the Church, as an organization, more efficient, but by removing Church legislation from Parliament, it greatly weakens, if it does not unknowingly destroy, the nexus which binds together Church and State, and it makes of the Established Church a body more sectarian and less national. It is pretty obvious that if the Established Church becomes narrower and more sectarian, yet retains advantages, financial and social, from a connection with the State, it may under these circumstances arouse the resentment of unendowed religious bodies and the hostility of those who would regard its resources as better employed for secular purposes.

E. S. ROSCOE

London, England, November 27

Drama

Somerset Maugham at the Liberty Theatre

IN "Cæsar's Wife," in which Miss Billie Burke is now starring at the Liberty Theatre, Mr. Somerset Maugham has moved from London to Cairo. He has likewise made a second migration—from fashionable cynicism to emotional interest. There is a great deal of London in his Cairo, and there is a great deal of fashionable cynicism in his emotional play. The smartness, impartially divided between the gowns and the repar-tees, is all that one could wish. Indeed, the Maughamisms, if I may coin a word for those pleasantries which resemble scimitars in their brightness, their sharpness, and the symmetry of their expanding curves, are almost exceptional in their goodness. It is to the serious and pathetic Mr. Maugham that the spectator is troubled to adjust himself.

Sir Arthur Little, a ripe diplomatist, brings to the British consular agency in Cairo a very young and very recent wife. He has a young secretary, and youth beckons to youth. The story is simple. The wife is open; the husband is considerate; the lover is fickle, and the wife, who has sinned only in heart, is cured, or convalescent, as the curtain falls. One goes away quite out of patience with the ridiculous fuss that is made over these small embarrassments in common plays and common life. Husbands are so rarely diplomatists.

The suitor-husband is often irresistible. He charmed us, a little wag-gishly, in Sardou's and de Najac's "Divorçons," more gravely in Augier's "Gabrielle." But Sir Arthur Little is too magnanimous to be charming—to be even tolerable. The Foreign Office is recalling the young secretary to Paris; Sir Arthur obtains a revocation of this order. The motive is patriotic. When people like Mr. Maugham, to whom human nature appears brittle or base, attempt to make it sublime, they make it inhuman. Sir Arthur can rise still further. He says to his wife: "I want you to look on your love as a thing of beauty." This is too much. It may be gentlemanly in husbands to release, to pardon, to compassionate their wives, but the husband who slobbers over his wife's passion for somebody else is reptilian. The animal may exist; the human "Zoo" is extensive; but, if existent, I venture to say that he is not a Briton with twenty years of diplomatic triumphs in the consular service at his back.

The wife, Violet, is a nestling creature, and the closing scene, in which she sinks back with half affectionate, half indifferent, placidity into her husband's arms, is pretty enough. After all, why not the husband? Men to Violet are

mostly cushions, and the difference in cushions, though appreciable, is not heart-breaking. The Violet whom Mr. Somerset Maugham presented to Miss Billie Burke was an attenuated creature, and the attenuation was carried still further in the Violet whom Miss Billie Burke handed over to the audience. It was impossible to be angry with a young person whose attitude toward her own oversight (it seemed hardly more) was so prettily regretful. Mr. Norman Trevor as Sir Arthur Little showed us the British oak—not to say the American pine—in a native sturdiness which diplomacy had failed to plane or varnish. In this simplified version of his part he was agreeable, and perhaps it was not amiss that the character should receive back as a gift from Mr. Trevor a part of the manliness of which it had been unfairly despoiled by Mr. Maugham. The only break in the symmetry of a rounded performance was the part of the young secretary. There are persons who have more power than the moral law itself to make adultery inexcusable. The actor of Roland Parry belonged, for the moment, to that class.

The scenery was magnificent. There were two electrical moments when the dull-orange panes of the two windows were successively drawn aside, and the glories and rarities of Egypt, as Mr. Joseph Urban dared to picture them, invaded and possessed the scene. Ruskin, in the opening of the "Stones of Venice," contemplating the city's image in the mirage of the lagoon, declared that it was hard to tell which was the city and which was the shadow. At the Liberty Theatre, with Mr. Urban, not only beautiful, but movingly dramatic, in his scenery, and Miss Billie Burke so purely decorative in the enactment of the heroine, it was difficult to tell which was the setting and which was the play.

Lord Dunsany and the Quinteros at the Neighborhood Playhouse

ONE Saturday evening of last month, the "Queen's Enemies," by Lord Dunsany, and a "Sunny Morning," by Serafin and Joaquin Alvarez-Quintero, were given by the Neighborhood Players, at their playhouse on Grand Street. The point in the "Queen's Enemies," a one-act Oriental play, appears to be the union in the same character of the infantile and the ferocious—a combination which, however remote from nature and adverse to beauty, undoubtedly has point. The queen invites her enemies to dine with her in a subterranean vault in Egypt; she beguiles them with suavities and puerilities and whimperings until the moment when her command closes the doors and opens the sluices, and buries her victims under the inrushing

waters of the Nile. A dinner in a vault is an actual and serious discomfort to the imagination, and nothing could obviate this effect but a dignity and impressiveness in the setting which the Neighborhood Players, very naturally and excusably, were unable to supply. They were much more successful in the presentation of the little Spanish play, a "Sunny Morning," in which two aged lovers, long since separated, meet each other by chance in a park in Madrid. It is one of the bitter-sweet plays—a cup with syrup on the top for the thoughtless, and aloe at the bottom for those whom life has taught and disillusioned. The acting was good. Miss Alice Lewisohn, who in the unnatural part of the queen hardly got beyond a querulous and stilted palaver, appeared to real advantage in Dona Laura.

O. W. FIRKINS

"Salome" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

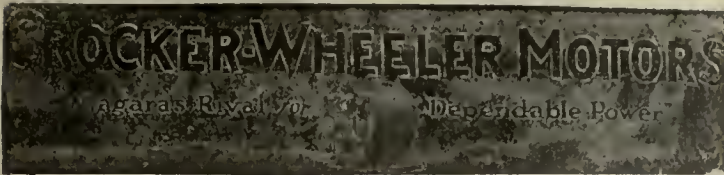
AMERICAN composers need encouragement. And one of them, at least, seems to be getting it at last from his own countrymen. The happy exception to a rule which has obtained too long is Henry Hadley, whose "Cleopatra" will be heard, some time this season, at the Metropolitan, and whose "Salome" was performed the other day by the New Symphony Orchestra.

Just why this composer should be favored as he is, I do not know. Mr. Hadley has undoubtedly much talent. But there are others who can boast of even more. For instance, Charles M. Loeffler, a musician of the very highest rank, who, up till now, has failed to break into the opera field. There is a tide, though, in the affairs of men. And Mr. Hadley somehow has not missed it.

As a conductor, Mr. Hadley has his failings. He hardly leads—he follows—his musicians. But this does not detract much from the interest of his setting of "Salome." He wrote that tone-poem, it appears, at Munich some months before or after the production of the work of the same name by Richard Strauss. Before this there had been two other efforts—indeed, three—in France, to set music to the story briefly first told in Holy Writ, and later on retold (with strange "embellishments") by Oscar Wilde.

In his "Hérodiade," as we know, Jules Massenet (who abhorred the name of Jules) had dealt with Salome. The libretto of "Hérodiade," however, had only a vague relationship to the original narrative of the Evangelist. At the beginning of this century, again, a French naval officer named Mariotte—or was it Marriotte?—produced an effective, and in some passages most expressive, "Sa-

(Continued on page 690)



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This article on THE MENACE OF INFLATION, written by George E. Roberts of The National City Bank, formerly Director of the Mint, appeared in THE REVIEW November 22, 1919.

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(Continued from page 688)
lome," which, strange to say, though in a crude and tentative way, may have suggested much to Richard Strauss. I heard it a few years ago in Paris, at the Gaité-Lyrique, where it was often sung. And, earlier still, a tragic pantomime, with a scenario by the late Armand Silvestre and—myself, had been set to music by the composer Gabriel Pierné, and played with some success at the theatre now known as the Athénée, with Loie Fuller in the character of the "heroine."

Mr. Hadley's able arrangement of the story, in symphonic form, is often eloquent enough to dispense with words and to evoke hot Eastern pictures without scenery. It could not, to be sure, be called a masterpiece. Nor would the American's best friends be well-advised if they provoked comparisons. But, as a suggestion of the languorous, lustful drama of the Irish poet, it serves its purpose. The famous "Dance of the Seven Veils" is scored with skill. It has voluptuous charm and not a little fancy. Moreover, in this tone-poem we are spared the atrocious horror of that final episode which, in the days of Mr. Heinrich Conried's management, caused the expulsion of "Salome" from the Metropolitan.

Since Strauss and Henry Hadley wrote their works, two more "Salomes" have been heard, here and abroad—one the much-talked-of "Vision of Salome," in which Maud Allen made such a sensation in London, and the other, Florent Schmitt's symphonic drama.

To most Broadway music-lovers, tone-poems and symphonies appeal less potently than light operas. For one man or one woman in New York who heard "Salome" played by the New Symphony Orchestra, twenty will have been drawn to the New Amsterdam by the new operetta—styled on the bills "romantic opera" of André Messager.

The name of this engaging work itself attracts. "Monsieur Beaucaire." It recalls to us the short story of Booth Tarkington and the successful little play which was produced here with so much success by Mansfield. The name of Mr. Messager is also a real asset. The composer has a well-earned reputation, due to two earlier light operas from his pen, his "La Basoche" and "Véronique." The latter of them has been long forgotten by most New York playgoers. But it will shortly be revived in Paris at the Opéra mique, of which Mr. Messager is now, the second time, the musical director. The libretto which Frederick Lonsdale hewn out of the novel of Booth Tarkington might be improved on. It interested me less than several very pretty ones by Adrian Ross which grace that book. In this operetta (for it is an operetta, and not an opera, as on the French stage it might

rank as an opera comique), much that amused us in the play and in the book has of necessity been omitted. We hear some reference now, and then to the French barber who shaved fops and wits in Bath. But it is not as what was once called a tonsorial artist, but as the keeper of a select gambling house, that the disguised Prince is introduced to us in the Prologue—and, exposition—by the librettist. In his gambling house, Monsieur Beaucaire reveals his love for his "red English rose," the Lady Mary, and traps the villainous Duke of Winterset, his rival. In the first act Monsieur Beaucaire, masquerading as the Duc de Château-Rien, is presented to her ladyship and fights a duel. In the second, and by far the most impressive, of the three—or, counting the Prologue, the four—episodes in the story, he is denounced by Winterset and attacked by his accomplices. While in the third and last act he resumes his proper dignity and discomfits his enemies.

There are touches, here and there, of humor and sentiment in the dialogue, and once or twice we have a flash of wit. The most admirable feature of the libretto, beyond doubt, is the finale of the second act—in which the supposed (and now exposed) "Monsieur Beaucaire" sinks back, supported by his friends, and the red rose which has been given him by his sweetheart is dyed doubly red in his warm blood. That incident to some will seem more worthy of the French composer's talent than the preceding scenes. It charms one by its genuine grace and art.

It seems a pity that, to suit the taste of London (for which "Monsieur Beaucaire" was written), Mr. Messager should have allowed himself to be beguiled into occasional efforts to repeat Sir Arthur Sullivan. His French art does not suit the English style. And it rather pained (as well as startled some of us) to catch echoes, as it were, of more than one of Sir Arthur's ditties in his music.

There are various light and graceful airs and duos, trios and ensembles, in the score of "Monsieur Beaucaire." "The Red Rose" song should surely please the general. So may some other numbers.

But if "Monsieur Beaucaire" should make a hit here, as it did in London, it will be thanks less to the dainty though not very striking music of Mr. Messager, and its interpretation by the principals in the cast, than to the setting of the work, the delightful costumes of the beaux and belles of Bath, and the stage pictures, which have been provided by the producers. For these and other things we are indebted to Mr. Gilbert Miller and to Mr. Erlanger.

The chief characters in the operetta are entrusted to Marion Greene (Monsieur Beaucaire), Mr. Robert Parker (the Duke of Winterset), Mr. Lennox

Pawle (Frederick Bantison), Mr. Robert Cunningham (Beau Nash), Marjorie Burgess (Lucy) and Blanche Tomlin (Lady Mary). In London Maggie Teyte appeared as the heroine.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

English Books of 1919

SUPPLEMENTING other lists which have appeared in this place, and considering suitability as gifts, the following books are named. They are by English or Irish writers, are of the present year, most of them are inexpensive, and all should be easily obtainable before Christmas, in view of the fact that they come from American publishing houses.

For the novels, the lover of Dickens may like Sir Harry Johnston's "The Gay-Donbeys" (Macmillan), but he who cares for a story of English politics and society is almost sure to enjoy it. Compton Mackenzie's "Sylvia and Michael" (Harper) appeals primarily to readers interested in a certain set of characters, but should interest almost anyone for its curious picture of life in the Balkan states during the war. Lovers of Conrad need only the mention of "The Arrow of Gold" (Doubleday), just as the name of William De Morgan is to many persons enough recommendation for his "The Old Madhouse" (Holt). May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier" (Macmillan) is highly praised. Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy" (Doran) is an admirable story of a little boy, while Aumonier's "The Querrils" (Century) contains both incident and psychological study, more successfully balanced than is usual in the average novel. Three novels of adventure are: Stacpoole's "The Beach of Dreams" (Lane), Anthony Hope's "The Secret of the Tower" (Appleton) and Oppenheim's "The Box With Broken Seals" (Little).

For a few important books about the war, Viscount French's "1914" (Houghton) is partly controversial, but wholly interesting. G. M. Trevelyan writes "Scenes From Italy's War" (Houghton) and Lord Dunsany is the author of some sketches called "Unhappy Far Off Things" (Little). General Sir Frederick Maurice's "The Last Four Months: How the War Was Won" (Little), with its splendid tributes to America's fighting achievement, is good reading for every American, and should be prescribed for malignant England-haters, of whatever nation. The lighter side of the war is excellently treated in "Mr. Punch's History of the Great War" (Stokes), in which the illustrations are the chief feature. In the same field is "A Last Diary of the Great War" (Lane), by "Saml. Pepys, Jr." Ian Hay's "The Last Million" (Houghton) is another appreciation of America's

army. Mrs. Humphry Ward, in "Fields of Victory" (Scribner) continues her writings on this subject.

Undoubtedly, the most amusing English book of the year is Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors" (Doran), which skeptics of the never-say-die breed still attribute to Sir James Barrie. Another humorous book is Garstin's "The Mud Larks" (Doran), stories of the trenches, originally printed in *Punch*. Readers little addicted to hunting have thoroughly enjoyed Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" (Macmillan), a ballad of the chase, but I am rather less at sea on a ship than on a horse, and would choose Miss C. Fox Smith's rattling nautical poems, in "Sailor Town" (Doran). New York has seen, this week, Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln; a Play" (Houghton). Other dramatic works are Pinero's "Social Plays" (Dutton), Shaw's "Heart-break House" (Brentano), and Gordon Craig's "The Theatre Advancing" (Little).

Ralph Nevill's "Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill" (Dutton) could not fail to be enjoyable, especially if it resulted in sending any reader, who has not had that pleasure, to Lady Dorothy's own books. If the essays in "Leaves in the Wind" (Dutton) are equal to Mr. H. M. Brock's illustrations for them, then the author, "Alpha of the Plough," is one of England's most brilliant essay-

ists. "The Book of a Naturalist" (Doran), by W. H. Hudson, is varied and pleasing. Sir George Younghusband relates many historical romances in "The Tower of London From Within" (Doran).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

- Benson, E. F. Up and Down. Doran.
 Bojer, Johan. The Face of the World. Moffat, Yard. \$1.75 net.
 Blythe, S. G. Hunkins. Doran. \$1.75 net.
 Comstock, Harriet T. Unbroken Lines. Doubleday, Page.
 Graeve, Oscar. Youth Goes Seeking. Dodd, Mead.
 Jerome, J. K. All Roads Lead to Calvary. Dodd, Mead. \$1.75.
 Marshall, Archibald. Sir Harry. Dodd, Mead. \$1.75.
 Morris, Gouverneur. The Wild Goose. Scribner. \$1.75 net.
 Oppenheim, G. P. The Box With Broken Seals. Little, Brown. \$1.75 net.
 Polly Masson. By the author of "The Clash." Dutton. \$1.75.
 Richmond, Grace S. Red and Black. Doubleday, Page.
 Steiner, E. A. Sanctus Spiritus and Company. Doran.
 Ward, Mrs. Humphry. Helena. Dodd, Mead. \$1.75.
 Willsie, Honoré. The Forbidden Trail. Stokes. \$1.60 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

- Scott, Mrs. Clement. Old Days in Bohemian London. Stokes.
 Williams, A. R. Lenin. The Man and His Work. N. Y.: Scott & Seltzer. \$1.35 net.

DRAMA AND POETRY

- Keler, Charles. Sequoia Sonnets. Berkeley: The Live Oak Publ. Co.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

- Beers, H. A. Four Americans. Yale. \$1.
 Hendrick, Ellwood. Percolator Papers. Harper. \$1.75 net.
 Rose, R. S. and Bacon, L. The Lay of the Cid. Berkeley: University of California Press.

GIFT BOOKS

- Burgess, T. W. The Burgess Bird Book for Children. Little, Brown. \$2.50 net.
 Hudson, W. H. The Book of a Naturalist. Doran.
 Stevenson, Robert Louis. Child's Garden of Verses. Stories All Children Love Series. Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Twain, Mark. Saint Joan of Arc. Harper.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

- Bullitt, W. C. The Bullitt Mission to Russia. Huebsch. 50 cents.
 Fiske, A. K. The Modern Bank. New revised edition. Appleton. \$2.25 net.
 Oakesmith, John. Race and Nationality. Stokes. \$4 net.
 Rai, Lapat. The Political Future of India. Huebsch. \$1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

- Buckham, J. W. Progressive Religious Thought in America. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.
 Where is Christ? A Question for Christians. By an Anglican Priest in China. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25.

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Books, old and new, on timely topics are listed every week by Mr. Pearson of the New York Public Library. In this department he has given valuable bibliographies on the following subjects: Strikes, Mexico, China, Treaties, Crime, Foreign Visitors, American Government, Prohibition, Armenia, Reference Books, Ireland, The Industrial Problem, Children's Books, Gift Books. Single copies of THE REVIEW containing these lists are available.

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The desire to link teaching with current events—to bring the outside world into the classroom—is the mark of the modern educator. The Department of English, Wellesley; the Department of History, Haverford; the Department of English, University of North Carolina; Department of Political Science, Western Reserve University; Department of English, University of Wisconsin; Department of Higher Journalism, University of South California; and Department of English, Vassar; are among the progressive educational organizations which are prescribing the reading of THE REVIEW by their students.

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THE REVIEW

A weekly journal of political and general discussion

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IT is welcome news, if true, that General Wood intends to resign from the army at an early date. It had apparently been his intention to retain his commission until the choice of the Republican National Convention for President had been made. But this is no time for the American people to buy a pig in a poke. General Wood's record as an administrator in Cuba, and the dominant part he played in organizing our preparedness for participation in the Great War, constitute a definite and substantial basis for his aspiration to the Presidency. His association in the public mind with action at once vigorous and restrained in meeting conditions of internal disturbance is another legitimate factor in his campaign. But the issues of the time are too large, and the influence of the

Chief Executive in dealing with them is too overwhelmingly important, to permit mere conjecture as to any candidate's attitude towards them to take the place of knowledge. This does not mean, of course, that a candidate should state exactly what his course would be in regard to each particular problem, or even each problem of the first importance. But some opportunity to take his measure as a statesman, and to judge of the spirit in which he would deal with the main issues that will confront the country, is essential to the formation of an intelligent public estimate of any candidate. Such opportunity General Wood can not furnish so long as he holds a commission in the Army. With that restraint removed, it is to be hoped that he will satisfy every reasonable requirement in this regard.

CONSPIRACY to violate the draft act by urging men to refuse to register, and three other violations of laws enacted for the successful conduct of the war, were the acts charged against the 27 I. W. W. plotters convicted and sentenced the other day at Kansas City. A more shocking example of the evils of the law's delay can hardly be conceived. The penalties imposed upon these men are no doubt the just consequence of their acts; and no one can say how vitally the success of the draft, for instance, may have depended upon the knowledge that such punishment would be imposed. But there is something ghastly about the judgment being pronounced some two years after the commission of the offense, and at a time when the draft itself has almost been forgotten. Thousands of people who would have recognized the action of the law as both just and necessary had it taken place at its natural time are now confused in their minds, and divided in their feelings, when they read the news. Court and jury at Kansas City have doubtless done their simple duty; but their act has been robbed of nine-tenths of its efficacy. What defect is it in our national make-up that prevents us from administering the crimi-

nal law with that promptness which is as essential to its proper working as is justice itself?

HARVEY'S WEEKLY makes definite and serious charges of misconduct against Norman Hapgood, our Minister to Denmark. Their truth or falsehood ought to be established beyond doubt, and this at the earliest possible moment. In the meanwhile, without passing any judgment upon them, it is not amiss to note with approval what his predecessor, Mr. Egan, says on the subject of Hapgood's appointment. Minister Egan "can not believe it possible that any diplomatic officer of America" could have acted as Mr. Hapgood is charged with having done; but he states that at the time of the appointment he advised Hapgood not to accept it "for two important reasons": First, because "he was unprepared by experience and training" for diplomatic duties which at this time are of peculiar delicacy, and secondly, because his chief object, of which he made no secret, in accepting the post, was "to make a careful study of Bolshevism, believing that Lenin and Trotsky were grossly misrepresented in this country and that he wanted to correct the prevailing American impression of the Russian radicals." From any point of view, the President's choice was a queer one; in the light of what Mr. Egan says, it appears to have been even more clearly improper than it was on its face.

IT is not likely that many were misled by the charge that the deplorable disorders of last October in Phillips County, Arkansas, were due to an organized negro plot of extermination against the whites. It was abundantly proved, during the period of slavery, that the negro population of the South does not furnish promising soil for deeply laid plotting. In a recent number of the *Nation*, Walter F. White, of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, throws some light on the Phillips County situation, though the facts concerning the

actual outbreak of violence are still uncertain. Mr. White, we think, successfully defends the Phillips County "Progressive Farmers and Household Union" against the charge of being a seditious organization. It was duly chartered under the laws of Arkansas, with the special purpose of securing protection to negro tenant farmers against abuses of the "share-cropping" system, combined with the furnishing of supplies to the tenant on credit, through some designated agent of the landowner. The shameless robbery of tenants under this system, by unscrupulous landlords, has been acknowledged and severely condemned by representative newspapers of the South, and it is to be hoped that public opinion will force the Governor and Legislature of the State to devise some adequate means by which the evil may be controlled.

THERE is nothing epoch-making in Mr. F. H. La Guardia's appointment of a woman to serve as his secretary; the Presidents of the New York Board of Aldermen have had women secretaries before. But the appointment of a woman like Miss Charlotte Delafield, who could be a woman of leisure if she chose to be, but who has instead equipped herself by hard work to be a highly useful public servant, is a good example of the special kind of service which the woman citizen can give. Miss Delafield does not take the office for its modest salary, but she would be either more or less than human if she did not receive it with a sense of deep satisfaction at having herself done a good job, and at having given to the community more than it would otherwise be in a position to buy.

THE struggles of New York City over its projected new courthouse make a long and depressing story, but the latest turn in it involves a matter of principle that may be said to be of national interest. Upon the plea that further delay would be intolerable, it has been contrived—or at least it is sought to be contrived—that the Art Commission of New York shall have no opportunity to pass upon the plan recently selected. Not only in New York, but in our cities generally, the power of the Art Commission to veto undesirable architectural or decorative projects has in the last twenty years been of inestimable value. In the present instance, there seems to be no reason to suppose that the Commission would object to the plan, or that its examination of it would cause any appreciable delay. If the plan is unobjectionable, as there is every reason to suppose it to be, the Commission would doubtless promptly make a favorable report; if it is objectionable, the public ought to have a chance to be informed of this by the body which has so

often stood its protector against both errors and waste. The new courthouse is the greatest architectural project that the city has undertaken in many years, and the violation of principle involved in this case would be of seriously bad effect for the future, both in New York and elsewhere.

"EVERY thoughtful man must admit that wealth is power, and that therefore liberty and such an inequality in the distribution of wealth as now exists can not permanently endure together." These words, with their air of logical inevitability, emanate from the Committee of 48, which recently met in St. Louis to lay the foundations of a new political party. The statement assumes the major premise that inequality of power in the individuals of whom the state is composed is *per se* destructive of liberty. But education is also power, and with equal logical validity might be substituted for wealth in the statement above quoted. If the Committee of 48 should accept the formula thus altered as equally true, and not damaging to its argument, we may go a step further back and substitute inborn intelligence, which is surely power of a very high degree, and no less unequally distributed than wealth, in society as it now exists. Now as inequality of intelligence, with the vast inequality of power which it entails, comes by birth itself, in accordance with biological laws which the Committee of 48 and its new political party are hardly competent to alter or repeal, we are driven by the Committee's peremptory logical formula to the somewhat dismal conclusion that our aspirations for liberty are merely an idle dream, inherently impossible of realization. But when we shake off the spell of the Committee's logic, we are confronted with the historical fact that such measure of human liberty as mankind has at any time and place enjoyed from the beginning of history to the present date has always coexisted with striking inequalities, not only of the power of wealth, but of many other kinds of power. That is to say, the suppressed major premise on which the Committee's conclusion rests has never been true of the growth of liberty in the past, and no proof has been adduced that it will be true in the development of liberty in the future.

IT is true, of course, that the "liberty" which we ordinarily have in mind in political discussions assumes equality of power in certain respects, as for instance in the power to participate in the government under which one lives, and to secure the equal protection of its laws. But when it comes to those kinds of power which spring from inborn qualities, and are increased by education and self-control, the existence of liberty does

not demand the suppression of inequality. On the contrary, in many phases of life liberty tends to the development of inequality and is itself distinctly the gainer thereby. As for inequality of wealth, the ability to acquire and the disposition to save are and must always be vastly unequal, the one from qualities inborn, the other from traits of character developed as life goes on. With these natural or unavoidably acquired inequalities at the foundation, equality in results could come only by such an arbitrary control from without as would be wholly inconsistent with any true conception of personal liberty. Of course, the power of wealth can be abused, but the assumption of the Committee of 48 that it has been so abused as to make what are known as the laboring classes progressively poorer, and to threaten the extinction of liberty, is no less careless of fact than of logic. The dangers which threaten liberty are not to be found in the free development of the differing natural powers and aptitudes of the individual in legitimate fields of endeavor. The weakness of the position of the Committee of 48 lies in its attack upon inequality of wealth as an evil in itself, and not merely in its abuse. We may all hope and work for a material improvement in the pecuniary condition of the man who toils; but we shall make no advance in that direction by yielding to the idea that the accumulation of fortunes by able leaders in commerce and industry is incompatible with this improvement.

THERE has been much moralizing in the newspapers over the relative showing of public-school boys and private-school boys at college, as stated in statistics summarized and commented on in the current issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. It appears that of the public-school boys, 2.5 per cent. obtained their degree at Harvard *summa cum laude*, as against only 0.5 per cent. of the boys from private schools; and that likewise the percentages in the *magna cum laude* class were 11.8 and 4.3, respectively. But the conclusion drawn from these figures, that the public-school training was better than that of the private schools, turns on one of the most familiar of statistical fallacies. Nearly all of the boys who go to the great private schools are sent to college, while among the public-school boys there is a sharp selection on the score not only of native ability, but also of inclination to study. In the one case we are dealing with substantially all the boys of certain families or of certain social classes, in the other case we have to do largely with a picked lot. Moreover, few of the public-school boys are sent to college simply to have a good time, or even desirable cultural surroundings; they are sent because they

are anxious to accomplish something serious and because they have shown the ability to do it. The public-school training may, indeed, be better, either in promoting habits of study, or in its direct intellectual discipline, or both, than the private schools, but the figures cited are entirely inconclusive on the subject. They show that if you take at random a public-school boy who is sent to college and a private-school boy who is sent to college, the chances are that you will pick a better scholar if you choose the former. But they don't show at all that if you send a given boy to public school he is more likely to prove a good scholar at college than if you had sent him to private school.

BUT the fact that college men who hail from public schools do better, on the whole, than those who hail from private schools, does have a moral, and an important one. The moral is not that your boy will do better at college if you send him to public school. Your boy has a certain given endowment of intelligence. Placing him in the category of public-school-boys-who-go-to-college will not increase that endowment, and the figures above referred to leave the question of educational advantage open. The moral is rather that if you are looking for a boy (or girl) to send to college (whether you are an individual, an association, or the state), you will do well to look for him in the public schools. Not all, not more than a very small proportion, of the exceptional public-school boys and girls are able to go to college; there are others among them, just as capable of earning their *summa cum laude* and of winning distinction in after life, who long for a college education, and would be incalculably helped by it, but can not get it. Few tasks would be more rewarding than that of discovering such students, already highly endowed by nature, at an early age, and providing them with the sort of education that any rich man's child obtains as a matter of course.

AT the solemn stroke of twelve in the Christmas night, according to a widespread superstition of mediæval Europe, all running water turned into precious wine. For a human being to drink of it would have been certain death. An inquisitive woman of Lower Brittany went, at that miraculous hour, to the well for water, and heard a voice that said:

Toute l'eau se tourne en vin
Et tu es proche de ta fin.

Every age has its own superstitions. Ours believes in a mystic connection of wine with the Anti-Christ, and works its own miracle by turning it all into water. But the poetic belief is lost that to drink of the miraculous liquid would desecrate the Christmas Feast.

The Deportation

THE law forbidding immigration of anarchists into this country, and providing for the deportation of such as may have entered in spite of it, was not enacted yesterday. It was not the product of hysterical fear, nor the outcome of the disturbed conditions brought on by the Great War. It has been on the statute books a score of years and more. Some thought its enactment unwise, or futile; but there was never the slightest ground for questioning the principle upon which it is justified. Every country has a right to state upon what terms it will admit outsiders to its borders, and what classes of immigrants it thinks fit to exclude.

All true Americans must feel an instinctive reluctance to depart in any instance from their country's tradition as a refuge for the oppressed and a land of opportunity for the unfortunate. But fine as is the spirit of that catholic hospitality which we so long exercised, it can not be invoked to set aside the obligations of a higher duty. The first duty of America is to preserve its own character. If that be really threatened by a flood of alien immigration, such as the crowded hundreds of millions of China made possible, it is not only our right but our duty to take such measures as are necessary to prevent it. If it be threatened by destructive agitation at the hands of alien revolutionists, it is our right and our duty to prevent that.

The deportation of 249 Russian revolutionaries last Sunday marked not the beginning of a period of frantic persecution, but the end of a period of long-suffering and good-natured patience. Anarchist plotters, most of them aliens, have been with us for several decades. During nearly all of this time we have wisely refrained from putting the law into vigorous operation against them. The time has at last come when every sensible person must understand that if we mean anything at all by the law, we must put it into action. It is a cheap and easy thing to say, as the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant is quoted as saying, that "to send three hundred or three million men away and try to stop the growth of ideas is not going to be successful." If anybody expects to stop the growth of anarchistic or socialistic ideas by deporting their alien advocates he is unquestionably doomed to disappointment. It is not the growth of ideas, but the specific activities of one class of agitators that is aimed at in the laws against alien revolutionists.

Whatever causes there may be within our own country that tend to breed discontent or revolution would continue to operate though every alien in the Union were deported. But it is no accident that so large a part of the worst and most violent forms which revolutionary

discontent has taken in this country has been identified with the activities of alien agitators. It is absurd to ignore the fact that we have among us millions of ignorant, though for the most part well-intentioned immigrants, whose presence in our body politic can be regarded with complacency only upon condition that we may expect them gradually to grow into a realization of the essentials of our institutions. And this condition can not be fulfilled if their defenceless minds are subjected to the onslaughts of agitators whose only relation to our institutions is that of venomous hostility. By deporting a few hundred of them we not only get rid of these individuals, but give effective notice to thousands of others that this alien warfare against America can no longer be conducted under the protection of American law and with the advantages of American well-being.

It is doubtless the opinion of many that even for this immediate purpose the enactment and execution of proscriptive laws is bound to be a failure. No thoughtful person can fail to recognize that the cry of persecution, whether well-grounded or not, is a powerful factor on the other side. But the easy-going assumption that every act of suppression, however just, is sure to help more than to hurt the cause against which it is directed has no basis either in reason or in experience. A most impressive instance to the contrary is to be found in the history of the Chicago anarchists of thirty years ago. For years there had been going on in that city, and perfectly known to everybody, an organized anarchist agitation. A newspaper was regularly published in its interest. Its adherents held regular meetings for purposes of systematic training. It was a wise policy that permitted all this to go on without serious check until it culminated in the bomb-throwing massacre of policemen at the Haymarket. Then, after due trial, and after an appeal most carefully considered by the Supreme Court of Illinois, four of the leaders were hanged and several others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Did this fan the flame of anarchism in Chicago? Did ten anarchists spring up where one had been before? On the contrary, year after year, and decade after decade, one heard nothing more of Chicago anarchism except a pretty pilgrimage made every year—and quite undisturbed by the police—to put flowers on the graves of the four men who had forfeited their lives to the stern requirements of the law.

It is worth while to pause for a moment and think, not so much of the criminality as of the unspeakable insolence and effrontery of these foreign reformers of America. They came over not when Russia had undertaken to light mankind to the new heaven of Bol-

shevism, but years ago when their country was in the black night of Tsarist tyranny. Were we not so accustomed to the phenomenon, we should feel that for them to come here not to learn but to teach, not to help but to destroy, was a thing which only the inhabitants of Bedlam could look upon as normal or permissible. In their own minds, they may be idealists of the purest water; and so is many a poor inmate of the insane asylum. They are not insane, however, except as any man is insane who does not recognize the limitations which decency or modesty places upon his acts as a member of the society which entertains him. Our country falls short, to be sure, of its own ideals; and in many points it falls short of standards that other countries have attained. But these very people chose it because on the whole it is the best that mankind has thus far found itself able to beget; and it has been the very fount and origin of the liberal ideas that have gradually been overspreading the world, and the absence of which from their own country was the source of their revolt. It is a mawkish sentimentality that admires the morbid idealism of these creatures' thought and is blind to the naked indecency of their conduct.

Japan Reconsiders

THE cabled report of the statement of Lloyd George in Parliament last Thursday on certain features of Allied policy arrived at in the recent conference in London, is tantalizing in its brevity and paraphrasing. It is a pity that his reply to Sir Donald Maclean's question was not transmitted verbatim, for it is not always safe to draw conclusions from the remarks of the elusive Welshman when filtered through a reporter; this is a task of sufficient difficulty when you have his own words. Two points, however, stand forth with some clearness; both are reassuring, and one is provocative of considerable curiosity.

In the first place, while reiterating that he had passed to a policy of non-interference in Russia, he apparently set at rest the fears, and disposed of the persistent rumors, that he was inclined to grant recognition to the Soviet Government. It was easy for him to say: "If the Bolsheviki want to speak for Russia, they can do so by summoning a National Assembly, freely elected," for he knew that this was the last thing they would agree to do. But even at that he was begging the whole question, because he is perfectly aware that such an elected assembly under present conditions would be a fantastic absurdity. There is reason to believe that powerful and unscrupulous financial interests have brought strong pressure to bear upon him to secure the recognition of the

Soviet Government in order that they might take advantage of Lenin's proffered concessions. And there is no doubt that there lurks in his mind the idea that it is to England's interest that the future Russia be hobbled.

His second point gives rise to interesting conjectures. What did he mean by saying that discussions were proceeding between the United States and Japan concerning future action should the Bolshevik advance reach to any considerable degree eastward? Certainly our own Government has given us no indication that any such negotiations were taking place, and we have been under the general impression that our immediate policy was that of nagging at Japan because of her unwillingness to include Manchuria and Inner Mongolia within the field covered by the Consortium, and that further we were far from being in agreement with her with reference to the question of the Siberian Railway and the functions of our respective military forces in Eastern Siberia.

In view of the decided change in Japanese policy towards Siberia during the past few months, the statement of Lloyd George is definitely reassuring. It is not too much to say that this change makes possible a degree of coöperation with Japan that has hitherto seemed out of the question, and may perhaps be the basis of a relationship that shall set at rest once and for all the misunderstandings and jealousies that might have threatened a future war in the Orient.

When the Bolsheviks first occupied Siberia, Japan was slow to realize the wider significance of the Bolshevik movement. Rather did this occupation and the overturn of the Bolsheviks which followed the Czechoslovak struggle present themselves to the imperialistic group in Japan as opportunities for an actual domination of Siberia. Diplomatically they expressed themselves as ready to undertake the restoration of order by military force, provided they were properly compensated by special rights and concessions. Their policy was directed toward keeping Siberia in political turmoil and preventing the establishment of a strong and unified Russian Government. The object seemed to be the acquisition of economic domination during a period of weakness.

Within the past few months, however, Japanese policy has undergone a complete change. The reasons are twofold. First, Japan has come to fear the menace of the spread of Bolshevism to China, and secondly, her statesmen now realize that the conquest of the good will of the Russians by economic reconstruction along lines mutually beneficial and profitable is a far better guaranty of Japan's future welfare than any forcible domination could be.

The danger of Bolshevism is very real.

Japan knows the susceptibility of the millions of China to movements of that sort, and she has also experienced among her own people disquieting developments, for Bolshevik propagandists have been extremely active all over the Orient.

Her analysis of the present situation from a politico-economic standpoint is highly illuminating. Japan sees before her the possibility of a conflict with America. She analyzes the situation cold-bloodedly. America raised an enormous army for the World War. Japan observes with alarm the increase of our Pacific fleet and the construction of a great naval base in Hawaii. Taking stock of her own position, she notes that her lack of coal and iron places her at the mercy of the United States, and that an embargo on steel, without any declaration of war on our part, would quickly bring her to her knees. To extricate herself from this situation she must secure raw materials from the Asiatic mainland. The best way to do this is in coöperation and alliance with the future Russia, and not by violence or compulsion.

It is the lesson of the Twenty-one Points over again. More flies are caught by molasses than by vinegar. Therefore, instead of alienating the Russians and by arrogant and arbitrary conduct making of them a potential enemy, the Japanese now see that by undertaking economic enterprise in Siberia in such a way that the Russians themselves shall participate and appear to take the lead, they can secure all the material benefits and at the same time lay the basis of strong national friendship. It is perhaps true that in making this change of policy they are but following the German plans for the penetration of European Russia, but it is a wise change and there is nothing to hinder American coöperation and the allaying of irritation between the two countries.

It may very well be a fact that Japan is now ready to send large additional forces into Siberia to prevent the Reds from penetrating east of Baikal, but it seems equally certain that if this is done, it will not be with the idea of acquiring Siberian territory or imposing economic domination by force. Rather will every effort be made to conciliate the Russians and assist them in the reconstruction of their own industrial life through silent Japanese participation.

It would be well if, on our part, we should realize the significance of this striking change of Japanese policy and take the necessary steps towards coöperation. In this way we can quickly put an end to the bickerings in Siberia itself and reassure Japan as to our own intentions. The path seems open to the kind of economic coöperation that is the best antidote to dangerous political suspicion and irritation.

Rhode Island's Protest

THERE may be reasons which the Supreme Court will regard as valid grounds for declaring that the Eighteenth Amendment has not been duly adopted and made part of the Constitution of the United States. There are questions of procedure—in particular the question of what constitutes the vote of "two-thirds of both houses" of Congress, and the question of ratification by the Legislature when a State Constitution requires the approval of such ratification by popular vote—upon which the Supreme Court may possibly decide adversely to the amendment. But it is safe to say that the amendment will not be pronounced invalid on the ground that it is in its nature beyond the scope of Article V of the Constitution.

Apart from a limitation that expired in 1808, there is no restriction upon the power of amendment by the process laid down in Article V, except that which declares that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Reference has been made to the Tenth Amendment, which declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people"; but this is of no avail as against an amendment of the Constitution adopted in accordance with the prescribed procedure. Such an amendment, it is declared in Article V, "shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution"; if the Tenth Amendment had been designed to prevent any future delegation of power to the United States, it would have so declared in plain terms. "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution" means powers not delegated by the Constitution, either as originally made or as subsequently amended; such a power was granted, for instance, in the Sixteenth Amendment, authorizing a Federal income tax. Nor is there any weight in arguments based on the general notion of a "republican form of government"; for a judicial body to declare the prohibition amendment void because it is destructive of a republican form of government would be an assumption of authority too fantastic to be seriously considered.

Nevertheless, Rhode Island's manful protest against the fundamental wrong which the Eighteenth Amendment has done to our institutions should be of profound interest to every American. Little Rhody puts her bigger sisters to the blush. She declares, in her brief to the Supreme Court, that the people of Rhode Island have always enjoyed "full powers of self-government in all matters relating to the internal affairs of said State," and asserts that her police power in that domain can not be "bargained away, sur-

rendered, yielded, or transferred effectually to bind the people of said State and their posterity, if at all, without an 'explicit and authentic act of the whole' people of said State." Whatever the legal validity of this plea, the fact to which it refers is stated none too strongly. What the Legislature of State after State has blithely done—has done with less real deliberation than is usually expended upon a paltry bit of everyday legislation—has precisely the character that Rhode Island declares. They have "bargained away and surrendered" fundamental State powers, which, until a few years ago, nobody thought of questioning; and they have done it in such a way as "to bind the people of the State and their posterity," beyond the possibility of future reclamation by any action within their power.

Not since the formation of the Union has so gross an injury been done to the character of American institutions. For the injury has been threefold. It has struck a blow at the very life of the idea of State autonomy in State affairs, and has made easy the path of every agitation that may arise in the future for the concentration at Washington of power over any matter of local concern which the itch for regulation may seize upon as its next victim. It has swept away whatever was left of authority in the idea of the liberty of the individual to lead his own life in his own way, subject to respect for the right of others to do likewise. And last but not least, it has immeasurably lowered the standing of the Constitution of the United States by imbedding into its substance a mere police regulation, and entrenching it behind those safeguards which were designed for the preservation of the nation and the protection of the essentials of liberty.

If Rhode Island's protest should help to awaken the nation to a sense of what the prohibition amendment means, it will not have been made in vain, even if it accomplishes no juristic result. And the same thing is true of the great popular vote recorded against the Eighteenth Amendment in Ohio. It is not many years since it was regarded as a truism by most Americans that prohibition, if justified at all, was justified only in case it had behind it an overwhelming sentiment in the community immediately affected. The spectacle of a rural majority imposing its will upon great urban communities, even within the limits of a given State, offended our instincts as freemen. It is good to see, in such a State as Ohio, a full half of all the voters condemning the iron rule that has been laid upon them and their children's children by the Eighteenth Amendment. Additional point is given to this result by a circumstance which was made much of by the prohibitionists when the early returns indicated a big victory for them.

It was claimed that the Ohio result was more significant than the "wet" victory in New Jersey, because Ohio had found out by experience what the "dry" régime was like; now the tables are turned on those who made that claim. And numerous town elections in New England, giving "wet" majorities, tell the same story.

It is certain that the people opposed to prohibition in many of our States are either a majority, or a minority falling little short of a majority. Yet upon millions of people there has been forced a regulation of their daily life which it is beyond the power of any majority in a single State, or of the combined majorities of thirty-five out of our forty-eight States, to abolish or relax. To fasten this kind of bond on the American people, and enforce it by the constant exertion of Federal power, can not fail to have a debilitating effect upon the political character of the American people. But if it can not be thrown off, it is at least something that it should be resented. The State of Rhode Island, the people of Ohio, and the anti-prohibition voters in the New England town-elections have done an important service in at least showing the country that the Eighteenth Amendment is not being accepted without serious protest.

Winter's for Books

"A candle by the ingle-nook,
The swaying shadow faintly double;
With fire, glass, and pipe, and book,
Heigh ho to care and trouble!"

WINTER'S for books. Not a doubt of it. The garden is bleak, with no more wish to be looked at than a lady in curl papers. The sea can manage but a wan smile at best. A brook running black between shores of jagged ice may set off the brightness of a brief walk at noonday. More venturesome, "all shod with steel," one may, like Wordsworth, in early evening "cut across the reflex of a star." Of a morning the motor turns over reluctantly, stiff in the joints, poor thing, as its owner will be too, if he insists on sharing the rutted road with a busy wind. The best of life is within doors. A clear fire. And a book.

A pretty picture, is it not? made up—who said it?—very largely of what in these days we briefly dismiss as "bunk." There is nothing in the glass. The fire is a purring and spitting monstrosity of gilt. No one would think of reading by candle-light. A pear of light, energized by God knows how many volts or watts or horsepower, blazes under the "art" shade at elbow. And there, perhaps, lies the trouble. Light. When man took Divinity at his word and turned on the electric switch, what a change was there! Copernicus when he shifted our celestial centre of motion from earth

to sun did no more. Seated betwixt the crossing shadows of hickory fire and of tallow dip, man was the centre of the universe. Encircling night soothed and sustained. And by magic virtue of the volume on his knee, into what a world he stepped—he, the all-seeing, watcher alike of beginning and of end, confidant of the great and the small, of the evil and of the good! But in a world whose night is riven a thousand ways by electric light, how shut out this world that we may gain another? Like Strassburg geese we must be up and feeding. Like moths we must be giddily dancing. With so much light abroad there must be something to see. Let us go out at once lest we miss it.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold," sang Keats, when he had never journeyed beyond the suburbs of London. Is it because they lie so adjacent to us that we do not visit them oftener? Is it because entrance is so easy that it does not seem worth the trouble? Happening to live next door to some splendid monument that all the world comes to see, do we put off a glance at it to a time that never comes? Does it ask a little courage, the plunge? Most certainly everything else asks courage, and is there anything that gives so much in return? Enter where you will; there are a thousand gates. Be sure that in the time given to the reading of a book many times its price would otherwise have gone to the purchase of far less valuable merchandise.

"Books delight us, when prosperity smiles upon us; they comfort us inseparably when stormy fortune frowns on us. They lend validity to human compacts, and no serious judgments are propounded without their help. Arts and sciences, all the advantages of which no mind can enumerate, consist in books. How highly must we estimate the wondrous power of books, since through them we survey the utmost bounds of the world and of time, and contemplate the things that are as well as those that are not, as in the mirror of eternity." It is almost six hundred years since the good Bishop and Chancellor, Richard of Bury, penned those words, and the world's point of view may have shifted a little. A book was hard to come at in those days; perhaps the more cherished for that very reason. We are less satisfied than he that everything worth knowing is to be found in books. There is much virtue, we are sure, in doing. And we are not sure that the books are always right.

For all that, books are still the most comfortable of teachers. "Consider," says Richard again in his "Love of Books," "what pleasantness of teaching there is in books, how easy, how secret! How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame! They are masters who

instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without gifts of clothes or money. If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and enquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide if you make mistakes; they do not laugh if you are ignorant." Where else, indeed, can experience be bought at a rate less dear? Where else find such convenient summations and epitomes of experience which, for the best of us, is inevitably something scattered and not a little perplexed?

It is said that there have been in the world only three really interesting events, the Trojan War, the French Revolution—and these days of ours. And for an understanding of the last we are as dependent on books as in the case of the other two. Gradually, through the reading of many books we shall come to know something of the war through which we have passed. Gradually we shall grow able to reckon with the tremendous forces that are seeking equilibrium. In the novelists and the poets we can see prophetically the form and pressure which this age of ours will present to our descendants. Do not scorn these last without at least reading them; do not neglect them without being sure of the way to something that seems better; and do not at the other extreme leave the dead past—perhaps more surely alive than the present—to bury its books unread in libraries.

"In books," says Richard yet again, "I find the dead as if they were alive . . . All things are corrupted and decay in time . . . all the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion unless God had provided mortals with the remedy of books." Not only the dead as if they were alive—Troy unburned, Rome un-fallen, the song of the troubadour unstilled, the walls of the Globe Theatre yet echoing to Shakespeare's words, Dr. Johnson still talking immortally, all the poets still singing as if they never would grow old—not only this, but those who have never died, the friends whom we made years ago in the happy intimacy of long winter evenings, are still there waiting for us. *We* may grow old, but not they. Our friends in the flesh may disappoint us or leave us; nothing in the shifting world may present to us the familiar face of old. But the people with whom we have lived through the pages of a book are unchanging and immortal. "Now," said Balzac, returning from a crowded company to the solitude of his own library, "now for some real people." And it can not be said that Balzac did not know the world. Viewed, then, either as a refuge from the present or as a means of conquering it, as a refreshment or as a weapon, books are the one thing in these spare days that we can not go without. And winter's for books.

Kautsky's Exposure

KARL MARX taught that the course of history is not decided by individual persons and institutions, but in the last instance by economic forces. Capitalism creates everywhere imperialism, the desire for violent expansion of territory. In capitalism, therefore, the Socialists see the cause of the War. It is this doctrinaire way of judging the history of the last five years which has made international Socialism seem in league with the imperialism of Germany. Public opinion, both in neutral and Entente countries, found instinctively the truth to which the Socialists were blinded by their theories. It knew that the War had been made in Germany, and held the ex-Kaiser and his counsellors responsible for it. And now that the criminals are beaten, the chief exponent of Marxism in Germany, the historian Karl Kautsky, has come forward with an indictment of them more crushing than any enemy or neutral could produce, as neither hatred nor moral indignation, but the cool reasoning of a disbeliever in individual responsibility for the world's destinies, has dictated the verdict. "A Marxist," says Kautsky, "who would argue that imperialism would in any case have led to war, whatever Germany's policy might have been, acts like a man taking the part of little rascals who have played at throwing burning matches into a barrel of powder. But the Berlin boys knew that the powder was there; they had, in fact, deposited the bulk of it themselves."

Extracts from Kautsky's book have appeared in the papers, but it is only from a perusal of the whole work, both the documents and the commentary, that one gains the full impression of its terrible importance. For the first time, irrefutable evidence is produced of the ex-Kaiser's full complicity with his criminal advisers. The book disposes for good of the legend, faithfully spread by loyal subjects of the War Lord since fate and the world began to turn against him, that his ministers had confided in him only in so far as it might serve their own aggressive ends. Prince Lichnowsky's famous memorandum was, until recently, the only authority for the story of Von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador at Vienna, having received a reprimand for reporting that he had advised the Government in Vienna to adopt greater moderation towards Serbia. Kautsky produces the report in question, together with the marginal notes of Von Tschirschky's Imperial master, the contents of which bear out Lichnowsky's almost incredible statement.

"I often hear the desire expressed, even by serious people," the Ambassador wrote, "that the Serbians might be scored off once for all (*Now or never!* is

the Emperor's comment). First, they say, we must confront them with a series of demands, and when they refuse to comply with these, we must proceed by forcible means. On all such occasions I take care quietly, but emphatically and earnestly, to warn against precipitation." (*Who has given him authority for that? is the comment. That is very stupid! It is no concern of his at all, as it is exclusively for Austria to decide what is to be done. It will be said afterwards, if matters go wrong, that Germany backed out. Tschirschky must please stop this nonsense! With the Serbians accounts must be settled, and the sooner the better.*) This document, with the notes in the margin, was returned to the Foreign Office on July 4, nineteen days before the Austrian ultimatum was delivered at Belgrade. The Kaiser's comments on the subsequent development of affairs as described in the reports of the Ambassador in Vienna, show him impatient of delay. Not until July 14 could Tschirschky report that the Hungarian Government had given its full approval to the criminal scheme.

On July 23, the fatal note was delivered at Belgrade by the Austrian Minister. In a telegram to Vienna he referred to it as an "ultimatum," but an immediate reprimand was the reply to this tactless designation, the note, it was explained to him, being only "a time-limited step" (*eine befristete Démarche*), as its refusal would not instantly be answered with a declaration of war, but only with the breaking off of the diplomatic relations. The German Government has always professed not to have known the contents of this notorious document until it was officially brought to the knowledge of all the Powers. Even if this denial of complicity be taken to refer to the verbal text only, and not to its general tenor as agreed upon in Berlin on July 6, it is proved to be a falsehood by the evidence that Kautsky produces from the archives. A copy of the note, despatched by Von Tschirschky, was received at the Foreign Office in Berlin in the afternoon of July 22, two full days earlier than it was made known to the other Powers, and certainly a sufficient time before the handing of the original at Belgrade for the German Government to have prevented that decisive step if such had been the wish of the statesmen at Berlin. Serbia's unexpected compliance with the exorbitant conditions of the *befristete Démarche* made it extremely difficult for Germany to play the double part of seeming, in the eyes of the world, honestly solicitous to preserve peace and of secretly backing up Austria in getting her war with Serbia. The British proposals for mediation could not flatly be declined, "as that would make us stand condemned before the whole world as responsible for the conflagra-

tion, and as the real instigators of the War. This would also make our own position in the country impossible, which must be brought to believe that we were forced into the War." Thus wrote Von Bethmann-Hollweg in a despatch to Von Tschirschky of July 27.

The Emperor's marginal comments of the last days of July do not betray the slightest hesitancy or agitation at the certain approach of the great war. Sir Edward Grey's prediction, quoted by Prince Lichnowsky, that "the war would bring in its train revolutionary movements as in 1848 in consequence of languishing commerce" is waived by the imperial amateur-statesman with an incredulous exclamation mark. Sir Edward's offer to insist, jointly with Germany, on an extension by Austria of the time limit for Serbia's reply is discarded with a peremptory *needless*. The possibility hinted at by Grey that Austria might bleed to death as a consequence of a protracted war is made light of with a sneering *nonsense!* The greater is his disappointment and his rage when, four days later, on July 29, he receives Sir Edward's warning, passed on by Lichnowsky, that England, though willing to act as a mediator between Austria, Serbia, and Russia, would not engage to maintain her neutrality in the event of a war between Germany and France. In a spasm of fury he fills the margin with vituperative language against *the mean cheat* (meaning Sir Edward Grey), whose policy is so *thoroughly vile and mephistophelian, but typically English*. But if Germany, through England's treachery, is to bleed to death, she shall be revenged by causing England to lose British India! *Our consuls in Turkey and India, our agents, etc., must rouse the entire Mohammedan world into a wild revolt against this hated, lying, unscrupulous race of grocers*. He is resigned to the prospect of his country bleeding to death if only England be hurled with it into the maelstrom!

On the Chancellor and the Foreign Office, on the other hand, the British outspokenness had a sobering effect. From July 29 on, Berlin honestly worked to avoid the war which, without Italy's aid and with Great Britain as an opponent, was bound to lead to Germany's destruction. But this belated action for peace was thwarted by Austria's refusal to enter into negotiations with Russia and the insistence of the German General Staff on the necessity of striking the first blow. Since the German diplomats had brought the country to the verge of war, it had become the duty of the military authorities to carry it through the war as quickly and at as little cost as possible. And this immediate preparedness required mobilization, which, according to the conception of the General Staff, meant war. Von Bethmann had lost control over the

spirits which he himself had called up. The military leaders assumed command, and the Chancellor became the obedient executant of their orders. They began the war against Russia and France and left it to Bethmann to make the world believe that those countries were the aggressors. In a memorandum of August 5, Von Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, prescribes to the Chancellor the policy that must be followed: Revolts must be stirred up among the Poles against Russia, in Egypt and India against the British, in Morocco and Algiers against the French. Influential German-Americans must manipulate the American press in Germany's favor. "Perhaps the United States can be persuaded to undertake an action at sea against England, for which Canada will be its reward." When the United States can not be won over to the German side, Mexico is approached and offered some of the States of the Union as a bait. At the same time the General Staff makes a bid for the aid of the insurgents in Ireland, the anarchists in Italy, the dynamiters in America, and, ultimately, of the Bolsheviki in Russia. "Lenin and Trotsky," writes Kautsky, "were not the first, as one sees, to try to rescue their cause from an impossible situation by letting their emissaries stir up a world-revolution. But it is a superstition—which many advocates of the world-revolution share with the shortsighted German politicians—that revolutions can be called forth *ad libitum* by skillful, active and well-moneyed agents."

Kautsky has done a good work in the publication of these documents and his clear and searching commentary. The world, and the German nation first of all, owes him a debt of gratitude for his unsparing revelation of the truth. The book may bring a change in the long-stagnant question of the ex-Kaiser's trial. It exposes him as a reckless criminal bent on war, the chief conspirator against the peace of the world. Does not this discovery of his real character make it incumbent on Germany herself to bring him to trial for the crime which brought this endless woe upon the nation?

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Editors
FABIAN FRANKLIN
HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER

What Will the Radicals Eat?

I AM wondering how the American Bolsheviks, red and pink, are planning to handle the food problem. I hold no brief for the present social order. Society argues its own briefs without regard to you and me. But I am struck with certain inconveniences in the evening-up process as revealed by Europe's experience in feeding herself after the war. There too they have tried to destroy human institutions, and the net result so far discernible is that several millions of the best people are dead and the rest are very irregular at their meals.

However much the army of the Left may differ from other armies, it must be like them in this, that it, too, marches on its stomach. Was not one of the first steps of the Soviets in Russia and the Hungary House in Budapest to increase the ration of the faithful? New York, in which swarm radicals of all shades, finds its machinery severely tested to keep itself fed. What are the Bolsheviks of the Boulevards planning to do when for the present severely tried order they have substituted one of their own? This matter of food supply is not without its perplexities when you and I and our brothers insist upon living in a large city far away from where the green things grow. The capitalistic order has arranged a machinery whereby food comes to all with some regularity. Week in and week out New York eats its 10,000 tons of grain, its 8,000 tons of meat, its 40,000 tons, more or less, of other foodstuffs. There is nothing to indicate that New York will eat less under the coming dispensation. Certainly then as now there will be needed the thousands of cars, the miles of multiple tracks to transport the foodstuffs, and the complicated financial structure of banking, to carry New York's hundred-million-dollar-a-week kitchen bill. For my part I do not care so much that capitalism shall do this as that it shall continue to be done.

There are only two ways of keeping up your food supply. If you are a true individualist with no capitalistic taint, you can raise it yourself with a sharp stick. But if you live with your fellows you are very likely to use some of society's machinery in a rudimentary or developed form. If you live in New York, or some other large city, the form is likely to be very intricate indeed and to depend very much upon accumulated capital. It may be handled by a magnified form of communism if a commune can learn the technique; but the principle will be capitalism just the same. Capital will be required to transport your food, to store it, and to pay the farmer for it upon delivery some months before you pay for it at your grocer's.

I have no record of any member of any of the more radical groups raising his food for himself. Believers in "direct action" with regard to man's accumulated stocks and organized institutions, they take no direct action with respect to nature. Assuming some credit for courage in calling a spade a spade, they do not often use one. Much as he attacks capital, your radical reformer is always found where capital is. He takes his place in the great city or at a mine. He does not appear on the farms. It is a mistake to say that the Bolsheviks took Russia and Hungary. The Bolsheviks took Petrograd and Budapest, and held them just as long as the country behind could or would provide food. Your American Bolshevik lives in New York, Chicago, or some other large city. He is as likely as not to belong to the leisure classes, whose income was long ago guaranteed, or to be an artist or a poet to whom "society owes a living."

In order that you and I, as city dwellers, shall be fed, two things are necessary. First, an internal economic machinery of distribution; second, a system of values so that the producer may be immediately compensated for his work and encouraged to continue it. What the attitude of our Bolshevik is toward the capital which stands at the basis of banking, transportation, and storage, we know. It is to enjoy the fruits of capital and organization and to strike at their roots of efficiency and power to be of service. Even more insidious still is his attack on values by which the food producer is compensated for his labor. Reduced to its simplest term, the trade between the farmer who produces the food and the city man who eats it is a trade between foodstuffs and the manufactured goods the farmer needs. Says a British statesman, "In the main a country's agricultural produce is exchanged against manufactured articles. If industry is not producing, the farmer can not exchange his products against these articles, and, on the other hand, the industrial community has no purchasing power. It can only offer a currency which is rapidly depreciating and which the farmer will therefore refuse." The farmer accepts money, of course, but the money stands for a parity of value between the foodstuffs and the manufactured goods. This parity the Bolshevik would vitiate, has indeed vitiated in Russia and Hungary, by issuing superfluous money, and has tried to vitiate in America by reducing the production of manufactured goods while accepting an ever-increasing supply of foodstuffs. He would create by social fiat a standard of exchange to impose upon the farmer who produces by indi-

vidual labor. He continues to eat and demand more from the soil and the tiller of the soil, while giving less labor for fewer hours. He demands more value in wheat, corn, and pork, for less value in machinery, coal, and clothing. He expects by manipulation of money to change the relationships between what the farmer grows and what the city man manufactures.

Fortunately for your farmer but unfortunately for your city man, the farmer has the last word on this. The farmer knows that he is the producer of the commodities of first necessity. His mind is never confused by money. For true value he looks to things or land, and he will not surrender his foodstuffs except for true value. When money becomes useless, the farmer turns away from money entirely and begins to hoard and barter. For a time after the Civil War in America, things were cheap and money was dear. That was a time of overproduction from the land. Such times do not promise soon to return. Money is so cheap in some parts of Europe to-day that it has practically lost value. If you want to get a goose in Hungary you have to take a pair of boots out into the country and barter directly with the farmer who needs boots.

As long as we are not all willing to work the soil, we must pay for our food a coin acceptable to the man who does work the soil. And that can not be done by the fiat of reform, by the changing of social order, the destruction of economic machinery, the issuing of more money, or the reduction in production of manufactured goods. It can be done only by work which will create something the farmer will accept for his produce. Lord Robert Cecil is authority for the statement that before the war four hundred million Europeans just managed to feed, clothe, and shelter themselves, and to amass six months' capital on which to live. Now that capital has vanished; Europe is to all intents and purposes on a non-capital basis. Is there anything in this to encourage the farmer to grow produce for the great mass of people who have no contact with the land? Hungary had its chance to prove the contention of the communists. But the farmers refused to exchange their produce for the useless scrip of the Soviets, and at a breath of outside influence Bela Kun fell. He and his followers were underfed and thousands of his unfortunate fellow-citizens were dead of starvation in an agricultural country. The cry that is going up to-day against the blockade on Russia adds no strength to the radical cause. Under normal conditions Russia does not need to import foodstuffs. She is an exporting nation. The demand that food from America shall now support the Soviets at Petrograd is simply

the demand that capital shall support abroad an order that is subversive of its strength to be of service to society. Capital is too much burdened at home to seek abroad such destructive philanthropy.

The answer to the difficulties does not lie in an impossible and parasitic communism. It lies in the demand that all groups of society play their part in the support of that order that must stand on a league of the agricultural with the industrial, or sink altogether to the agricultural. It lies not in putting greater burdens on the producers of foodstuffs, for these producers can easily cease to carry their burdens. It lies in adjusting the burdens between the producers of manufactured goods and the producers of foodstuffs.

If that is not done we shall have a reconstruction of society by rules more fundamental than those of the reformers, a reconstruction which has started

in Europe and which is proceeding by two processes: first, the reduction of the population by starvation; second, a radical change of base by large groups of society back to the soil.

If our radical groups sincerely wish to see the order of urban life with all its advantages maintained and strengthened, let them take heed of the words of one who has much sympathy with the wrongs of labor and wishes to put labor in its proper place in the social order, a man moreover who knows how the pinch of hunger twinges in the stomachs of a hundred million people. The words were spoken of Europe, but they have no less application to America. Herbert Hoover writes, "No economic policy will bring food to those stomachs or fuel to those hearths that does not secure the maximum production. There is no use of tears over raising prices; they are to a great degree a visualization of insufficient production."

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

Impressions from Hungary

CORRESPONDENCE received from well-informed sources in Hungary indicates something of the full measure which that country is paying for its share in the war. The Rumanians have pillaged and requisitioned to an extent unbelievable unless seen. Not only has the greater portion of the transportation, both of the railroads and of private individuals, in the form of automobiles, trucks, wagons, etc., been taken to Rumania, but also the majority of the cattle and crops, the last to such an extent that the seed for next year is lacking. They have, by their requisitioning and theft, put some 200,000 industrial workers and their families in dire distress, and have likewise prevented the payment of any indemnity to the Entente by Hungary.

As a consequence, the country is in a state of utter disorganization. It takes ten days for a letter to go from one section of Budapest to another, writes another of our informants. One may guess from this what the communication will be between distant parts of the country. The population is starving and entirely dependent on sustenance from abroad. The American Relief Administration European Children's Fund is doing all it can to save the rising generation from becoming lost to the future. Mr. Gardner Richardson, who has organized the relief work at Budapest, arrived there on October 7, and in consultation with the Government began immediately to prepare for the opening of children's kitchens. Nearly a hundred of these desperately needed relief stations are running now full blast, and giving one meal every day to 100,000

children. The people's recognition of our good services finds expression in the esteem shown to the Stars and Stripes. The little American flag on the door of a freight car, or an automobile, or pasted on a parcel, or a piece of baggage, is a surer means of protection than policemen or armed soldiers are.

The Hungarian Government of Mr. Friedrich has cooperated with the Americans in a splendid spirit. An appropriation of 5,000,000 kronen was contributed towards the defrayal of the expenses of organization and administration of the relief. But far more is needed. The programme so far outlined will demand close to \$1,000,000, in addition to the funds already secured, and this money is being raised chiefly among Americans of Hungarian extraction, on whom the responsibility for this relief work rests. The writer warns emphatically against sending money over to Hungary. It is worthless there, as there is nothing to buy.

The Hungarian has never been known as a hard worker, and under the present trying conditions he has the business ability of a child. Yet, economically, Hungary can be made self-sustaining; since for the population of the reduced territory, amounting to about ten million, there is sufficient agricultural land, coal mines, and iron mines remaining to them. Foreign aid, however, is needed to make these natural resources productive. Owing to the depreciation of the krone, the chances for investment of foreign capital are extremely good, in the first place because of the relatively small investment necessary to be made in foreign security or money; secondly, be-

cause of the great need of capital for practically every concern in Hungary. The Italians have already purchased the Wood Bank and a number of properties. The English have likewise invested to a considerable degree, and are now negotiating for a loan of about one hundred million pounds against the railroads of the country. The United States is handicapped both because of its distance, and the lack of any governmental or commercial agents in the country. The attitude of the Hungarian towards Americans is such that they prefer them to everyone except, perhaps, the British. They are not desirous of doing business with either the French or the Italians. Of their feelings towards the Germans and the resumption of the peaceful penetration of the country by German influences the same correspondent gives some interesting details. The former ally is already marketing her commodities in Hungary at a ridiculously low rate and giving two-year credits, and, unquestionably repulsive as the idea is to the Hungarian, the country will again become dependent upon Germany. She alone supplies the countries of the old Dual Monarchy with food, clothing, raw materials, and manufactured products on a credit basis acceptable to them. Germany, to the writer's positive knowledge, is the only country on the Continent where the supply of fuel is adequate and the factories are working day and night. One example of their cleverness is that in their replacements in Belgium of machinery carried away during the occupation, they have sent brand-new German machinery so that all spare parts for such plant will hereafter have to come from the same German factories. It would appear that the German dream of a "Mittel Europa" is nearer realization to-day than ever before.

Hungary has, indeed, some industries of her own. The largest factory is the metal fabrication plant of Manfred Weiss, situated at Colpel, in the neighborhood of Budapest. This plant normally employs 36,000 workmen, and during the war this number was increased to 50,000. At Györ are the plants of the Skoda Cannon Factory and a large car shop. At the smaller factories beet sugar and agricultural implements are mainly manufactured, of the latter about 60 per cent. of the national need. From the industrial workers in these factories the Social Democratic Party recruits most of its members, being three per cent. of the ten million people inhabiting the new Hungary. Their recent experience of Bolshevism has sobered both the working and the governing classes. The Social Democrats have agreed to remove from their platform the elimination of class distinction, and the Government, which has always opposed any labor organization, is beginning to realize that

it is better to utilize labor than to fight it.

All things considered, Hungary, in spite of Bolshevik rule and Rumanian pillage, seems to be in a much better condition than her sister-state Austria. To American business the country offers a wide field for enterprise. The writer would rather favor an investment of capital than the purchase of anything for export, and if importation were contemplated, it would of course be necessary to grant extended credit, as the Germans do. There is also an opportunity for the establishment of a bank to take the place of the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company, in view of the fact that there are about two million Hungarians in the United States, all of whom continually send remittances to Hungary. The people would view an initiative in this line from the American side with enthusiasm. The splendid organization set up by Mr. Hoover's representatives and now utilized by Captain Richardson for his relief work, and the energetic manner in which the United States General H. H. Bandholtz, of Philippine fame, has dealt with the Rumanian invaders, have made the Americans very popular among all classes in Hungary.

Sir Robert Borden

THE somewhat unexpected retirement* of Sir Robert Borden from the Canadian Premiership is calculated to affect the political situation in the Dominion to a degree that leaves the immediate consequences very much in the realm of speculation. Until the announcement of his determination to withdraw from the high office which he held since 1911, few realized the importance of the man and of the position that he occupied in the eyes of the country. His disappearance from the scene was considered to be so remote that scarcely any person calculated the results—especially as they might affect the political future of Canada. Now, however, that he has made the momentous announcement, everything has been cast into such a state of confusion that only time can draw any semblance of order out of the chaotic outlook. It is certainly now opportune to glance back over the recent years and briefly estimate the importance of the part played by Sir Robert Borden in the country's affairs during the most trying period of her history since the time of the Confederation.

Unlike Sir John A. Macdonald, Bor-

*This article, contributed by our special Canadian correspondent, is of sufficient interest to stand, in spite of the news, received at the last moment, that Sir Robert Borden intends to retain his office while taking an extended vacation.

den was not a keen and wily politician possessed of that peculiar magnetism which draws men irresistibly to his following; unlike Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he was not a polished orator, in both languages; but he possessed other and very important qualifications for leadership, which, if slow in development, became more and more manifest as circumstances of increasing national importance arose. In the public life of the Dominion he has, since 1896, come slowly to be recognized as a man of exceptional parts. When he entered the Federal field the Conservative party was fresh from an overwhelming defeat, without cohesion in its ranks, and without a leader of any prominence. The choice, despite grave opposition, fell upon the new member from Halifax. Even after he became leader of the Opposition, and consequently of the Conservative party, there was a considerable amount of friction between the members of his following; and, after the defeat of the Conservatives at the polls in 1900, there was a threat of replacing him in the leadership. Once again his party was defeated, but so able was his management during succeeding sessions that his qualities of leadership became more apparent. At last, the suddenly called election of 1911 swept him into power. It was unexpected, even by the most sanguine of Conservatives; consequently all the more to the credit of Borden.

He assumed the Premiership under peculiar circumstances; the prestige of the recent victory was a source of great encouragement; the lack of a defined policy, of experience on the part of his new Ministry, and of absolute unanimity on certain issues militated against him. During three years Sir Robert Borden worked night and day and brought every means of fortifying his Government into play. It was a huge task; and, as it progressed, he displayed an ever increasing energy, keen-sightedness, and tact. Yet, all this was in the purely domestic sphere; outside of Canada little was known of the political situation, and the Dominion's foreign relations were so restricted that there was no real opportunity for him to display any of the qualities that have since dawned upon the public. Had old conditions continued, it is quite possible that Borden would have held the Premiership of Canada for a number of years, and have relinquished the position leaving behind him the reputation of an able lawyer and a conscientious administrator, with a great willingness to devote his whole attention to the improvement of the Dominion's prospects.

The year 1914 brought the war. With a keenness of vision for which few had given him credit, and with a determination far beyond what was suspected to exist in his character, before the British Government had declared war on Ger-

many, Borden had cabled to England the offer of Canada's entire coöperation in the event of a struggle. From that hour until the end of the war, through all the political vicissitudes that marked those four years, despite every adverse criticism that naturally arose, he never once wavered nor relinquished the helm. Others might hesitate, others might turn back, others might halt in presence of unforeseen obstacles; but he never once lost sight of the beacon on the far summit which he had set there for his own guidance and for the guidance of Canada.

This is not the time to attempt any appreciation of Sir Robert Borden's course and activities at the Peace Conference, nor their effect upon the decisions of the Allies or upon the prospects of Canada; we are yet too near those events to be able to judge them with impartiality or to gauge their ultimate bearing upon the near future of the Dominion. The student of the coming years will be better able to appraise them, and to assign to Sir Robert Borden the place which he must occupy in the Pantheon of Canadian statesmanship. For the present all that can be done is to express regret that the overstrain of duty has considerably, though not, it may be hoped, permanently, impaired his health and has led to an immediate retirement from public life. The consequences of his relinquishing the Premiership at this time and they will be many and great in Canada—are of minor consideration compared to the premature ending of a public career that, if slow in its earlier developments, certainly was marked by ability, energy, determination, patriotism, and worldwide sympathies.

Personally, Sir Robert Borden is a man of fine education, a very deep-read lawyer, possessing an even and cordial disposition, devoted to art, letters, and to warm human attachments. He has never been an extremist, either in politics or religion. He had his strong convictions, but he conceded the right to all his fellow-countrymen to enjoy their respective views and opinions. He had a great dislike for all that tended to awaken prejudices in the minds of the people. It was his misfortune, at times, to be under the necessity of surrounding himself with colleagues who did not fully share his broad-mindedness. In the last year but one of the war he made a stupendous effort to strengthen his ministry by inviting members of the Opposition to join him in his task. To a certain degree he succeeded; his course therein may be estimated in different ways, according as it is observed from one critical angle or from another, but it clearly demonstrated that he was not a hidebound politician.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada

Correspondence

The Present Situation in Alsace-Lorraine

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

A few months ago I had the honor of being presented to Mr. Wilson. During the audience I asked the President to be kind enough to write his name on the margin of a volume where were formulated his Fourteen Points. Very obligingly the distinguished statesman penned his initials alongside of these words of the eighth point: "The wrong done to France in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine should be righted." Here again Mr. Wilson recognized the fact that the logical and just conclusion of the war could only be reached by restoring to France Alsace-Lorraine. The President, as well as the whole generous American nation, saw this from the first moment, and we shall always be eternally thankful to them for this.

When Germany annexed these Provinces, she never asked the population how they felt in the matter, nor did she pay any attention to the Bordeaux Protest of 1871. And, again, when in 1874 she then recently elected Alsace-Lorraine members of the Reichstag requested that the Provinces be given an opportunity to vote on the question, the proposal was greeted with derisive laughter. During the forty-four years which followed, the Germans constantly refused to sanction by a popular ballot what they held simply by the right of conquest. More than this—they never ceased to persecute the people of Alsace-Lorraine because the latter continued to protest against a domination forced upon them. But to-day, rather late it must be admitted, the authorities at Berlin are beginning to pronounce as stupid the policy of heartless repression which their predecessors pursued in the Provinces, and which conclusively showed that, after forty-four years of tranquil possession, Germany had not learned how to win the affection or even the esteem of this people who continued to repudiate their rule. Bismarck's remark was quite true, when he said, evidently with a feeling of pride, that "the Prussian does not know how to make himself liked." France, on the other hand, has always succeeded in awakening warm affection in those who have come to her, the latest proof of which was seen repeatedly in the recent war. Consequently it is not surprising that Alsace-Lorraine, torn by force from a nation to which she was so warmly attached, and placed under the domination of unsympathetic masters, has throughout this long exile always ardently desired to return to the land of her preference.

Before 1914, some people doubted

whether the Provinces, "momentarily absent from their home," were still faithful in their love for France. This questioning was largely due to a most active German propaganda which never wearied in spreading statements to this effect. But the events which quickly followed easily overturned this fragile edifice founded on falsehoods. When the French and American troops entered Alsace-Lorraine, they were welcomed, as I know from having seen it myself, with transports of joy by the whole population. When were more flags unfurled and garlands displayed by a people delirious with enthusiasm? How true were the words of President Poincaré pronounced at Strassburg: "The plebiscite has been taken!" Yes, it was taken, and how decisive and overwhelming it was. In a word, the Provinces threw themselves into the arms of France. The long martyrdom was at last at an end.

During the forty-four years of their servitude, the people of Alsace-Lorraine had never ceased to ask for autonomy within the German Empire. But to this very reasonable demand Berlin always replied with a No. So now these Germans, who imagine themselves shrewd, asked themselves if the moment had not come to satisfy this desire and so prevent the Provinces from becoming once more a part of France, "one and indivisible." A few days before the armistice, the Berlin Government appointed a Stadtholder and an Alsatian Secretary of State whose mission it was to elaborate, in accord with the Strassburg Parliament, a new and liberal constitution, even if it had to be republican. But these eleventh-hour concessions were outstripped by the onrush of events. If they had been offered before 1914, they might have satisfied the nation, but in 1918, an Alsace-Lorraine, sure of becoming a part of France again, would of course not listen to them. The Lower House at Strassburg overturned the new Government, declared itself a National Assembly and in a resolution which was carried unanimously stated that it was the wish of the people to return to France.

But even then the Germans did not abandon their efforts to prevent the disaster. An "emergency committee" was established at Baden-Baden, an unlimited amount of money was put at its disposal and Alsace-Lorraine was inundated with tracts, manifestoes and pamphlets, in which the neutralization plan was advocated. In the meantime France took possession of the country and at first acted very leniently towards these propagandists. Only Government employees who had compromised themselves were expelled, while 350,000 Germans, who were, of course, heart and soul with Germany, were left in the country. For a moment Berlin thought her efforts had been crowned with success. "We have tri-

umphed," shouted the three musketeers of Baden-Baden. But they were destined to be disappointed. After a long period of tolerance, the Strassburg police decided one fine morning to take measures to check the chief "neutralists," and the agitation ceased without having affected even superficially the attachment of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

But during the first months of French rule some grave but inevitable mistakes were made. Though Alsatian administrative ways differ radically from those which prevail in other parts of France, the new French officials thoughtlessly began to substitute the latter for the former and consequently produced considerable discontent; whereupon the Germans imagined, mistakenly as was their custom, that this dissatisfaction was addressed to France, the Liberator, instead of to stupid officials who meant well but were blunderers. As soon as it was perceived at Paris that France was on the wrong track in Alsace-Lorraine, M. Clemenceau made haste to confide the administration of the Provinces to a first-class official, M. Alexandre Millerand, a leading member of the Paris bar, who had been associated with M. Clemenceau both as a journalist and a minister; and he also carried through the Chambers a bill which maintained provisionally in these territories the local self-government practices peculiar to them. These measures sufficed to quiet the public mind, which had been momentarily excited.

If Germany is still blind in this matter, her eyes must have been opened by the results of the general elections which occurred in the middle of last month, which, by the way, were favorable to the moderates, but in which even the socialists declared their satisfaction at becoming French once more. In this matter of nationality, and this is the point that especially interests me here, all the candidates stood on the same platform. Not one neutralist or autonomist showed himself on the hustings. M. Poincaré's remark was again to the point—"the plebiscite has been made." All the voters of Alsace-Lorraine approved the Treaty of Versailles, and Germany sees these Provinces permanently lost to her, for we are French and we shall remain French, under the protection of the powerful Allies of France, to whom we express, with all our heart, our profoundest gratitude.

EMILE WETTERLE

Chamber of Deputies, Paris, December 1.

[Abbé Wetterlé, a Catholic priest, was born at Colmar in 1861, and before the war was one of the Alsatian members of the German Reichstag. In 1914 he escaped to France, where, during five years, he ardently supported, with voice and pen, the cause of the Allies. At the recent general elections he was chosen a member of the French Chamber of Deputies for the Department of the Upper Rhine, of which Colmar is the capital.]

Book Reviews

"Vir Vere Christianus"

A LABRADOR DOCTOR. The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

IF Wilfred Grenfell in the second year of his medical course had not turned into an Evangelistic meeting conducted by Moody and Sankey on a certain night in the year 1885, the whole course of his after life would have been different. He would have become a distinguished physician with an aristocratic connection. Wealth and honors would have been his; and he would have enjoyed the athletic outdoor sports, shooting, fishing, yachting so dear to the heart of the English gentleman. It would have been an exemplary and irreproachable career. But that night he made a choice as radical as Saul of Tarsus. It drove him to a life of hardship and service at the ends of the earth. Honor unsought has come to him in no stinted measure. More precious still must be the gratitude of the thousands into whose life he has brought healing and the admiration of troops of friends who know how to value a man and a man's work.

Now he has written his autobiography; but he tells us surprisingly little about himself. He belongs to the famous Cornwall Grenfells, a fighting clan whose record is writ large in the annals of England's army and fleet from the days of Elizabeth to the Great War just ended. A curious mark of the English aristocrat is that he not only meets danger adequately when it comes; he goes out of his way to seek it; he courts it like a mistress. The love of adventure is in the Grenfell blood. As a mere child, young Wilfred was allowed to roam at will upon the dangerous Sands of Dee with his gun, wild-fowling, and retrieving the birds he shot by swimming into the icy pools after them. Adventure has always been the breath of his nostrils. Whether it was fighting half a dozen blackguards who were trying to bully him in a "pub," or manœuvring a capsized boat to land in the dark, or drifting with freezing hands and feet on an ice-pan in Arctic seas, peril to life and limb has always fired, not chilled, his ardent temperament. Christianity itself appeals to him as the greatest adventure of all.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell was born at Parkgate, Chester, on February 28, 1865. His father was a brilliant graduate of Oxford, a clergyman and the head of an excellent private school. At the age of fourteen, young Grenfell was sent to Marlborough College; four years later he was ripe for the university, and was offered his choice of Oxford, or a medical course at London university. He chose the latter. At the age of

twenty-one, he had satisfied the easy requirements of that time for a medical degree. In hospital he had seen much of the North Sea fishermen, and soon undertook medical, philanthropic, and religious work among them. At the suggestion of his chief, Sir Frederic Treves, he went to sea in January to take a look over his "field." He found the twenty thousand men in England's fishing fleets of the breed of Peggotty and Ham. Their rough, hard life had plenty of surgical cases as by-products. Floating traders in liquor demoralized them in slack times of fishing. There was no attempt to relieve suffering or supply medical attendance. The amelioration Grenfell was able to bring into their lives can not easily be calculated. He does not mention it in his book, but his work among the North Sea fishermen was the subject of an admiring article by James Runciman in one of the leading reviews.

Soon he became interested in the condition of the fishermen of the North Atlantic, and in June, 1892, he and two others sailed a ketch with only three feet freeboard across to Newfoundland. They made St. Johns the very time of the third great fire. From that day to this, he has labored with the ardor of a zealot and the cool practicality of a common-sense Englishman to better the lot of perhaps the hardest-driven white population in the world. The fishermen of the Labrador wring a scanty living from the cruellest of seas. Starvation is never far away. They shelter in hovels to which an Irish peasant's cabin is luxurious. Till Grenfell came among them, there was absolutely no relief from disease. Yet they have all the primitive virtues; courage, daring, fortitude, resource are all in the day's work; mutual helpfulness is a matter of course; the hospitality of the poor, which means sharing the last crust, is "t' way of t' coast." Having himself the qualities of the sailor, Grenfell was particularly fitted to deal with this race of seafarers. For twenty years, he has striven to better their conditions and afford them aid of every kind, medical, religious, educational. He has aimed at nothing less than the transformation of the entire population, to lift the whole dead weight to a higher level of civilization. Here in the United States he has found his most effective support, and has enlisted an army of generous helpers. It has not been all plain sailing. Losses, disappointments, failures have come with success; but the net result is incalculable improvement in the lot of a brave, hardy, laborious race. That such a work should ever be allowed to lapse is inconceivable.

Another philosopher descanting on "Varieties of Religious Experience" could draw a fresh illustration from this volume. He would find a case of "conver-

sion," as authentic as Bunyan's. He could point to a type of fervent evangelical Christianity coupled with an administrative ability which would have raised the possessor to eminence in the business world. He could show principle of the most uncompromising kind joined with a joy in living, a love of adventure, athletics, sport, and sheer fun, supposedly "pagan." He could hardly find a better instance of practical religion, nearly creedless but concerned chiefly in following in the footsteps of the Teacher, who "went about doing good."

The Work of an Interpreter

THE AMAZING CITY. By John F. Macdonald. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALL one nation ever really knows of another is a caricature. To Americans, England is John Bull; to England, America is Uncle Sam. A common language and common institutions, backed by the most determined good will, cannot bridge the chasm of misunderstanding which yawns between these kindred peoples. Men of genius, like Emerson and Hawthorne, strove to interpret the English to Americans; and, in our own time, Price Collier built upon their classic foundations. But how slight is the result! Some progress towards mutual understanding was made during the great war; but already a reaction has set in. In the case of a country like France, with a different language and alien institutions, the difficulties of comprehension are doubled or trebled. In spite of America's gratitude to Lafayette, Rochambeau, and de Grasse, in spite of Pershing's epigram and the sincere and widespread sentiment it stood for, actual contact with the French and France left Americans considerably disillusioned.

It is perhaps the very difficulty of interpreting one nation to another which makes the task so attractive. There is certainly no lack of effort to break down the ethnic barriers which delay the march of mankind to the federation of the world. The latest and not least successful attempt to overcome racial prejudice is represented by this collection of John F. Macdonald's scattered papers, which have been edited by his widow. "The Amazing City" is Paris, and Paris is the heart of France. Macdonald's qualifications for the work were many: long residence in Paris, sympathy, fairness, patience, love of truth, the gift of style. A Scot is better fitted than an Englishman to understand the French. Scotland and France are old allies; and long-established intercourse between them has left its mark on the dialect.

Written at different times for different periodicals, these scattered papers are animated by a single purpose—"to counteract the wrong-headed reports of

French and English antipathies by which two sympathetic neighbor-peoples are being estranged and exasperated." The author's sole aim is to report accurately what has come under his own eyes. Planless as the book may seem, it covers nearly all events in every domain of Parisian life between 1907 and 1913. Implicitly it contradicts the facile assumption that the war created a new, serious, earnest Paris. Paris is one and indivisible.

Perhaps the most illuminating paper of the collection is the account of Madame Steinheil's trial for the murder of her husband and her mother. From this side of the Atlantic the whole transaction was veiled in mystery; Macdonald's narrative lifts the veil. He was one of the favored few admitted to the court-room, and he takes the reader with him. There, in the prisoner's dock, is the "tragic widow," otherwise the "black panther," dressed in mourning. There is the "Judge," really the public prosecutor, accusing, bullying, torturing the wretched woman; and, at every fresh accusation, she leaps from her chair to deny it with a passion, a voice, and an energy that Bernhard might have envied. His account of Jules Guérin, the furious Anti-Semite propagandist, who edited his paper *L'Anti-Juif* in a study bristling with loaded revolvers—in *La Ville Lumière*, not the Texas or California of romantic fiction—is most picturesque and convincing. The defence of Fort Chabrol by this militant journalist in 1899 is like an episode in the wars of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. For weeks he defied Paris, till level-headed Paris put a period to the siege and to him. And yet this ferocious editor, who wanted to hang the Jews at the lamp-posts, lost his life as a result of helping his neighbors in the Seine floods.

Equally brilliant is his characterization of Henri Rochefort. "It was only his snowy white hair, brushed upwards, that made him picturesque. Pale, steely blue eyes, that lit up cruelly, evilly at times; a face seamed, sallow, and horse-like in shape; a harsh, guttural voice; large, yellowish hands, with long, pointed finger-nails." When Macdonald went to interview him, he found him in dressing-gown and slippers, in his own apartment amidst pictures, flowers, and frail china. He was playing with a little toy lamb, which could be made to jump by pressing a bulb at the end of a rubber tube. Rochefort the terrible was all amiability. He complimented his visitor on his unlikeness to the traditional Englishman of French caricatures, saw him to the garden gate, and plucked a rose for him. In his very next article, Rochefort described Macdonald as a "sinister brigand in the pay of the Jews; in fact, one of those diabolical bandits who are devastating our beloved France." Rochefort was, indeed, "a mass of contradictions."

The same man, who, as a medical student, denounced the iniquities of vivisection, demanded that walnut-shells containing long, hairy spiders should be strapped on Captain Dreyfus' eyes.

All Paris passes in review through these pages. The life of the streets, underground shops where worn-out finery is exposed for sale, picnics of the honest "cits," the strike of the electricians, the comedy and tragedy of the Latin Quarter, royal visits to Paris, the peculiarities of French Presidents, are a few of the themes treated with singular point and breadth. The section devoted to explaining Bourget's dramatic activity and the French attitude towards such plays as "Notre Jeunesse" and "La Déserteuse," is particularly helpful to the bewildered outsider. Macdonald was among the fortunate beings who actually witnessed the first performance of "Chantecler." His descriptive interpretation would almost persuade the sympathetic reader that he too was present at that gallant and spirit-moving play.

Macdonald is an accomplished craftsman. He has drawn his pictures with his eye on the object, his hand is restrained by Scottish fear of excess, and he has learned not a little from the masters of French prose. Though he treats topics of the day, his method is not ephemeral. It must be a very subtle critic who can distinguish journalism of this type from literature. The general reader will be eager to know the other two works on the same theme by an observer so just and so sincere.

National "Atmosphere"

RACE AND NATIONALITY. By John Oakesmith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE question of race and nationality is indeed as delicate as any question now confronting mankind. On what basis shall the world be recast—of race or nationality or internationalism? This question can be answered—if indeed any answer is possible—only by first defining these three terms. The meaning attached to them in the past has been vague. Men have grouped themselves instinctively, and, so far as can be judged, for the most part advantageously. Can better results be expected in the future from factitious modifications of the grouping achieved in the past? Can group determinations be regulated, and in case of fancied need prohibited, as public utilities are regulated or liquor prohibited? Is the science of community formation and development sufficiently exact to speak with an authoritative voice; in short, have we sufficiently analyzed the concepts "race," "nationality," "internationalism" to know their meanings?

In "Race and Nationality" Mr. John

Oakesmith attempts to discover the most pregnant fact of modern political evolution. The book, though appearing only recently, was written as a whole before the war broke out, and the author says that if he had been one of those "who foresaw the early outbreak of a universal war in which the triumph or defeat of the principle of nationality was to be the dominating issue, his treatment of the subject would probably have been wanting in a certain boldness which perhaps now marks it, even if he had had the courage to enter upon it at all." It is this boldness that gives the work its character. "The principle of nationality has defied definition and even analysis," said J. A. R. Marriott more than two years ago. Yet the task is inviting and largely because in the past it has not been undertaken in a genuine scientific spirit. Nothing could be more true than a statement which Lord Esher made in 1918, in a letter on "The Meaning of Patriotism": "With a new world opening before us, it is just the moment to take stock of words and phrases in common use, and to give them precision and directness." This is Mr. Oakesmith's aim, the sub-title of his work being "An Inquiry into the Origin and Growth of Patriotism."

We are habituated to the idea that blood is thicker than water. No one, however, can read the work before us without a suspicion that atmosphere is of more account than blood in the development of nationality and patriotism. The author, dissenting from Chamberlain's conception of race and Robertson's deduction of internationalism, adheres to the notion of nationality, which he defines, in a phrase of his own coining, as the principle of "organic continuity of common interest." If at the start this sounds like catchwords, we speedily discover that the expression epitomizes a clearly defined, admirably conceived, and forcibly presented philosophy of political evolution, in the light of which manifold problems occasioned by the war may be profitably studied.

Mr. Oakesmith's formula has three terms which require preliminary definition. First, *Interest*. By this is not meant interest in the purely personal and selfish sense. The interests of a man are everything in which he is interested: his physical, intellectual, moral, and artistic powers and all their manifold activities in the sphere of human life. The *common interests* of a group of people are their common material, intellectual, moral, and artistic possessions, their social institutions and their economic relations, and their common sympathy in the proper use of these in the world of experience. Secondly: There is not only *community* of interest, but *continuity* of interest. The forces which mould nationality, if there be any such thing as nationality, are of necessity his-

torical forces, since every generation is the inheritor of the social tradition and culture of its predecessor, however much it may modify or improve the heritage before handing it down to its successor. Neither Rome nor any other nation was built in a day. National sympathy looks backward and forward as well as to the immediate present. The natural qualities possessed by all men, as men, are manifested quite differently in different communities, according to the special tradition or culture which has been gradually formed through generations of continuous national existence. But not only is nationality based on common interest; and on continuity of common interest: the continuity of interest is, thirdly, *organic*. That is to say, nationality, like every other evolutionary organism, has developed machinery for entering into relationships of action and passion with its environment; and, being a human organism, it is endowed, as part of that machinery, with intelligence, the last fine product of natural evolution, which is capable of diverting the lower forces of natural evolution to its own special human purposes. Under the pressure of surrounding phenomena, this organizing intelligence has developed a powerful and elaborate apparatus for the accomplishment of distinctively national ends. Nationality, therefore, is community of interest developed in course of time into a characteristic traditional culture which gradually creates for itself machinery, legislative, administrative, and other, for effecting its ends in the world of human action. Nationality, to repeat, is the organic continuity of common interest.

But an organism is not only an active phenomenon—it is capable not only of effecting its purposes, more or less successfully, in the external world, but it is the objective recipient of influences from all the external world. Mr. Oakesmith has not omitted, in its proper place, to deal with the possibility of a progressive national development in communities isolated from foreign influences; but he has not been able to ignore the fact that a main agent of national development, paradoxical as the statement may appear, is to be found in the operation of external causes; not as forces dominating the national organism—for how in such a case could nationality exist?—but as moulding and being moulded by the national forces in a cooperative movement. The phrase which is suggested by the author to describe this process is, "The commingling of atmospheres." He errs in thinking that it may be a clumsy phrase; on the contrary, it is singularly felicitous.

The work before us is devoted to demonstrating and illustrating the operation of this principle of sociological evolution. He supports his theory by a

critical examination of the contradictions and absurdities involved in the racial theories current in historical and political writers of the present day. The essence of the racial theory, especially as exhibited by writers of the school of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, is, we are told, profoundly immoral, as well as unnatural and irrational. It asserts that, by virtue of belonging to a certain "race," every individual member of it possesses qualities which inevitably destine him to the realization of certain ends. This conception has been the root-cause of that diseased national egotism whose exhibition during the war has been at once the scorn and the horror of the civilized world.

The view advocated by Mr. Oakesmith is that "race" as a constituent element in nationality is a purely subjective emotion. It is not an hereditary force, as is proved by the fact that strangers admitted into the bosom of a community soon participate in all the emotions of patriotic interest felt by the native inhabitants. The practical value of "race" is as purely subjective as the emotion of the soldier who is proud of his regiment's history, not because he is descended from its earliest members, but because he feels that he belongs to *the same regiment* as they did; organic community of common interest is the basis of the life of a regiment, as of all forms of social development. "Community of race" obtains its force, not from any objective value as a scientific factor in national life, but from the fact that it is a belief imbibed from so many sentimental sources in history, literature, and tradition. Race as an ideal conception has become part of an environing tradition that moulds national character. The belief in it as an objective influence transmitted in the blood is an interesting but perverted recognition of continuity of common interest as an effective force that produces nationality. The danger is that it should be perverted so as to endeavor to force into common national organizations peoples claimed as belonging to the same race, but separated by different institutions, different laws and customs, different hopes and fears, different sympathies, and different hatreds. One sees the force of this last statement the moment one turns one's eyes to the Balkans.

Of course this whole discussion relates itself to the war and to post-war conditions; it is largely that fact that gives it its value. The two concluding chapters, in particular, deal with such pressing modern problems as the relationship of nationality to peace and war and to the League of Nations. It is here suggested that war will be made impossible, and universal and lasting peace be secured, not by the sudden imposition of hastily manufactured machinery, but by

the gradual extension from national life to international life of the principle of organic community of interest which has already established harmony within the separate national boundaries. Is not this, however, what we all fondly supposed up to the middle of 1914?

F. J. WHITING

The Note of Yesterday

SIR HARRY: A LOVE STORY. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

CONSEQUENCES. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

DEADHAM HARD: A ROMANCE. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

MR. MARSHALL, according to the publisher, thinks this the best novel he has written. History indicates that it is as idle to reason why in such case as in the case of the cat and her favorite kitten. The chronicler tries here to slip out of his Trollopean mantle and to prophesy of another world. He does what various admirers have been asking him to do and—well, they asked for it! The imagination of most artists under the highest rank (and of some in it) of narrow habitat. A place, a time, an atmosphere—it is there they chiefly live; elsewhere they are little more at ease than the rest of us. The comfortable England of County society, the England of safe privilege and apparently unshakable class divisions, the England of property as vested in her gentry, is the home of Mr. Marshall's fancy. In his Preface to "Abington Abbey" (or was it "The Graftons"?) published in war-time, he showed a little uneasiness about his continued treatment of that old settled England now so patently breaking up. His defence, as we recall it, was that the present is too close and confused for interpretation, that it is a useful solace to glance back, out of our turmoil, to those untroubled days and ways, and that there, at all events, his own field lay. Now, in stepping from it, or in swinging its gate open to the present, he finds himself confronted by a choice. Two unfamiliar paths lie before him: the turbulent road of social and political change, along which he and his gentlefolk must be sadly jostled and may be put altogether out of countenance, and (close alongside and changeless and in its way safe) the flowery way of emotional romance. His subtitle is the rose he wears in his coat as symbol of his choice.

We are to take that step with him, for the opening of the story finds us strolling in the old plaisance, with the old companions. Royd Castle with its young heir, its stately dowager, its old family servants, its satelitte vicar and tutor, its supremely complacent snob-bishness and reclusion—all this exhales the atmosphere in which Mr. Marshall, like his master, has seemed to breathe most contentedly, but something uncom-

mon is up. The young heir, fruit of a misalliance, is carefully reared at home by the dowager-grandmother. He comes to the verge of manhood a child-hearted dreamer. At the fit hour, arrives his meeting with the maid who though apparently of low degree is as beautiful and as miraculously innocent as himself. Ferdinand and Miranda, Richard and Lucy—to such a plane, from his well-bred country-house wooings of the past, Mr. Marshall essays to rise. Perhaps the first and last word is that we feel it to be an essay: "The melting sweetness of her gaze filled him with trembling rapture. The secret of life and all its beauty, which he thought he had divined, now seemed to have depths beyond depths of meaning. . . ." There is much of this, the real old story, eloquently told; brought to us, however, as a familiar thing and not as in any way a revelation. And with the first idyllic episode, we have had the best of it. Thereafter the plot develops a strained mechanism such as serves the craft of a Stephen McKenna or a Mrs. Victor Rickard. Sir Henry goes to war and learns the brutality of life, and returns to marry a Viola who turns out to be of as good blood as his own—the County touch thus proving too strong for our author, after all.

"Consequences" returns to the period and the materials of "Zella Sees Herself." After the somewhat tedious brilliancy of "The Pelicans," it is honest reading. But in the end we seem to have been spending our time over a sort of inferior and hopeless "Zella." Alex Clare has the restless self-consciousness, the awkward egotism, the pathetic longing for recognition and love, that belonged to Zella. But she is not destined, like Zella, to see herself to any purpose, so far as either her happiness or her usefulness is concerned. It is the piteous story of a human failure too drab to be tragic. Interwoven with it is that element of conventual routine, religious ardor and repression, dogma and comedy, which is so prominent in this writer's earlier stories. An autobiographical foundation for this guesses itself . . . Alex's lack of charm belongs to her lack of self-respect; she affronts love by grovelling for it, and there is nothing in life for her but humiliation and suffering. Her only act of strength is the act of self-destruction which rids the world of her encumbering presence. Alex, we may say, might have found work and some sort of happiness in the enlarged sphere for woman of our own day. But in no world, however ideal, could there be much need of Alexes.

There is a vague aroma of Miss Austen and the Brontës about these novels of "E. M. Delafield." Lucas Malet's flavor is more "mid-Victorian." A crude suggestion of her style would be as a blend of George Eliot and Henry James

—which is a sufficiently quaint attribution for the daughter of Charles Kingsley! The tale is very long and, to put it with mildness, leisurely beyond all requirements. There is a comparatively simple story to be told about a nice English girl and her parentage, and her home, and her love-affairs, and the Voice that Breathes over her and her elderly Colonel Sahib in the end. But it is elaborated and embroidered to the length of five hundred black pages. The dialogue is often ponderous beyond belief. The medical pundit who prescribes for General Frayling is by no means a "character" part. He speaks the tongue of his book-mates: "The medical properties of the springs—particularly those of La Nonnette—meet our patient's case excellently. . . . I have reason to know that other agreeable people are going to Cotteret shortly. Not the rank and file. For such the place does not pretend to cater. There the lucrative stock-broker, or lucrative Jew, is still a *rara avis*. Long may he continue to be so, and Cotteret continue to pride itself on its exclusiveness! 'In that particular it will admirably suit you, Mrs. Frayling.' . . . To a compliment so nicely turned," the narrative proceeds, "Henrietta could not remain insensible. Before the destined train bore Dr. Stewart-Walker back to his more legitimate zone of practice, she saw herself committed to an early striking of camp, with this obscure, if select, *ville d'eaux* as her destination."

Already someone has compared this story and De Morgan's narratives; but its total lack of humor puts it upon quite another plane. One must take its involved trivialities as seriously as they take themselves. It is for the more abandoned addicts of the Victorian Nephenthe.

H. W. BOYNTON

An Original Novel of Old Cairo

ALBERT ADES and Albert Josipovici are fortunate indeed! Maeterlinck considered their last book, "Les Inquiets," the most remarkable literary début of the day; and Mirbeau, commenting on the manuscript of their new work, proclaimed it "une des plus grandioses manifestations de la pensée!" This is high praise for Adès and Josipovici; it is less flattering for literature and thought. We must surely have fallen upon evil times if the mind has produced nothing more "grandiose" than "Le Livre de Goha le Simple."

I do not mean, however, that this is not a good book; it is well written and entertaining; and it gives us something new in the exotic novel of recent years. Other writers, such as Loti, Mille, and the Tharauds, have written of Mohammedan

civilization; but these authors are Frenchmen; and whether they are flooded with emotion by the muezzin's call to prayer as it sifts down upon the harems of old Stamboul, or smile at the founding of a shrine over the body of a dead donkey, or, yet again, are puzzled by the ideals of a people whose prophet announced his love of women, perfume, and prayer, they all look upon the Mohammedan world as foreigners, from the outside. Adès and Josipovici are Egyptians, writing of old Cairo as natives, from the inside; and although I feel by no means sure that their Western training has not influenced their ideas, their attitude has lent a certain originality to their book.

A father exercises the right to put his daughter to death for conjugal infidelity, students kiss the hands of their teacher as he goes through the streets, a vulture steals meat from a vendor's tray, a go-between is the agent of a perfectly respectable citizen, a spirit is supposed to have strangled a woman—these things, as well as many other matters of daily life, custom, or belief, the authors take for granted, using them, incidentally and without emphasis, as pertinent accessories to their story. Similarly they take for granted also, as men treating of familiar things, the characters of their heroes. Thus, instead of the usual generalizing and desultory glimpses at Mohammedan peculiarities, "Goha le Simple" gives us the pleasure of a novelty; a book of the East dealing solely with the steady, continuous development of two main characters.

Cheik-el-Zaki is a learned expounder of the Koran. About his column in the El-Azhar court gather the élite of Mohammedan youth; "their long necks are marked with heavy veins, their shoulders are narrow and angular, their fingers, tapering." But El-Zaki is not happy. He is tired of fighting the opposition of those who maintain unchanged the traditional doctrines of Islam. He turns for satisfaction to the realities of life and thus it is that he descends from the intellectual to the material and the instinctive; and thus it is also that his path crosses that of Goha who is progressing in the opposite direction.

The development of Goha is from our point of view more striking. The Mohammedans have, so the Tharauds tell us, a certain religious veneration for the half-witted; if the innocent and feeble-minded are different from us, it is because Allah has withheld a part of their brains in order that he may keep in secret communication with them. Goha's cerebral deficiency meets with more than Christian charity from El-Zaki, from his nurse Hawa, from El-Zaki's disquieting second wife, Nour-el-Ein, and from the widow who at the end of the story is smitten with his person as he passes stark naked under her window!

Goha has his trials, however, and they are bitter. At the age of twenty-two, he has the mentality of a child of twelve. As the result of the favor or favors (according to the sex) of the persons just mentioned and also because of his interest in a newly unearthed statue of Isis, found as he wandered idly one day on the further bank of the Nile, a change takes place gradually within him. His sensibilities are awakened, and with their awakening has dawned upon his clouded but iridescent consciousness a sense of his own person. His mind is, to be sure, scarcely more lucid now than formerly; witness the following passage representing the accumulated fruits of many experiences:

The genie that walks with beings (the shadow), I see it and no one else sees it. I know how men are steeped in oil, I have heard it with my own ears. I know how beans are bartered for sheep and if any one wants to learn, it is to me that he must come. I have seen negresses become white at night, I have seen the desert change into precious stones, and stars fall down upon the djinns.

His life has supplied him with nothing but sensations, images, and desires; but these have been sufficient to impress him with the reality of man as a living being and his heart swells with tenderness towards every one—yes, even towards Sayed, the orange vendor who with the children, the merchants, and the hetaerae has mocked him most cruelly in the public streets. Unfortunately with the capacity for affection has come also an awakening to suffering. Goha is soon bereft of all that he most cherished and all those who have been good to him are pursued, so it seems to him, by a malevolent Fate. A great, compelling revolt slowly rises within him and when at last he leaves the city to wander fasting in the desert, there is blood, the blood of his own child, upon his hands.

It is an act of kindness that restores him to his former composure. El-Zaki receives him in his house; feeds, clothes, and rests him; and it is as he leaves the savant that the widowed but unconsolated Nazli-Hamen offers him marriage, a home, and wealth.

Goha paused. His eyes filled with dreams. The feeling that had budded within him out there under the tamarisks of Gezira and which had blossomed at the warm touch of Nour-el-Ein, now fell upon the woman before him. Like three villages along a river bank, the figures of the goddess, of the daughter of Mélék (Nour-el-Ein) and of Nazli stood beside the course of his single and ever-growing love. . . . Nazli's voice was sweet as honey, her skin was white as the lily floating upon the water between two green leaves. As he listened, and looked at her, Goha felt that something was altered within him. He had a desire for calm. He had become a man.

Is it surprising that he accepted the good things offered him?

From a material point of view, the troubles of Goha have not, in my opinion,

come to an end. I have grave misgivings, for instance, as to his ability to handle the business affairs which Nazli means to entrust to his care. But when dealing with a civilization in which facts themselves, or so it seems, are successfully poised upon the fumes of reverie, why not end with an optimistic absurdity? Adès and Josipovici, as their style and language show, have learned many things from the French; no one can deny their right to subtle irony. After all, the merit of their life of Goha le Simple lies primarily in its suggestion of human truth; and "qui de nous," if I may be allowed to twist a familiar saying of the tongue they know so well, "qui de nous n'a son grain de—Goha?"

A. G. H. SPIERS

The Run of the Shelves

THE Index of the *Review* for the issues from May 17 to December 27 will accompany the issue of January 3.

DR. PAGET TOYNBEE'S "Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole" (Oxford University Press) contains 258 letters (or parts of letters). Of these, 110 are now printed for the first time, twenty-three are now first printed in full, and 125 are reprinted from various sources, some of which have only recently become available." The object, apparently, is to place all the discoverable correspondence within the hands of anybody who owns both the Toynbee edition and the "Supplement." The new material is of interest, and the new editor has done his duty with a conscientiousness which, like conscience in so many aspects, is admirable and formidable. His notes are judicious, but he should not have interrupted and disfigured the text of the letters in Volume I by untimely and unlovely references to additions and corrections in the second volume.

Horace Walpole remains a sort of mystery, though a mystery in his comfortable, sociable disposition seems about as misplaced as a Gothic castle on Strawberry Hill. The reader says peevishly to Horace: "What right have you to puzzle me?" To which Walpole would doubtless answer: "None whatever, my dear Sir. I beg you to forgive the indiscretion." And the mystery would tantalizingly reassert itself in the inconclusiveness of that urbane reply. What is there to explain in an agreeable, harmless gentleman who gave himself to the collection of rarities in marble or bronze or black-letter and to the composition of letters in which rarities in fact or hearsay were similarly enshrined? The trouble may lie in the fact that Horace's mind was larger than its quarters, yet why larger or how much larger, it is very difficult to say. He curls himself

up, if the expression may be risked, with the utmost complacency in his narrow room, and we are perversely vexed with him for not being uncomfortable.

Walpole himself modestly calls his collections "a baby-house full of playthings for my second childhood" (II, 40). He is equally humble about his "shallow literary mint" (*id.*). He is variously amiable. He had not only the art of obliging, but the art of being obliged, so often the subtlest form of obliging. His concern for Horace Mann's health is almost tender. When a poor man in Venice is beheaded for stealing a cup from a church, he can "not sleep for thinking of the unhappy creature" (I, 38). He calls a worthy man of mean birth "one of the plainest simple good men you ever saw" (II, 33), a phrase which embellishes Horace more than his earldom. The latest letters are particularly engaging. As an exhibit of feeling they are perfect, but it occurs to the reader that, if they were less perfect as exhibit, they might be more satisfying as evidence. The innuendo is shabby, yet such innuendoes are the vengeance which the mind instinctively takes on a man whom lovable traits do not render lovable.

The venerable Henry Vignaud, the Columbus scholar and probably the *doyen* of the American diplomatic service, writes in a recent letter from his home near Paris:

My physical infirmities are such that I cannot go out and so I live confined in my library, where I am engaged on a most important work for which I have been collecting notes and documents for many years. It is a Historical and Critical Catalogue of all the old maps, showing the gradual progress of the discovery of the world from the mention of Paradise, in the Bible, to 1600. It will be the work of my life, and as it is nearly finished I hope to put it through before I pass away, which may happen at any time, as I am now ninety! Though I am disabled physically, fortunately, I don't feel any depression intellectually, and I can work all day. Perhaps I may add that I was recently elected *membre correspondant de l'Institut*, a very distinguished honor, and that my last work, "Vespuccius," was given a prize by the Institute.

In recognition of what he has done for the Allies, M. Joseph Iorga, professor of history at the University of Bucharest, Rumania, was recently made a commander of the French Legion of Honor. M. Iorga is also a member of the Rumanian Academy and of Parliament. During the war he brought out at Jassy a daily newspaper which vigorously opposed German interests, and two pamphlets—"Histoire des Relations Anglo-Roumaines" and "Relations des Roumaines avec les Alliés." Both the journal and the pamphlets were written in French, "which well illustrates," he wrote recently, "the important rôle which the French language and literature play outside of France. The new Balkan literature, like

that of modern Greece, which is a creation of the eighteenth century and exercises an influence not limited to the Greek people, owes much to the classical literature of France. The young Serbian literature, however, has been more influenced by German letters, while Bulgarian writers are little else than popularizers, and have come on the scene at a much more recent date. The French romantic movement gave an impulsion to the new school of Rumanian poetry, which, however, was from the very start subjected to influences of a native popular nature. About the year 1870 French influence weakened in our country, but only to start up again with renewed force recently in certain circles."

In Partibus Infidelium

MY friends wonder why I should choose to live in Japan—a trip is another matter. I wonder at those maps. Maps of South America, of course. Almost every New York business man on whom I call seems to have a map of South America below the glass top of his desk or hung kakemono-like behind his arm-chair.

The map attracts my attention because I want to talk to him about Asia. When I point out with the deference due from a literary man speaking to a business man on a business matter that, if it's customers he is after, there are twenty times more Asiatics than South Americans, that in fact there are nearly twice as many people under the flag of Japan as in South America, he will say in a final manner, "But the buying power, my boy, the buying power." "On the contrary," I reply, "last year, an exceptional year no doubt, the trade between America and Asia was worth something like \$400,000,000 more than the trade with South America, and every working day of the year there are four and a half million dollars worth of goods crossing the Pacific between the United States and Asia." "Devote yourself to South America in reason, of course," I go on, "but, after all, Asia exists." The other day when I met an executive who had no map of South America I was so surprised that I asked what he meant by it. He said that his firm had been working in South America for thirty years and had done more business in Asia in ten. He might have added "and without any bother of translations into Spanish and Portuguese." English carries practically everywhere in Asia. I know, because when I started a periodical in Japan I imagined it to be necessary to run thirty pages of Japanese. I soon dropped them. The head of every firm in the Orient worth reaching or some of his assistants can read enough English to read an ad-

vertisement. English, as Japanese keep saying, is the second language of Japan. And what language can compete with English in China, let alone India, the Philippines, and Malaya?

But about my going to live in Japan and returning—at 54—to the journalism from which I had escaped. I can only ask whether it is not important both to the Orient and the Occident that there should be an attempt to perform for the East the duty which the great monthlies of America, England, and France perform for their peoples and those who are interested in them? The last great review which remains to be founded in the world is an Asiatic review, for in the largest and most populated continent there is the last great unoccupied field. The political, moral, and mercantile possibilities of Asia stir the imagination, excite the sympathy, and arouse the anxiety of a few students and of the statesmen who understand that nowhere in the world has the war had more far-reaching results than in Asia.

The historian of the future will say that there was not in our times any duty more pressing than the duty of bringing about a better interpretation of the East to the West, and of the West to the East. The barrier between East and West is the more grave because the physical barrier is breaking down so much more quickly than the mental. Within five years, air communication between Europe and Asia, America and Asia, Australia and Asia, and to and from the different parts of Asia will be a commonplace. But merely to land in other countries is not to understand them. Thousands of people visit Asia, but to their mentality little of the spirit of Asia penetrates. We know the cocksure talk on steamships and the bromidic authorship which has worse confounded the confusion of mind which exists about the East. And the knowledge of the West which the East has so laboriously, so pitifully obtained for itself is in a very large degree merely the knowledge which makes it possible to walk on ground so full of unsuspected holes as to threaten disaster all the time. The real barrier between the East and the West is a distrust of each other's morality and the delusion that the distrust is on one side only. How shall it be broken down?

"It is not by wounding prejudices," writes John Fiske, "that the cause of truth is most efficiently served. Men do not give up their false or inadequate beliefs by hearing them harshly criticised: they give them up only when they have been taught truths with which the false or inadequate beliefs are incompatible. The objects of the scientific, therefore, will be to extend the boundaries of knowledge." The boundaries of

the knowledge of the West about the East and of the East about the West can be extended most practically by the publication in Asia of an authoritative, outspoken, incorruptible, readable, and comely review, which shall reflect to the East the best in the traditions, the ideals, and the practice of the West; and, by its abundant sympathy with and studious attitude of mind towards the Continent which rocked the cradle of the world and taught it all its faiths, shall unveil the thinking and the hopes of the Asiatic peoples and set forth their achievement and their circumstances, at once pathetic and heroic, depressing and stimulating.

"Nobody beginning," says Pepys in one of his immortal passages, "I did." Brought into journalism by that arch-predicating friar of the profession, W. T. Stead, I devoted myself ardently in my younger days to the popularizing of foreign and colonial politics. My first leader in a London daily was about Korea, my first book a plea for a better understanding of China. When Liberal Imperialism culminated in the disillusionment of the Boer war, the Quaker upbringing got uppermost and I fled from Fleet Street to Arcady and preached in the *Quarterly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *Times*, in a serial article which ran through one of the monthlies for twelve years without a break, and in eight or nine books, that not oversea alone but in a healthy and prosperous countryside was the strength of the commonwealth. At the outbreak of the war I was in Japan trying to write (at a cost of ten times more than I should get for it) a book which should not only picture accurately the amazing peasant proprietary system of the Far East but get it into the mind of Anglo-Saxondom that in dealing politically with Japan, for example, we were dealing with a people who were, four out of five, on the land and only incidentally militarists and "curio" collectors.

But when in 1916 the Japanese exhibited a natural unacquaintance with the rights and wrongs of a war at the other end of the earth, the habits of my working life asserted themselves. I fell to war pamphleteering and published two books in Japanese. Eventually I produced a periodical. In the last issues of that temporary publication there were six pages of extracts from letters from every part of Asia—Nepal, the Shan States, and Java, for instance—regretting the stoppage of a monthly which had had some measure of success in making the problems and the life of the Far East interesting and vital. That and the confidence of Far Eastern notables that had been gained were pleasant enough, but offers of capital from five nationalities in order to found a review

for the whole of Asia, which should be written in Asia and in considerable measure by Asiatics, were much more arresting.

It is idle to pretend that, profound though his interest in Asia may be, life in Japan is not exile for the Western man, much more the Western woman. Existence in New York is a good thing. Fresh books and access to the press of the world, the kindly intercourse of the clubs, the invigoration one seems to get from being whizzed to thirtieth and fortieth stories and lunching with aeroplane views, the accessibility and informality of the master workers, the brisk, decisive way in which things are done, the feel of democracy which, however perverted in some of its phases, is real and refreshing; the friendship of free-women, the pictures, the music, and from time to time the drama, not to speak of days and nights passed on a rock surrounded by the ocean water and open to its breezes—these indeed "is goot gifts." Here—was the phrase Emerson's or Holmes'—here one's top hums. Here, back once more from the Orient, one may say thankfully, "life is sweet, brother."

But "the signification of this gift of life, that we should leave a better world for our successors, is being understood, as Meredith said. One must do one's bit. And what is the use of spending a lifetime to learn a craft and then, as the old farmer said to me of his farming—he was seventy!—"leaving it just as one seems to have got the knack"?

The situation is grave in the Far East and not only in the Far East but throughout Asia. A little careful and patient labor in the work of mutual interpretation may help to avoid a great conflagration on which, if it be allowed to happen, another Lord Haldane may write, as the British ex-Lord Chancellor writes in that fine article in the *Atlantic*—I have merely substituted dots for "Germany" and "Germans" and inserted the word "Asia" for the word "world":

There is room for reproach to us Anglo-Saxons . . . was quite intelligent enough to listen to reason and besides, she had the prospect of becoming the dominating industrial and commercial power in Asia by dint merely of peaceful penetration. It is possible that, if her relations with her Western neighbors had been more intimate, she might have been saved from a great blunder. Her hubris was in part, at all events, the result of ignorance. Neither did we know enough of the . . . nor did the . . . know enough about us. And they realized little how tremendously great moral issues could stir and unite democracies. We, on the other hand, knew almost nothing of their tradition, their literature or their philosophy. We were deficient in "the international mind." A sustained and strenuous search after fuller mutual knowledge was required.

J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

Drama

John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A PLAY. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. First representation in America at the Cort Theatre, Dec. 15, 1919.

JOHN DRINKWATER, in his "Abraham Lincoln," has written a play of great ability, of a daring straightforwardness, and of a rare and moving sincerity, which all but raises it to the level of its theme. The form is chronicle-play, but a chronicle-play so altered from its Elizabethan type that it is character, not events, which supplies the motive and receives the stress. Fiction dealing with certified events—events brought to its door by history—is in the equivocal and harassing position of a man disciplining his neighbor's unruly children. In character the materials are more tractable, and in "Abraham Lincoln" John Drinkwater is after a character and nothing else. His art is sound, and its delicacy is evinced in the scope and daring of its relinquishments. Where events are not architecture but portraiture, there is no harm in their want of logical coherence. Wisdom is further shown in the centralization of interest in one figure. Lincoln is all-in-all; other persons are suitably distinguished, but also suitably diminished, in portrayal. Shakespeare's "Henry IV," a chronicle-play of mixed type, is momentous and memorable on the side of characterization. But "Henry IV" as fabric is clumsy, because its great characters are not one, but several; and, speaking broadly, as one must when one speaks briefly, the only thing that can unify several characters is a plot. Mr. Drinkwater's is the sounder method.

I delight in plots myself, and their departure in a body from the stage would leave me inconsolable; but there is something that astonishes, that almost disconcerts, in the extent to which in this play problems are simplified, mistakes diminished, and difficulties avoided by the simple expedient of throwing plot overboard. A good play, with a plot on its hands, blunders almost inevitably; in this play there are practically no blunders. So naturally do difficulties and the mistakes which are their offspring arise from the imposition on the copy of life of a structure that is foreign to life itself. The critic finds himself inactive, finds himself superfluous, in the face of Mr. Drinkwater's equable and serene, though firm and vigorous, pursuit of the exposition of a character. The play would not succeed without Lincoln; it would not succeed without Drinkwater; but, given Lincoln and Drinkwater, it has the effect of writing

itself. The main events, the announcement of Lincoln's nomination, a conference on Sumter, an afternoon tea, a conference on emancipation, a visit of Lincoln to Appomattox, his assassination in the theatre, are timed and spaced with an address in which history, obliging for once, has acted as collaborator and prompter.

The moderation of the portrayal is astonishing. To the strong superficial appeals in Lincoln's character the response of Mr. Drinkwater is tepid or wanting. We see little of the obvious contrasts between humor and melancholy, between statesmanship and rail-splitting, between the elastic policy and the granite will. Even the physique is not stressed. Mr. Drinkwater has the presumption to think that the supreme question about a man on whom a nation leaned in its hour of anguish is not whether his inches outran the normal measure or whether his figure would have satisfied Praxiteles. The author is peculiar in his indifference to peculiarity. Lincoln wears a greenish and crumpled hat in the excellent first act, and is permitted to say of the self-respecting Susan: "May the devil smudge that girl." This sounds auspicious, but Mr. Drinkwater's Abraham is so hopelessly, so brazenly, a gentleman that the author soon ceases to bother with the pretence that he is anything else. Lincoln is for Mr. Drinkwater primarily the man who reached greatness by referring all questions in entire simplicity to his own mind and conscience, and by referring his own answers, in equal simplicity, to the mind and conscience of his fellow-man. Jesus or Socrates could not have found a more obvious path to the extraordinary. Last of all, psychology is not conspicuous; Lincoln is seen mostly on official or social occasions which commonly trammel the psychologist by their dingy or dazzling opacity. His talk is characteristic, copious, and flawless in the modeling of its phrases. Its continuity in perfection is possibly a little overdone; nature rarely permits a chiseled style to be fluid.

So much for the book. The performance at the Cort was received with acclamations by the New York press, and in the region of the house where I sat the public did not measure its superlatives. This lays upon me two duties: First, to record that unanimity, as a protection to my readers; second, to express as trenchantly as I can the grounds for my dissent from that opinion. I thought it a performance without light, without understanding. Failure, of course, was difficult; the producer and the actors very nearly surmounted that difficulty. They did not quite surmount it; effects would creep in, leak in, as it were, in spite of the most scrupulous endeavors to keep the drama water-tight. The so-called "chronicler" was no bad speaker,

but in six fatiguing recitations he enforced and reënforced his superfluity. Mr. Frank McGlynn's Lincoln may be defined thus. There are three Lincolns. The historical Lincoln was a deep man with superficial pungencies—grotesqueries and whimsicalities. Mr. Drinkwater's Lincoln retained the depths, but discarded the pungencies. Mr. McGlynn's Lincoln removed the depths without restoring the pungencies. There is no more savor, no more *resin*, in his Lincoln than in Mr. Drinkwater's, and there is far less reality and force. His physique is his strong point, he is best when he trusts to its support. In his energy he is sophomoric; in quietness he is acceptable; in silence he is occasionally impressive. His memory is stored with the facile climaxes of the high-school declamation platform, and the freedom with which he scatters these juvenilities over Lincoln's talk is suicidal. He makes Lincoln emotional in a business conversation with a messenger; he makes Lincoln imperious to Hay. These two flagrantries are not two minutes apart. Lincoln sometimes mouths his words. When he said: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard," the performance, at any rate, reeled under the blow. If he made a point by his pose, he unmade it by his voice. At the close of episode four, the tired man, merely as tired man, was natural and affecting; but two minutes later he was pronouncing the "dreams are made of" passage in a tone that abolished at a stroke all the difference between Abraham Lincoln and—let us say, a Harvard professor or an English archdeacon. Let me say more explicitly what I have already hinted—that his Lincoln in repose had a dignity and serenity, an eminent decency, which was not without its value and attraction.

The rest of the performance, though good in bits, was unsifted, undisciplined. The same taste that made Lincoln tumid added swagger to Grant. It is hard to imagine anything better fitted to make a death at once gaudy and shabby than the final episode in Ford's Theatre.

O. W. FIRKINS

Teachers' Salaries in the Sixth Century

ONE of the advantages or disadvantages of a classical scholar is that he is forever reminding us that there is little or nothing new under the sun, and that situations in human society are constantly repeating themselves. How much benefit accrues from these reflections is very much a question. Certainly teachers and professors can not derive any too great satisfaction from the thought that they belong to a profession that from earliest times has not received adequate

compensation; indeed, such a thought may be entirely disappointing, since blasphemers will say that if the world has for a thousand years or more been able to secure men and women who will teach at absurdly low salaries, it is probable that the world can get along in the future without worrying too much about the justice or even the expediency of proper compensation. Probably, in Ian Hay's phrase, the teacher's calling will be for many years to come "the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world."

It is also probable that there will always be men in public life who see clearly the irony of the situation and who make strenuous efforts to improve it. If after all the college drives and publicity there are anywhere in the United States men who are still reactionaries on this point, I would commend to them the words of King Athalaric to the Senate of the City of Rome written shortly before his death, which took place October 2, A. D. 534. He begins his letter in a manner familiar to all those who have had reason to address Boards of Education, school committees, or college trustees: "You who are called Fathers should be interested in all that concerns the education of your sons." He then goes on to say what might be repeated to-day in New York or Boston: "We hear by certain whisperings that the teachers of eloquence at Rome are not receiving their proper reward." And this is followed naturally enough by praise of what the school accomplishes. (The common school is the bulwark of American institutions.) "Other nations have arms, the lords of the Romans alone have eloquence." Accordingly, the king lays it down that the senate should support with its full authority and with generosity the teacher of rhetoric and grammar "if he be found suitable for his work and *obey the decrees of the Prefect of the city.*" (Were there Bolsheviks lying loose about the Forum, discontented by reason of poor pay, one asks?) Apparently in those days not only were teachers poorly compensated but they had also sometimes to wait for their pay. And so the king with fine insight writes: "The Grammarian is a man to whom every hour unemployed is misery and it is a shame that such a man should have to await the caprice of a public functionary before he gets his pay." But the most interesting parallel follows: we are reminded of "train the mind and mind the train" when we read further: "If we provide generously salaries for the play-actors who minister only to the amusement of the public, and take pains to pay these who are not really necessary, how much more should we look after those who are the moulders of the style and character of our youth!"

Athalaric concludes with the argument, now so familiar, that teachers cannot do their work if they have to worry too much about their salaries: "therefore let them not have to try the philosophical problem of thinking about two things at once; but with their minds at ease about their subsistence, devote themselves with all their might to the teaching of liberal arts."

This whole letter of Athalaric, grandson of Theodoric the Great, from which these extracts are taken is well worth the study of those who are advocating more pay for teachers; and we are grateful to Cassiodorus for preserving it for us. For if the grandson of a Goth could write so intelligently, have we a right to pride ourselves too much on our distance from the dark night of Gothic ignorance, if the same problems still confront us and if we are no less stupid in their solution?

KENNETH C. M. SILLS

Books and the News Russia

ALL hope of impartiality abandon, who enter upon this controverted subject. At least, all hope of recognizing which book is impartial, which is true, and which is special pleading. One set of critics will not grant writers upon the other side knowledge, sincerity, or even an ability to write English. Bad faith, the willingness to falsify original sources, are freely charged.

For a background, before entering upon the controversial books of the past two years, what book shall be read? Once, it was the custom to point to Sir Donald Wallace's "Russia" (Holt, 1905), but the modern reader will perhaps prefer the scholarly work of Charles R. Beazley and others, "Russia from the Varangians to the Bolsheviks" (Oxford, 1919). The work of a Russian writer is also indicated: Alexander Kornilov's "Modern Russian History from Catharine the Great to the Present" (2 vols. Knopf, 1916-17), of which the later chapters are by the translator. A book by the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, Thomas G. Masaryk, is especially valuable, "The Spirit of Russia: Studies in History, Literature and Philosophy" (2 vols. Macmillan).

E. H. Wilcox's "Russia's Ruin" (Scribner, 1919) appears to be free enough from bias to be praised by critics of both camps, and Professor E. A. Ross, who will not believe the worst of Lenin, has written a useful book in "Russia in Upheaval" (Century, 1918).

"Russian Revolution Aspects" (Dutton, 1919), by R. E. C. Long, is a good recital of events. Kerensky's "Prelude to Bolshevism" (Dodd, 1919) is tough reading, but it contains important material. I have not seen Mrs. Harold Wil-

liams's "History of the Russian Revolution" (Macmillan), and believe I am correct in saying that it is not yet published. From what I learn of the writer, and her opportunities for observation, the book should be added to the list.

Arthur Ransome, in "Russia in 1919" (Huebsch, 1919), favors the Soviet government, and writes, as almost everyone agrees, in an attractive style. Of John Reed's "Ten Days that Shook the World" (Boni, 1919), it is enough to say that readers with a tender spot in their hearts for Bolshevism like it well; and that Charles Edward Russell thinks that Reed loves a revolution as a boy loves the Fourth of July, for its big bangs.

Admirers of Mr. Trotsky and Mr. Lenin disapprove profoundly of John Spargo's "Bolshevism" (Harper, 1919), and they reject with pitying contempt, as "superficial," Ackerman's "Trailing the Bolsheviks" (Scribner, 1919), Stebbing's "From Czar to Bolsheviks" (Lane, 1919), and "Bolshevik Aims and Ideals" (Macmillan, 1919), whose author is not disclosed. I think that they shake their heads over "The Russian Pendulum" (Macmillan, 1919), by Arthur Bullard.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

ART

Jean Aubry, G. French Music of Today. Translated by E. Evans. Dutton. \$2.00 net.

Pennell, Joseph. Etchers and Etching. Macmillan. \$15.00.

Sherman, Frederic F. American Painters of Yesterday and Today. Privately Printed.

Warren, H. L. The Foundations of Classic Architecture. Macmillan. \$6.

Woodbury, C. H. Paintings and the Personal Equation. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Beveridge, A. J. The Life of John Marshall. Volumes III and IV. Houghton Mifflin.

Bradford, Gamaliel. Portraits of American Women. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

Dano, W. L. A History of France. Houghton-Mifflin.

De Chambrun, Col., and Capt. De Marenches. The American Army in the European Conflict. Macmillan. \$3.00.

Dickey, Marcus. The Youth of James Whitcomb Riley. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.50 net.

Duffy, F. P. Father Duffy's Story. Doran.

Grenfell, W. T. A Labrador Doctor. Houghton Mifflin. \$4 net.

Hodges, H. W. A Survey of Modern History. London: Blackie & Son, Ltd.

Marvin, F. S. The Century of Hope: A Sketch of Western Progress, from 1815 to the Great War. Oxford University Press.

McArthur, Peter. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Dutton. \$1.00 net.

Nevill, Ralph. The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Dutton. \$7.00 net.

The Literary Digest. History of the World War. 10 volumes. Funk & Wagnalls.

Watterson, Henry. Marse Henry, An Autobiography. Volumes I and II. Doran.

EDUCATION

Alexander, Carter. School Statistics and Publicity. Silver, Burdett & Co.

International Pocket Library. 10 volumes. Four Seas Co. \$2.50.

Moore, S., and Knott, T. A. The Elements of Old English. Ann Arbor: George Wahr. \$1.50.

Moore, Samuel. Historical Outlines of English Phonology and Middle English Grammar. Ann Arbor: George Wahr. \$1.50.

Roget, P. M. Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. Revised by Andrew Boyle. 2 volumes. Everyman's Library. Dutton.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Macleod, Euphemia. Seances With Carlyle. Four Seas Co.

More, Paul Elmer. With the Wits. Shelburne Essays. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Supplement to The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Oxford. Edited by Paget Toynbee. 2 Vols. Oxford University Press.

FICTION

Bercovici, Konrad. Dust of New York. Boni & Liveright. \$1.60 net.

Warner, W. H. The Bridge of Time. New York: Scott & Seltzer. \$1.75 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Arent, Leonora. Electric Franchises in New York City. (Columbia University Studies.) Longmans, Green.

Baker, R. S. What Wilson Did At Paris. Doubleday, Page.

Bassett, N. R. When the Workmen Help You Manage. Century.

Bullard, Arthur. The Russian Pendulum. Macmillan. \$2.00.

Burton, T. E. Modern Political Tendencies. Princeton University Press. \$1.25.

De Bekker, L. J. The Plot Against Mexico. Knopf.

Ellwood, C. A. The Social Problem, Revised Edition. Macmillan. \$1.75.

Foerster, R. F. The Italian Emigration of Our Times. Harvard University Press. \$2.50 net.

Hansen, Harry. The Adventures of the Fourteen Points. Century.

Morse, A. D. Civilization and the World War. Ginn.

Ross, E. D. The Liberal Republican Movement. Holt.

See, Chong Su. The Foreign Trade of China. (Columbia University Studies.) Longmans, Green.

Smith, J. R. The World's Food Resources. Holt. \$3.50.

Ravage, M. E. The Jew Pays. Knopf.

Woods, Arthur. The Policeman and the Public. Yale. \$1.35.

JUVENILE

Bassett, S. W. The Story of Porcelain. Penn Publ. Co. \$1 net.

Botsford, C. A. Fighting With the U. S. Army. Penn Publ. Co. \$1.50.

Franchi, Anna. The Little Lead Soldier. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

Ginther, M. P. Beth Anne Goes to School. Penn Publ. Co. \$1.50 net.

Hale, Susan. Inklings for Thinklings. Marshall Jones.

Hare, T. T. Kent of Malvern. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

Lippincott, J. W. Red Ben, the Fox of Oak Ridge. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.00 net.

Porter, B. C. Trudy and Timothy Out-of-Doors. Penn Publ. Co.

Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. "Open Sesame!" Doran. \$1.50 net.

Saunders, Marshall. Golden Dicky. Stokes. \$1.50 net.

Sheppard, W. C. Don Hale With the Flying Squadron. Penn Publishing Co. 75 cents.

Wells, Carolyn. The Man Who Fell Through the Earth. Doran. \$1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Doyle, A. C. The Vital Message. Doran.

Freeman, L. R. To Kiel in the "Hercules." Dodd, Mead. \$2.

Ford, G. B. Out of the Ruins. Century.

Hankey, Donald. The Cross. Dutton. 75c.

Harrison, H. S. When I Come Back. Houghton Mifflin.

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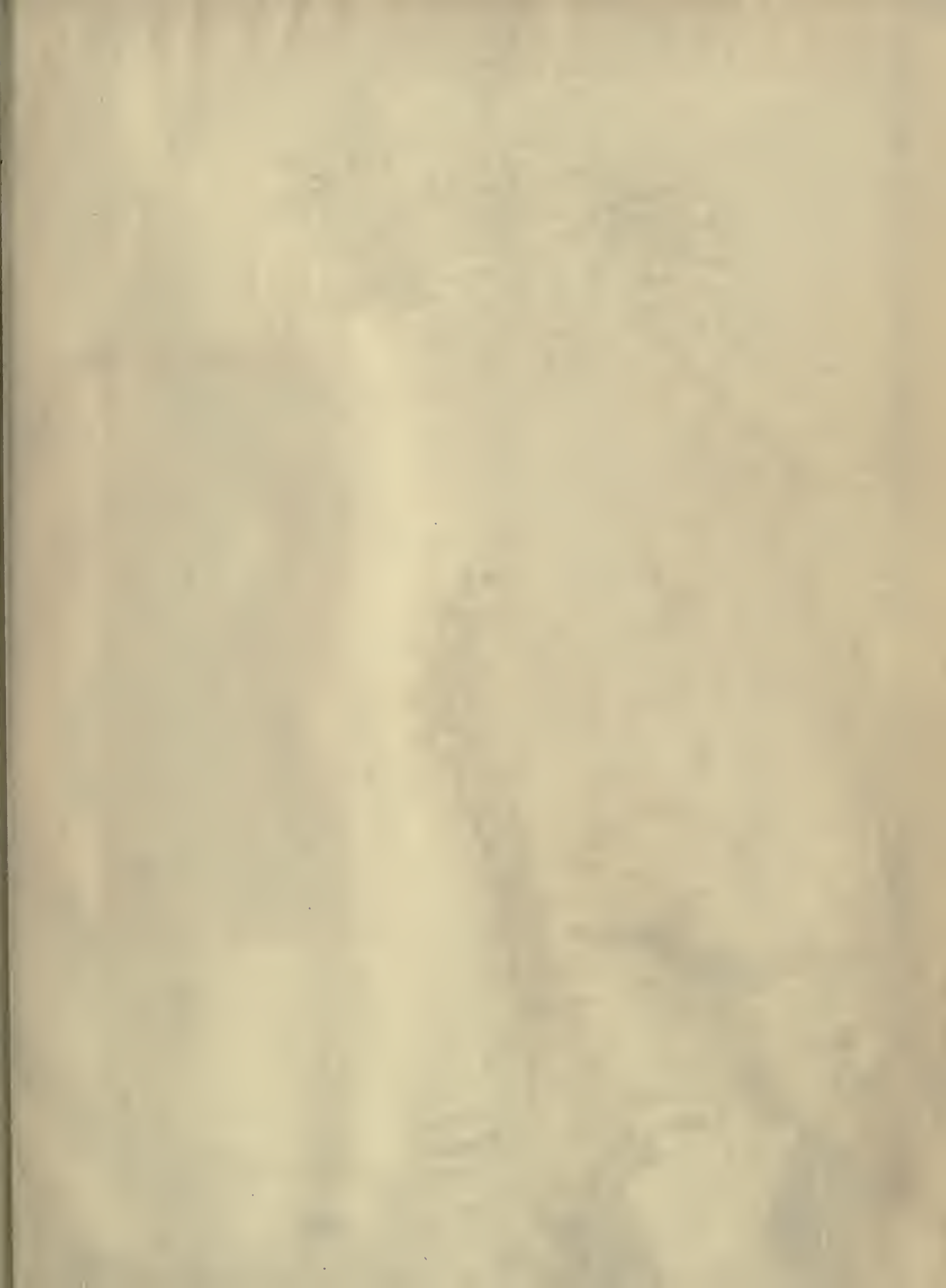
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